



THE HISTORY

Of the most
Ingenious Knight
Don Quixote
De la *MANCHA*.

WRITTEN in *SPANISH* by
Michael de Cervantes Saavedra.

Formerly made *English* by *Thomas Shelton* ;
now Revis'd, Corrected, and partly new Tran-
slated from the Original.

By Captain *JOHN STEVENS.*

Illustrated with 33 Copper Plates, curiously
Engraved from the *Brussels* Edition.

In Two Volumes.

LONDON.

Printed for *R. Chiswell, R. Battersby, A. and J. Churchill,*
S. Smith, and B. Walford, M. Watton, and G. Con-
yers. 1700.

T O
Thomas Hammer
OF THE
County of FLINT, Esq;

SIR,
Since your singular Modesty has lay'd
an injunction on me to forbear giv-
ing you that Character which is due to
your Worth, I am depriv'd of the Satis-
faction of Honouring this my Labour, and
recommending it to the World with the re-
cital of your Merits; and the Publick
must lose the Benefit of being made ac-
quainted with those excellent Qualities,
which render you a most deserving Pa-
tron, of any more valuable Work. It is
an allow'd Maxim that Virtue is its own
Reward, and it is here visible, that the
more it would be Conceal'd the brighter
it Shines out; for what could be said more
A Hon-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Honourable of you, than that you make the forbearing your just Praises, as it were the Condition of your Patronage. This is it that Silences me, as to what relates to your Person, and confines me only to give you some short account in a few Lines of What it is I present you with.

The History of Don Quixote, after meeting with a general Applause not only in its Native Language, but in several others, comes now in English to sue for your Protection. You, it hopes, Sir, will give it generous Entertainment, and Shroud it from the Malice of those ill-natur'd Criticks, whose only Study is to Carp and Rail, either to be thought Judicious by their Censures, or only for the Satisfaction of venting their Spleen or Envy. How fortunate the Author was in his undertaking is Visible not only in the many Thousands of Volumes that have been Printed in all Nations, but much more in the wonderful Effect they have had in Bannishing almost out of the World, and particularly out of Spain that Innumerable Multitude of fulsome Romances, or Stories

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ries of Knightly Adventures, which serv'd only to Debauch Youth, and Infatuate old Age with their impossible Impertinences. This excellent and succesful Masterpeice, has not prov'd so happy in its Translations, for tho' it has been twice before made English, yet the Copies have neither time been proportionable to the Beauty of the Original. The first came nearest as being almost a literal Version, yet in such unpolish'd Language, and with so many mistakes, that there seem'd to be nothing left but the outlines and rough Draught of the first curious Peice. The second is so far vary'd that it retains little besides the Name and some of the grand Strokes, with a different shadding, which quite alters the whole frame of the Work. This I instance only to show the necessity of a new Translation, without the least prejudice, or design to Criticize, which is neither my Talent nor Inclination.

What I have perform'd, Sir, is here submitted to your Judgment, if it prove worthy your acceptance, I have attain'd my end, for it implies a great perfection

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to be worthy of you; but this satisfaction I can not fail of, which is, that should it fall short of my expectation yet you have goodness to excuse those errors which you know are of the Judgment, and not of the Will.

Accept then, worthy Sir, this tender of my respect, suffer Don Quixote after being toss'd through so many Translations now at last to take up under your Patronage, give a favourable Interpretation to my endeavours, and allow me ever to Stile my self,

Sir

Your most Obedient

and most Humble Servant

John Stevens.

T H E

T H E P R E F A C E.

THIS I think (to Speak in his own Language) may very well be call'd *Don Quixote's* third Sally amongst us, since he has twice before appear'd in English, and now comes abroad again to seek Adventures, somewhat more refin'd in Language than the first time, and much more like himself than the second. So much I may be allow'd to say, without being thought too Fond of my own, or too Censorious of the Works of others, for had they been judg'd such as they ought to be, there would be no encouragement for Publishing a new one at so great an Expence. But *Don Quixote* has gone through those two courses, and yet not content with all the Bangs and Bruises he has receiv'd, being now new Dress'd and Furbish'd up, ventures Abroad again without hopes of better Quarters than he found before. It is his Profession to Encounter Dangers, to be an Enemy to Rest, to bear Hardship, and to appear unconcern'd in the worst of Fortunes. It is his fate to be Persecuted

A 3 by

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by Enchanters, to be Drub'd by Carriers, and to be Ston'd by Gally-slaves, but still he finds Generous usage among Persons of Worth and Honour; Those who dare appear in Print are as much Adventurers in their way, as he in his, they expose themselves to the danger of undergoing rash Censures, they break their Rest to inform such as profit by their Labours, they suffer the hardships of being Condem'd by many that do not understand them, and yet go on unconcern'd either in Prosperity or Adversity. The Enchanters that Persecute them are the ill natur'd Criticks, whose only Study is to discover or make Faults in the Works of others, tho' so Barren themselves that they never can produce any thing worth Censuring. Those are unmerciful Carriers who wanting Judgment to discern betwixt Good and Evil; and yet abounding in Malice to Rail at all Men; make it their business to thrust themselves into every Company, that having pick'd up matter of detraction in one they may go vent it, in another, as their own.

And for Gally-slaves there are too many of them, who Row one way and look another, and throw Stones rather than fail at their own Deliverers; these are they who under pretended kindness, or affected Charity, cast forth bitter Invectives at a distance, than the worst of profess'd Enemies. But still there remains a noble part of Mankind, which like the Bee gathers Honey from every Flower, and Herbs that affords it without lessening the Beauty or the

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the Value of them, and where it meets with such as are not proper for that use, passes them over regardless not staying to amuse itself where it finds no advantage; yet not endeavouring to destroy that which may be beneficial to others. Thus the Adventurer in Print is in all respects equally expos'd and finds much the same Entertainment as does the Knight in Armour, the base and meaner sort Persecute, but the wise and generous support him. Let this suffice as to Writing in general; I will be as brief as possibly I can in giving some account of this particular Work, not to Vindicate but explain what is necessary in it, for whatever is beyond that, I look upon as superfluous, and can not defend what I have hitherto said from incurring the same Censure, but it is some Satisfaction that I am by this beforehand in railing at them that shall make bold to rail at me.

The first thing that occurs is to acquaint the Reader; that this work is partly Corrected and partly Translated anew, for where the old Translation would bear with many amendments I have made use of it, only Interting, Altering, and striking out as occasion serv'd, which indeed was so much as might for the most part equal the Labour of an entire Translation, as those that will take the pains to compare them may easily perceive. Yet many places there are in which the English was so antiquated or corrupt, and the meaning of the Spanish so entirely lost that I have been forced

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ed to Translate sometimes half and sometimes whole Pages. But particularly in the first Tome from the begining of the Novel of the Curious Impertinent, quite through to the end of the Book, is all entirely new without any regard had to the old Translation. And here it is to be observ'd, that all I have done either in Correcting or Translating, has been from the Spanish Original, and not from the French, which being but a Translation it self can not be so good a ground for another version, because it is certain there is no Copy but will somewhat vary from the Original, and therefore Copying from a Copy must of necessity still make the offspring of the Brain the more unlike its first Parent. To avoid which defect I have endeavour'd to follow the Spanish as close as ever the English would bear, not only in rendring the Transactions exactly as represented, but in the very Language and Stile, chosing rather to be blam'd for adhering too servily to my Author, as it is generally term'd, than to alter any thing of his Sense, which my cheifaimé is to render as intelligible as may be, and yet to deliver it genuine without adulteration. I do not question but some will blame this my strict Translation from the Original, but these I believe will be only such as love to intrude their own Notions into the Works of others, which by such embellishments, as they would have them thought, they only corrupt and defame among those who do not understand the Originals

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ginals. Of this sort I could bring some instances but that I do not pretend to Criticise, and my only design is to give a small account of my own without reflecting upon the Works of others. Now as to the Stile I make every one Speak just the same Language the Author allots him, where *Don Quixote* talks like a Knight Errant, there as the Spanish does, I thrust in many obsolete, Bombast expressions, such as only fit an Heroick Madman, where he seems to discourse on other subjects more rationally, there the Stile runs smooth, as a Gentleman should be suppos'd to converse in Company. So *Sancho* upon occasion talks like a Clown, makes Blunders, mistakes Words, raps out Proverbs, tells ridiculous Tales and expresses himself like himself; but when the Author is pleas'd to allow him a more elevated fit of Sense, there he talks like one that has been improv'd under so great a Master as *Don Quixote*. Thus every one that dislikes any part, must not presently give himself the liberty of railing at the Translator, till he has weigh'd or examin'd whether the Fault he finds be his or the Authors, not that I would cast off any thing from my self upon him, who is of such a Reputation that few Faults can be objected that will stick upon him; but because as there are different gusts in Reading, as well as Pallats in Eating, so many may not be pleas'd with those very things which are Beauties in the opinion of others, and which whether good or bad ought to

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to be attributed to him they properly belong to, to the Author if to be found in the Original, to the Translator if by him any wise alter'd either for the better, or the worse.

In Translating of Proverbs I have endeavour'd to make use of such English one's as express the true Sense of the Spanish, without rendring them scurrilous, and would not for the most part turn them *Verbatim*, because some of them would scarce be Sense, and at best they would be very heavy and insignificant. However sometimes I give the Spanish Word for Word, which is either when it will allow of such a Verball Interpretation without losing any thing of its real Value, or when we have no English Proverb to answer it, or else when the following Discourse has some dependance upon the Words of the Proverb which will not permit it to be express'd in other Terms. Above all in Proverbs which are peculiar to the Country I confine my self the more, as for Instance, where it is said of the Inn-keeper's Wives Cloaths that they were made in the Reign of King *Bamba*; I render it in those very Words, as being most proper for a Spaniard to make Comparisons as is usual among them, and talk of such things as they have some knowledge or have heard of, for it would be Nonsense to make a Spaniard say any thing were *as old as Pauls*, as we do, or any other such like expression which is peculiar to *England*. Yet where these things occur, because the meaning of them is not obvious

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Obvious to the English Reader. I have explain'd them by a Note at the bottom of the Page. The same method I have us'd to make many other passages Intelligible, where mention is made of things well known in *Spain*, but absolutely strange to us, as the *Giralda* of *Sevil*, the Bulls of *Guifando* and many others of the same Stamp, and also in some expressions which I have been oblig'd to Translate literally, because the connexion would not allow them to be put into exact English Phrases. In all these Cases I have made up the defect by a Note which explains difficulties, shews the reason of some uncouth expressions, and in my opinion is much better than to run clear from the design of the Author, as some do and call it Adapting things to the English, which is no other than imposing their own wild Conceits upon the World, under other Men's Names, whose reputation they sully by pretending to make them Speak in other Languages what they never imagin'd in their own.

I can not omit giving some hint of a thing I have mention'd in the Preface to my Translation of *Mariana's History of Spain*, for every one that reads this may not have seen that, and I would willingly rectify the Error generally committed in Pronouncing of Spanish names. Particularly in speaking of *Sancho Pança*, all or most Men mistake both Names Pronouncing it *Sanco Panca*, whereas the true Prononciation, is *Sancho* founding the *h* as we

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we do in speaking the Words Chouse, Chocolate, Chop, &c. and the Word *Pança* ought to be pronounc'd as if it were written *Pansa*, for the dash under the *c* is to shew the difference of pronunciation, as those who read French well understand, and this same is to be observ'd in all other Words where this sort of *c* so distinguish'd is found. Another observation is in the Letter *n* with a dash over as is here mark'd, much us'd in Spanish, but our English Printers, few of them having such a Letter so distinguish'd, do Substitute instead of it two *n*'s, which does not answer the design, for a double *n* only puts an Emphasis upon that part of the Word where it occurs, which this sort of *n* does not but make a double sound like the *gn* in *Italian*, which is as if among us, we should make, the, a following such an, *n* sound like a Dipthong *ai*, as in the Word *Sanfueña* the last Sillable *na*, is pronounced as in *Italian gna*, or as we would speak *nia* provided it were but one Sillable the *ia* being contracted into a Dipthong as I said above. The same sound is us'd in the double *ll*, which is like the *Italian gl*, or the same Dipthong, as in *Ginefillo de Parapilla* the last Sillables of those Words are to be spoken as if Written in *Italian glo* and *gla*, or in English *lio* and *lia*, allowing each to be but one Sillable double sounding of the Dipthong. But the Printers, as I observ'd before, having no *n*'s with dashes over them have every where substituted a double *n*, which

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which must now of necessity supply the defect of the other. This may perhaps seem a very useless nicety to some who look no further than Just the matter before them, which is the pronouncing of *Sancho Pança*, *Ginefillo*, *Sanfueña*, or the like, and indeed (tho' it be always commendable to pronounce any Language properly) if this were of no further consequence than in relation to these Words before us I should think it scarce worth the observation, but this may be serviceable upon all other occasions to those who know not how to pronounce Spanish Names that often occur, and are for the most part so corruptly read and deliver'd, that the very Persons they denote, if so call'd, would never imagine they were meant by them. But enough of this least it be tiresome to those that are not curious.

The reader may observe that the Printing of this Work in two small Volumes, and a little Letter, is for the conveniency of carriage, it being a Book of such excellent diversion, and so full of instruction that it ought to be made fit for the Pocket, where as till now it has always appear'd in Folio, or large Quarto Volumes, only to be read in a Study, as not portable.

I will not say much as to the Poetry, for tho' it be not my own, yet being annex't to, or become a part of my Work, it may look like something of partiality, if I should pretend to impose an opinion of it upon any bodies

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bodies judgment, but if I may be allow'd to speak my Sense, I shall not say it exceeds what was done before, for that were no commendation, but that I think most of it, if not all, is so good, that it will scarce be outdone. What more is to be said of it the reader may take from the Pen of one of the Gentlemen who perform'd that work and gives the following account of it.

Adver-

An Advertisement concerning the Poetical part of the Translation.

THe Author of this Translation, being himself unpractis'd in Verse; thought fit to leave the Poetry to two other Persons, who desire to have their Names conceal'd; those pieces that are mark'd with a Star are done by one Hand, and the rest by another. It must be confess'd indeed that neither of 'em were Masters of the Spanish; but to supply that, the true and literal Sense of all the Verses was giv'n 'em in English, which, with the help of the former Translations, amounted to the same, and then what they did was constantly Compar'd with the Original, so that the Reader may be satisfy'd of a fair Version. There's a great Variety to be observ'd in 'em, some Serious, others Burlesque, and others Dogrel and Bombast, according to the Occasion, and Character of the Person that Recites 'em: And 'tis not easy for the same Pen to vary it
self

Advertisement.

self to such different Humours; for which reason a Liberty is to be allow'd here, as indeed in all other Translations of Verse, that they may appear with any Grace and Spirit. The greatest Liberty is taken in the Verses at the end of the first Volume, which being very humorous, and at the same time not in the Body of the Work, are only imitated, not Translated. But every where else, 'tis hop'd that any Gentlemen, that shall take the Pains to Read 'em with the Original, will find that the true Turn and Design of the Author is observ'd with as little Variation as is possible.

ERRATA.

Tome 1. p. 1. in the Note, for Aragon, read new Castile.
Tome 1. Chap. 7. p. 272 at the Song I die, and if you disbelieve, &c. dele the Star. Tome 2. Chap. 12. p. 64 at the Song O my Soul, &c. the Star omitted.

Chap. I.

The Delightful

HISTORY

O F

The most Ingenious KNIGHT,

DON QUIXOTE de La Mancha.

TOME I.

CHAP. I.

Of the Profession and manner of Living of the Renowned Gentleman, Don Quixote de La Mancha.

THere lived not long since in a certain Village of * La Mancha, the Name whereof I do not desire to remember, one of those Gentlemen, who keep a Lance upon the Chimney-rack, an old Target, a lean Stallion, and a swift Grayhound. His Pot which daily boil'd somewhat more Beef than Mutton, cold Meat most Nights cut into a Sallad, Collops and Eggs on Saturdays, Lentils on Fridays, and now and then a Pigeon on Sundays, did consume three parts of his Estate; the rest of it was spent on a Jerkin of fine Cloath, a pair of Velvet Hose, with Pantofles of the same for Holy-days, and a Suit of the finest

* La Mancha is a Territory in the Kingdom of ^{New Castile} Aragon.
B Coup.

Country Cloath was his best drefs on working days. He had in his House a Woman servant about forty Years old, and a Niece not yet twenty, and a Man that serv'd him both in Field and at Home, and could saddle his Horse and manage a Pruning-Hook. The Master himself was about fifty Years of Age, of a strong Constitution, spare of Body, thin Jaw'd, an early riser, and a great lover of Hunting. Some affirm that his Sir-name was *Quixada*, or *Quesada* (for in this there is some variance among the Authors that write his Life) tho' it may be gathered by very probable Conjectures, that he was called *Quixada*. But this is little to our Story, it is enough that in the relation of it we will not vary a jot from the truth.

You must therefore understand, that this Gentleman we speak of, at his leisure times, which was most part of the Year, did wholly apply himself to the reading of Books of Chivalry, and that with such a gust and delight, that he almost wholly neglected the exercise of Hunting; and even the administration of his household Affairs: And his curiosity and folly went so far, that he made away many Acres of arable Land to buy Books of that kind, and brought home as many as ever he could get of that sort: And among them all, none pleased him better than those which the famous *Felician de Silva* composed. For the smoothness of his Stile, and those intricate Sentences of his, seem'd to him most exquisite, especially when he read those *Billets Doux*, and Challenges, in which he often found these words. *The reason of the unreasonableness, which is offer'd to my Reason, doth so weaken my Reason, that with all reason I do justly complain of your Beauty.* As also when he read, *The high Heavens, which with your Divinity do fortifie you divinely with the Stars, and make you deserving of the Deserts which your Greatness deserves, &c.* With these and other such passages, the poor Gentleman grew distracted, and was breaking his Brains day and night, to understand and unravel their sense. An endless labour; for *Aristotle* himself could never understand them, tho' he were again raised from the dead for that very purpose. He did not well like of the extravagant Wounds *Don Belianis* gave and received in fight; for, as he imagined, were the Surgeons never so expert that cured them, yet was it impossible but that the Patient's Face, and all his Body must be left full of Scars and Seams: However he commended in the Author of that History, the conclusion of his Book, with the promise of the endless Adventure; and many times he himself was inclinable to take Pen in hand and finish it exactly, as it is there promised; and would doubtless have performed it, and that successfully, if other more urgent and continual thoughts had not prevented him.

Af-

Often did he fall at variance with the Curate of his Village (who was a learned Man, and had taken his Degree at * *Ciguença*) touching who was the better Knight, *Palmerin of England*, or *Amadis de Gaule*: But Mr. *Nicholas* the Barber of the same Town would affirm, that neither of them equal'd the Knight of the Sun; and that if any Knight could be compar'd to him, it was doubtless *D. Galaor*, *Amadis de Gaule's* brother, whose nature might fitly be accommodated to any thing; for he was not so coy and whining a Knight as his Brother, and that in matters of Valour, he did not bate him an Ace.

In short he so intirely gave himself up to reading these Books, that he spent whole Days and Nights in this Employment; so that through excess of Reading and want of Sleep, his Brain was dry'd up in such manner, that he became distracted. His Fancies were filled with those things he read, of Enchantments, Quarrels, Battels, Challenges, Wounds, Wooing, Love, Tempests, and other impossible Follies. And it was so fix'd in his Imagination that all the multitude of invented Stories he read was true, that in his Opinion, no other History in the World was so authentick. He us'd to say, that the † *Cid Ruydiaz*, was a very good Knight, but not to be compar'd to the Knight of the burning Sword, who at one back stroke, cut asunder two fierce and mighty Giants. He was better pleas'd with *Bernard del Carpio*, because he slew the enchanted *Orlando at Roncesvalles*.

He also liked of the thift *Hercules* used when he smothered *Anteon*, the Son of the Earth, betwixt his Arms. He praised the Giant *Morgant* marvelously, because, tho' he was of that monstrous Progeny, who are commonly all of them proud and rude, yet he only was affable and courteous. But he agreed best of all with *Reinault of Mount Alban*, and chiefly, when he saw him fall out of his Castle, to rob as many as ever he could meet. And when beyond the Sea he took away the Idol of *Mahomet*, which was all of Gold, as his Story tells us. He would willingly have given his old Woman, nay, and his Niece into the Bargain, to purchase a fair opportunity of Thrashing the Traytor * *Galalon*.

In fine, being wholly depriv'd of his Wits, he light upon the strangest conceit that ever Mad-man stumbled on in this

* *Ciguença* is an University in Spain.

† *Cid Ruydiaz* a famous Spanish Commander, of whom many Fables are written.

* *Galalon* the Spaniards say betray'd the French Army at *Roncesvalles*.

World, which was that it seemed to him very requisite and necessary, as well for the increas of his own Honour, as for the benefit of the Publick, that he himself should become a Knight Errant, and go throughout the World, with his Horse and Armor to seek Adventures, and practise in Person all that he had read was used by Knights Errant, undoing all manner of wrongs, and exposing himself to dangers and hazards; which being once happily surpass'd, might gain him eternal Renown. The poor Soul did already imagine himself Crowned, through the valour of his Arm, at least Emperor of *Trabizonde*; and thus fill'd with these pleasing Thoughts, and led away by the extraordinary Pleasure he took in them, he made haste to put in practice his Desires.

The first thing he did was to scour some old Armour that had belong'd to his great Grandfather, and had lain some ages cover'd with Rust and Mould, forgotten in a by corner of his House. He trim'd and dress'd it the best he could, and then discover'd a great defect, which was that there wanted a Helmet, and was only a plain Morrion: but his Ingenuity supply'd this want, for he made a sort of Beaver of Past-board, which being fastned on with the Morrion, in some measure represented a Helmet. True it is, that to make tryal whether his pasted Beaver was proof against a Cut, he out with his Sword and gave it two strokes and at the first undid his whole weeks Work. He could not but be displeas'd at the facility it was shatter'd to pieces with, wherefore to assure himself better the next time from the like danger, he made it a-new, placing certain Iron Bars within it, in so artificial a manner, that he was fully satisfy'd of the strength of the Work; and without making a second tryal, he look'd upon and valu'd it as a most excellent Beaver. Next he went to see his Steed, and tho' his Bones started out for want of Flesh to cover them, and he had more faults than *Gonela's* Horse, *Qui tantum pellis & ossa fuit*; yet he thought neither *Alexander's Bucephalus*, nor the *Cid* his Horse *Babieca*, were in any respect equal to him. He spent four Days devising him a Name: for (as he reasoned with himself) it was not fit that so famous a Knights Horse, and chiefly being so good a Beast, should want a known Name: and therefore he endeavoured to give him such a one, as should both declare what he had been, before he belong'd to a Knight Errant, and what at present he was: For it was most agreeable to reason, since his Matter chang'd his profession, that he should alter his Name, and get one that were famous and founded great, as became the new order and exercise which he now profess'd; and therefore after many other

other Names which he framed, blotted out, rejected, added, undid, and form'd again in his memory and imagination, he finally concluded to call him * *Rozinante*, a name in his opinion lofty, full, and significant, of what he had been when a meere plain Jade, before he was exalted to his new Dignity; being, as he thought, the best carriage Beast in the World. The name being thus given to his Horse, and so much to his satisfaction, he resolv'd in like manner to name himself, and this thought employ'd him eight Days, and at length he call'd himself *Don Quixote*; whence (as is said) the Authors of this most true History deduce; that he was undoubtedly nam'd *Quixada*, and not *Quejada*, as others would have it. And remembring that the valorous *Amadis* was not satisfied only with the bare name of *Amadis*, but added to it that of his Kindom and Country, to render his own more redoubted, terming himself *Amadis de Gaule*; so he, like a good Knight, would add to his own, that of his Province, and call himself *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, by which he thought he very lively express'd his Linage and Country, which he did Honour, by taking it for his surname.

His Armour being scowred, his Morrion transformed into an Helmet his Horse named, and himself confirm'd with a new denomination; he bethought himself, that now he wanted nothing but a Lady, on whom he might bestow his affection; for a Knight Errant without a Mistress, is like a Tree without Leaves and Fruit, or a Body without a Soul: And therefore he us'd to say to himself. If for a punishment of my Sins, or by good Fortune, I should meet abroad with some Giant (as often happens to Knights Errant) and overthrow him in the first Career, or cut him in two at one stroke, or in short overcome and subdue him, will it not be expedient to have some Lady, to whom I may send him as a present? And that he coming into her presence, do kneel before my sweet Lady, and say to her with an humble and submissive Voice; Madam, I am the Giant *Caraculianbro*, Lord of the Island *Malindrania*, whom the never-too-much-praised Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* has overcome in single Combat; and has commanded to present himself to your greatness, that it may please your Highness to dispose of me according to your liking! O! how glad was our Knight when he had made this Speech to himself, but

* *Rozin* in Spanish, is a horse of labour, and *Ance* signifies before; so that *Rozinante* implies, one that was a labouring Horse.

chiefly when he had found out one whom he might call his Lady? For as is imagined there dwelt in the next Village to his a young handsome Country Wench, with whom he was sometime in Love, tho' as is suppos'd, she never knew or took notice of it. She was called *Aldonza Lorenzo*, and her he judg'd fittest to intitle the Lady of his thoughts, and searching a name for her that should not vary much from her own, and yet should draw near to and somewhat resemble that of a Princess, or great Lady, he called her *Dulcinea del Toboso* (for there she was born) a name in his conceit harmonious, strange, and significant, like to all the others he had made choice of.

CHAP. II.

Of the first Sally Don Quixote made to seek Adventures.

Things being thus ordered, he would defer the execution of his designs no longer, being spur'd on the more vehemently, by the conceit he had that his delay caus'd a want of him in the World, because of the wrongs he resolv'd to right, the harms he meant to redress, faults he would correct, the abuses he would mend, and the debts he would satisfy. And therefore without acquainting any living Creature with his intentions he, unseen of any, upon a certain Morning, somewhat before the Day (being one of the warmest of July) Armed himself *Cap-a-pie*, mounted on *Rozinante*, clapt on his ill-contrived Helmet, grasp'd his Target, took his Lance, and by a Postern door of his Base-Court issued out to the Field, wonderfully pleas'd and satisfy'd to see with what ease he had began to execute his good desires. But scarce he was got into the Field, when he was suddenly assaulted by a terrible thought, and such a one as had like to have overthrown his former good purposes; which was, that he remembred he was not yet dub'd Knight; and therefore by the laws of Knighthood, neither could nor ought to Combat with any Knight. And tho' he were one, yet ought he to wear white Armour like a new Knight, without any device in his Shield till he had won it by force of Arms.

These thoughts made him stagger in his purposes; but his Folly prevailing above any reason, he resolv'd to cause himself to

to be Knighted by the first he met, after the example of many others that did the same, as he had read in the Books which distracted him. As touching white Armour, he purpos'd with the first opportunity, to Scower his own so well, that they should become whiter than Ermines: And thus he pacified his mind and prosecuted his Journey, without chusing any other way than that which his Horse pleas'd, believing that therein consisted the vigour of Knightly adventures. Our burnish'd Adventurer travelling thus onward, did parley with himself in this manner: 'Who doubts but that in the ensuing Ages, when the true History of my famous Acts shall come to light, the wife Man who writes them, will begin, when he comes to declare this my first Sally so early in the Morning, after this manner? *Scarce had the ruddy Apollo spread over the face of the vast and spacious earth the golden twists of his beautiful hair; and scarce had the little painted Birds with their forked Tongues, saluted with sweet and melodious harmony, the arrival of the Rosie Aurora, who abandoning her jealous Husband's ease Bed, shew'd her self to mortals, through the Gates and Windows of the * Manchegall Horizon, When the famous Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, abandoning the slothful Down, mounted his renowned Horse Rozinante, and began to Travel through the Ancient and known Fields of Montiel, (as indeed he did) and then went on saying, Happy the Age, and fortunate the time, when my famous feats shall be revealed, feats worthy to be grav'd in Brasse, carved in Marble, and deliver'd with most curious Art in Tables, for a future instruction and memory. And, thou wise Enchanter, whoever thou art whom it shall concern to be the Chronicler of this strange History, I desire thee not to forget my good Horse Rozinante, my eternal and inseparable Companion in all my Journeys and Travels. And then, as if he were really in love, he said, O Princess Dulcinea, Lady of this captive heart, much wrong hast thou done me by dismissing me, and reproaching me with the rigorous Decree and Commandment, Nor to appear before thy Beauty: I beseech thee, sweet Lady, deign to remember this thy poor subject Heart, that for thy Love suffers so many Tortures. To these he added a thousand other ravings, all after the very same manner that his Books had taught him, imitating as near as he could, their very Phrase and Language, and withal rode so slowly, and the Sun moun-*

* The Horizon of his Country la Mancha,

ted so swiftly, and so violently hot, as might have melted his Brains if any had been left him.

He travelled almost all that day without meeting any thing worth mentioning, which made him fret for Anger; because he earnestly desir'd presently to find some one, upon whom he might make tryal of his invincible Strength. Some Authors write, that his first Adventure was that of the **Lapicean* Streights; others, that of the Wind-mills: But all I could make out in this affair, and what I found written in the *Annals of la Mancha* is, that he travelled all that day long, and at night both he and his Horse were tyred, and almost starv'd with Hunger, and that looking about on every side, to see whether he could discover any Castle or Sheep-fold, to which he might retire for that night, and relieve his wants: he perceived an Inn near the High-way in which he travelled, which was as welcome a sight to him, as if he had seen a Star that guided him to the Porch, if not to the Palace of his Redemption. He put on and arrived much about Night-fall. There stood, as it happen'd, at the Inn door, two young Women, such as we call strowlers, who travelled towards *Sevil* with certain Carriers, and did by chance take up their Lodging in that Inn the same Evening: And for as much as to our Knight Errant all that he thought on, saw, or imagin'd, seem'd to be really done and transacted in the same manner as what he had read in his Books, as soon as he spy'd the Inn, he conceiv'd it was a Castle with four Turrets, whose Pinnacles were of glittering Silver, without omitting the Draw-Bridge, deep Fosse, and other Appurtenances belonging to such places. He drew near to the Inn, (which to him seem'd a Castle) and being at a small distance from it, check'd *Rozinante* with the Bridle, expecting some Dwarf would mount on the Battlements, to give warning with the sound of a Trumpet, that a Knight did approach the Castle: But seeing they staid long, and that *Rozinante* kept a coil to go to his Stable, he went to the Inn door, and there beheld the two loose Baggages that stood at it, whom he presently supposed to be two beautiful Damzels, or lovely Ladies, that did solace themselves before the Castle Gates. In the mean while it fell out by chance, that a certain Swineheard as he gathered his Hogs, blew the Horn, which uses to bring them together; and instantly *Don Quixote* imagin'd it was what he desired, to wit, some Dwarf who gave notice of his Arrival; and therefore with marvellous satisfacti-

* Puerto Lapice is a pass on the Mountains,

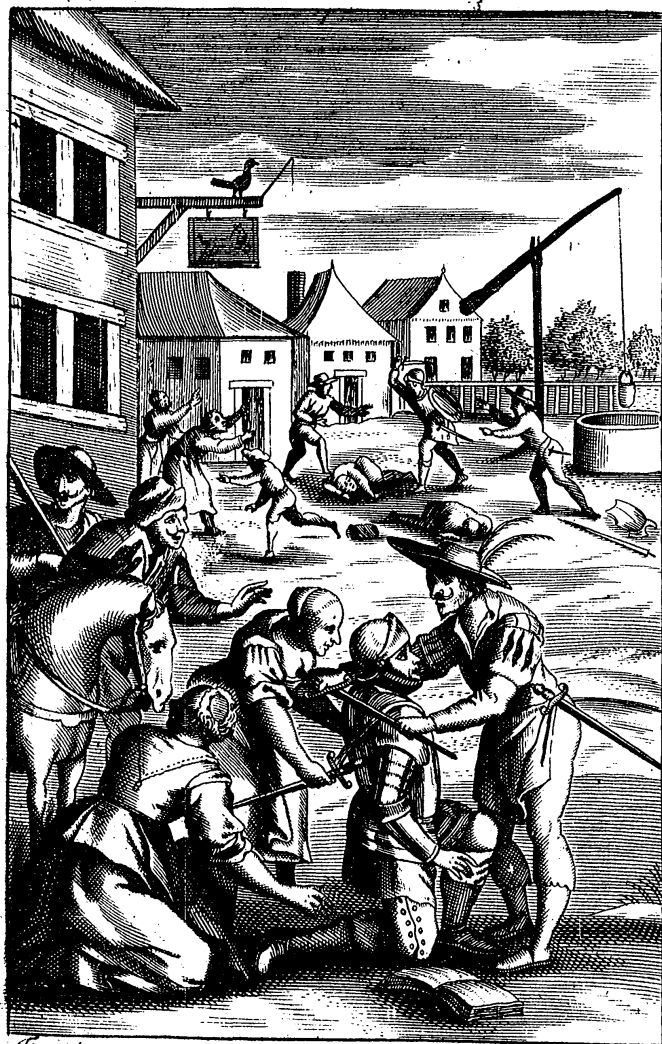
on of Mind he approached the Inn and Ladies, who beholding one armed in that manner draw so near, with his Lance and Target, were in a fright, retiring into the Inn: But *Don Quixote* perceiving their fear by their flight, lifting up his pasted Beaver, and discovering his withered and dusty Countenance, accosted them courteously, and with grave words, in this manner: 'Let not your Ladyships flie, nor fear any Outrage; for to the order of Knighthood, which I profess, it toucheth nor appertaineth not to wrong any body, and least of all such worthy Damzels as your presence denotes you to be. The Wenches looked on him very earnestly, and employ'd all their Eyes to search out his Countenance, which his ill-fashion'd Beaver did conceal: But when they heard themselves termed Damzels, a thing so remote from their Profession, they could not forbear laughing, and that so loud, that *Don Quixote* was out of Countenance, and said, 'Modesty is a comely Ornament of the beautiful, and the excessive Laughter that springs from a light occasion must be reputed great Folly: But I do not object this to you to make you the more ashamed, or that you should take it in ill part; for my desire is no other than to do you all the Honour and Service I can. This Language not well understood by the Ladies, and the ill Presence of the Knight, occasion'd them to laugh louder, and his Passion to boyl higher, which might have exceeded all bounds, had not the Inn-keeper come out that moment; who being extraordinary fat, was of a peaceable Disposition: He seeing that odd Figure, arm'd with such unfutable Armour, as were his Bridle Lance, Target and Corset, was ready to have born the Damzels company in their Merriment. But being somewhat fearful of that Fardle of Furniture, he resolv'd to speak him fair; and said, If your Worship, Sir Knight, seeks a Lodging, bating a Bed, which is not to be had in this Inn, you will find all other things in great Plenty. *Don Quixote* observing the submissiveness of the Constable of that Fortrels (for such the Inn and Inn-keeper seemed to him) answered, Any thing, Sir Constable, will serve me; for my Arms are my Ornaments, and Battel's my ease, &c. The Host thought he had called him **Castellano*, believing him to be one of the sincere and honest Men of *Castile*, whereas he was indeed an *Andaluzian*, of the Territory of *S. Lucar*, as great a Thief as *Cacus*, and as sharp as a Scholar or a Page, and therefore answer'd him thus: If so, your Beds must be

* Castellano in Spanish signifies either a Constable of a Fort, or a native of Castile,

hard Rocks, and your sleep perpetual watching; and since it is so, you may freely alight, and not doubt of finding in this Cottage, occasion enough to keep you waking the whole Year, much more one Night. This said, he laid hold of *Don Quixote's* Stirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and Pain, as not having broken his Fast that Day. Then he desir'd his Host to have special care of his Horse, saying, he was one of the best that ever eat Bread. The Inn-keeper view'd him, and thought him not half so good as *Don Quixote* pretended; and setting him up in the Stable, he returned to see what his Guest would command, who was disarming by both the Damzels (they by this time being reconcil'd to him) and tho' they had taken off his Breast-plate and Back, yet knew they not how, nor could any ways undo his Gorget, nor take off his counterfeit Beaver, which he had fasten'd on with green Ribbands; and by reason the Knots were so intricate, it was requisite they should be cut, which he would by no means consent to, and therefore continu'd all Night with his Helmet on, and was the strangest and pleasantest Figure imaginable. And as he was disarming (conceiting those light Wenches that assisted him, to be some great Ladies and Dames of that Castle) he said to them with a very good grace. Never was Knight so well attended on, and served by Ladies, as was *Don Quixote*; when he departed from his Village Damzels attended on him, and Princesses on his Horse. O *Rozinante*! for, Ladies, that is the Name of my Horse, and *Don Quixote de la Mancha* is mine. For tho' I meant at the first not to have discover'd my self, 'till the Acts done in your service, and to your benefit, should make me known; yet the necessity of accommodating to our present purpose, the old Romance of Sir *Launcelot*, has given occasion for you to know my Name before it was seasonable: But the time will come when your Ladiships may command me, and I obey, and then the valour of my Arm shall discover the desire I have to do you service.

The Wenches, who were not us'd to such Compliments, answer'd never a Word, but only ask'd whether he would eat any thing? I would eat any thing whatsoever, repli'd *Don Quixote*; for, as I conceive, it would stand me in good stead. It happen'd that Day was *Friday*, and therefore there was no other Meat in the Inn, but a few pieces of Fish call'd in *Castile*, *Abadexo*; in *Andaluzia*, *Bacallao*; in some places, *Cu-radillo*; and in others, *Truchuela*; and is no other but *Poor-John*.

They ask'd him whether he would eat of it, giving it the Name us'd in that place, of *Truchuela*, or little Trout; for there was no other Fish in the Inn to offer him but that. Why then



Scene: 1.

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Chap. 3. Don QUIXOTE.

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then (quoth *Don Quixote*) bring it in; for if there be many little Trouts, they may serve me instead of a great one: it being all one to me, to be paid my Mony (if I were to receive any) in eight single Royals, or to be paid the same in one piece of Eight. And besides those little Trouts are perhaps like Veal, which is much more delicate Flesh than Beef; or Kid, which is better than Goat; but whatsoever it is, let it be brought in presently; for the labour and weight of Arms cannot be well supported without the assistance of the Guts. The Table was cover'd at the Inn Door, that he might take the Air; and the Host brought him a portion of ill-water'd, and worse boil'd *Poor-John*, and a Loaf as black and hoary as his Harness: But the only sport was to see him eat; for by reason his Helmet was on, and his Beaver lifted, he could put nothing into his Mouth himself, if others did not help him to find the way; and therefore one of those Ladies served his turn in that: But it was altogether impossible to give him Drink after that manner, and would have been so for ever, if the Inn-keeper had not boated a Cane, and setting the one end to his Mouth, poured down the Wine at the other: All which he suffer'd most patiently, because he would not break the Ribbands of his Helmet. As he sat at Supper, there arriv'd, by chance, a Sow-Gelder, who, as soon as he came to the Inn, founded four or five times a Whistle of Canes, which confirm'd *Don Quixote* in the Opinion, that he was in some famous Castle where he was served with Musick; for which Reason he was well pleas'd with his Undertaking; that the *Poor-John* was Trouts; the Bread of the finest Flower; the Whores, Ladies; and the Inn-keeper, Countable of the Castle. But nothing so much afflicted him, as that he was not yet dubb'd a Knight, being fully perswaded, that he could not lawfully enterprize, or follow any Adventure, till he received the Order of Knight-hood.

CHAP. III.

Of the pleasant manner observed in Knighting of Don-Quixote.

B EING thus perplex'd in his Mind, he shorten'd his poor beggarly Supper, which being ended, he call'd the Inn-keeper, and shutting himself up with him in the Stable, fell

fell upon his Knees before him, saying, I will never rise from the Place where I am, valorous Knight, 'till your courtesie shall grant me a Boon that I mean to ask of you, which will redound to your Honour, and to the profit of all Humankind. The Inn-keeper seeing his Guest at his Feet, and hearing those Words, stood in amaze, gazing at him, not knowing what to do or say, and press'd him earnestly to rise; but all was in vain, 'till he promis'd him, that he would grant any thing he requested at his Hands. I did never expect less (replied *Don Quixote*) from your magnificence, my Lord: And therefore I say, that the Boon which I have begg'd, and hath been granted me by your liberality, is, that to morrow Morning you will dubb me Knight, and this Night I will watch my Armour in the Chappel of your Castle, and in the Morning, as I have said, the rest of my Desires shall be fulfill'd, that I may go in due manner throughout the four parts of the World, to seek Adventures to the benefit of the needy, as is the duty of Knighthood, and of Knights Errant such as I am; whose Desires are wholly inclined and dedicated to such Achievements. The Host, who, as we noted before, was somewhat arch, and had already an inkling of his Guests want of Wit, now absolutely concluded, that what he had suspected was true, hearing such words come from him, and that he might have something to laugh at that Night, resolv'd to humour him, and accordingly told him, That he was much in the right in what he desir'd, and that such Projects and Designs were natural to such worthy Knights as he seem'd to be, and his presence denoted. That he himself, in his youthful Years, had follow'd that honourable Exercise, going through divers parts of the World to seek Adventures, without either omitting the * *Percheles* of *Malaga*, the *Isles* of *Riaran*, the *Compass* of *Sevill*, the *Azoguejo* of *Segovia*, the *Olive-Field* of *Valencia*, the *Rondilla* of *Granada*, the *Key* of *S. Lucar*, the *Potro* of *Cordova*, and the little Taverns of *Toledo*; and many other Places, where he practis'd his slight of hand, doing many Wrongs, soliciting many Widows, undoing certain Maidens, and deceiving many Pupils; and finally, making himself known and famous in all the Tribunals and Courts almost of all *Spain*, and that at last he had retir'd himself to that his Castle, where he was maintain'd with his own and other Mens Goods, entertaining in it all Knights Errant, of whatsoever

* The Names of certain infamous and scandalous Places in those Cities.

Quality and Condition they were; only for the great affection he bore them, and to the end they might divide with him part of their Winnings, in recompence for his good-will: he added, that there was no Chappel in his Castle, where he might watch his Arms, for he had pull'd it down to build it up a-new: But yet he knew very well, that in case of necessity they might lawfully be watched in any other place, and therefore he might watch them that Night in the base Court of the Castle: for in the Morning, an't pleas'd God, the Ceremonies requisite should be perform'd in such manner, that he should become a dubb'd Knight, and as good a one as any in the World. He ask'd of him, whether he had any Mony, and *Don Quixote* answer'd, he had not a Doit, having never read in the Histories of Knights Errant, that any of them us'd to carry it. To this his Host replied, that he was deceived; for admit that Histories made no mention of it, because the Authors of them judg'd it superfluous to exprets a thing so manifest and necessary to be carried, as was Mony and clean Shirts, it was not for all that to be believ'd that they had none; and therefore he should confidently rely upon it; that all the Knights Errant, whose stories have serv'd to stuff so many Volumes, had their Purfes well lin'd, to provide against Accidents, and did also carry with them a little Casket of Ointments and Salves, to cure the Wounds they received, for they had not the conveniency of a Surgeon to cure them, every time they fought abroad in the Fields and Deserts, if they had not by chance some wise Enchanter to their Friend, who would presently succour them, bringing them, in a Cloud, through the Air, some Damzel or Dwarf, with a Viol of Water of such Virtue, that tasting one Drop of it, they remained as whole of their Sores and Wounds, as if they had never received any: But when they had not that advantage, the Knights of times past held it for a very commendable and secure course, that their Squires should be provided of Mony and other necessary things, as Lint and Oyntments to cure themselves; and when it befel that the like Knights had no Squires to attend them (which hapned but very seldom) then would they themselves carry all this Provision behind them on their Horses, in some slight Wallers, which could scarce be perceived, as a thing of very great consequence. For, unless it were upon such an occasion, the carriage of Wallers was not very tollerable among Knights Errant. And therefore he advis'd, tho' he might command him, as one that by receiving the Order of Knighthood at his Hands, would shortly become his God-child, that he should not travel from thence forward without Mony, and other usual necessities, and he would

would be sensible how advantageous they were to him, when he least expected it.

Don Quixote promised punctually to accomplish all he had advis'd him to do; and so order was forthwith taken how he should watch his Arms in a great Yard adjoining to one side of the Inn. *Don Quixote* gathering all his Arms together, laid them on a Cistern that stood near to a Well, and buckling on his Target laid hold on his Lance, and walked up and down before the Cistern very demurely, and when he began to walk, Night began to shur in the Day. The Inn-keeper, in the mean time, recounted to all the rest that lodged in the Inn, the folly of his Guest, the watching of his Arms, and the Knighthood which he expected to receive. They all much admir'd at so strange a kind of Madness, went out to behold him at a distance, and saw that sometimes he walk'd gravely to and fro, other whiles leaning upon his Lance, fixt his Eyes on his Armour, without taking them off for a considerable time.

Night came on, but the Moon was so bright, she seem'd to vie with him of whom she borrows her Splendor, so that every thing the new Knight did was easily perceiv'd by all the Company. At this time one of the Carriers that lodged in the Inn resolved to water his Mules, and to that purpose it was necessary to remove *Don Quixote's* Armour that lay on the Cistern; who seeing him approach, said with a loud Voice: O thou! whoever thou art, bold Knight, that com'st to touch the Armour of the most valorous Adventurer that ever girded Sword, take heed what thou do'st, and touch it not, lest thou pay for thy Presumption with the forfeiture of thy Life. The Carrier made no account of these Words, (but it were better he had, for it would have sav'd him the expence of a Surgeon) and laying hold of the Straps, threw the Armour a pretty way from him; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, he lifted up his Eyes towards Heaven, and addressing his Thoughts (as it seem'd) to his Lady *Dulcinea*, said; *Assist me, dear Lady, in this first dangerous Affront and Adventure offered to this Breast, that is enhrall'd to thee, and let not thy Favour and Protection fail me in this my first undertaking.* And uttering these and other such Words, he let slip his Target, and lifting up his Lance with both hands, gave the Carrier such a blow with it on the Head, as laid him flat on the Ground in such piteous plight, that if he had follow'd it with another, he had needed no Surgeon to cure him. This done he gathered up his Armour again, and laying it where it was before, walk'd up and down as unconcern'd as he had done at first.

Soon after, another Carrier not knowing what had hapned (for his Companion lay yet in a Trance on the Ground) came in like manner to water his Mules, and going about to take away the Arms, that he might free the Cistern of incumbrances, and take Water the easier: *Don Quixote* saying nothing, nor imploring Favour of his Mistress or any other, let slip again his Target, and lifting his Lance, without breaking of it in pieces, made more than three of the second Carriers noddle, for he broke it in four places. The noise drew out all the people of the Inn, and among them the Host; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, grasping his Target and laying hand on his Sword, he said: *O Lady of all Beauty, Courage and Vigour of my weak-en'd Heart, it is now high time that thou turn the Eyes of thy Greatness towards this thy captive Knight, who does expect so marvellous great an Adventure.* Thus in his Conceit he was so encourag'd, that he would not have lost an inch of Ground, tho' all the Carriers in the World had attack'd him. The wounded Mens Fellows seeing them in that condition, began from afar to shower down a Volly of Stones upon *Don Quixote*, who defend-ed himself the best he could with his Target, and durst not depart from the Cistern, lest he should seem to abandon his Arms. The Inn-keeper call'd out to them to let him alone; for he had already told them he was mad, and as such would escape scot-free tho' he had slain them all. *Don Quixote* cryed out louder, terming them all disloyal Men and Traytors, and that the Lord of the Castle was a vile and base-born Knight, for permitting Knights Errant to be so us'd; and that if he had receiv'd the Order of Knighthood, he would have made him sensible of his Treachery. But of you rude and rascally Rabble (quoth he) I make no account: Throw at me, approach, draw near, and do me all the hurt you can, for you shall ere long receive the reward of this your Madness and Outrage. These Words he spoke with such Spirit and Boldness, as struck a terrible Fear into all those that assaulted him; and therefore moved both by it, and the Inn-keeper's Perswasions, they left off throwing Stones at him, and he permitted them to carry away the wounded Men, and returned to the Guard of his Arms, with as great Quieness and Gravity, as he did at the beginning.

The Inn-keeper did not approve of his Guest's Frolicks, and therefore resolv'd to make short work on't, and give him the unfortunate Order of Knighthood forthwith, before some other Disaster befell: And therefore coming to him, he excus'd himself on account of the Insolency those base Fellows had been guilty of, without his Privy or Consent; but as he said, they had receiv'd the punishment of their Boldness. He added how

he had already told him, that there was no Chappel in his Castle, and that for what remain'd to do, there was no need of any; for all the material part of being dub'd Knight, consisted in the blow on the Neck, and on the Shoulders, as he had read in the ceremonial Book of the Order, that it might be given in the very midst of the Fields; and that he had already perform'd the Duty of watching his Arms, which might be done in two Hours, whereas he had been above four. All this *Don Quixote* believed, and therefore answered, That he was most ready to obey him, and requested him to conclude with all possible brevity, for if he once saw himself Knighted, and were again assaulted, he meant not to leave one Creature alive in all the Castle, except those the Constable should command, whom he would spare for his sake.

The Constable being thus warn'd, and fearing lest he should put this his deliberation in execution, brought out a Book in which he us'd to keep his Accounts, and set down the Straw and Barly he deliver'd from time to time, to such Carriers as lodg'd in his Inn, for their Beasts: And with a Candle's end, which a Boy held lighted in his hand before him, accompanied by the two Damzels above-mention'd, he came to *Don Quixote*, whom he commanded to kneel down, and reading in his *Manual* (as it seem'd some devout Orison) he held up his hand in the midst of the Lecture, and gave him a good blow on the Neck, and after that, another smart thwack over the Shoulders with his own Sword (still mumbling something betwixt his Teeth, as if he pray'd) this done, he commanded one of the Ladies to gird on his Sword, which she did with a singular good grace and dexterity, which was much, the matter being of it self so ridiculous, that it was like to make a Man burst with Laughter at every passage of the Ceremonies: But the Prowess which they had already beheld in the new Knight, confin'd their Pleasure. At the girding on of his Sword, the good Lady said, God make you a fortunate Knight, and give you good success in Battels. *Don Quixote* then ask'd her name, that he might from thence forward know to whom he was so much oblig'd for the Favour receiv'd, because he meant to make her partake of the Honour he should gain by his valorous Arm. She answer'd very submissively, that she was call'd *Tolosa*, and was a Butcher's Daughter of *Toledo*, that dwelt in *Sancho Benegas* street, and that she would ever honour him as her Lord: *Don Quixote* replied, requesting her, for his sake, to call her self from thence forth the Lady *Tolosa*, which she promised to perform. The other Lady buckled on his Spur, with whom he had the like Conference, and asking her Name, she told him



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she was called *Molinera*, and was Daughter to an honest Miller of *Antequera*: Her likewise our Knight intreated to call her self the Lady *Molinera*, proffering her fresh Services and Favours. The new and till then unseen Ceremonies being thus speedily perform'd in a hurry, *Don Quixote* could not rest till he was mounted a Horseback, that he might go seek Adventures; wherefore causing *Roxinante* to be instantly Saddle'd, he leaped on him, and embracing his Host, said such strange things to him in return for the favour of dubbing him Knight, that it is impossible exactly to repeat them. The Inkeeper that he might be soon rid of him, answer'd with no less formality, tho' in fewer words, and without asking any thing for his Lodging, permitted him to depart in a good Hour.

CHAP. IV.

Of what befell our Knight, after he left the Inn.

IT was about break of Day when *Don Quixote* set out from the Inn, so pleas'd, merry, and sprightly, to see himself Knighted, that his joy was ready to burst his Horse Girths; but calling to mind the advice his Host had given him, concerning the most needful implements he was ever to return to his House, and provide himself of them, as also of a Squire: making account to entertain a certain Labourer, his Neighbour, who was Poor and had Children, but yet one very fit for this purpose and Squirely function, belonging to Knighthood. Having taken this resolution, he put *Roxinante* into the road to his Village, who as if he had known his design, began to rid way as if he had not touch'd the Ground. He had not travel'd far, when he thought he heard certain weak Cries, like those of one that complained, which came from the thickest of a Wood that stood on the right Hand. And scarce had he heard them when he said 'I render infinite thanks to Heaven for this favour in offering me so soon an opportunity of performing the duty of my profession, and executing my good designs, these are doubtless the moans of some Man or Woman in distress, that stands in need of my aid and assistance. Then turning *Roxinante's* Head he guided him towards the place, whence he thought the doleful Noise proceeded, and within a few paces after he had entered into the thicker, saw a Mare tyed to an Oak, and to another was tyed a youth about fifteen Years

Years of Age all naked from the waist upward, which was he that cry'd so pitifully and not without cause, for a good like-ly Country-man was lashing of him smartly with a Leather Girdle, and every lash was follow'd by good Counsel and a Reproof, saying, A still Tongue and watchful Eyes; and the Boy answer'd, I will never do it again, good Master; for the passion of God, I will never do it again. And I promise to have more care of your Flock from henceforth.

Don Quixote beholding this passage, said in an angry Tone : ' Discourteous Knight, it is very unseemly to deal thus with one that cannot defend himself, mount therefore on Horse-back and take thy Lance, (for the Farmer had a Lance leaning to the very same Tree to which *Mare* was tyed) for I will make thee know it is the part of a Coward to do as thou dost. The Country-man seeing that strange Figure laden with Arms, hover over him, and brandish his Lance over his Face, gave himself for Death, and answer'd in humble manner, saying, Sir Knight, the Boy I chastise, is my own Servant, employ'd in keeping a Flock of Sheep for me in this Neighbourhood, he is so careless, that he loses one every Day, and because I correct him for his Carelessness and Knavery, he says I do it out of Covetousness, as meaning to defraud him of his Wages; but before God, and on my Conscience he lies. ' What? the Lie in my presence, rascally Clown? quoth *Don Quixote*, by the Sun that shines on us, I could find in my Heart to run thee through and through with my Lance, pay him instantly without more debate, or by the God that guides us, I will make an end of and annihilate thee this moment, ' unbind him immediately. The Country-man, hanging down his Head, made no reply, but loosed his Servant; of whom *Don Quixote* ask'd how much his Master ow'd him? he said nine Months hire, at seven Royals a Month. *Don Quixote* cast up the account, and found the whole amounted to sixty three Royals, and therefore commanded the Farmer to pay the Money presently, or he should die for it. The fearful Country-man answer'd, That by the sad plight he was in, and the Oath he had taken (and as yet he had not sworn at all) he ow'd him not so much, for that there ought to be deducted three Pair of Shoes he had given him, and a Royal for Bleeding when he was Sick. That's right, quoth *Don Quixote*, but let the Shoes and the Bleeding go for the stripes thou hast given him without cause, for if he tore the Leather of the Shoes thou boughtest him, thou hast rent the Skin of his Body; and if the Barber drew Blood from him when Sick, thou hast done it when he was well, so that on this score he owes thee nothing. The

Chap. 4. Don QUIXOTE.

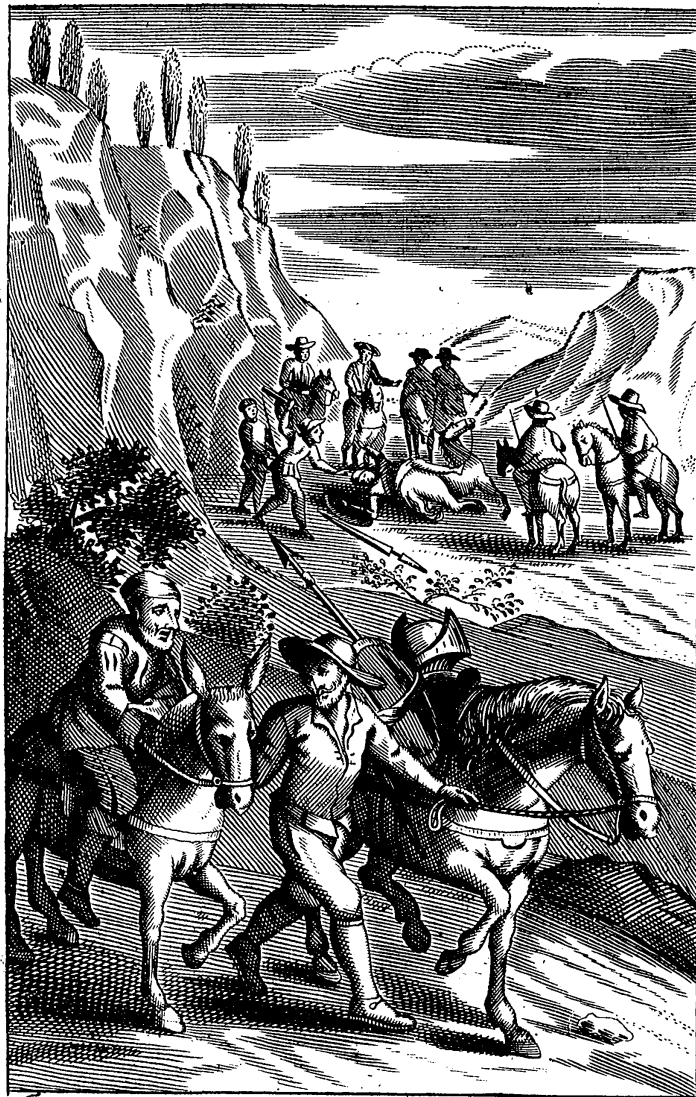
The worst of it is, Sir Knight, reply'd the Boys Master, that I have no Money about me. Let *Andrew* come with me to my House, and I will pay him his Wages, one Royal upon another. I go with him, quoth the Boy, evil befall me then. No Sir, I never meant it; for as soon as ever he is alone, he will slay me like *St. Bartholomew*. He will not dare to do it, quoth *Don Quixote*, for my command is sufficient to make him respect me, and so that he will swear to me to observe it, by the Order of Knighthood which he has received, I will set him free, and assure thee of the payment. Good Sir, quoth the youth, mark well what you say, for this Man my Master is no Knight, nor did he ever receive any Order of Knighthood, for he is *John Haldudo* the rich Man, a dweller of *Quintanar*. That signifies little, quoth *Don Quixote*, for there may be Knights of the *Haldudo*: and besides, every one is Son of his actions. That's true, quoth *Andrew*, but what actions can this my Master be Son of? seeing he denies me my Wages, and my Sweat and Labour? I do not deny thy Wages, Friend *Andrew*, quoth his Master; do me but the pleasure to come with me, and I swear by all the Orders of Knighthood in the World, I'll pay thee as I have said, one Royal upon another, and what is more they shall be * perfum'd. ' As for the perfuming I forgive it, quoth *Don Quixote*, ' give it him in Royals, and I shall be satisfy'd, and see thou fulfillst what thou hast sworn, else I swear to thee by the same Oath, that I will come back to seek and punish thee, and ' I will find thee tho' thou hide thy self like a *Lizard*. And ' if thou desirest to know who lays the command upon thee, that thou may'st be the more oblig'd to performance, know that ' I am the valorous *Don Quixote* of *la Mancha*, the righter of wrongs, and undoer of injuries, and so farewell: and do not forget what thou hast promised and sworn, on pain of the pains already pronounced. Having spoken these words, he clapt Spurs to *Roxinante*, and soon was at a distance from them. The Country-man pursued him with his Eye, and perceiving he was past the Wood, and quite out of sight, he return'd to his Man *Andrew*, and said to him, come to me Child, for I will pay thee what I owe thee; as that righter of wrongs has left me in charge. I dare swear it, quoth *Andrew*, and you will be much in the right on't in obeying the commands

* To pay or return a thing perfum'd is a Spanish expression, signifying it shall be done to content, or with advantage to the receiver.

of that good Knight, who I wish may live a thousand Years; for he is so stout, and so just a Judge, I swear by *Rocque*, if you don't pay me he will come again, and do as he said. I swear so too, said the Farmer, yet because I love you, I will increase the Debt, that the payment may be greater; and catching the youth by the Arm, he tyed him again to the Oak, where he gave him so many Lashes that he left him for Dead. Call now master *Andrew* (quoth he) for the righter of wrongs, and you'll find he cannot undo this, tho' I believe it is not yet quite done; for I have a great mind to flea you alive, as you your self fear'd: However at last he unbound, and gave him leave to go seek out his Judge, that he might execute the Sentence pronounced. *Andrew* went away somewhat peevish, swearing he would go seek out the Valiant *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and relate to him word for word all that had happen'd, and that he should pay for't with a Witness. Yet for all his Threats he went off weeping, and his Master stay'd behind laughings, and thus the Valorous *Don Quixote* redressed that wrong.

Who overjoy'd at what had befallen him, believing he had given a most noble beginning to his feats of Arms, travell'd towards his Village, much pleas'd with himself muttering these words, 'Well may'st thou call thy self happy above all other Women of the Earth, O! above all Beauties beautiful *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, since thy good Fortune was such, as to hold subject and prostrate to thy will and desire, so valiant and renowned a Knight as is, and ever shall be, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who, as all the world knows received the Order of Knighthood but yesterday, and has destroyed to day the greatest outrage and wrong that want of reason could form, or cruelty commit. To day did he take away the whip out of that pitiless Enemies hand, which did so cruelly scourge without cause the delicate Infant.

By this time he was come to a place where four Roads met, and immediately it occur'd to him how Knights Errant us'd to stop at such cross ways, to consider which of them they should take, and that he might imitate them; he stood still, and after musing a while gave *Rosinante* the Reins, submitting himself to his Horses will, who presently pursued his first Design, which was to return home to his own Stable. Having travelled about two Miles, *Don Quixote* discovered a great Troop of People, who as it afterwards appear'd, were certain Merchants of *Toledo*, that were going to *Murcia* to buy Silks, they were six in Number, rode with Umbrells, four servants a Horse-back, and three Muleriers a Foot. Scarce had *Don Quixote* discover'd them, when he imagin'd it to be



Scene 1.

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a new Adventure : and because he would imitate as much as possible the passages he had read in his Books, he represented this to himself to be just such an Adventure as he purposed to achieve. And so with graceful gesture and resolution, he settled himself on the Stirrups, set his Lance into his rest, and grasp'd his Target, then placing himself in the midst of the way, he stood waiting when those Knights Errant would come up ; for now he judged and took them for such : and when they were so near that they might hear and see him, he lifted up his voice and said : ' Let all the World stand and pass no further, if all the World will not confess, that there is not in all the World a more beautiful, Damzel than the Empress of *la Mancha*, the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*. At these words the Merchants stopp'd to view the strange Figure that spoke to them, and by it soon discover'd his madness, but were resolv'd to wait the event of the acknowledgment he demanded of them, and one of them who naturally lov'd a jest, but was discreet enough withal said to him, Sir Knight, we do not know that good Lady you speak of, shew her therefore to us, and if she be so beautiful as you affirm, we will willingly and without any compulsion confess the truth you now demand of us. If I shew'd her to you, reply'd *Don Quixote*, what merit were it in you to acknowledge so palpable a truth, the point is, that without having a sight of her you must believe, acknowledge, affirm, swear and defend it ; which if you refuse, I challenge you all to Batrel, proud and unreasonable Folk, and whether you come one by one (as the order of Knighthood requires) or all at once, as is the custom and dishonorable practice of Men of your brood, here will I expect and wait you all, trusting in the reason I have on my side. Sir Knight, replied the Merchant, I request you in all these Princes Names, as many as we are here, that to the end we may not burthen our Consciences, confessing a thing which we never beheld nor heard, and chiefly being so prejudicial to the Empresses and Queens of the Kingdoms of *Alcarria* and *Esfremadura*, you will please to shew us some portraiture of that Lady, tho' it be no bigger than a grain of Wheat : for by one thread we may judge of the whole Clue, and thus we shall be satisfy'd and easy, and you will reap the satisfaction you expect, nay I am apt to believe we are already so well inclin'd to your side, that tho' her picture shew'd her to be blind of one Eye, and that from the other ran Vermillion and Brimstone, yet will we, to please you, say all you shall desire in her behalf. There runs not, bafe Varlets, quoth *Don Quixote*, burning with rage, there runs not from her, I say, what ye have spoken,

but Amber and Civet upon Cotton; and she is not blind of an Eye, or crook-back'd; but straiter than a * Spindle of *Guadarama*: But all of you together shall pay for the great Blaphemy thou hast spoken against so immense a Beauty, as is that of my Mistress. This said, he ran so furiously with his Lance couch'd at him who spoke the Words, that if good Fortune had not so order'd it, that *Roxinante* should stumble and fall in the midst of his Career, the bold Merchant had far'd very ill. *Roxinante* fell, and his Master rowl'd along a considerable part of the Field, and tho' he attempted to rise, yet was he never able, he was so incumber'd with his Lance, Target, Spurs, Helmet, and weighty old Armour. And whilst he strove to rise, and could not, he cried, *Flie not cowardly Folk, abide base People, abide; for I lie not here through my own, but through the fault of my Horse.*

One of the Muletiers that came in the Company, and seem'd to be a Man not well inclin'd, hearing the poor overthrown Knight speak such insolent words, could not forbear returning him an Answer on his Ribs; and drawing near to him, took his Lance, and having broke it in pieces, with one of them laid him on so many bangs, that in despite of his Armour, he thrash'd him like a Wheat-sheaf. His Masters cry'd out to him not to beat him so much, and to leave him; but the Lad's Hand was in, and he would not leave the sport, 'till he had discharg'd his Passion fully. And therefore running for the other pieces of the Lance, he broke them all on the Miserable fallen Knight; who, for all the tempest of Blows that rained on him, never shut his Mouth, but threatned Heaven and Earth, and those Miscreants, for such they seem'd to him. The Muletier tyred himself at last, and the Merchants follow'd on their way, well furnish'd with Matter for Discourse during their Journey, at the cost of the poor belabour'd Knight, who when he found himself alone, made fresh essays to rise, but since he could not compass it when whole and sound, how was it possible he should do it, when bruiz'd and almost beaten to pieces, yet he accounted himself happy, looking upon that as a Misfortune proper to Knights Errant, and charg'd his Horse with the whole fault; and there was no possibility of rising, his whole Body was so batter'd.

* *As strait as a Spindle.* is a Spanish simile, and *Guadarama*, a noted place for making of them.

CHAP. V.

Continuing the Relation of our Knights Misfortunes.

BUT perceiving at length that he could not stir, he resolv'd to have recourse to his ordinary remedy, which was to think on some passage of his Histories; and instantly his Folly presented to his memory that of *Valdovinos*, and the Marques of *Mantua*, when *Carlo* left him wounded on the Mountain. A Story known by Children, not forgotten by young Men; much celebrated, nay, and believed by many Old Men; and for all that, no truer than *Mahomet's* Miracles.

This Story seem'd to him to come par to his Condition; and therefore he began, with signs of great pain, to tumble up and down, and with a weak Voice, to speak the same words the wounded Knight of the Wood is feign'd to have spoken.

*Ah! Where, dear Lady, dost thou go,
That grieves not at my smart?
My Sufferings sure thou dost not know,
Or thou perfidious art.*

And thus he went on with the Old Song, 'till he came to those words. O noble Marques of Mantua, my carnal Lord and Uncle; when, as good luck would have it, a labouring Man of his own Village, and his Neighbour, happen'd to come that way, from carrying a Load of Wheat to the Mill, who beholding a Man stretched on the ground, came over to him, and ask'd who he was, and what caus'd him to complain so dolefully? *Don Quixote* did verily believe that it was his Uncle, the Marques of Mantua; and so made him no other Answer, but only follow'd on in the repetition of his old Ballad, which gave an account of his misfortune; and of the love the Emperour's Son bore his Spouse, all in the very same manner as the Ballad recounts it. The Labourer was astonish'd, hearing those Follies. And taking off his Beaver, which with the Muletiers Blows was broken all to pieces, wiped his Face that was full of dust; and scarce had he done it when he knew him, to whom he said; Master *Quixada* (for so he was probably called when he had his Wits, before he left the state of a staid Gentleman to become a wandring Knight) who has us'd you after this manner? But he continued his Song, answering out of it, to every question that was put to him. Which the

good Man perceiving, disarmed him the best he could, to see whether he had any Wound, but could see no Blood, or any token on him of hurt. Then he endeavoured to raise him from the ground, which he did at last with much trouble; and mounted him on his Ass, as a Beast of easiest carriage. Next he gathered all his Arms, and left not behind so much as the Splinters of the Lance, and tied them altogether upon *Rozinante*, whom he took by the Bridle, and the Ass by his Halter, and led them both in that Equipage fair and easily towards his Village, being very thoughtful, reflecting on the ravings of *Don Quixote*, who was no less Melancholy, being so beaten and bruised, that he could hardly hold himself upon the Ass; and ever and anon he breathed forth such grievous sighs, as seem'd to reach Heaven; which mov'd his Neighbour to intreat him again to declare to him the cause of his grief. And one would have thought the Devil himself brought into his memory Stories suitable to his Adventures; for that very moment forgetting *Valdovino's*, he bethought himself of the Moor *Abindarraez*; when the Constable of *Antequera* *Roderick Narvaez*, took and carried him Prisoner to his Castle. So that when his Neighbour again ask'd him how he did, and what he ail'd; he answer'd the very same Words and Sentences as the Captive *Abencerrage* said to *Narvaez*, just as he had read them in *Diana of Montemayor*, where the Story is written applying it so properly to his purpose, that the Labourer wish'd himself at the Devil for hearing such a multitude of Nonsense; whence he infer'd that his Neighbour was distracted, and made haste to get to the Village; to rid himself of the vexation of *Don Quixote's* tedious harangue. After which the Knight said, *Don Roderick of Narvaez*; you must understand that this beautiful *Xarifa*, of whom I spoke, is now the fair *Dulcinea del Toboso*; for whom I have done, I do, and will do the most famous Acts of Knighthood that ever have been, are, and shall be seen in all the World. To this, his Neighbour answer'd, Don't you perceive, Sir, Sinner that I am, that I am neither *Don Roderick de Narvaez*, nor the Marques of *Mantua*, but *Peter Alonso* your Neighbour; nor are you *Valdovinos*, nor *Abindarraez*, but the honest Gentleman, Master *Quixada*. I know very well who I am, quoth *Don Quixote*, and I know too that I am not only capable of being those I nam'd, but even all the Twelve Peers of France; nay, and the nine Worthies; for my Actions shall out-doe all that ever they did single, or together.

In this and the like Dialogues they spent the time, 'till they came, at last, to their Village, as Night was falling, but the Labourer

bourer waited 'till it was somewhat darker, that the batter'd Gentleman might not be seen so ill mounted. And when he saw his time, he enter'd into the Town, and went to *Don Quixote's* House, which he found full of confusion. There was the Curate and the Barber of the Village, both of them *Don Quixote's* great Friends, to whom the Old Woman of the House said, in a lamentable manner, What do you think, Master Licentiate *Peter Perez* (for so the Curate was called) of my Master's misfortune? Neither he, nor his Horse, nor the Target, Lance or Armor have been seen these six days, unfortunate Woman that I am, I suspect, and I am as sure it is true as that I shall die; that those cursed Books of Knighthood which he has and is wont to read, have crack'd his Brains, for, now I remember, I have often heard him say, talking to himself, that he would become a Knight Errant, and go seek Adventures throughout the World. The Devil take such Books, which have thus distracted the best Wit in all *la Mancha*. His Niece affirm'd the same, and more, saying: You must understand Master *Nicholas* (for this was the Barber's Name) that it often happen'd my Uncle would continue reading of those Books of Disventures, two Days and two Nights together: after which, throwing away the Book from him, he would lay Hand on his Sword, and fall a flashing of the Walls, and when he was weary, would say, he had slain four Giants as tall as four Towers; and the Sweat that dropped down, through the labour he took, he would say was Blood that gushed out of those Wounds which he had received in the Conflict; and then would he quaff off a great Pot full of cold Water, and strait he became whole and quiet; saying, that Water was a most precious Drink, which the Wise Man *Esquife*, a great Enchanter or Sorcerer and his Friend had brought him. But I am to blame for all, because I did not acquaint you both with my Uncle's distraction, that you might have applied some Remedy, before things had come to this pass, and burnt all those Devilish Cursed Books; for he had many that deserved the Fire as much as if they were Heretical. So say I too, quoth the Curate, and by my Troth, to morrow shall not pass away without making a publick process against them, and condemning them to the Flames, that they may not move another to do, as I fear, my good friend has done.

The Labourer and *Don Quixote* stood hearing all that was said, which fully convinc'd him of his Neighbour's Dilemper, and therefore he began to call out aloud; open the Doors to Lord *Valdovinos*, and to the Lord Marques of *Mantua*, who comes very fore wounded and hurt, and to the Lord Mo r *Abindarraez*,

Abindarraez, whom the valorous *Rodericke* of *Narvaez*, Constable of *Antequera* brings as his Prisoner. All the Household ran out, hearing these cries, and some knowing their Friend, the others their Master and Uncle, who had not yet alighted from the Ass, because he was not able, they ran to embrace him; but he forbid them, saying, Stand still and touch me not, for I return very sore wounded and hurt, through default of my Horse; carry me to my Bed, and if it be possible, send for the wife *Vrganda*, that she may cure and look to my Wounds. See in an ill Hour (quoth the old Woman) if my Heart did not very well fore-tell me on which Foot my Master halted; come up a God's name, for we shall know how to cure you well enough, without sending for that *Vrganda* you talk of. Accur'd say I, once again, and a hundred times accur'd be those Books of Knighthood, which have brought you to this pass: With that they bore him up to his Bed, and searching for his Wounds could not find any. Then he own'd he was only bruised by a great fall he had with his Horse *Roxinante*, as he fought with ten Giants, the most unmeasurable and boldest that might be found in a great part of the Earth. Hark, quoth the Curate, there are Giants in the case: By my Honesty I will burn them all before to-morrow Night. Then did they ask a thousand Questions of *Don Quixote*, but he would answer none of them, and only desir'd they would give him some Meat, and let him sleep, for it was that which most concern'd him. All which was done, and the Curate inform'd himself at large, of the labouring Man, in what sort he had found *Don Quixote*, which he recounted to him, as also the Follies he said, both at his finding and bringing to Town; which the more confirm'd the Licentiate in his Resolution of doing what he had design'd the next day, which was to call his Friend the Barber *M. Nicholas*, with whom he came to *Don Quixote's* House.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Of the pleasant and curious search of Don Quixote's Library, made by the Curate, and the Barber.

WHO still slept soundly. The Curate ask'd the Niece for the Keys of the Room where the Books were, which had caus'd the mischief, and she gave them with a good Will. They all went in, and among them the Old Woman, and found above an Hundred large Volumes well Bound, besides the small. As soon as the Old Woman saw them, she departed very hastily out of the Chamber, and as speedily return'd with a Holy-Water-Pot and a Sprinkler in her Hand, and said; Hold, Master Licentiate, sprinkle this Chamber all about, lest some Inchanter, of the many these Books contain, should lurk in it, and inchant us, in revenge for the penalty we intend to inflict on his Books, by banishing them out of the World. The good Old Woman's simplicity made the Licentiate laugh, who commanded the Barber to fetch him down the Books from their Shelves, one by one, that he might see what Subject they treated of, for that it might happen, some would be found that did not merit to perish in the Flames. No, replied the Niece, no; you ought not to pardon any of them, since they have all been Offenders; it is better you throw them all into the base Court, and there make a Pile of them, and then set them a Fire; if not, they may be carried into the Yard, and there make a Bon-fire of them, and the Smoke will offend no body; the Old Woman said the same, both of them thirsted so much for the Death of those Innocents; but the Curate would not consent to it till he had first read the Titles, at least.

The first that Master *Nicholas* put into his Hands, was that of *Amadis* of *Gaul*, in four Volumes, which the Curate reflecting upon, said, This looks as if there were some Mystery in it: for, as I have been inform'd, this is the first Book of Knighthood that ever was Printed in *Spain*, and all the others have drawn their Beginning and Original from this; and therefore methinks we must condemn him to the Fire, without remission, as the *Dogmatizer* and head of so bad a Sect. No, Sir, quoth the Barber, for I have heard, that it is the very best contriv'd Book of the kind; and therefore he is to be pardoned,

as the only compleat one of his Profession. That is true, replied the Curate, and for that Reason we give him his Life for this time. Let us see that other which lies next to him. It is, quoth the Barber, the *Adventures of Splandian Amadis of Gaul's* lawfully begotten Son: Yet in truth, replied the Curate, his Father's goodness shall nothing avail him; take this Book Mistress Governess, open the Window, throw it down into the Yard, and let it lay the foundation of our Heap for the Fire we intend to make. She did what was commanded with great alacrity, and so the good *Splandian* flew into the Yard, there patiently to expect the threaten'd Fire. On, quoth the Curate. This that comes now, said the Barber, is *Amadis of Greece*; and, as near as I can guess, all those that lie on this side, are of the same Linage of *Amadis*. Then let them go all to the Yard, quoth the Curate; for rather than not burn Queen *Pintiguesfra*, and the Shepherd *Darinel*, with his Eclogues, and the Author's devilish intricate Sentences; I would burn the Father that got me, if he were in the shape of a Knight Errant. I am of the same opinion, quoth the Barber: And I also, said the Niece. Then since it is so, quoth the Old Wife, let them come, and to the Yard with them all. They were deliver'd to her being many in number; wherefore, to save her a labour of going up and down the Stairs, she threw them out at the Window.

What Bundle is that, quoth the Curate? This is, answer'd Master *Nicholas*, *Don Olivante of Laura*. The Author of that Book, quoth the Curate, is the same that compos'd the *Garden of Flowers*, and in truth, I cannot resolve which of the two Books is truest, or rather which lies least; but all I can say is, That this shall go to the Yard, as an extravagant conceited Book. This that follows, is *Florismarte of Hircania*, quoth the Barber. Is Lord *Florismarte* there? replied the Curate, then, upon my Word, he shall soon be in the Yard, in spite of his wonderful Birth, and imaginary Adventures, for the uncouth harshness of his Style deserves no favour. To the Yard with him, and with the next, Mistress Governess. With all my Heart, Sir, said she, and obey'd his command with much cheerfulness. This is *Platyr* (quoth the Barber.) It is an Ancient Book, replied the Curate, in which I find nothing that deserves a Pardon, let him bear the rest company without being heard; and so it was done. Then was another Book open'd, and they saw the Title was, *The Knight of the Cross*. The Holy Title this Book bears, quoth the Curate, might be a protection to its ignorance; but it is a common saying, *The Devil lurks behind the Cross*; wherefore let it go to the Fire. The Barber taking

taking another Book, said; This is *The Mirror of Knighthood*. I know his Worship well, quoth the Curate. There you will find the *Lord Reynold of Montalban*, with his Friends and Companions, all of them as great Thieves as *Cacus*. And the Twelve Peers of *France*, with the true Historiographer *Turpin*; and in truth, I am half in the mind, only to condemn them to perpetual Banishment, because they contain some part of the famous Poet *Matthew Boyardo* his Invention; out of which the Christian Poet *Luis Ariosto* took the ground of his Work, which if I can find among these, and that he speaks not his own native Tongue, I'll use him with no respect; but if he talk in his own Language, I will put him for Honour's sake, on my Head. If that be so, quoth the Barber, I have him at home in the *Italian*, but don't understand him. Nor is it fit you should understand him, repli'd the Curate; and we would willingly have sav'd the good Captain, that translated it into *Spanish*, that labour, or bringing it into *Spain*, if he had pleased, for he lost much of its value in the Translation; a fault incident to all those that presume to Translate Verses out of one Language into another: For, tho they take never so much pains, or are ever so ingenious, they can never arrive at the height of that Primitive Conceit, which they at first bring with them into the World. Therefore, I say that this Book, and all others found in his Library, that treat of *French Affairs*, be laid up and deposited in a dry Well, 'till we have more leisure to determine what is to be done with them; always excepting *Bernard del Carpio*, which must be there amongst the rest, and another called *Roncesvalles*; for these two coming to my Hands, shall be rendered up to those of the Old Guardian, and from her to the Fire, without any remission. All which was confirm'd by the Barber, who ratified his Sentence, as good and discreet, because he knew the Curate to be so virtuous a Man, and so great a Friend to Truth, that he would not be found in a Lie for all the Interest in the World.

Then opening another Book, he saw it was *Palmerin de Oliva*, near to which stood another; intituled, *Palmerin of England*; which the Licentiat perceiving, said let *Oliwa* be presently rent in pieces and burnt, so that even the very Ashes of it may not be found: And let *Palmerin of England* be preserv'd, as a thing rarely delightful; and let such another Box as that which *Alexander* found among *Darius's* Spoils, and deputed to keep *Homer's Works*, be made for it: For Gossip, this Book is sufficiently authoris'd for two Reasons; the First, because of it self it is very good and excellently contriv'd;

trived; the other, because 'tis reported, that a certain discreet King of *Portugal* was the Author of it. All the Adventures of the Castle of *Miraguarda*, are excellent and artificial. The stile clear and courtly, ever observing a *decorum* in him that speaks, very proper and judicious, therefore I say Master *Nicholas*, if you think fit, this and *Amadis de Gaule* may be preserved from the fire; and let all the rest without farther search or regard perish. No Sir, (replied the Barber) for this in my hand is the famous *Don Belianis*: Why he, quoth the Curate, with his second, third, and fourth Parts, wants a Dose of Rhubarb to Purge his excessive choller, and besides all that relates to the Castle of Fame, and other more material impernencies must be cut off, for which reason a reprieve is granted them, and according as they shall be corrected, so shall they find mercy or rigor: In the mean while Gossip, you may keep them at your House, but permit no Man to read them. Content, quoth the Barber, and being unwilling to tyre himself any longer with reading of Titles, he bad the old Woman take all the great Volumes, and throw them into the Yard. He spoke not to a dronish or deaf Woman, but to one who had more mind to burn them, than to wear the best piece of Linnen, and therefore taking eight of them together, she threw them all out of the Window, and returning the second time, thinking to carry away a great many at once, one of them fell at the Barbers Feet, who being curious to know the Title, saw it was the History of the famous Knight *Tirante the white*. Good God, quoth the Curate with a loud voice, is *Tirante the white* here? Give me it Gossip, for I reckon I have found in it a Treasure of Delight, and a mine of Pastime. Here is * *Don Kiricleison of Montalban*, a valiant Knight, and his Brother *Thomas of Montalban*, and the Knight *Fonseca*, and the Combat the Valiant *Detriante* had with *Alano*, and the witty conceits of the Damzel *Plazerdemivida*, with the amours and deceits of the widow *Reposada*, and of the Empress that was in Love with her Squire *Hippolito*. I tell you truly Gossip, this Book in its way is one of the best in the World; in it Knights eat, drink, and sleep, die in their Beds, and make their Wills before Death; with many other things, which all other Books of this sort are defective in, and yet the Author, for writing so many follies designedly, deserv'd to be sent to the Gallies for Life. Carry it home and read it, and you shall see all I have said of

* Most of these Names are significative, as Kiricleison which every body knows: Alano is a Mastiff-dog, Plazerdemivida is pleasure of my life, Reposada is stay'd. it

it is true. I believe it, quoth the Barber. But what shall we do with these little Books that remain? These as I take it, said the Curate, are not Books of Knighthood, but of Poetry; and opening one, perceived it was *The Diana of Montemayor*, and believing all the rest to be of the same Stamp, he said, these deserve not to be burnt with the rest, for they have not done nor can do so much hurt as Books of Knighthood, they being judicious Books, and prejudicial to no Body. O good Sir, quoth *Don Quixote's* Niece, you will do well to have them burnt too, least my Uncle, when he is cur'd of his Knightly disease, should, by reading of these, take a fancy to turn Shepherd, and wander through the Woods and Fields singing, and playing on some Instrument, or what is worse, become a Poet, which, as they say, is an incurable and contagious Disease. This Maiden is in the right, quoth the Curate, and it will not be amiss to remove this stumbling Block and occasion out of our Friend's way; and since we begin with *Diana of Montemayor*, I am of opinion that it be not burnt, but only that all that which treats of the wife *Felicia*, and of the enchanted Water be taken away, as also all the long Verses, and let all the Prose remain, and the honour of being the best of that kind. This next, quoth the Barber, is the *Diana* called the second, written by him of *Salamanca*, and this other is of the same name, whose Author is *Gil Polo*. Let that of *Salamanca* answer'd the Curate, increase the number of those condemned in the yard, and that of *Gil Polo* be kept as charity, as if it were *Apollo's* own Work: and go on speedily good Gossip, for it grows late. This Book, quoth the Barber, opening another, is, *The twelve books of the fortunes of Love*, written by *Anthony Lofraso*, the Sardinian Poet. By the holy Orders I have received, quoth the Curate; since *Apollo* was *Apollo*, the *Muses* *Muses*, and *Poets* *Poets*, there never was so delightful and extravagant a work as this written, and it is in its way the best and most singular of all the Books of this sort that have appear'd in the World, and he who has not read it may make account he never read any thing that was pleasant. Give it me Gossip, for I value the finding of it, above the gift of a Cassock of the best *Florence* Searge. He lay'd it aside with much satisfaction, and the Barber went on, saying, these that follow are, *The Shepherd of Iberia*, *The Nymphs of Henares*, and the *Undeceiving of Jealousies*. Then there's no more to do, said the Curate, but to deliver them up into the hands of the Governess, and do not ask why, for then we should ne're have done. This that comes now is, *The Shepherd of Philida*. That is not a Shepherd, quoth the Curate, but a very compleat

Courtier,

Courtier, let it be reserved as a precious jewel. This great one that follows, said the Barber, is, intituled *The Treasure of divers Poems*; If they had not been so many, replied the Curate, they would have been more valu'd. It is requisite this Book should be cull'd and purg'd of some mean things, that are mix'd among the lofty Flights. Let him be kept, both because the Author is my very great friend, and in regard of other more Heroical and lofty Works he has Written. This is, said the Barber, *The Song Book of Lopez Maldonado*. The Author of that Work is also my great Friend, replied the Curate, and his Lines pronounced by himself do ravish the hearers, and such is the sweetness of his Voice when he sings them, that it enchants the Ear. He is somewhat prolix in his *Eclogues*, but that which is good, is never superfluous; let him be kept among the choicest, but what Book is that which lies next to him? *The Galatea of Michael Cervantes* quoth the Barber. That *Cervantes*, said the Curate, is my old acquaintance this many a Year, and I know he is more practis'd in misfortunes than in Verses: His Book had some good invention in it, he intends and propounds somewhat, but concludes nothing; therefore we must expect the second Part, which he has promised, perhaps his amendment may obtain him a general remission, which till now is denied him; and whilst we expect the sight of his second Work, keep this part closely imprisoned in your Lodging. I am very well content to do so, good Gossip, said the Barber; and here come three together, *The Auracana of Don Alonso de Eroilla*, *The Austriada of John Ruso*, one of the Magistrates of Cordova, and *The Monserrato of Christopher Virves*, of Valencia. All these three Books, quoth the Curate, are the best that are written in Heroick Verse in the Castilian Tongue, and may compare with the most famous of Italy: reserve them as the choicest peices of Spanish Poetry. The Curate grew weary of inspecting Books, and therefore would have all the rest burnt at a venture. But the Barber e're the Sentence was given, had opened one intituled *The Tears of Angelica*. I would have shed those Tears my self, said the Curate, if I had caused such a Book to be burnt; for the Author was one of the famousst Poets, not only in Spain, but in all the World, and most successful in his Translation of part of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*.

C H A P. VII.

Of Don Quixote de la Mancha's second sally in search of Adventures.

WHILST they were thus employ'd, *Don Quixote* began to cry out, saying, Here, here valorous Knights, here it is needful that you shew the force of your valiant Arms; for the Courtiers begin to bear away the best of the Turnament. To repair to this Clamour and Noise, they left the further search into the Books that remain'd, and therefore it is believed, the *Carolea* and *Lion of Spain*, with the Acts of the Emperor, written by *D. Luis de Avila*, which doubtless were there, perish'd in the Flames, without being ever seen or heard of, and perhaps if the Curate had seen them, they had receiv'd a more favourable Sentence. When they came to *Don Quixote's* Chamber, he was got out of his Bed, and continued his outcries, cutting and slashing on every side, being as broad awake, as if he had never slept. Wherefore, taking him in their Arms, they carry'd him back by main force to his Bed, and after he was somewhat quiet and settled, turning himself to the Curate, he said, Truly my Lord Archbishop Turpin, it is a great dishonour to us that are called the twelve Peers; to permit the Knights of the Court thus to bear away the glory of the Turnament without more ado; seeing we the Adventurers have gained the Prize the three foregoing Days. Hold your peace, good Gossip, quoth the Curate, for fortune may be pleased to change the success; and what is lost to day, may be won again to morrow: Look you to your health for the present; for you seem at least to be very much tyr'd, if you be not sore Wounded. Wounded, no, quoth *Don Quixote*! but doubtless I am somewhat bruised: for that Bastard Orlando has beaten me to Powder with the stock of an Oak-tree; and all for envy, because he sees that I only dare oppose his Valour: But may I never more be called *Raynold of Montalban*, if he pay not dear for it, as soon as I rise from this Bed, in spite of all his enchantment. But for the present let my Dinner be brought me, which I know is what most concerns me, and let me alone to revenge this wrong. Presently meat was brought, which when he had eaten he fell asleep, and left them astonished at his wonderful Madness. That night the old Woman burnt all the Books

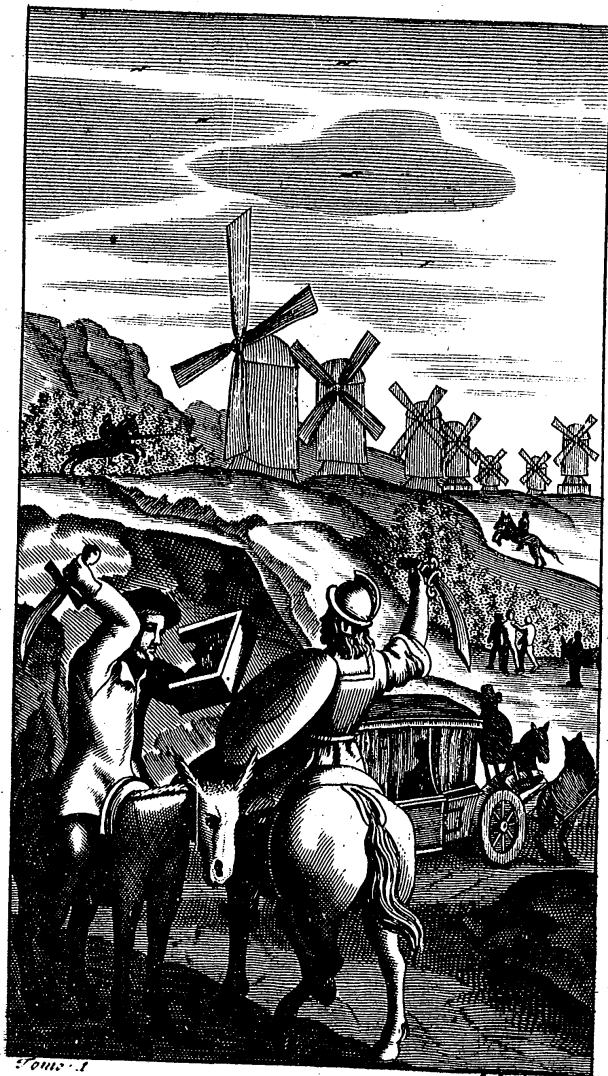
she found in the House and Yard; and some were burnt that merited, for their worth, to be reserv'd among the most precious records, if their fortune and laziness of the Searchers had permitted. And so the proverb was verified in them, that the innocent sometimes perish with the Guilty. One of the remedies which the Curate and the Barber prescribed for the present, to help their friends Disease, was, that they should change his Chamber, and dam up his Study, to the end, that when he arose, he might not find them: for perhaps by removing the cause, they might also take away the effect: And besides, they bid them say, that a certain Inchanter had carry'd them away, study and all; which device was presently put in execution. Two days after, *Don Quixote* got up, and the first thing he did, was to go visit his Books; and seeing he could not find the Chamber in the same place where he had left it, he went up and down to find it. Sometimes he came to the place where the door stood, and felt it with his hands, and then would turn his eyes up and down here and there to seek it, without speaking a word. But at last after mature deliberation, he asked of the old Woman, the way to his Books? She as one well school'd before what she should answer, said, What Study? or rather what nothing is this you look for? There is now no more Study nor Books in this House; for the very Devil himself carry'd all away with him. It was not the Devil, said his Niece, but an Inchanter that came hither one Night upon a Cloud, the day after you departed from hence; and alighting from a Serpent, upon which he rode, entered into the Study, and what he did there I know not; but within a while after he flew out at the Roof of the House, and left it all full of Smoak: And when we berthought our selves to see what he had done, we could neither see Book nor Study, only thus much the old Woman, and I will remember, that the vile old Fellow, as he was going, said with a loud Voice. That he out of a private Grudge he bore the owner of those Books had done that harm to the House, which they would see when he was gone. He added, that he was call'd the wise *Munaton*. *Freston*, it is likely he said, quoth *Don Quixote*. I know not, quoth the old Woman, whether his name was *Freston* or *Friston*, but I am sure it ended in *Ton*. That's true, quoth *Don Quixote*, for he is a very wise Inchanter, my great adversary, and looks on me with an evil Eye; for he knows by his Art and Science, that I shall in time fight a single combat with a Knight, his very great Friend, and overcome him in Battel, and it shall not be in his power to hinder it, for which reason he endavours to do me all the displeasure he can, and I defy him,

him, for he strives in vain to divert or shun that, which is by Heaven already decreed. Who doubts of that, quoth his Niece? But pray you good Uncle say; what need you thrust your self into these difficulties and brabbles? Were it not better to be quiet in your own House, than to wander through the World, seeking for better Bread than is made of Wheat, without ever considering, that many go to fetch Wool, and return shorn themselves? O my dear Niece, reply'd *Don Quixote*, how much you are in the wrong, before I suffer my self to be shorn, I shall tear and pluck the beards of all that dare but imagine the touching a Hair of mine. The Women would make no further answer, perceiving his choller began to boyl up.

Fifteen Days he remained quietly at home, without giving any token that he would relapse into his former Deliriums, during which time he had most pleasant Dialogues with his two Gossips, the Curate and the Barber, he affirming that the world needed nothing so much as Knights Errant, and the renewing again of Erratical Knighthood in it. The Curate sometimes would contradict him, and other times acquiesc'd; for had he not mannag'd himself in this manner, there was no dealing with him. During this time *Don Quixote* wheedled a Country-man his Neighbour, an honest fellow (if this Epithet may be apply'd to a poor Man) but of a very shallow Skull. In short such arguments he us'd, such promises he made, and so strongly he perswaded him, that the poor fellow resolv'd to go and serve him as his Squire. *Don Quixote*, among other things, bid him dispose himself to go willingly with him, for he might now and then light of such an Adventure, that in the turn of a hand he might subdue an Island, and leave him Governour of it. Deluded by these and the like promises, *Sancho Pança*, for so the Country-man was call'd, left his Wife and Children, and agreed to be his Squire. Then *Don Quixote* began to contrive to get some Money, and selling one thing, pawning another, and making havock of all, he scrap'd together a tolerable sum. He also fitted himself with a Buckler which he borrow'd of a Friend, and patching up his broken Beaver again as well as he could: he advertis'd his Squire *Sancho* of the Day and Hour when he meant to set out, that he also might furnish himself with what he thought necessary, but above all he charg'd him to provide a Wallet; which he promis'd to perform, and said he meant also to carry a very good Ass, which he had of his own, because he was not wont to travel much a Foot. *Don Quixote* made some reflection upon the Ass, calling to mind whether ever he had read, that any Knight Errant carried his Squire Assishly mounted; but he could not

remember any authority for it : however he concluded he might bring his beast, intending to mount him more honourably, when occasion offered, by dismounting the first discourteous Knight they met, and giving his Horse, to his Squire ; he also furnish'd himself with Shirts, and as many other things as he could according to the Inn-keepers advice. All which being done, *Sancho Pança* without taking leave of his Wife and Children, or *Don Quixote* of his Niece and old Servant, they both departed one Night from the Village, unknown to any living Creature, and Travelled so far that Night, that they were sure in the Morning not to be found, tho' they were persw'd. *Sancho Pança* rode on his Beast like a Patriark with his Waller and Bottle, and a wonderful longing to see himself Governour of the Island his Master had promis'd him.

Don Quixote by chance took the very same course and way he had done in his first expedition through the Field of *Montiel*, where he Travelled then with less anoyance than before, because it being early in the Morning, and the Sun beams glancing athwart upon them, the heat did not molest them. Here *Sancho Pança* said to his Master, I pray you have a care good Sir Knight Errant, that you forget not that Government of the Island you have promis'd me, for I shall be able to Govern it, were it never so great. To which *Don Quixote* reply'd ; You must understand, friend *Sancho*, that it was a custom very much us'd by ancient Knights Errant, to make their Squires Governours of the Islands and Kingdoms they conquer'd ; and I am resolv'd that so good a custom shall never be abolish'd by me ; but I will rather out-do them in it ; for they sometimes, and as I take it for the most part, waited till their Squires were grown old, and when they were worn out in their Service, and had seen many a bad Day and worse Night, then they bestow'd on them the Title of an Earl, or at least a Marques of some Valley or Province, of greater or less note. But if thou livest, and I live ; it may happen, that I may conquer such a Kingdom within these six Days, as has another Kingdom depending on it, which would fall out as pat as if it were cast in a Mould for thy purpose, whom I would crown presently King of one of them. And do not look upon this as any extraordinary matter for such things and accidents do happen to Knights Adventurers like me, by so unexpected and surprizing ways and means, that I may easily give thee much more than I have promis'd. After that rate, reply'd *Sancho*, if I by one of those Miracles you speak of should chance to be a King, then my vade mecum, *Joan Gutierrez*, would be a Queen, and my Children Princes. Who doubts of that, said *Don Quixote* ?
That



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That do I, replied *Sancho Pança* ; for I am fully perswaded, that tho God should rain Kingdoms down upon the Earth, none of them would sit well on *Mary Gutierrez* her head. For, Sir, you must understand that she's not worth a Dodkin for a Queen. To be a Countess would agree with her better ; nay, and I pray God she may be able to discharge that Calling. Do thou recommend that matter to God, quoth *Don Quixote*, that he may give her that which is most convenient for her. But do not thou debase thy Mind so much, as to contend thy self with any thing under a Vice-Roy-ship at least. I will not, good Sir, quoth *Sancho*, especially seeing I have so worthy a Lord and Master as your self, who knows how to give me all that may turn to my benefit, and that I shall be able to discharge as I ought.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the success Don Quixote had, in the dreadful and never thought of Adventure of the Wind-mills, with other Accidents worthy of happy Memory.

As they discours'd in this manner, they discover'd some Thirty or Forty Wind-mills, which are in that Field ; and as soon as *Don Quixote* spy'd them, he said to his Squire, Fortune directs our Affairs better than we our selves could desire ; for behold yonder, Friend *Sancho Pança*, how there appear Thirty or forty monstrous Giants, with whom I mean to fight, and deprive them all of their Lives, with whose Spoils we shall begin to grow rich ; for this is a good War, and a great Service to God, to take away so bad a Race from off the Face of the Earth. What Gyants ? quoth *Sancho Pança* : Those thou seest there, quoth his Master, with the long Arms, and some there are of that Race, whose Arms are almost two Leagues in length. Consider, Sir, quoth *Sancho Pança*, that those which appear there, are no Giants but Wind-Mills ; and that which seems in them to be Arms, are their Sails, that being swing'd about by the Wind, make the Mill go. It is plain enough, (quoth *Don Quixote*) that thou art not yet well us'd to this Business of Adventures ; they are Giants, and if thou art afraid go aside and pray, whilst I enter into a cruel and unequal Combat with them : And saying so, he spur'd his Horse *Rozinante*, without minding the cries his Squire *Sancho* sent after

ter him, perswading him that doubtless they were Wind-Mills, he was going to attack, and no Giants: But he went on so fully perswaded they were Giants, that he neither heard his Squire's out-cries, nor discern'd what they were, tho' he drew very near to them, but rather said, as loud as he could: Flee not, ye Cowards and vile Creatures, for it is only one Knight that assaults you. Mean while the Wind rising a little, the Sales began to move, which *Don Quixote* perceiving, said, Well, tho' ye move more Arms than the Giant *Briareus* had, I'll make an Example of ye. Having so said, and hartily recommending himself to his Lady *Dulcinea*, praying her to assist him in that distress; covering himself with his Buckler, and setting his Lance on his Rest, he spur'd on *Roxinante*, and encountred with the first Mill that was before him, and striking his Lance into the Saile, the Wind swing'd it about with such fury, that it broke his Lance into shivers, carrying away after it, both the Horse and the Knight, who tumbled along the Field a considerable way in very ill plight. *Sancho Pança* repair'd presently to succour him, as fast as his Ass could drive; and when he came up, found him not able to stir, he had gotten such a crush with *Roxinante*. Good God, quoth *Sancho*, did not I warn you to have a care what you did, for they were no other than Wind-mills, nor could any Man think otherwise, unless he had other Wind-mills in his Brains. Peace, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for matters of War are more subject than any other thing to continual change; but I am verily perswaded, that the wise *Freston*, who robb'd my Study and Books, has transform'd these Giants into Mills, to deprive me of the glory of the Victory; such is the enmity he bears me: But yet, at last, all his wicked Arts shall be of little force against the goodness of my Sword. God grant it, as he may, said *Sancho Pança*, and then help'd him to rise. He again mounted *Roxinante*, who was half shoulder-pitch; and discoursing upon that Adventure, they follow'd on the Way which led towards the Pass of * *Lapice*, for there, *Don Quixote* said, it was impossible they should miss of many and various Adventures, because it was a thorough-fare much frequented; and yet he was highly concern'd for the loss of his Lance, and acquainted his Squire with it, and said; I remember I have read, that a certain Spanish Knight, call'd *James Peres de Vargas*, having broken his Sword in a Battel, tore off a great Branch or Rock from an Oak, and did such Wonders with it that Day,

* Puerto Lapice is a Pass through the Mountains. In Spain they call the Passes of Mountains, Puertos Secos; that is, Dry and

and battered so many *Moors*, that he got the Sir-name of * *Machuca*, and as well he, as all his Progeny, were ever after that Day called *Vargas* and *Machuca*; I tell thee this, because I mean to tear another Branch, such, or as good as that at least, from the first Oak we meet; and I design to perform such Feats with it, that thou wilt account thy self Fortunate, for having merited to behold them, and be a Witness to almost things incredible. In God's name, quoth *Sancho*, I believe every Word you have said; but I pray sit right in your Saddle; for you ride sideling, which proceeds, as I suppose, from the Bruise you got by your Fall. Thou say'st true, quoth *Don Quixote*; and if I do not complain of the Pain, it is because Knights Errant use not to complain of any Wound, tho' their Guts came out at it. If so, quoth *Sancho*, I know not what to say, but God knows that I could wish to hear you complain when any thing grieves you. For my part, I own, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless that way of not complaining, belongs to the Squires of Knights Errant, as well as to them. *Don Quixote* could not forbear Laughing at the simplicity of his Squire, and therefore told him, he might lawfully complain, when, and as much as he pleased, with cause, or without it; for he had never yet read any thing to the contrary, in the order of Knighthood. *Sancho* told him, it was dinner time: His Master answer'd, that he needed none, but if he had a mind to eat, he might begin when he pleas'd. *Sancho* having obtain'd leave, seated himself on his Ass, the best he could to take out of his Waller the Provision he had laid in, eat, and follow'd his Master very leisurely; and ever and anon he lift up his Bottle with such Pleasure, that the best fed Victualler in *Malaga* might envy him; and whilst he thus rode tossing his Bottle, he never remember'd any of the Promises his Master had made him; nor did he think the seeking of Adventures any toil, but rather a pleasure, were they never so dangerous. In short, that Night they spent under the Trees, from one of which *Don Quixote* tore a wither'd Branch, which might serve him in some sort for a Lance; and therefore he fixt to it the Spear of his own, which he had reserv'd when it was broken. All that Night *Don Quixote* slept not one wink, but thought upon his Lady *Dulcinea*, that he might proceed according to what he had read in his Books, when Knights spent many Nights without sleep in Forests and Fields, only entertaining themselves with the memory of their Mistresses. But *Sancho* spent not his time so ill; for his Guts being full,

* Machucar, in Spanish, signifies to bruise, so Machuca was as much as the Bruiser.

and not of Wind, he made but one sleep of the whole Night; and if his Master had not call'd him up, neither the Sun-beams which shin'd on his Face, nor the melody of the Birds, which were many, and did chearfully welcome the approach of the new Day, could have been able to wake him: At his rising he gave one essay to the Leather Bottle, and found it somewhat sicker than it was the Night before, at which his Heart was somewhat grieved; for he mistrusted they took not a course to supply that want so soon as he wished: *Don Quixote* would not break his Fast, intending, as was said, to subsist upon the pleasing Objects of the Memory. They fell again into the Road they travelled the Day before, towards the Pass of *Lapice*, which they discover'd about three of the Clock in the Afternoon. Here (said *Don Quixote*, as soon as he saw it) may we (Friend *Sancho*) thrust our hands up to the very Elbows in that they call Adventures. Yet observe, that tho thou seest me in the greatest dangers in the World, thou must not lay Hand to thy Sword in my defence, unless thou perceiv'st that those who assault me, are base and vile vulgar People; for in that case thou mayst assist me. But if they are Knights, it is not justifiable by the Laws of Arms, for thee to help me, till thou art thy self dub'd Knight. I do assure you, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, that herein you shall be most punctually obey'd; and the more, for that I am, of my own Nature, a quiet and peaceable Man, and mortally hate to thrust my self into Broils or Quarrels: Yet it is true, in what relates to the defence of my own Person, I shall make no great account of these Laws, since both the Humane and Divine allow every Man to defend himself from any one that would wrong him. I say so too, answer'd *Don Quixote*, but as to aiding me against any Knights, thou must curb thy natural Heat. I say I will do so, quoth *Sancho*; and will observe this commandement as punctually, as that of keeping holy the Sabbath Day.

Whil'st thus they reason'd, there appeared, in the Way, two Monks of *S. Benet's* Order, mounted on two *Dromedaries*: for the Mules they rode on were but little less. They wore Masks with Spectacles in them, to keep the Dust from their Faces, and carry'd Umbrells. After them came a Coach, and four or five a Horse-back accompanying it, and two Muletiers a-foot. In the Coach, as was afterwards known, came a Lady of *Biscay*, who travel'd towards *Sevil*, where her Husband then was about going to the *West Indies*, in an honourable Employment. The Monks rode not with her, tho' they travel'd the same way, but scarce had *Don Quixote* perceiv'd them, when he said to his Squire;

Squire: Either I am deceived, or else this will prove the most famous Adventure that ever was seen; for these two great Black Bulks, which appear there, are, doubtless, Inchanters, who steal or carry away perforce, some Princess in that Coach; and therefore I must with all my power undo that Wrong. This will be worse than the Adventure of the Wind-mills, quoth *Sancho*. Pray, Sir, take notice that these are Monks of *St. Benet's* Order, and the Coach belongs to some Travellers. Therefore have a care, I say, have a care what you do, lest the Devil deceive you. I have told thee already, *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, thou hast no skill in Adventures, what I say is true, and thou shalt see presently. And so saying, he spur'd on his Horse, and plac'd himself just in the midst of the way the Fryers came; and when they drew so near, as he suppos'd they might hear him, he said with a loud Voice: *Devilish and wicked People, leave presently these high Princesses which you violently carry away with you in that Coach; or, if you will not, prepare you selves to receive sudden Death, as a just punishment of your evil Works.* The Monks held their Horses, and were amaz'd both at the shape and words of *Don Quixote*. To whom they answer'd, Sir Knight, we are neither devilish nor wicked, but religious Men of *St. Benet's* Order, that travel about our Affairs; and we know not whether or no there come any Princesses forc'd in this Coach. With me fair Words take no effect, quoth *Don Quixote*. For I know you very well, treacherous Knaves; and then, without expecting their reply, he set Spurs to *Rozinante*, and couching his Lance, charg'd the first Fryer with such fury and rage, that if he had not designedly dropt off his Mule, he would not only have over-thrown him against his will; but have slain, or, at least, wounded him very desperately. The second religious Man seeing how ill his Companion was us'd, made no Words; but setting spurs to that Cattle his Mule, fled away through the Field, as swift as the Wind it self. *Sancho Pança* seeing the Monk overthrown, presently leapt off his Ass, and running at him, began to strip off his Habits. Mean while, the Monks two Men came up, and ask'd, Why he stripp'd him? *Sancho* reply'd, it was his due by the Law of Arms, as lawful Spoils gain'd in Battle by his Lord *Don Quixote*. The Men who understood not that Jeast, nor knew what Battels and Spoils meant, seeing *Don Quixote* was now out of the Way, speaking with those that came in the Coach, set both, at once, upon *Sancho*, and left him not a Hair in his Beard, but what they pluck'd, and so tramp'd him under their Feet, that they left him stretch'd on the ground without either breath or feeling. The Monk immediately got a Horse.

Horse-back, full of Fear and Terror, and without any Colour in his Face, and being once mounted, spurr'd after his Fellow, who expected him a good way off, staying to see the success of that Assault, and being unwilling to attend the end of that strange Adventure, they held on their Journey, blessing and crossing themselves as if the Devil had been at their heels.

Don Quixote, as has been said, was at this time speaking to the Lady in the Coach, to whom he said, *Your Beauty, dear Lady, may dispose from henceforth of your Person, as best ye liketh; for the Pride of your Robbers lies now prostrate on the ground, by this my invincible Arm. And because you may not be troubled to know your Deliverer, know, that I am call'd Don Quixote de la Mancha, a Knight Errant, and Adventurer, and Captive to the Peerless and Beautiful Lady Dulcinea del Toboso: And in reward of the Benefit which you have received at my Hands, I demand nothing else but that you return to Toboso; and there present yourself in my Name before my Lady, and recount to her what I have done to obtain your liberty.* A Squire that attended the Coach, and was by Birth a *Biscainer*, gave ear to all that *Don Quixote* spoke, and perceiving he would not suffer the Coach to go on its way, but said it must presently return back to *Toboso*, he drew near to him, and laying hold on his Lance, said in his bad Spanish and worse Basquish; *Get thee away Knight, in an ill Hour; by the God that created me, if thou leave not the Coach, I will kill thee, as sure as I am a * Biscainer.* *Don Quixote* understood him, and answer'd very gravely. *If thou wert a Knight, as thou art not, I would, by this, have punish'd thy Folly and Presumption, thou Caitif.* The *Biscainer* reply'd with great fury: *Not a † Gentleman? I swear to God thou'lt, as I am a Christian: If thou cast away thy Lance and draw thy Sword, thou shalt see who and who is together: A Biscainer by Land, and a Gentleman by Sea, a Gentleman in spite of the Devil; and thou liest if other things thou sayest.* A March reply'd *Don Quixote*; and throwing his Lance to the ground, he out with his Sword, took his Buckler, and set upon the *Biscainer* with a Resolution to kill him. The *Biscainer* seeing him come on in that manner, tho' he would gladly have alighted from his Mule, which was not to be trusted, as being a Hackney Jade, yet only had time to draw his Sword; but it fell out luckily for him that he was near the Coach,

* The *Biscainers* generally speak broken Spanish, as is imitated in the Original, and therefore the English is also left somewhat imperfect.

† *Cavallero* in Spanish, is an ambiguous word, signifying either a Knight or a Gentleman, and being here us'd, is to be suppos'd so have caused the difference betwixt *Don Quixote* and the *Biscainer*.
out

out of which he snatched a Cushion that served him for a Shield, and presently the one made at the other like mortal Enemies. Those that were present, labour'd all they could, to compound the matter betwixt them, but in vain, for the *Biscainer* swore in his bad Language, that if they hinder'd him from ending the Battel, he would put his Lady, and all the rest that dar'd to disturb him, to the Sword.

The Lady astonish'd and fearful of what she beheld, commanded the Coachman to go a little out of the way, and late aloof beholding the rigorous conflict. In which the *Biscainer* gave *Don Quixote* over the Target a mighty blow on one of the Shoulders, where if it had not found resistance in his Armor, it would doubtless have cleft him down to the Girdle. *Don Quixote* feeling the weight of that extravagant blow, cry'd with a loud voice, saying. *O Dulcinea, Lady of my Soul, the Flower of all Beauty, succour this thy Knight, who to set forth thy worth, is now in this dangerous circumstance.* He spoke these Words, gripp'd fast his Sword, cover'd himself with his Buckler, and assail'd the *Biscainer*, all in one moment, resolving to hazard the whole success of the Battel at one stroke. The *Biscainer* seeing him come on in such a posture, by his fierce Countenance discover'd his fury, and resolv'd to do the same that *Don Quixote* had determin'd; therefore he expected him very well cover'd with his Cushion, not being able to manage his Mule, which being tir'd, and not us'd to that sport, could not stir a step. Now, *Don Quixote*, as was said, came upon the wary *Biscainer*, with his Sword lifted up, and a full resolution to cleave him down the middle. The *Biscainer* expected him in the same posture, his Sword brandish'd aloft, and guarded with his Cushion. All the Spectators were full of Fear, and in suspense, waiting the event of these terrible strokes, with which they threatn'd one another. The Lady in the Coach and her Maids, offer'd up a Thousand Vows to all the Images and Places of Devotion in Spain, that God might deliver them and their Squire from the danger they were in.

But the mischief is, that the Historian leaves this Battel undecided just at this very Pass, alledging for his Excuse, that he found no more of the Feats of *Don Quixote* written, than what he has related. True it is, the second Writer of this Work would not believe that so curious a History was drown'd in Oblivion; or that the Wits of *La Mancha* were so careless as not to preserve among their Records, or in their Cabinets, some Papers of this Famous Knight; and therefore encourag'd by this presumption, he did not despair of finding the Conclusion of this pleasant History; which Heaven favouring him, he got at last, after the manner that shall be recounted in the second Book.

The End of the First Book.

The Delightful

HISTORY

O F

The most Ingenious KNIGHT,
DON QUIXOTE *de La Mancha.*

TOME I. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

*Containing the event of the fearful Battle betwixt
the gallant Biscainer and the Valiant Don
Quixote.*

WE left the valorous *Biscainer* and the famous *Don Quixote*, in the first Part, with their Swords lifted up and naked, just ready to discharge upon one another two such furious slicing Strokes as (if rightly plac'd,) would doubtless cleave them from Head to Foot, and lay them as open as an Oyster, and at that doubtful circumstance, the delightful History was lopt off and dismember'd, the Author giving us no account where the remaining part might be found. This griev'd me not a little, and wholly turn'd the pleasure I took in reading the beginning of it into discontent, considering how little likelihood there was of finding out so much as, in my opinion, was wanting of so delightful a Story. It seem'd to me almost impossible and contrary

to

to reason, that so good a Knight should want some wise Man, who would undertake to write his unheard of Achievements. A thing that none of those Knights Errant ever wanted, of whom People speak, for each of them had one or two wise Men of purpose, that did not only write their Acts, but even describ'd their very least thoughts and fancies, were they never so hidden. And surely so good a Knight could not be so unfortunate as to want that wherewith *Platyr* and others like him abounded: and therefore could not induce my self to believe, that so pleasant a History could be left maim'd and lame, and did rather accuse the malice of time, which waists and devours all things, and had either conceal'd or destroy'd this. Me thought on the other side, that since among his Books there were found some modern Works, such as the *Undeceiving of Jealousie*, and the *Nymphs and Shepherds of Honares*. His History must also be modern; and if it were not written, yet was the memory of him fresh among the Inhabitants of his own and the Neighbouring Villages. These thoughts disturb'd and made me desire to attain a true knowledge of the whole Life and wonderful Exploits of our famous Spaniard, *Don Quixote, de la Mancha*, the light and mirror of all *Manchegal* Chivalry; being the first who in this our Age and Time, so full of Calamities, did undertake the hardships and exercise of Arms Errant, of righting wrongs, succouring Widdows, and protecting such Damzels as rode up and down with their Whips and Palfreys, and with all their virginity on their backs from Hill to Hill, and Dale to Dale; for unless it hapned that some lewd miscreant, or some Villain with a Hatchet and Steel Cap, or some monstrous Giant did force them, there were Damzels in times past, who tho' in fourscore Years they had not lain a Day under a Roof, yet went as intire and pure Maids to their Graves, as the very Mothers that bore them. Therefore I say, that as well for this as for many other good reasons, our gallant *Don Quixote* is worthy of continual and memorable Praise; nor can the same be justly deny'd me for the care and pains I have taken to find out the end of this grateful History, tho' I know very well that if Heaven, Chance, and Fortune had not assisted me, the World had been depriv'd of the delight and pastime Men may take for almost two Hours together, who shall with diligent attention read it. The manner therefore of finding it was this.

Being one day in the Exchange of *Toledo*, a Boy came to sell some old Manuscripts and Papers to a Shop-keeper, and I being addicted to read such scrolls, tho' I found them torn in the Streets, led away by this my natural Inclination,

rock

took one of the Quires in my Hand, and perceived it to be written in Arabick Characters, and finding that tho' I knew the Letters, yet I could not make out the sense, I look'd about to see whether I could spy ever * a *Morisco* that spoke good Spanish to read them; nor was it very difficult to find there such an Interpreter, for if I had sought for one of another better and more ancient Language, that place would easily afford him. In fine, my good fortune presented one to me, to whom telling my desire, and giving him the Book in his Hand, he opened it, and having read a little, began to laugh, I ask'd him, Why he laugh'd? and he answered, At a marginal Note the Book had. I bid him expound it to me, and with that took him a little aside, and he continuing still his laughter said, as I told you these words are written on the Margent. *This Dulcinea del Toboso, so many times spoken of in this History, had the best hand at powdring of Pork, of any Woman in all la Mancha.* When I heard it make mention of *Dulcinea del Toboso*, I was surpriz'd and amaz'd, and presently concluded that those Papers contain'd the History of *Don Quixote*. This conceit made me hasten him to read the beginning, which he did, and Translating the *Arabick* into *Spanish* in a trice, said it began thus. *The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cyde Hamete Benengeli, an Arabian Historiographer.* It was requisite to use much discretion to hide the satisfaction I conceiv'd when I heard the Title of the Book, and therefore preventing the Shop-keeper, I bought all the Boys Papers for half a Royal, but had he been wiser, or known how much I coveted them, he might have got above six Royals by his Bargain. Then I withdrew with the *Morisco* into the Cloister of the great Church, where I desir'd him to Translate all those Papers that related to *Don Quixote* into Spanish, without adding or diminishing, and I would content him for his Pains. He ask'd fifty pounds of Raisins, and three Bushels of Wheat, and promised to Translate them speedily, well, and faithfully. But I, to hasten the matter more, lest I should lose such an unexpected and welcome Treasure, brought him to my House, where he Translated all the Work in less than a Month and a half, even as it is here related.

There was painted on the first parcel of Paper very naturally the Battel betwixt *Don Quixote* and the *Biscainer*, just in the same manner as the History relates it, with their Swords listed

* A *Morisco* is one of the race of the Moors.

up, the one covered with his Buckler, the other with the Cushion: and the *Biscainer's* Mule was so lively represented, that it might be known to be a Hackney a Bow shoot off. Under the Feet of the *Biscainer* was a scrolle with these words *Don Sancho de Azpetia*, for so belike he was called: and at *Rozinante's* Feet, there was another, and in it written *Don Quixote*. *Rozinante* was wonderful well drawn, so long and lank, so thin and lean, so like one labouring with an incurable Consumption, as plainly made appear with how much reason the name *Rozinante* was given him. By him stood *Sancho Pança*, holding his As by the halter; at whose Feet, was another scroul, with the words, *Sancho Cancas*: And I think the reason of it was, that as his picture shew'd, he had a great Belly, a short Stature, and long Legs. And therefore I judge he was called * *Pança* or *Canca*, for both these names were given him indifferently in the History. There were other small things in it worth noting; but all of them are of no great moment, nor any thing necessary for the true relation of the History, for none is ill if it be true. And if any objection be made against the truth of this; it can be no other than that the Author was a *Moor*; and it is a known quality of that Nation to be given to lying. Yet in regard they hate us so mortally, it is to be conceiv'd that in this History there is rather something omitted than added; which I imagine the rather, because I find in the sequel of it, many times, that when he might and ought to have advanc'd his Pen in our Knights Praises, he does as it were on purpose pass them over in silence. Which was very ill done, for Historians ought and should be very precise, true, and free from passion; and neither profit nor fear, rancor or affection, should make them vary from the truth, whose Mother History is, as being the rival of time; the depository of Actions; the witness of things past; and advertiser of things to come. In this History I know a Man may find all that he can desire in the most pleasing manner; and if it wants any Perfection, I am of opinion it is through the fault of that ungracious Knave who Translated it, rather than through any defect in the subject. Finally, the second part of it (according to the Translation) began in this manner.

The trenchant Swords of the two Valorous and enraged Combatants being lifted a-loft, it seemed as if they threatned Heaven, the Earth, and the Deep. Such was their resolution

* *Pança* in Spanish is a great Belly, and *Cancas* signify long Legs.

and aspect: The first that discharg'd his Blow was the fiery *Biscainer* which fell with such force and fury, that if the Sword had not turn'd a little in the way, that only stroke had suffic'd to put an end to the terrible conflict, and all other Adventures of our Knight. But his good Fortune which reserv'd him for greater Affairs, did wrest his Adversary's Sword awry, so that tho' he struck him on the left shoulder, yet did it no more harm than disarm all that side, carrying away with it a great part of his Beaver, and half his Ear; all which fell to the ground with a dreadful ruin, leaving him in very ill case for a good while. Good God! who is it that can well describe at present, the fury that possess'd the Heart of our *Manchegan*, seeing himself so handled. Let it suffice to say, it was such that raising himself again in the Stirrops, and gripping his Sword fast with both hands, he discharg'd such a terrible Blow on the *Biscainer* hitting him right upon the Cushion, and on the Head, that the strength and thickness of it no more avail'd him, than if a whole Mountain had fallen upon him, for the Blood gush'd out at his Mouth, Nose and Ears, all at once, and he tatter'd so on his Mule, that every step he gave, he was ready to fall off, as he would indeed have done, had he not grasp'd her about the Neck, and yet he lost his Stirrops and let go his hold, and the Mule frighted at the terrible stroke set a running about the Field, and after a few frisks lay'd the Rider flat upon the Ground. *Don Quixote* stood still looking on very calmly, and as soon as he saw him fall, leapt off his Horse, and ran over to him nimbly, and holding the point of his Sword over his Eyes, bid him yield himself, or else he would cut off his Head. The *Biscainer* was so daunted that he could not speak a word, and it had far'd ill with him, considering *Don Quixote's* fury, if the Ladies in the Coach, who all then had beheld the Conflict with great anguish, had not come where he was, and earnestly besought him to do them the favour to give their Squire his Life. *Don Quixote* answer'd with great Haughtiness and Gravity; Truly fair Ladies I am content to grant your request, but it must be upon condition, that this Knight shall promise me to go to Toboso, and present himself in my name to the Peerless Lady Dulcinea, to the end she may dispose of him as she pleases. The timorous and comfortless Lady without considering what *Don Quixote* demanded, or asking who *Dulcinea* was, promis'd that her Squire should accomplish all he pleas'd to command. Why then quoth *Don Quixote*, trusting to your promise, I'll do him no more harm, tho' he has well deserv'd it at my hands.

C H A P. II.

What happen'd after the combat and the discourse betwixt Don Quixote and Sancho Pança.

BY this *Sancho Pança* had got up, tho' somewhat abused by the Friers Men, and stood attentively beholding his Master's Combat, and pray'd to God with all his heart, that it would please him to give him the Victory; and that he might win some Island, of which he might make him Governour, as he had promis'd. And seeing the controversy ended at last, and that his Master remounted upon *Roxinante*; he came to hold his Stirrop, and fell upon his Knees before him e'er he got up, and taking him by the Hand, kiss'd it, saying, I desire that it will please you good Sir Knight, to bestow upon me the Government of that Island which in this terrible Battel you have won; for tho' it were never so great, yet I find my self able enough to govern it, as well any other whatsoever that ever govern'd Island in this World. To this demand *Don Quixote* answer'd, Thou must note Friend *Sancho*, that this Adventure, and others of this kind are not Adventures of Islands, but of cross Ways, where nothing is gain'd but a broken Pate, or the loss of an Ear. Have Patience a while, for Adventures will offer, which will enable me to make you not only a Governour, but somewhat more. *Sancho* gave him many thanks, and kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his Armour; helpt him to get up on *Roxinante*, and he leapt on his Ass, and follow'd his Master, who with a swift Pace, without taking leave or speaking to those in the Coach, entred into a Wood that was hard by: *Sancho* follow'd him as fast as his Beast could Trot; but *Roxinante* went off so swiftly, that he perceiving himself like to be left behind, was forc'd to call aloud to his Master to stay for him; which *Don Quixote* did checking *Roxinante* with the Bridle, till his wearied Squire arriv'd: Who, as soon as he came, said to him; Methinks (Sir) it will not be amiss to take sanctuary in some Church, for considering what a Pickle we left him in with whom you fought, it will be no news if they give notice to the * *Holy Brotherhood*, and they apprehend us, and i' faith if

* The Holy Brotherhood in Spain has the charge of scourging, the Roads of Robbers and Murderers, with Power to take and Execute them.

Chap. 2: Don QUIXOTE.

they do, they'll make us sweat for't before we get out of Goal. Peace quoth *Don Quixote*, where hast thou read or seen that any Knight Errant, was ever brought before a Judge, tho' he committed never so many homicides? I know nothing of Omicils, quoth *Sancho*, nor did I ever see e're a one; this I know, that the *Holy Brotherhood* has to do with those who fight in the Fields, and I don't concern my self with the rest. Then be not afraid Friend, quoth *Don Quixote*, for I will deliver thee out of the hands of the *Caldcaus*, much more out of those of the *Brotherhood*? But tell me in good Earnest, whether thou did'st ever see a more valorous Knight than I am, on the Face of the Earth? Didst thou ever read in History of any other that has or ever had more courage in assailing; more Wind to hold out; more dexterity in offending; or more art in overthrowing, than I? The truth is, quoth *Sancho*, I never read any History; for I can neither Read nor Write: But what I dare wager is, that I never in my life serv'd a bolder Master than you are; and I pray to God we don't pay for this boldness, there where I told you. What I request of you is, that you will dress your hurt, for you lose much Blood at that Ear, and here I have lint and a little *Unguentum Album* in my Waller. All this were needless, quoth *Don Quixote*, if I had remembred to make a Vial of the *Balsam of Fierabras*, for with one drop of it we might spare time, and all other Medicines. What Vial, and what *Balsam* is that, said *Sancho Pança*? It is, answer'd *Don Quixote*, a *Balsam* the Receipt for making of which I have in my Head, and he who has the Composition needs not fear death, nor ought he to think he can be kill'd by any Wound: And therefore after I have made, and given it thee, thou hast no more to do. But when thou shalt see that in any Buttel I am cloven in two (as many times it happens) thou shalt rake fair and softly that Part of my Body that is faln to the ground, and put it up again very Artificially, on the Part that remains in the Saddle, before the Blood congeal; observing still very carefully, to place it exactly right, then shalt thou give me two draughts of the *Balsam* I have spoken of, and presently thou shalt see me as sound as a Roche. If that be true, quoth *Sancho*, I here renounce the Government of the Island you promis'd, and will have no other reward for my many and good Services, but only the Receipt for making this precious Liquor; for I am sure it will be worth above two Royals an ounce any where, and that's enough for me to get my living honestly and at my ease. But now we must know whether it be chargeable in the Manning. For less than three Royals quoth *Don Quixote*, a Man

may make three † Pottles of it. A Pox on the Devil, reply'd *Sancho*, what do you mean that you don't make it, teach me to do it. Hold thy Tongue, quoth *Don Quixote*; for I design to reveal to thee greater secrets than this, and bestow on thee greater Favours. And now let me be dress'd, for my Ear Pains me more than I could wish. Then *Sancho* took out of his Waller his Lint and Ointment to dress his Master. But when *Don Quixote* saw the Vizor of his Helmet was broken, he was ready to run Mad; and clapping his Hand to his Sword, and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, he said, I vow to the Creator of all things, and to the four Holy Gospels where they are largest Written, to lead such another Life as the great *Marquess* of *Mantua* did, when he swore to revenge the death of his Nephew *Valdovinos*, which was; not to Eat on Table-cloth, nor sport with his Wife, and other Things; which tho' I do not now remember, I allow of them as if they had been express'd, till I take compleat revenge on him that has done me this outrage.

Sancho hearing this, said, consider, Sir, that if the Knight has perform'd, what you commanded, that is, to go and present himself before my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, then has he fully done his Duty, and deserves no new Punishments, unless he commit a new Crime. Thou hast spoken well and hit the Mark right, said *Don Quixote*, and therefore I disannul the Oath, so far as to the taking any new revenge on him; but I make, and confirm it over again, that I will lead the Life I have said till I take another Helmet like to, or as good as this, from some Knight. And do not think *Sancho*, that I make this Resolution hand over head; for I have a good Example to follow, since the very same thing to a tittle happen'd about the Helmet of *Mambrino*, which cost *Sacripante* so dear. Send such Oaths to the Devil, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, for they are bad for the Health and worse for the Conscience. Else tell me now, supposing in several Days we should not meet a Man with a Helmet, what must we do? Must the Oath be kept in spite of so many Difficulties and Inconveniencies; as lying in your Cloaths, Sleeping in the open Air, and a thousand other Pennances contain'd in the Oath made by that Mad old Fellow the *Marquess* of *Mantua*, which you would now ratifie a new. Consider Sir, that arm'd Men do not Travel

† The Spanish word is *Azumbres*, which is a Measure containing above three Pints, so that a Pottle is the nearest English Measure to it.

these

these Roads, but Carriers and Waggoners, who are so far from wearing Helmets, that perhaps they never heard them nam'd in their Lives. There you are mistaken, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for before we have been two hours in these cross Ways, we shall see more Arm'd Men than came to the Siege of *Albraca*, to Conquer *Angelica* the Fair. Well then, be it so, quoth *Sancho*, and God grant it succeed well with us, and that the time may come of gaining that Island, which costs me so dear, and then no matter if I dye presently. I have told thee already *Sancho*, quoth his Master, thou should'st not trouble thy self about that; for if an Island were wanting, we have then the Kingdom of *Denmark* or that of *Sobradisa*, which will be as fit for thy purpose as a Ring to thy Finger, and thou hast cause to rejoice, because they are on the Continent. But let us leave this for the proper Season, and see whether thou hast any thing in thy Waller, and let us Eat it, that afterwards we may go seek some Castle, where we may lodge this Night, and make the *Balsam* I told thee of, for I vow to God this Ear pains me very much. I have here an Onion, reply'd the Squire, a piece of Cheese and a few crusts of Bread; but such gross Meats are not fit for so noble a Knight as you are. How little sense thou hast, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I tell thee *Sancho*, it is an honour for Knights Errant, not to eat once in a Month, and if by chance they do, then to eat only of that which comes next to hand, and this thou would'st be well assur'd of, hadst thou read so many Histories as I have; for tho' they are many, yet have I not found any account in them, that Knights Errants did ever eat, unless it were by meer chance, and at some sumptuous Banquets provided for them, and for other Days they Din'd upon the Air. And tho' it is to be suppos'd, they could not live without Meat, and supplying the other necessities of Nature, because they were Men as we are: It is likewise to be understood, that spending the greater part of their Lives in Forests and Deserts, and that too without a Cook, their most ordinary Meats were but course and rustical, such as thou do'st now offer me. So that Friend *Sancho*, let not that trouble thee, which is my pleasure, nor go thou about to make a new World, or to lift Knight Errantry off its Hinges. Pardon me good Sir, quoth *Sancho*; for by reason I can neither Read nor Write, as I said before, I am ignorant of the Rules of the Knightly Profession, and from hence forth I will furnish my Waller with all sorts of dry Fruits for you, who are a Knight: And for my self, seeing I am none, I will provide Fowls and other things, that are of more Substance. I don't say *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, that Knights Errant

are oblig'd to Eat nothing but such dry'd Fruits, but that their common Food could be no other than that, and some Herbs they found up and down the Fields, which they knew very well, and so do I. It is a virtue, quoth *Sancho*, to know those Herbs; for as I imagine, that knowledge will some day stand us in stead; And saying so, he took out the Provision he had, which they Eat both together very lovingly. But being desirous to seek out a Place where they might Lodge that Night, they soon ended their poor dry Dinner. Then they Mounted again and made all the haste they could, to get to some Village, before Night fell; but the Sun and their hopes both fail'd them near the Cabbins of certain Goat-herds, and so they concluded to take up their Lodging there: For as much as *Sancho* was griev'd to miss of a Village, so much was his Master pleas'd to lye in open Air; as conceiting, that every time this befell him he perform'd an Act of Possession which discover'd and made tryal of his Knighthood

CHAP. III.

Of what happen'd to Don Quixote among the Goat-herds.

HE was kindly receiv'd by the Goat-herds, and *Sancho* having set up *Rozinante* and his Ass, as well as he could, presently repair'd to the smell of certain Pieces of Goats-flesh, that were boyling in a Kettle over the Fire: And tho' he thought that very moment to try, whether they were fit to be remov'd from the Kettle to the Stomack, he forbore; because he saw the Herds take them off the Fire, and spreading some Sheep-skins, they had for that purpose on the Ground, lay in a trice their rustical Table, and invited the Master and Man with very free Hearts, to come and take part of what they had. There sat down round about the skins six of them, who were all that dwelt in that Fold; having first (using some courtes Compliments) plac'd *Don Quixote* upon a Trough, turning the bottom up. *Don Quixote* sat down and *Sancho* stood, to serve the Cup, which was made of Horn. His Master seeing him stand, said *Sancho*, that thou may'st perceive the good that is in Knight-Errantry and how near, those who exercise any Function of it, are to be Honour'd and Esteem'd

in

in the World, my will is, That thou sit down here by my side and in Company with these good People, and that thou be one and the very self-same Thing with me, who am thy Master and natural Lord, that thou eat in my Dish, and drink in the same cup with me; for the same may be said of Chivalry that is of Love, to wit, that it makes all things equal. I return you many thanks, quoth *Sancho*, but I must tell you, Sir, that provided I had but good Meat, I should eat as well, and better alone and standing, than sitting by an Emperor. Besides, to say the truth, that which I eat in a Corner without Niceties, or Compliments; relishes better with me, tho' it be only an Onion and Bread, than Turkey-cocks at other Tables, where I must chew my Meat leisurely, drink but little, wipe my Hands often, not Sneeze nor Cough tho' I have occasion, nor do other things that solitude and liberty allow of. So that (good Sir) I would have you convert these Honours you would bestow on me, in regard I am an appurtenance of Knight-Errantry as being your Squire, into Things more essential and profitable for me than these; and tho' I am as thankful for them, as if they were receiv'd, yet do I here renounce them from this time till the World's end. For all that, thou shalt sit, quoth *Don Quixote*, for the humble shalt be exalted; and so taking him by the Arm he forc'd him to sit down by him.

The Goat-herds understood not that Gibbrish of *Squires* and *Knights-Errant*, and did nothing but eat, hold their peace, and look on their Guests, who with sharp Stomacks and a good Grace cram'd down Lumps as big as their Fists. The Course of Flesh being ended, they serv'd on the Sheep-skins, a great quantity of dry'd Acorns with half a Cheese, as hard as if it had been made of Plaister of Paris; mean while the Horn stood not still, but went about so often, sometimes full and sometimes empty, like the Buckets in a Well, that it soon emptied, one of two Leather Wine-Bags that lay in sight. When *Don Quixote* had satisfi'd his Appetite well, he took up a Handful of Acorns, and beholding them earnestly, began to discourse in this manner. *Happy times and fortunate Ages were those, on which our Ancestors bestow'd the Title of Golden, not because Gold (so much priz'd in this our Iron-Age) was gotten in that happy time, without any Labours; but because those who liv'd then, knew not these two words Thine and Mine: In that Holy Age all things were in Common; no Man needed for his ordinary sustenance to do any more than lift up his Hand, and take it from the strong Oak, which did liberally invite them to gather his sweet and savoury Fruit. The clear Fountains and running Rivers did offer them pleasant and transparent Waters in mag-*

nificent abundance. In the clefts of Rocks and hollow Trees did the careful and discreet Bees erect their Common Wealth, offering to every Hand without interest, the fertile Crop of their sweetest Labour. The lofty Cork-Trees did dismiss of themselves, without any other Art than that of their Native Liberality, their broad and light Rinds, wherewith Houses were at first cover'd, being sustain'd by rustical Stakes, to no other end, but to keep off the Inclemencies of the Air. All then was Peace, all Amity, and all Concord; as yet the Plough-share presum'd not with rude Encounter to open and search the compassionate Bowels of our first Mother; for she without compulsion offer'd up, through all the Parts of her fertil and spacious Bosom, all that which might satisfy, sustain, and delight those Children it then had: Yea it was then, that the Simple and Beautiful young Shepherdesses went from Valley to Valley, and Hill to Hill, with their Hair sometimes plaited, sometimes dishevel'd, without any other Apparel than what was requisite to cover comelily that which Modesty will, and ever would have conceal'd. Then were Attires and Ornaments which are now us'd by those who highly value the Purple of Tyre, and the so many ways martyriz'd Silk of no esteem: But only certain green Leaves of Bur-docks and Ivie interwoven together; wherewith perhaps they went as gorgeously and comely deck'd, as now our Court-dames with all their rare and Outlandish Inventions that Idleness and Curiosity has found out. Then were the amorous Conceits of the Mind, simply and sincerely deliver'd, and imbellish'd in the very form and manner that she had conceiv'd them, without any artificial texture of words to indeer them: Fraud, Deceit, or Malice had not then mix'd themselves with Plainness and Truth: Justice was then in her Prime; Favour not daring to trouble or confound her, or the respect of Profit, which do now Persecute, Blemish, and disturb her so much. The Law of Corruption, or taking Bribes had not yet possess'd the Understanding of the Judge; for then was neither Judge, nor Person to be judged. Maidens and Modesty were then, as I have said inseparable, and wander'd where they pleas'd alone, and secure without apprehending danger from the liberty or lasciviousness of others, or fearing to be prejudic'd by their own deprav'd Will or Inclination. But now in these our detestable Times no Damsel is safe, tho' she be hid and shut up in another new Labyrinth, like that of Crete; for even there, the amorous Plague will find entrance either through the Crannies, or through the very Air, by means of cursed Industry and make wreck of all their reserv'dness. For whose Protection in process of time, and Malice increasing, the Order of Knighthood was instituted, to defend Damsels, protect

test Widows, and assist Orphans and distress'd Persons. Of this Order am I, Brother Goat-herds, whom I do heartily thank for the good entertainment you give me and my Squire: For tho' every one living is oblig'd by the Law of Nature, to favour Knights Errant; however, knowing, that you were ignorant of this Duty, and yet receiv'd and made much of me and my Squire, it is reasonable that I return you hearty Thanks for your good Will.

Our Knight made this long Oration (which might have been well spar'd) because the Acorns that were given him, call'd to his Mind the Golden Age: And therefore the humour took him to make a needless Speech to the Goat-herds, who stood list'ning to him in a Maze, without answering one Word. Sancho also held his peace, eating Acorns, and in the mean while, visited very often the second Wine-bag, which, that it might be fresh, was hung upon a Cork-tree. Don Quixote had spent more time in his Speech than in his Supper; which ended, one of the Goat-herds said, That you may more assuredly know, Sir Knight Errant, that we entertain you with a free Heart; we will likewise make you some pastime, causing one of our Companions to sing; who will soon be here, is an Ingenious Lad, deeply in Love, can read and write, and play upon a Rebeck, as well as Heart can wish. Scarce had the Goat-herd ended his Speech, when the sound of the Rebeck touch'd his Ear, and in a while after, he arriv'd that play'd on't, being a Youth of about two-and-twenty years of Age, and of a graceful Presence: His Fellows ask'd, whether he had supp'd, and he answer'd he had; the Heard, who had made the Offer, said to him, Then Anthony thou may'st do us a pleasure to sing a little, that this Gentleman, our Guest, may see there are some in these Groves and Woods that understand Musick. We have told him thy good Qualities, and wish thou would'st show them, and make good what we have said. Therefore I desire thee as thou lov'st thy self, to sit down and sing the Song thy Unkle, the Clergy-man made upon thy Love, which was so well lik'd in the Village. I am content, quoth the Youth, and without further intreaty; sitting down on the Trunk of a lopp'd Oak, he tun'd his Rebeck, and after a while began with a singular good Grace to sing in this manner.

SONG

*S*weet Olalia! Well, I know it,
Tho' your cunning watchful Eyes,
And sly Tongue forbid to show it,
Love's beneath the feign'd disguise.

Yes, my Dear, I know you love me,
Tho' you're cunning, and would prove me:
And how happy is the Swain,
Knows his Passion's not in vain!

Yet your Breast pretends to be
Flint, tho' soft it looks as Snow:
And your needle's Cruelty,
Racks me with tormenting Woe.

Yet from 'midst thy Winter-frown
Steals at times a Summer-Smile,
Lest my sinking Hope should drown:
But oh! I fear 'tis to beguile.

Sweetest! on my Heart I wear thee;
Weigh; Oh! weigh the Love I bear thee:
Love, which Favours can't increase,
And no rigour e'er make less.

If Love's civil, as they say,
Tho' your shift delays my Bliss;
From your Courtesy, I may
Hope at last, you'll crown my Wishes.

If long Services can soften
Souls, and make hard Hearts resign:
I have serv'd so much, so often;
Sure you should be ever mine?

Spruc'd a Monday's I've pursu'd thee;
And wth Sunday's Cloaths I've woo'd thee;
Which at Church, diffus'd such Splendour,
All the Lasses Hearts grew tender.

Suitors

Chap. 3. Don QUIXOTE.

Suiters always trick'd appear;
Prim Cloaths and Love have one Design,
Which made me, when with thee, my Dear,
Still careful to be spruce, and fine.

Often, with surprize to seize thee,
How I've caper'd on the Green!
How I've jigg'd it! and, to please thee,
Tripp'd with nimble active Mien!

What fine Songs, before Sun rising,
At thy Window have I sung,
And how oft my Fiddle string?
To thy list'ning Ears surprizing!

How in every Place I've prais'd thee!
How above all Peer, I've rais'd thee!
And tho' naught but Truth I said;
All our Parish-Maids are mad.

Lately to Teresa talking,
And your Worth and Beauty telling:
Lord! says she, she's but a Maukin;
Tho' you take her for a Helen.

Thanks to all her Paint and Lace,
Ribbands, and false Hair she uses,
To set off a Monkey-Face:
Tricks, by which she Love abuses.

Nettled, strait I call'd her, Liar:
Which the Mynx, so much offended,
And her Cousin, who was by her,
That in quarrelling it ended.

I design not to bereave thee
Of an honest Maiden's Fame:
Nor surprize thee, or deceive thee,
Into Misery and Shame.

No, for Holy Church can find us
Bands, that will for ever last:
And with Marriage-Cords so bind us,
That the Knot shall hold us fast.

Enter

*Enter then the Yoke, be kind,
Sweetest! and obey Love's Law;
Quick I'll follow, and thus join'd
We'll together gently draw.*

*But if you refuse my Love,
From this solitary Hill
Never shall my Feet once move,
But to Hermit's lonely Cell.*

Here the Goat-herd ended his Ditty, and tho' *Don Quixote* intreated him to sing something else, yet would not *Sancho Pança* consent to it, being at that time better dispos'd to sleep, than to hear Musick: And therefore said to his Master, you had better provide your self of a Place to sleep in, this Night, than to hear Musick; for the labour these good Men endure all the day long, will not allow them to spend the Night in singing. I understand thee well enough, *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*; for I am very sensible, thy frequent Visits to the Wine-bag require more Sleep than Musick. The Wine relishes well with us all, God be prais'd, reply'd *Sancho*. I do not deny it, quoth *Don Quixote*, but go thou and lay thee down where thou pleasest, for it better becomes Men of my Profession to watch than sleep. However it will not be amiss to lay somewhat again to my Ear, for it pains me very much. One of the Goat-herds seeing the Hurt, bad him be of good cheer, for he would apply a Remedy that should cure it easily: And taking some Rosemary-Leaves, of many that grew thereabouts; he chew'd, and then mix'd a little Salt among them, and applying them to the Ear, bound it up well with a Cloth, assuring him he needed no other Medicine, and so it prov'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

*Containing the Story one of the Goat-herds told
those that were with Don Quixote.*

ABout this time came another Youth, one of those that brought them Provision from the Village, who said, D'ye know Ccmrades what has happen'd in the Village? How can we know it being absent? lays another of them. Know then, quoth the Youth, that the famous Shepherd and Student *Chrysfome* dy'd this Morning, and it is mutter'd, that he dy'd for Love of that devilish Lass *Marcela*, the Daughter of *William* the Rich-Farmer, that rambles about, among us, in the Habit of a Shepherdess. Dost thou mean *Marcela*, quoth one of them.: The same answer'd the Goat-herd: And the best on't is, he has order'd himself in his Will, to be buried in the Fields, as if he were a Moor; and that at the foot of the Rock where the Fountain of the Cork-Tree stands; for that, as is reported, and he is said to have confess'd, was the Place where he first saw her: And he has ordain'd other Things so extravagant, that the Elders of the Town say they shan't be fulfill'd, because they look Heathenish. To all which Objections, his great Friend *Ambrose*, who at the same time with him took the Habit of a Shepherd, Answers, That all shall be perform'd without fail as *Chrysfome* has ordain'd; and all the Village is in an uproar about this Affair; yet it is said, that what *Ambrose*, and the other Shepherds his Friends do design, shall be done: And to morrow Morning they will come to the Place, I have nam'd, to bury him with great Pomp: And, as I suppose it will be worth the sight; I, at least, will not fail to see it, tho' I were sure not to return to the Village to morrow. We will all do the same, quoth the Goat-herds, and will draw Lots who shall tarry here to keep all our Heards. Thou art i'th' right, *Peter*, quoth one of them; tho' that labour may be sav'd, for I intend to stay behind for you all, which you must not look upon as any Vertue, or want of Curiosity in me; but thank the Fork that prick'd my Foot the other day, and makes me unable to travel from hence. We thank thee however, quoth *Peter*, for thy good will. And *Don Quixote*, who heard all their Discourse, intreated *Peter* to tell him who that dead Man was, and what the Shepherdess, of whom they spoke.

Peter

Peter made answer, that what he knew of the Affair was, that the dead Person was a rich Gentleman of a certain Village, seated among those Mountains, who had study'd many years in *Salamanca*, and afterwards return'd home to his House, with the Reputation of a very Wise and Learned Man: But principally, he was reported to be skilful in Astronomy, and all that which pass'd above in Heaven, in the Sun and the Moon; for he would tell us most punctually, the Eclipse of the Sun and the Moon. Friend, quoth *Don Quixote*, the darkning of these two greater *Luminaries*, is called an *Eclipse*, and not a *Clipse*. But *Peter*, not regarding Trifles, went on with his Story, saying, he did also Prognosticate, when the year would be fruitful or *Estil*. Thou mean'st *steril*, quoth *Don Quixote*. *Steril*, or *Estil*, said *Peter*, all is one Tone. And I say, that by his Words, his Father and his other Friends, who gave credit to him, grew very Rich: For they did all he advis'd them, and he would say to them; Sow Barley this year, and no Wheat. In this, you may sow Peace and no Barley. The next year will be good for Oil. The three ensuing, you shall not gather a drop. That Science is call'd *Astrology*, quoth *Don Quixote*. I know not how 'tis call'd, replied *Peter*, but I know well he knew all this, and much more. In short, a few Months after he came from *Salamanca*, he appear'd one day apparell'd like a Shepherd with his Flock, and leathern Jerkin; having laid aside the long Robes he wore when a Scholar, and with him came also a great Friend of his, and Fellow-Student, call'd *Ambrose*, apparrell'd like a Shepherd. I had almost forgot to tell ye that *Chrysofome* the dead Man, had a great hand at making of Songs; insomuch that he made the Carols of *Christmas*-day at Night, and the Plays for *Corpus Christi* day, which the Youths of our Village acted; and all of them affirm'd, they were most excellent. When the Folks of the Village saw the two Scholars so suddenly clad like Shepherds, they were amaz'd, and could not guess at the cause that mov'd them to so wonderfull a change. About this time *Chrysofome's* Father dy'd, and he was left possess'd of a good Estate, as well real as personal, and of a considerable number of Cattel, both great and small; as also of no little parcel of ready Money; of all which, the young Man became dissolute Lord and Master. And truly he deserv'd it all; for he was a good Fellow, Charitable and a Friend of good Folks; and he had a Face like an Angel. At last it was found out, that the only Reason why he chang'd his Dress was, that he might ramble about the wild Countrey after the Shepherdess *Marcela*, whom our Heard nam'd before, with whom the poor

dead

dead *Chrysofome* was fall'n in love. And I will tell you now, because 'tis fit you should know it, what this wanton Lais is, perhaps, and I think without any perhaps, you have not heard the like in all the days of your life; tho' you were as Old as the Itch. As a Witch, you should say, quoth *Don Quixote*, now no longer able to bear with his confounding of Words. The Itch, quoth *Peter*, is old enough; and if you continue thus to interrupt me, we shall not have done this Twelve-Months. Pardon me, Friend, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for the great difference there is betwixt the Itch and a Witch, oblig'd me to speak; but you are in the right, for the Itch is older than a Witch, and therefore proceed with thy Story, for I will interrupt you no more. I say then dear Sir of my Soul, quoth the Goat-herd, that there was in our Village a Farmer yet richer than *Chrysofome's* Father whose Name was *William*; on whom Fortune, besides great Riches, bestow'd a Daughter call'd *Marcela*, in Child-bed of whom, her Mother, who was the best Woman in a good way, dy'd. Methinks I see her now with that Face like the Sun at one end, and the Full Moon at the other; and besides, she was a good House-wife, and lov'd the Poor, for which Reason I believe her Soul is now in Heav'n. For grief of the loss of so good a Wife, her Husband *William* dy'd, leaving his Daughter *Marcela* young and rich, in the custody of her Uncle, who was a Priest, and Curate of our Village. The Child grew, and so did her Beauty, which put us in mind of her Mother's, and that was considerable, and yet 'twas thought the Daughter's would surpass her, and so it prov'd: For when she came to be about Fourteen, or Fifteen, none beheld her, but prais'd God who had made her so beautiful, and most Men fell in love and ran mad for her: Her Uncle kept her very close and reserv'd, yet for all that, the Fame of her Beauty spread so wide, her Wealth helping it forward, that many, not only of our Village, but several Leagues round about, and those of the better sort, pray'd, courted, and importun'd him to give her to them in Marriage. But he (who is a good Christian every Inch of him) tho' he desir'd to Marry her as soon as she was of Age, yet would he not do it without her good Will, nor regarding the Advantage he might make of her Fortune, by delaying her Marriage: And in good Truth, this was said in praise of the honest Priest, at several Meetings in our Village. For I would have you to know, Sir Errant, that in these small Villages, they talk and rail at every thing. And do you believe as I do, that he must be an extraordinary Clergy-Man, who gets the good Word of his Parishioners, especially in Villages? Thou art in the right, quoth *Don Qui-*

xote

note, and therefore proceed, for the Story is very pleasant and thou dost tell it with a good grace, honest *Peter*. May I never want the Grace of God, said *Peter*, for that is the most material. And as for the rest you must understand, that tho' her Uncle told his Niece the Qualities of every Wooer that ask'd her for his Wife, desiring her to marry and chuse at her pleasure; yet she never gave him any other Answer, than that she would not marry at that time; and that being so young, she did not find her self fit to undergo the burden of Matrimony: These, in all appearance, reasonable Excuses, made her Uncle give over importuning of her, and he waited 'till she were somewhat older, and could choose a Husband to her own liking. For he was wont to say, and that very well, *That Parents were not to bestow their Children where they had no liking*: But look ye now, when we least imagin'd it, the coy *Marcela* appear'd one Morning turn'd Shepherdess; and neither her Uncle, nor all those of the Village who dissuaded her from it, could prevail; but she would needs go to the Fields, and keep her own Sheep, with the other young Lasses of the Town. And the coming thus abroad, where her Beauty was seen without any hindrance, I cannot possibly tell you how many rich Youths, as well Gentlemen as Farmers, have taken on them the Habit of *Chrysothome*, and go about gallanting of her up and down these Fields: One of whom, as has been said already, was our dead Man, of whom it is reported, that he not only lov'd, but ador'd her: Nor is it to be thought, that because *Marcela* took to such liberty, and so loose a Life, in which is no manner of reservedness, that therefore she has given the least Token or shadow of Immodesty or Looseness; but on the contrary, she keeps such watch and ward upon her Honour, that among all the number that courts and makes Love to her none does, or can truly boast of having receiv'd the least encouragement, or hopes of obtaining his Desires. For tho' she does not flie or shun the Company and Conversation of Shepherds, and does use them courteously and Friendly; yet whenever any one of them begins to discover his intention, be it ever so just and holy, as that of Matrimony, she casts him away from her, as if he were shot out of a Cannon.

And this her manner of proceeding does more harm in this Countrey, than the Plague would do; for her Affability and Beauty attract the Hearts of those that serve and love her: But her Disdain and Bluntness, make them ready to despair; and so they know not what to say to her, but to call her aloud, cruel and ungrateful; with other such like Words which plainly express her Nature: And Sir, if you staid here

but

but a few Days, you should hear these Mountains and Valleys resound the Lamentations of those Wretches that follow her. There is a certain Place not far off, in which are about two dozen of Beech-Trees, and there is not one of them but has *Marcela's* Name carv'd upon it; and over the Name in some Places, a Crown, as if her Lovers would express, That *Marcela* deserves, and bears it away from all mortal Beauty. Here sighs a Shepherd, there another complains; in one Place are heard amorous Duties; in another, doleful and despairing Lamentations. One spends the whole Night sitting at the foot of an Oak, or of a Rock, where the Morning-Sun finds him transported and plung'd in his amorous Thoughts, without once having clos'd his weeping Eyes. Another allowing his Sighs no intermission, but stretch'd along upon the scorching Sand, in the heat of the Day, sends up his Complaints to merciful Heav'n; whilst *Marcela* with freedom, and unconcern'd, triumphs over every Man of them. All we that know her, wait to see, what will be the end of this her scorn, and who will be the happy Man that shall conquer that haughty Nature, and enjoy such extraordinary Beauty. And because all I have related is so notorious a Truth, it makes me the more easily believe what our Companion has told us, is reported concerning the cause of *Chrysothome's* death: And therefore I advise you, Sir, not to omit being present to morrow at his Burial, which will be worth the seeing; for *Chrysothome* has many Friends, and the Place where he commanded himself to be buried, is not half a League from hence. I design to be there, said *Don Quixote*, and return thee many Thanks for the pleasure thou hast given me in relating so delightful a Story. Alack, quoth the Goat-herd, I don't yet know half what has happen'd to *Marcela's* Lovers; but perhaps we may meet some Shepherd on the Way to morrow, that may tell us more: And for the present, you will do well to go take your rest under some shelter; for the Air may hurt your Wound, tho' the Medicine I have apply'd to it is of such a Nature, that there is no cause to apprehend any danger. *Sancho Pança* being quite out of patience with the Goat-herd's long Tale, us'd his endeavours to get his Master to sleep in *Peter's* Hut: He did so, and spent all the remaining part of the Night in thinking on his Lady *Dulcinea*, after the manner of *Marcela's* Lovers. *Sancho Pança* laid himself down between *Rozinante* and his Ass, and slept it out, not like an unfortunate Lover, but like a Man that had been well beaten.

F

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

*The Conclusion of the Story of the Shepherdess
Marcela, with other Accidents.*

BUT scarce had the Day begun to discover it self in the Windows of the *East*, when five of the six Goat-herds rising, went to awake *Don Quixote*, and ask'd of him whether he was still in the Mind to go to *Chrysofom's* Burial, and they would bear him company. *Don Quixote*, who desir'd nothing more, got up, and order'd *Sancho* to saddle and empannel in a trice; which he did with great expedition, and with the like, they all presently began their Journey: They had not yet gone a quarrer of a League, when at the crossing of a Path-way, they saw six Shepherds coming towards them, apparrell'd with black Skins, and crown'd with Garlands of Cypress, and bitter Elicampane: Every one of them carry'd in his Hand a thick Truncheon of Elm. There came also with them two Gentlemen a Horse-back, very well accouter'd for Travelling, with three men afoot that attended them: And as soon as they met, they saluted one another courteously, and ask'd whether they travell'd; and knowing that they all went towards the Place of the Burial, they set forwards together.

One of the Horse-men speaking to his Companion, said, I think, Mr. *Vivaldo*, we may reckon the time well spent, we shall stay to see this famous Burial; for it cannot chuse but be very remarkable, considering the strange Things these Shepherds have told us, as well of the dead Shepherd, as of the murdering Shepherdess. I am of the same mind, quoth *Vivaldo*, and would rather stay these four days, than miss of the Sight. *Don Quixote* ask'd what they had heard of *Marcela* and *Chrysofom*? The Traveller answer'd, They had that Morning met with those Shepherds, and seeing them apparrell'd in such mournful Attire, ask'd the occasion of it, and one of them told it, giving an account of the strange Coynefs, and Beauty of a certain Shepherdess call'd *Marcela*; and the Amours of many that Courted her; with the death of that *Chrysofom*, to whose Burial they were riding. In short, he repeated all that *Peter* had told the Night before.

This Discourse ending, another began; *Vivaldo* asking of *Don Quixote* the occasion that mov'd him to Travel Arm'd in that manner thro' so peaceable a Country? To which

Don

Chap. 5: Don QUIXOTE.

Don Quixote answer'd: My Profession allows me not to do otherwise: Ease, Pampering and Delight, were invented for soft Courriers; but Labour, Hardships and Arms were only invented and made for those the World terms Knights Errant; of which number I my self (tho' unworthy) am one, and the meanest of all. No sooner had they heard him say so, but they all concluded he was mad. And the better to discover the Truth, *Vivaldo* ask'd him what was meant by Knights Errant? Have not you read then, quoth *Don Quixote*, the Histories and Annals of England, which treat of the famous Acts of King Arthur, whom we continually call in our Castilian Language, King Artus: Of whom 'tis an ancient and common Tradition in the Kingdom of Great Britain; that he never dy'd, but was turn'd by Lchantment into a Crow; and that in process of time, he shall return again to Reign, and recover his Scepter and Kingdom. For which reason it can't be prov'd, that ever since that Time, any English Man has kill'd a Crow. In this good King's time, was first instituted the famous Order of Knighthood, of the Knights of the round Table, and the Amours there mention'd betwixt Sir Launcelot du Lake, and Queen Genever, were true to a Tittle; the honourable Lady Quintaniona, being concern'd in, and privy to them. Whence sprung that famous Ditty, so much celebrated here in Spain, of

Not one of all your Knights renown'd,
By Ladies was carel'd,
Like Launcelot when British Ground
Receiv'd him for her Guest.

With that sweet and pleasing Continuation of his amorous and valiant Acts; and from that time forward, the Order of Knighthood was deliver'd down from hand to hand, and spread it self thro' severall Parts of the World. And in it were famous and renowned for feats of Arms, the valiant Amadis of Gaule, with all his Progeny to the Fifth Generation: And the valorous Felixmarte of Hyrcania; and the never-duly-prais'd Tyrante the White, together with Sir Bevis of Hampton, Sir Guy of Warwick, Sir Eglemore, with divers others of that Nation and Age. And even almost in our own days, we have in a Manner seen, convers'd with, and heard the invincible and valiant Knight Don Belianis of Greece! This then, it is good Sirs, to be a Knight Errant; and that I have said is the Order of Chivalry: Which, as I have already told you, tho' an unworthy Sinner, I profess, and this my Profession is the same with that of those Knights before spoken of, and therefore I travel thro' these

F 2

Solitudes

Solitudes and Desarts, seeking Adventures, with a full resolution to expose my Person to the most dangerous that Fortune shall present, for the relief of weak and needy Persons.

By these Words of *Don Quixote*, the Travellers plainly perceiv'd, he was not in his Wits, and discover'd what sort of Madneſs poſſeſs'd him; at which they were aſtoniſh'd, as were all thoſe that firſt came to the knowledge of it. *Vivaldo*, who was very diſcreet and of a pleaſant diſpoſition, to make the little way, they ſaid they had to the rock where the Burial was to be, the more pleaſant; reſolv'd to give him an Opportunity to go on with his Follies, and therefore ſaid to him: Methinks, Sir Knight, you have taken upon you one of the moſt aſtere Profeſſions in the World; And I am of Opinion, that even that of the *Carthuſians* is not near ſo rigid.

It may be as rigid as our Profeſſion, quoth *Don Quixote*, but I am within an ace of making a doubt, whether it be ſo abſolutely neceſſary for the World. For to ſpeak the truth, the Souldier who executes his Captain's Commands does no leſs than the Captain who gives the orders. I mean, That Religious Men do with all peace and quietneſs beg of Heav'n the Good of the Earth. But Souldiers and we Knights do put in Execution that which they pray for, defending it with the valour of our Arms, and dint of our Swords, not under the ſhelter of Houſes, but in the open Air, expoſ'd in Summer to the ſcorching Heat of the Sun, and in Winter to the piercing Cold. So that we are the Miniſters of God on Earth, and the Arms wherewith he executes his Juſtice here. And as the Affairs of War, and Things thereto pertaining, cannot be put in execution without ſweat, Labour and Travel: it follows that thoſe who profeſs Warfare take queſtionleſs greater pains than thoſe who in quiet, peace and reſt do pray to God, that he will favour and aſſiſt them that need it. Yet I do not pretend to affirm, or ſo much as Imagine, that the State of a Knight Errant is as perfect as that of a retir'd religious Man, but only would infer from what I my ſelf ſuffer, that it is doubleleſs more laborious, more ſubject to *Baſtinadoes*, Hungry, thirſty, Miſerable, Ragged and Louſie; for the Knights Errant of times paſt, did without all doubt, ſuffer much woe and miſery in the courſe of their Lives. And if ſome of them aſcended at laſt to Empires, won by the force of their Arms, in good faith it coſt them much Sweat and Blood: And if thoſe who mounted to ſo high a degree had wanted the inchanters and wiſe Men that aſſiſted them, they would have miſt of their Aim, and been deceiv'd in their

their expectation. I am of the ſame opinion, reply'd the Traveller; but one thing among the reſt looks to me very ill in Knights Errant, which is, That when they perceive themſelves upon the point of undertaking ſome great and dangerous Adventure, in which there appears imminent danger of their Lives, they never at that moment think of offering their prayers to God, as every good Chriſtian is bound to do in like Caſes; but rather recommend themſelves to their Ladies, ſo Earneſtly and Devoutly, as if they were their Gods, which in my Opinion favours a little of *Paganism*. Sir, quoth *Don Quixote*, that cannot poſſibly be alter'd, and the Knight Errant who ſhould fail therein would be much to blame; for now it is receiv'd a cuſtom of Errant Chivalry, that the Knight-adventurer, who attempting any great feat of Arms ſhall have his Lady in Place, do mildly and amorouſly turn his Eyes towards her, as it were with them begging of her to favour and protect him in that doubtful affair which he undertakes; nay if no Body hear him, he is bound to mutter ſome Words between his Teeth, recommending himſelf to her with all his Heart: And of this we have innumerable examples in Hiſtory. Nor is it therefore to be underſtood that they omit recommending themſelves to God; for they have time and leiſure enough to do it, during the Action.

For all that, reply'd the Traveller, I have yet one ſcruple, which is, That very often, as I have read, ſome Words paſs between two Knights Errant, and one drawing on another, their paſſion boils up, and then turning their Horſes-Heads to take a ſpace for their Career; without any more ado they run full tilt at one another, recommending themſelves to their Ladies in the miſt of their Race: And commonly the event of the encounter is, that one of them tumbles over his Horſe's Crupper with his Adverſary's Lance through his Body; and the other much ado ſaves himſelf from falling by laying hold of his Horſe's Main. And here I cannot perceive how he that is ſlain had any leiſure to recommend himſelf to God whiſt this ſhort and hatty work was performing. Methinks it were better that thoſe Words which he ſpent in his Race on his Lady, were beſtow'd as they ought, and as every Chriſtian is bound to beſtow them: And the rather, becauſe I gueſs all Knights Errant have not Ladies to recommend themſelves to; for all of them are not amorouſ.

That's impoſſible, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I ſay it is impoſſible, that there ſhould be any Knight Errant without a Lady: For it is as proper and eſſential to them to be in love, as

to Heaven to have Stars: And I dare warrant, that no History was ever seen, that treated of a Knight Errant without a Mistress; for that very thing would be sufficient to cause him not to be look'd upon as a lawful Knight, but as a Bastard; and one that had not enter'd into the Fortress of the said Chivalry at the Gate, but had leap'd over the Barriers like a Thief and a Robber.

However, reply'd the other, if I forget not, I think I have read, that Don Galaor, Brother to the valourous Amadis de Gaule, had never any certain Mistress, to whom he might recommend himself; and yet for all that, he was nothing less accounted of, and was a most valiant and famous Knight. To that objection our Don Quixote answer'd, One Swallow makes no Summer. And besides, I know that Knight was very much in Love in private and that his inclination of Loving all the Ladies he fancy'd, was natural, and he could not break himself of it. But in short, it is allow'd that he had one singular Lady, to whom he often recommended himself, and that very privately; because he valu'd himself upon his keeping Council.

Then Sir, if it be essential to all Knights Errant to be in Love, quoth the Traveller, it may be presum'd that you are so, being of the same Profession: And if you do not value your self as much as Don Galaor, did upon your secrecy; I earnestly intreat you in the Name of all this Company and my own, to tell us the Name, Country, Quality and Beauty of your Lady; for I am sure she would account her self happy to think that all the World does know she is belov'd and serv'd by so worthy a Knight as your self. Here Don Quixote fetching a deep sigh, said, I cannot affirm whether my sweet Enemy delight or not what the World know, that I serve her. Only I dare avouch (answering to that which you so courteously ask'd) that her name is Dulcinea, her Country Toboso, a Village of la Mancha: Her quality must be at least that of a Princess; since she is my Queen and Lady; her Beauty more than humane; for in her are verisified, all those impossible and Chimerical attributes of Beauty, that Poets assign their Mistresses; that her Hairs are Gold, her Fore-head the Elysian fields, her Eye-brows celestial Rain-bows, her Eyes Suns, her Cheeks Roses her Lips Coral, her Teeth Pearls, her Neck Alabafter, her Bosom Marble; Ivory her Hands, and her whiteness Snow; and the Parts which Modesty conceals from humane sight, such as I think and conceive, only the wise Imagination can extol, but not compare to any other Thing. Her Linage, Progeny,

Progeny and Pedegree we also desire to know, quoth Vivaldo. To which Don Quixote answer'd, she is not of the ancient Roman Curcio's, Cayo's, or Scipio's, nor of the modern Colonnas or Ursino's, or of the Moncada's or Requesene's of Catalonia, and much less of the Rebella's and Villanova's of Valencia, Palafoxes, Nuca's, Rocaberti's, Corelia's, Alagone's, Urrea's, Foze's and Gurrea's of Aragon; Cerda's, Manriquez, Mendocas, and Guzmanes of Castile; Lancasters, Palia's and Meneses of Portugal; but she is of those of Toboso de la Mancha; a race which tho' it be modern; is such as may give a generous beginning to the most noble Families of ensuing Ages. And let none contradict me in this, if it be not upon those conditions that Cerbino put at the Foot of Orlando's Armour, To wit:

Let no discourteous Knight,
Presume these Arms to move:
Unless he dares in single Fight
His force with great Orlando prove.

Tho' my linage be of the Cachopine's of Laredo, reply'd the Traveller; yet dare I not compare it with that of Toboso in la Mancha; tho' to speak the truth, I never heard any mention of that Sirname you speak of. It is likely you have not heard of many other Things of note, quoth Don Quixote.

All the company Travell'd, giving marvellous attention to the Discourse of those two; and even the very Goat-herds and Shepherds began to perceive Don Quixote's great want of sense; only Sancho Pança did verily believe, that all his Master's Words were most true, as one that knew what he was, from the very time of his Birth. But that which somewhat stagger'd his belief was, what related to the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso; for he had never heard speak in his life before of such a name or Princess, tho' he had liv'd so many Years hard by Toboso.

Thus were they discoursing, when betwixt the Clift of two lofty Mountains they discover'd about twenty Shepherds coming down, all clad in Jerkins of black Wooll, and crown'd with Garlands; which as they afterwards perceiv'd, were all of Ewe and Cypress; six of them carry'd a Bier, cover'd with many sorts of Flowers and Boughs. Which one of the Goat-herds spying, he said, those that come there, are they that bring Chrystom's Body, and the foot of that Mountain is the Place where he has commanded them to bury him. These Words mov'd them to make more haste, that they might come

To the Place in good time; which they did just as the others had laid down the Corps on the ground: And four of them, with sharp Pick-axes dug the Grave at the side of a hard Rock. Both Companies saluted one another very courteously, and then *Don Quixote*, and those that came with him, began to look upon the Bier, where they saw a dead Body, all cover'd with Flowers, and apparell'd like a Shepherd about thir'dry Years of Age; and tho' dead it appear'd, he had been of a beautiful Aspect and graceful Presence. About him in the Bier were plac'd several Papers and Books, some of them open and some shut, and as well those that look'd on, as they that made the Grave; and all the rest that were present kept a Marvellous silence, till one of them that carry'd the dead Man, said to another: Mind well *Ambrose*, whether this be the Place that *Chrysoptom* meant; since thou would'st have all he order'd in his Will so punctually fulfill'd. This is it, reply'd *Ambrose*; for here many times my unhappy Friend told me the Story of his misfortunes; even there he told me he first saw that cruel Enemy of Mankind, and there it was he first disclos'd his thoughts to her, which were no less Honourable than Amorous, and even there *Marcela* finally discarded and disdain'd him, putting an end to the Tragedy of his Life. And here in Memory of so many misfortunes he commanded himself to be committed to the Bowels of eternal Oblivion. Then turning himself to *Don Quixote*, and to the other Travellers, he said: This Body, Sirs, which you now behold with pitiful Eyes, was the depository of a Soul on which Heaven had bestow'd an infinite quantity of its Treasures. This is the Body of *Chrysoptom*, who was singular for Wit, matchless for Breeding, charming in his Behaviour, steady in Friendship, magnificent without Measure, grave without Presumption, pleasant without Offence; and finally, the first in all that is good, and second to none in all unfortunate Mischances. He lov'd well, and was hated; he ador'd, and was disdain'd; he courted a Savage Creature; importun'd a Heart of Marble; he pursu'd the Wind; he cry'd to the Desarts; he serv'd Ingratitude, which rewarded him with Death in the prime of his Life, which was cut off by a Shepherd's whom he labour'd to eternize, that she might ever live in the memories of Men; as those Papers which you see there might very well prove, had he not commanded me to Sacrifice them to the Flames, as soon as his Body was deliver'd to the Earth.

In

In so doing, quoth *Vivaldo*, you would exercise greater rigour and cruelty towards them, than their Master; for it is neither just, nor reasonable that the Will of him should be fulfill'd, who ordains things that are repugnant to Reason. Nor would *Augustus Caesar* himself have gain'd the reputation of Wisdom, if he had permitted that to be put in execution which the divine *Mantuan* had by his Will ordain'd. So that, worthy Sir, you may commit your Friend's Body to the Earth, without condemning his Writings to Oblivion; for what he ordain'd as an injur'd Person, is not fit for you to fulfill without incurring the censure of Indiscretion; but rather, by giving life to these Papers, you will make *Marcela's* cruelty immortal, that in future Ages it may stand as a Monument to warn such as then live, to avoid and fly from the like disasters: For I and all that come with me already know the whole Story of this your amorous and desperate Friend, and we are not Ignorant of your Friendship, the cause of his Death, and what he ordain'd at the last Hour. From which lamentable Story may be gather'd, the greatness of *Marcela's* Cruelty; of *Chrysoptom's* Love; of your Fidelity and Friendship, and the end of those who run Headlong in the way distracted Love shows them. Last Night we heard of *Chrysoptom's* Death, and that he was to be Bury'd in this Place, and therefore both in Curiosity and Pity we came out of our way, and resolv'd to be Eye-Witnesses of that, which we were so much concern'd at only by hear-say. Therefore in requital for this our Compassion, and of the desire we had of preventing the Misfortune, were it possible, we intreat you, worthy *Ambrose*, and I particularly make it my request to you, that forbearing to burn these Papers you will permit me to take some of them away with me. And without expecting the Shepherd's answer, he stretch'd out his Hand and took some of them that lay next to him. Which *Ambrose* perceiving, said, I will consent Sir, out of Civility, that you keep what you have taken, but it were a Folly to think I would forbear burning the rest. *Vivaldo* who long'd to see what the Papers contain'd, presently open'd one of them and found it bore this Title, *A Ditty of despair*. *Ambrose* overheard him, and said, That is the last Paper this unfortunate Shepherd writ; and Sir, that you may see to what a pass his misfortunes had brought him, I pray you read it, but so as you may be heard; for you will have leisure enough to do it whilst the Grave is Digging. I will do it with all my heart, reply'd *Vivaldo*, and all that were

were present, desiring he same thing they gather'd about him; and he reading it in an audible Voice, found it was as follows.

C H A P. VI.

Containing the despairing Verses of the dead Shepherd, with other unexpected Accidents.

Chrysofom's Despair.

I.

* SINCE 'tis thy Will, relentless Fair!
The World thy Tyranny should know,
Furies assist my mad Despair,
And tune my howling Voice to Notes of Woe!
Inspire me, Hell! with some infernal strain
Sad as my Grievs, killing as her Disdain!
And while my anguish'd Breast in deep-fetch'd Sighs
Breaths forth its mournful Miseries,
(Convulsive sighs, that may like Earth-quakes tear
My Heart, and bleeding Entrails as they rise)
Oh! lend at last a list'ning Ear,
The harsh ungrateful Discords bear
Which for my Ease, and thy Despight,
Heaving for Vent burst out, and frantick take their Flight!

2.

The Lion's Roar, the hungry Howl
Of rav'ning Wolves, the Serpent's frightful Hiss;
The Cries of all the Monstrous Wilderness,
Joynd with the Raven's Croak, and the presaging Owl;
The widow'd Turtle's solitary Song;
The horrid Clamours of the stormy Skies,
Vexing the Ocean till it fries;

The

The vanquish'd Bull, that bellows thro' the Plain
Implacable; the Tells and bitter Cries,
Of tortur'd Ghosts that dwell in Pain;
Succeed by turns, and in a Round
Distract the Ears, the sense confound!
Joyn with my wild Complaints, and help to show
In unexamp'd Ways, an unexamp'd Woe!

3.

Yet shall not the discordant Sound
O'er Tagus Golden Sands rebound,
Or Betis Banks with Olives crown'd.
These Rocks alone shall bear my Moans;
These Bottom-Lands repeat my Groans:
Stretch'd in some solitary Vale
With Tears my Sorrows I'll bewail,
Haunt Desert-Plains, and Forest-Shades,
And Dens where Day-light ne'er invades
Amidst the foul Society
Of poisonous Snakes, and Beasts as wild as I:
For tho' the vast extent of these wide Downs,
The faint Replies of Echo drowns;
Yet shall my Sighs on Winds, away
To distant Lands the Tragick Tale convey,
And thro' th' astonish'd World relate,
Thy matchless Rigour, and my cruel Fate.

4.

Suspicion, whether false or true,
Sinks Patience in a Storm; Scorn kills out-right.
But restless Jealousie
Destroys with more inveterate Cruelty;
Long Absence has its Torments too,
And fear to be forgot puts firmest Hope to Flight.
Each is a certain Death alone
Yet I, amazing Prodigy!
Still live, and suffer every one
Scorn, Absence, just Suspicion, Jealousie.
Plung'd in Oblivion, yet my Flames encrease;

Benighted

Benighted in Despair.

No Beams of friendly Dawn appear,
Nor do I look for ease;
But to be singular in Woe,
I swear all Hope for ever to forego.

5.

Can the same Breast at the same instant bear,
Th' Extremes of fearish Hope, and shiv'ring Fear?
Or when the Grounds of Fear are plain,
Ought we with flatt'ring Dreams to lull our Pain?
How can I then, when Jealousie
Appears before me like a Spright,
How can I turn away my careless sight?
If I look inward, still I spy,
Among a thousand Wounds, the Tyrant there.
Then who'd not freely entertain,
With open Breast a just despair;
Whose Hopes are murder'd by disdain?
Oh quick, thou fierce Tormenter, Jealousie!
A friendly Sword, or Cord, supply,
To rid me of my Pain!
Pleas'd with the bloody Victory,
Disdain shall stand
Triumphant by, and lend a helping Hand.

6.

I die! and to compleat the Tragedy,
Distracted as my life, my Death shall be.
Amus'd with fond Conceits; I'll say,
He's blest that gives his Heart away,
And the worst Slave to Love is free.
That my fair Foe, in a bright Shrine,
Does wear a Soul that's all Divine:
I'll justifie her proud Disdain,
Of all my Woes, pronounce my self the Cause,
Swear she maintains an easie Reign
By Love's most peaceful Laws.
Then furious at the Thought, I'll snatch my Doom,
Draw close the Knot, and offer whole
My wretched Body, and more wretched Soul,
Regardless of my Fate to come,

7. Ab.

7.

Al! barbarous Cause, of this unnat'ral Deed
By which a loathsome Life I fly!
Behold my wounded Heart! and whilst thou see'st it Bleed
A willing Victim to thy Cruelty:
If sense of injur'd Merit chance to rise,
And cloud thy Beauty's, Heav'n, and melt thy stubborn Eyes;
Yet Oh restrain the falling Flood!
For my lost Soul, no recompence I'd have,
But fall unpit' d to the Grave.
Then laugh, and triumph in my Blood:
I know thou wilt, 'tis needless to advise;
I know my Funeral Obsequies
Will please thy Pride, and make thy Wishes good.

8.

Hither from Hell's profoundest Deep
Let famish'd Tantalus repair:
Let Sisyphus his Rocky Burden bear,
And Tityus bring his Vulture that ne'er sleeps:
Let curst Ixion on his wheel prepare
To join the lab'ring Sisters three,
That Spin th' eternal Thread of Destiny,
And altogether sing some mournful Air,
Such as befits a wild Despair.
And wail, with melancholy Sound
O're a vile Corps, unworthy of the Ground.
Let Hell's grim Centry too, with triple Tongue
Forsake his Ward to help the Song:
And dim Chimera's, and a thousand more
Infernal Shapes, with horrid Roar,
The dolorous Dirge prolong!
Such hideous Pomp, may best suffice
A dying Lover's Obsequies.

9. Fare-

Farewell! despairing Muse
 Farewell! and now no more complain,
 When thou my sad Society shalt lose!
 But rather, since my lovely Foe,
 That first inspir'd thee with this strain,
 Do's by my Death, more happy grow;
 Thou too all sorrow must refrain;
 Farewell! and now no more complain!

Chrysoftom's Verses pleas'd all the Hearers, tho' he that read them, said, he thought they did not answer the Character he had heard of *Marcela's* Modesty and Reservedness; because in them, *Chrysoftom* complain'd of Jealousie, Mistrust and Absence; all which was prejudicial to *Marcela's* Fame. To this Objection, *Ambrose* Answer'd (as one that knew very well the most hidden Secrets of his Friend) you must understand, Sir, for the better clearing of your doubt, That when the unfortunate Shepherd compos'd those Verses, he was absent from *Marcela*; from whose presence he had design'dly withdrawn himself, to try whether absence would have its usual effect upon him: And as every thing does vex an absent Lover, and every fear afflicts him; so was *Chrysoftom* tormented with imagin'd jealousies, and conceited Doubts, as much as if they had been real and true: And this makes out the Truth of what is carry'd about by Fame concerning *Marcela's* Vertue; who abating that she is cruel, somewhat haughty, and very disdainful, cannot be attainted of the least Fault, even by Envy it self. You are in the right, quoth *Vivaldo*, and being about to read another of the Papers which he had rescu'd from the Flames, he was prevented by a strange Vision (for such it seem'd) that unexpectedly offer'd it self to their view: Which was, That on the top of the Rock where they made the Grave, appear'd the Shepherdess *Marcela*, so fair, that her Beauty far exceeded the Fame of it. Those who had not seen her before gaz'd on her with silence and admiration; and they who were us'd to see her, were no less surpriz'd than the others that had never set Byes on her before: But scarce had *Ambrose*



Tome I.

fol. 78.

brose ey'd her, when with some signs of indignation, he said to her. Com'st thou by chance, O fierce Bagliick of these Mountains! to see whether the Wounds of the Wretch thou hast murder'd, will yet bleed at thy presence? or do'st thou come to glory in the tragical Feats of thy cruel Nature? Or to behold from that height, like another merciless *Nero*, the Fire of his burning *Rome*? or arrogantly to trample on this unfortunate Carcass, as the ungrateful Daugh'r did her Father *Tarquin's*? Tell us quickly, why thou com'st, or what thou aim'st at? for since I know that *Chrysestem*, whilst living, never once disobey'd thee even in Thought; I will oblige all these we call his Friends, to obey thee after his Death.

'I come not, *Ambrose*, reply'd *Marcela*, to any of those ends thou hast spoken of, but to clear my self, and to show how much they are in the wrong who blame me for their Sufferings, and the Death of *Chrysestem*; and therefore I desire all here present, to give ear to me; for it will not require much time, or many Words to convince Men of Sense, of the Truth. Heav'n, as you say, has made me Beautiful, and that to such a Degree, that my Form forces you, against your Will, to love me; and in return for the Affection you show me, you say I ought, and would oblige me to love you. I know by that natural Reason God has endow'd me with, that every fair Thing is amiable; but cannot conceive, that every Creature that is belov'd for its Beauty, is oblig'd to return Love for Love: Besides it might so fall out, that the Person so loving that which was Beautiful, might be deform'd; and deform'd things being worthy of Hate, it would be very improper to say, I love you, because you are Beautiful, do you love me tho' I am Deform'd. But tho' the Beauties were equal, yet the Inclinations may not be the same; for all Beauties do not enamour; there being some that please the Sight, but do not subdue the Affection: But if all Beauties did enamour and subdue, then Mens Inclinations would run into confusion, without knowing where to fix; for, the beautiful Objects being innumerable, the Desires, it must follow, would also be innumerable. Now, as I have been told, true Love can't be divided, and must be free without any restraint: Which if it be so, as I believe it is, why would you have me, by force, subject my Affection, only because you say you love me? For, tell me if Heav'n, as it made me handsome, had made me deform'd, were it reasonable

sonable I should complain because you did not love me? Besides you ought to consider, that I did not chuse the Beauty I have; for whatever it is, Heav'n gave it me freely, without my asking or chusing of it. And as the Viper ought not to be blam'd for the Poison she carries, tho' she kill with it, because it was given her by Nature; so I deserve as little to be found fault with for being Beautiful: For Beauty in a modest Woman, is like a Fire afar off, or a sharp edg'd Sword; for neither the one Burns, nor the other cuts those that do not come near them. Honour and Vertue are the Ornaments of the Soul, without which, the fairest Body is not to be esteem'd as such. And if Modesty be one of the Vertues that most adorns and beautifies the Body and Soul; why should she that is belov'd, because fair, run the risque of losing it, only to answer his expectation, who for his own satisfaction, uses all his endeavours that she may lose it? I was born free, and that I might live free, I made choice of the solitude of the Fields: The Trees of these Mountains are my Companions; the clear Water of these Streams my Mirrors. To the Trees and Waters I communicate my Thoughts and Beauty: I am a Fire at a distance, and a Sword laid aloof off; those I have enamour'd with my sight, I have undeceiv'd with my Words. And if Desires be fed by Hopes, I have never given *Chrystom* or any other the least encouragement; it may rather be said, he was kill'd by his own Obstinacy than my Cruelty. And if it be laid to my charge, That his Designs were honourable, and therefore oblig'd to comply with them: I say, that when in that very Place where you dig his Grave, he first broke his Mind to me: I told him my intention was to live in perpetual Solitude; and that only the Earth should gather the Fruits of my reserv'dness, and the Spoils of my Beauty. And if he would after so flat a Denyal, go on obstinately against all Hope, and strive against the Stream, what wonder is it that he should perish in the surges of his own Folly? If I had entertain'd him, then were I false: If I had pleas'd him, then had I acted contrary to my own Resolutions: He was obstinate, tho' undeceiv'd; he despair'd e'er he was hated. Judge ye then whether I ought to be blam'd for his Sufferings. Let him complain who has been deceiv'd: Let him despair whom his promis'd Hopes have fail'd: Let him Hope whom I shall ever call: Let him boast whom I admit: But let him not call me cruel or Murderer, whom I never

promis'd,

promis'd, deceiv'd, call'd, or admitted: Heav'n has not yet ordain'd I should love by Destiny; and to think I will do it by choice, is a madness. Let this be a warning to all those who court me for their own ends; and be it known from this time forward, that if any one dies for my sake, he neither dies jealous nor unfortunate; for she that loves no Man, ought to make none jealous, since plain-dealing must not be look'd upon as scorn. Let him that calls me Savage Creature and Basilisk, shun me as dangerous and hurtful; let him not court me, who calls me ungrateful. If he calls me unkind, let him not endeavour to know me; if cruel, let him forbear to follow me: For this Savage, this Basilisk, this Ingrate, this Cruel and Unkind one, will neither seek, serve, know, or pursue any of them. For if *Chrystom's* impatience and fierce Desire was the Death of him, why should my Modesty and reserv'dness bear the blame? If I preserve my integrity among these Trees, why should he desire me to lose it, who would have me still preserve it among Men? I have, as you all know, Riches enough of my own, and therefore do not covet other Mens. I have a free Humour, and do not desire to be under subjection: I neither love or hate any Man; I do not deceive this Man, or follow the other; nor do I jest with one, and pass the time with another. The modest Conversation of the Shepherdesses of these Villages, and the care of my Goats divert me: My Desires are bounded by these Mountains; and if they exceed, it is to contemplate the Beauty of Heav'n, which is the Road the Soul takes to return to its first Place of Abode. This said, without expecting any Answer, she turn'd her Back, and enter'd into the thickest part of the Wood, that was near at hand; leaving all that were present in admiration of her Beauty and Discretion.

Some that were wounded by the powerful Beams of her beautiful Eyes, made shew as if they would follow her, being nothing the wiser for her plain-dealing; which *Don Quixote* observing, and thinking this was a fit opportunity to make use of his Knighthood, relieving Damsels in need, laying his Hand on the Pommet of his Sword, he said with a loud and intelligible Voice. 'Let no Person of whatsoever State or condition he be, presume to follow the fair *Marcela*, under pain of incurring my furious indignation. She has plainly made out how little she was to blame for *Chrystom's*

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‘*stom*’s death, and how far she is from condescending to the Desires of any of her Lovers, for which Reason, it is just, that instead of being pursu’d and persecuted, she be honour’d and esteem’d by all the good Men of the World; for she makes it appear, that in it, only she lives with so modest a Design. Now whether it was the effect of *Don-Quixote*’s Threats, or because *Ambrose* desir’d them to perform the Duty they ow’d their good Friend: None of the Shepherds stirr’d or departed, till the Grave being made, and *Chrysoptom*’s Papers burn’d, they laid the Body into it with many Tears of the Spectators. They cover’d the Grave with a great Stone, till a Tomb were finish’d, which *Ambrose* said he would order to be made, with an Epitaph on it to this effect.

THE EPITAPH.

* **T**HE Body of a wretched Swain
 Beneath this Marble lies,
 By the resistless Glances slain
 Of a coy Nymph’s disdainful Eyes,
 In whom Love holds his potent Reign,
 Amidst a Thousand Tyrannies.

Then they strew’d on the Grave many Flowers and Boughs; and every one condoling a while with his Friend *Ambrose*, they bid him farewell, and departed. The same did *Vivaldo* and his Companion: And *Don Quixote*, bidding his Host and his Travellers adieu they desir’d him to go with them to *Sevil*, because it was a Place so fit for finding of Adventures; that they are not so frequent in any other, as they are there in every Street, and at every Turning. *Don Quixote* gave them Thanks for their Advice, and the good will they seem’d to have to gratifie him, and said, he neither ought nor would go to *Sevil*, til he had freed all those Mountains of Thieves and Robbers, which as he had heard swarm’d there. The Travellers understand-

understanding his good Design, would not press him any farther, but taking their leaves over again, left him, and follow’d on their Journey, well furnish’d with Matter for Discourse, as well by the Story of *Chrysoptom*, and *Marcela*, as the Follies of *Don Quixote*, who resolv’d to go in quest of the Shepherdes *Marcela*, and to offer himself wholly up to her Service. But it happen’d not as he expected, as appears in the Sequel of this true History, whose Second Book ends here.

The End of the Second Book.

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The Delightful
HISTORY
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The most Ingenious KNIGHT,
DON QUIXOTE *de La Mancha.*

TOME I. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

*Giving an account of the unfortunate Adventure
 Don Quixote lighted upon in meeting with
 certain * Yanguesian Carriers.*

THE wife *Cyd Hamete Venengeli* relates, that as soon as *Don Quixote* had taken leave of the Goat-herds his Hofts, and of all those that were present at the Burial of the Shepherd *Chrysoftom*; he and his Squire presently took into the same Wood, into which they had seen the beautiful Shepherdess *Marcela* enter before: And having Travell'd in it about two Hours without finding her,

* Carriers of the Kingdom of Galicia so call'd.

they came at length to a pleasant Meadow, enrich'd with a-bundance of flourishing grafs, near to which runs a delightful and refreshing stream, which did invite, and oblige them there to pass the heat of the Day, which then began to come on very violently. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* alighted, and leaving the *As*s and *Rozinante* to their freedom in those Plains to feed on the plenty of Grafs that was there, they ransackt their Wallets, where without any Ceremony the Master and Man eat what they found in them Lovingly and Friendly. *Sancho* had taken no care to Fetter *Rozinante* being satisfy'd he knew him to be of so peaceable a disposition, and so little given to quarrelling, that all the Mares in the Pastures of *Cordova* could not make him commit an unlucky Trick. But Fortune so dispos'd it, or rather the Devil, who sleeps not at all Hours, that a Troop of *Galician* Mares, belonging to certain *Tanguesian* Carriers, did feed up and down in the same Valley; which Carriers are wont, with their Beasts, to pass the heats of the Day in Places where there is Grafs and Water. And that where *Don Quixote* hapned to be, was very fit for their purpose. It so fell out, that *Rozinante* took a fancy to solace himself with the Lady-Mares, and therefore as soon as he smelt them, forgetting his natural Pace and Custom, without asking leave of his Master; he fell into a little short Trot, and went to impart his necessities to them. But they who as it seem'd, had more mind to feed than to any thing else, receiv'd him with their Heels and Teeth, in such manner, that they broke his Girts, and left him bare without his Saddle. But that which surely griev'd him most was, that the Carriers perceiving the violence that was offer'd by him to their Mares, repair'd presently to their relief, with hedge-stakes in their Hands, and did so belabour him, that they laid him along on the Ground in piteous Plight. By this time *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, who had seen the basting of *Rozinante*, were coming up panting for want of breath, and *Don Quixote* said to *Sancho*, as far as I can perceive Friend *Sancho*, these Men are no Knights, but base rascally People of vile Quality: I say it, because thou may'st help me to take due revenge for the outrage they have done before our Face to *Rozinante*. What a Devil quoth *Sancho*, what a revenge should we take, when they are above twenty, and we but two, and perhaps but one and a half. I am worth a hundred, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and without Arguing any longer, he set Hand to his Sword, and slew upon the *Tanguesians*, and *Sancho Panza* mov'd by his Lord's Example did the like; when with the

the first blow *Don Quixote* piercing a Buff-coat that one of them wore, wounded him grievously in the Shoulder. The *Tanguesians* seeing themselves so rudely handled by two Men only, they being so many, had recourse to their Stakes, and hemming in their Adversaries, laid on them wonderful earnest and vigorously. True it is that at the second Peal they struck *Sancho* down to the Ground, and the like hapn'd to *Don Quixote*; his Dexterity and Courage nothing availing him in that exigency, and Fate so ordaining he fell just at his Courser's Feet, who had not yet gotten up; by which we may perceive how furiously Stakes batter, when they are in rustical and angry Fists. The Carriers seeing the mischief they had done, truss'd up their Packs as fast as they could, and went onward in their way; leaving the two Adventurers in an ill Posture, and a worse Condition. The first that came to himself was *Sancho Panza*, who seeing his Master near him, said with a weak and pitiful Voice, Sir *Don Quixote*! O Sir *Don Quixote*! What would'st thou have Friend *Sancho*, reply'd the Knight, in the like effeminate and doleful Tone? I would, quoth *Sancho* have of your Worship, a draught or two of the Liqueur of *Feoblas*, if you have any of it at Hand, perhaps it is as good for broken Bones, as it is for Wounds. Why if I had it here, wretch that I am, reply'd *Don Quixote*, what should we need to care for any thing; but I swear to thee *Sancho*, by the faith of a Knight Errant, that before two Days are over (unless Fortune order otherwise) I will be Master of it, or it shall go hard with me. I Pray you, quoth *Sancho*, within how many Days think you shall we be able to stir our Feet? For my own part, quoth the batter'd Knight, I cannot set any certain term to the Days of our recovery, but I am in the fault of all; for I should not have drawn my Sword against Men that were not Knights, as well as I, and therefore I believe the God of Battels has permitted this punishment should fall upon me, for transgressing the Laws of Knighthood. Wherefore Friend *Sancho*, it is requisite that thou best inform'd of what I shall now say to thee; for it imports us both very much, and is, that when thou see'st the like rascally Rabble do us any wrong, thou do not wait till I set Hand to my Sword against them; for I will not do it on any account: But draw thou thine and chastise them at thy Pleasure; and if any Knights shall come to their assistance and succour, I shall know then how to defend thee: and offend them with all my force, for thou hast already found by a thousand signs and experiments, how far the valour of this my

invincible Arm extends (so proud was the poor Knight, at the victory he had gain'd over the valiant *Biscainer*.) Yet *Sancho* lik'd not this advice of his Master so well, but that he answer'd him, saying, Sir, I am a peaceable, quiet and sober Man, and can put up any injury, for I have a Wife and Children to maintain and bring up: Wherefore let this be a warning to you (since it cannot be a command) that I will not lay Hand to my Sword in any wise, be it against Clown or Knight; and that from this time forward, I do pardon, before God, all the wrongs they have done, or shall do me, whether they were, are, or shall be done by high or low Person, Rich or Poor, Gentleman or Churl, without excepting any state or Condition. Which his Master hearing, said; I could wish I had breath enough, to answer thee with a little more ease, or that the pain I feel in this Rib were asswag'd ever so little, that I might *Pançá* make thee sensible of the error thou art in. For consider wretch, if Fortune's Gale which hitherto has prov'd so contrary to us, should come about, and fill the Sails of our desires, so as to carry us safe, and without any let into the Port of some of those Islands I have promis'd thee; what would become of thee, if I conquering it, made thee Lord of it; since thou would'st disable thy self in regard thou art not a Knight, nor desir'st to be one, nor would'st have valour or will to revenge thy injuries, or to defend thy Lordships? For thou must understand, that in the Kingdoms and Provinces newly conquer'd, the minds of the Inhabitants are never so thoroughly pleas'd or Wedded to the affection of their new Lord, but that it is to be fear'd, they will be still for Novelties, and try Fortune over again. And it is therefore requisite, that the new Possessor have understanding to Govern, and valour to offend, and defend himself in any Adventure whatsoever. I wish, quoth *Sancho*, I had been furnish'd with that understanding, and valour you speak of, in this last that has befallen us; but I vow to you, upon the faith of a poor Man, that I am now fitter for Plaisters than talk. I Pray you try whether you can rise, and we will help *Rozinante*, tho' he deserves it not; for he was the principal cause of all these Troubles; I never believ'd the like before *Rozinante*, whom I ever held to be as Chaste and Peaceable a Person as my self. In short, it is a true saying, that it is a long time before we can know any Body thoroughly, and that we are sure of nothing in this World. Who would have thought that after the mighty Blows you gave that unfortunate Knight Errant, there would

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so suddenly have ensu'd, as if sent after us by the Post, such a furious Tempest of Cudgelling, as has fall'n on our Shoulders. Thine *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, are perhaps inur'd to such Storms, but mine that have been pamper'd in soft Corton and fine Holland, must certainly be more sensible of the pain of this Misfortune. And were it not that I imagine, (but why do I say imagine?) I know certainly, that all these inconveniencies are incident to the exercise of Arms, I would here dye for very wrath and displeasure. To this the Squire answer'd, Sir, since these misfortunes are the Fruits of Knighthood, I Pray tell me whether they occur very often, or whether they has any certain times prefix'd and allotted. For methinks two more such Adventures will wholly disable us for a third, if God in his Mercy does not succour us. Know friend *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, That the life of Knights Errant is subject to a thousand Dangers and Misfortunes: And it is no less within an ace of making them Kings and Emperours, as experience has shewn in sundry Knights, of whose Histories I have perfect Knowledge. And I could tell thee now (were it not for the pain I endure) of some of them who have mounted to those high places I have mention'd, only by the valour of their Arm. And the very same Men were both before and after, several times in misery and distress. For the valorous *Amadis of Gaul* saw himself in the power of his mortal Enemy *Arcaulus* the Inchanter, of whom it is a receiv'd Opinion that he gave him, being his Prisoner, above two hundred Lashes with his Horse's Reins, after he had ty'd him to a Pillar in his Base-Court. And there is besides a private Authour of no small Credit, who says, That the *Knight of the Sun*, being taken by a Trap-door which sunk under his Feet in a certain Castle, after the fall found himself in a deep Dungeon under Ground, bound Hands and Feet; and there they gave him a Glister of Snow-water and Sand, which almost kill'd him. And were it not that he was succour'd in that great distress, by a wise Man his special Friend, it had gone ill with the poor Knight. So that I may very well pass among so many worthy Persons; for the affronts put upon them were greater than those we now endure. For, *Sancho*, I would have thee to understand, That those Wounds which are given, with such Instruments as are accidentally in one's Hand, do not disgrace a Man: And it is Written in the Laws of Duel, in express Terms, That if the Shoe-maker strike another with the Last which he has in his Hand, tho' it be certainly of Wood; yet cannot it be said, That he who was stricken, had the

the Bastonado. I say this, to the end thou may'st not think, tho' we were bruised in this last conflict, that therefore we are disgrac'd; for the Arms which those Men bore, and wherewith they belabour'd us, were no other than their pack-staves, and as far as I can remember, never a one of them had a ruck, Sword, or Dagger. They gave me no leisure answer'd *Sancho*, to look to them so nearly, for scarce had I laid hand on my Tilter, when they blest my Shoulders with their young Trees so severely, that I lost my Sight and my Feet at once, and fell on the Place where I now lye, and am nothing troubl'd to think; whether the Cudgelling was an affront or not, but much concern'd at the Pain caus'd by the Blows, which will make as deep an Impression in my Memory as they have done in my Back. For all that, thou may'st understand, Friend *Pançá*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that there is no Memory which time does not deface, nor Pain which death does not put an end to. What greater Misfortune, quoth *Sancho*, can there be than that which only expects Time and Death to end and consume it? If this our mishap were such as might be cur'd with two or three Plaisters, it were not so bad; but I begin to perceive, that all the Salves of an Hospital will not suffice to bring them to any good. Leave off *Sancho*, and put a good Face upon a bad Matter, said *Don Quixote*, for so will I do too, and let us see how *Roxinante* does, for as I conceive, he has had no small share in this Misfortune. That's no wonder, quoth *Sancho*, since he also is a Knight Errant, what I admire at is, that my As has come off scot Free, when our Bones have paid for the rost. Fortune always leaves a Hole to creep out at, quoth *Don Quixote*, I say so in regard that poor Beast may supply the want of *Roxinante*, carrying me hence to some Castle, where I may be cur'd of my Wounds. Nor do I look upon this kind of riding as dishonourable; for I remember I have read, that the good old *Silenus* Tutor to the merry God of Laughter, when he entred the City of the hundred Gates, rode very fairly mounted on a goodly As. It is like, quoth *Sancho*, that he rode as you say upon an As; but there is great difference betwixt riding and being laid athwart one like a Sack of rubbish. To this *Don Quixote* answer'd, Wounds receiv'd in Battel, are rather Honourable than Disgraceful. Wherefore Friend *Pançá* make no more words on't, but as I have said, rise the best thou can'st, and lay me as thou pleasest upon thy Beast, and let us depart from hence before Night overtake us in these Desarts. Yet I have heard you say, quoth *Pançá*, that it was the usual Custom of Knights Errant to sleep in Downs and Desarts most of the Year, and that they look'd upon it as good Fortune. That is, said *Don Quixote*

Quixote, when they have no other shift, or when they are in Love; and this is so true, that there has been a Knight who has dwelt on a Rock, expos'd to the Sun, and to the Shade, and to the Weather, for two whole Years, without his Lady's knowledge, and *Amadis* was one of that kind, when calling himself *Beltenebros* he dwelt on the *Poor Rock*, I know not punctually whether eight Years, or eight Months, for I do not remember the Story well; let it suffice that there he dwelt doing Pennance, for some unkindness I know not of, that his Lady *Oriana* shew'd him. But setting this aside, dispatch *Sancho*, before some Misfortune like to that of *Roxinante* befall the As. That were the Devil, quoth *Sancho*, and so breathing thirty Sobs, and threescore Sighs, and a hundred and twenty Curses and Execrations against him that brought him thither, he arose, continuing bent in the Middle, like a Turkish Bow, without being able to stand upright, and notwithstanding all this difficulty, he made ready his As, who had also had made use of the liberty of the Day to stray a little from him. Then he hoisted up *Roxinante*, who were he endow'd with a Tongue to complain, would certainly have born his Lord and *Sancho* Company. In fine *Sancho* laid *Don Quixote* on the As, and ty'd *Roxinante* to his Tail, and leading the As by the Halter, took that way which he thought would bring him soonest into the Road, which Fortune, now grown more Favourable, discover'd to him before he had Travell'd a little League; and on it an Inn, which in despite of him, for *Don Quixote's* satisfaction was to pass for a Castle. *Sancho* asserted it was an Inn, and his Master that it was not so but a Castle, and the dispute lasted so long that they came to the place before they could agree, and so in went *Sancho* and his train without inquiring further into the Matter.

C H A P. II.

Of what happen'd to the ingenious Knight, in the Inn, which he suppos'd to be a Castle.

THE Inn-keeper seeing *Don Quixote* laid athwart the Ass, ask'd *Sancho* what his disease was? *Sancho* answer'd, that it was nothing but a fall from a Rock, and that his Ribs were somewhat bruise'd. This Inn-keeper had a Wife, of a better disposition than those of that Trade usually are; for she was Charitable, and would be concern'd at the Misfortunes of her Neighbours, and therefore came presently to dress *Don Quixote*; causing her Daughter, a very comely young Maiden, to help her dress her Guest. There also serv'd in the Inn an *Asturian* Wench who was Broad-fac'd, Flat-pated, Saddle-nos'd, blind of one Eye, and the other almost out; true it is her good shape made amends for all other defects. She was not seven Hands high from Head to Foot, and her Shoulders which were somewhat heavy made her look down oftner than she would have done. This Beautiful Piece did assist the young Maiden, and both of them made a very bad Bed for *Don Quixote* in an old wild Room, which still shew'd the Tokens that it had formerly serv'd several Years to keep Straw in. There also was quarter'd a Carrier, whose Bed was a little beyond *Don Quixote's*, and tho' made of the Pannels and Cloaths that cover'd his Mules, was far beyond the Knights, which consisted of four not over smooth Boards on two uneven Tressels, a Flock-bed so thin, it look'd more like a Quilt full of hard Nobs, which had they not shown that they were Wooll at some Holes made by Antiquity on the Tick, a Man would have thought they had been Pebbles, a pair of Sheets like the Leather of a Targer, and a Blanket every Thread whereof was easy to be told.

In this ungracious Bed, lay *Don Quixote*, and presently the Hostess and her Daughter anointed him all over, and *Mari-tornes* (for so the *Asturian* Wench was call'd) held the Candle. The Hostess in plaistering of him, perceiving he was full of Bruises in sundry Places, told him, that those, rather seem'd to be the Marks of Blows than of a Fall. They were not Blows, reply'd *Sancho*, but the Rock had many

Chap. 2. Don QUIXOTE.

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stumps, Ends and Knobs sticking out, and every one of them left behind it a Token: And I desire you good Mistrefs, quoth he, to save some Flax, and we shall find one that has need enough of it; for I assure you, the small of my Back akes very much. If so, quoth the Hostess, it is likely you fell too. I did not fall, quoth *Sancho Pança*, but with the sudden fright I took at my Master's Fall, my Body does so pain me, that methinks I have been handsomly belabour'd. It may very well be, as thou say'st, quoth the Hostess's Daughter; for it has befall'n me several times to dream that I fell down from some high Tower, and could never come to the ground; and when I awak'd, I found my self as sore and unease as if I had really fall'n. That is the very case, quoth *Sancho*, bating that I without dreaming, but being as broad awake as I am now, have almost as many Scars as my Master *Don Quixote*. What is this Gentleman's Name? quoth *Mari-tornes* the *Asturian*. *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, reply'd *Sancho Pança*, and he is a Knight-Adventurer, and one of the best and strongest that have been seen in the World these many ages. What is a Knight-Adventurer, quoth the Wench? Art thou so young in the World, that thou know'st it not? answer'd *Sancho Pança*. Know then, Sister of mine, that a Knight-Adventurer is a Thing, which in the turn of a Hand is well Cudgell'd, and becomes an Emperour. To day he is the most unfortunate Creature in the World, and the most needy; and to morrow he will have two or three Crowns of Kingdoms to bestow upon his Squire. If so, quoth the Hostess, why hast not thou gotten, at least, an Earldom; since thou art this good Knight's Squire? It is yet too soon, reply'd *Sancho*; for it is but a Month since we began first to seek Adventures; and we have not yet found any worth speaking of: Sometimes it falls out that we find what we did not seek. True it is, that if my Master *Don Quixote* recover of this wound or Fall, and I be not cripp'd by it, I would not exchange my Hopes for the best Title in Spain. *Don Quixote* gave Ear attentively to all the Discourse, and sitting up in his Bed, as well as he could, taking his Hostess by the Hand; he said to her: Believe me, beautiful Lady, you may count your self Fortunate, for having harbour'd my Person in this your Castle; and believe me, if I do not give a Character of my self, it is because self-commendation Men say is mean; but my Squire will inform you what I am: Only this I will say my self, That I will keep eternally written in my Memory, the Service you have done me, to be

grateful

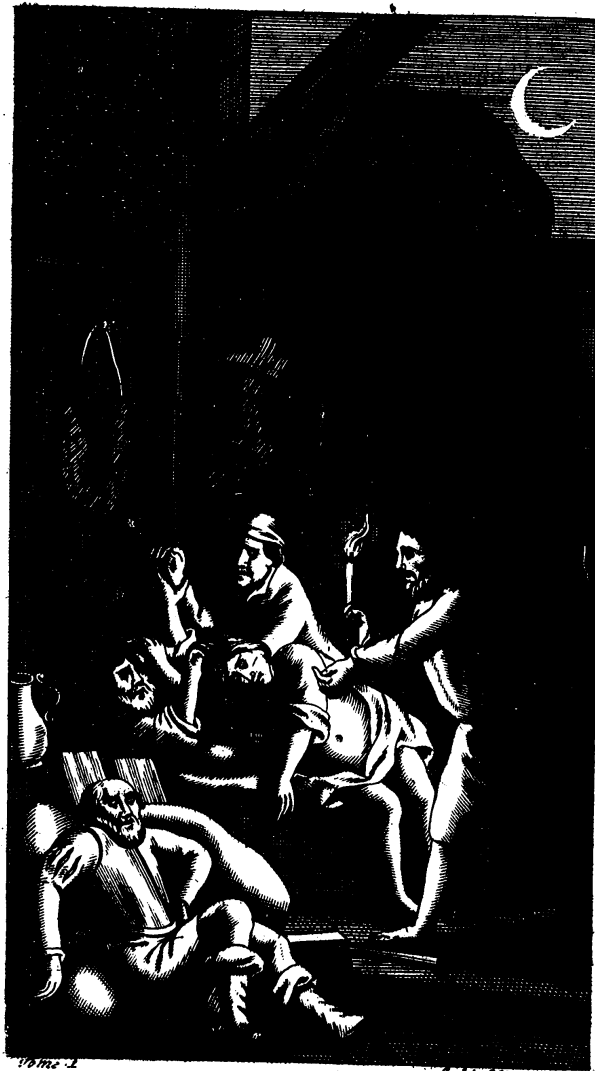
grateful to you for it whilst I live. And I would it might please the highest Heav'ns that Love held me not so enthrall'd, and subject to his Laws as he does, and to the Eyes of that ungrateful Fair, whose Name I secretly mutter; then should those of this Beautiful Damsel presently Lord it o'er my Liberty. The Hostess, her Daughter; and the good Maritornes were confounded, hearing the Speech of our Knight Errant, which they understood as well as if he had spoke Greek to them; but they conceiv'd they were Words of Compliments and Love, and as People unus'd to hear the like Language, they beheld and admir'd him, and he seem'd to them a Man of the other World; and so returning him Thanks in Tavernly Phrase for his large Offers, they departed. The Asturian Maritornes dress'd Sancho, who needed her help no less than his Master.

The Carrier and she had agreed to pass the Night together, and she had giv'n him her word, that when the Guests were quiet, and her Master asleep, she would come to him and satisfy his Desire as much as he pleas'd. And it is said of this good Wench, that she never made such a Promise, but she perform'd it, tho' it were giv'n in the midst of a Wood, and without any Witness; for she valu'd her self upon being well born, and thought it no disgrace to serve in an Inn; for she said that Troubles and Misfortunes had brought her to that pass. The hard, narrow, diminutive and deceitful Bed, in which *Don Quixote* lay, was the first, and stood in the middle of that untill'd Room; next to it was his Squire's, consisting of only a Mat, and a Coverlet, which look'd more like mill'd Canvass than Wooll; then follow'd the Carrier's Bed, made as was said before, of the Pannels and Furniture of two of his best Mules, tho' he had Twelve fair, fat, and goodly Beasts; for he was one of the richest Carriers of *Arenvalo*; as the Author of this History affirms, who makes particular mention of him, because he knew him very well; and some say, he was somewhat akin unto him. And besides, *Cyd Hamet Benengeli* was a very exact Historiographer, and most curious in all things; as appears by his not passing over in silence, these which are so minute and trivial. Whose Example may be follow'd by those grave Historians, who give us so short and succinct an Account of Actions, that they scarce inform our Knowledge; passing by the most material Part of the Work, either through Negligence, Malice, or Ignorance. A thousand Blessings on the Author of *Tablante de Ricamonte*, and him that writ the Book of the Acts of the Count *Tomillas*; Lord! with what preciseness do they describe every Circumstance?

cumstance? To conclude, I say, that after the Carrier had visit'd his Mules, and giv'n them fresh Straw, he stretch'd himself on his Pannels, and expected the coming of the most exquisite Maritornes. *Sancho* was also, by this, plaister'd, and laid down in his Bed, and tho' he desir'd to sleep, yet the Pain of his Ribs hinder'd him. And *Don Quixote* with the Pain of his sides, lay with both his Eyes open like a Hare. All the Inn was drown'd in silence, and there was no other Light in it than that of a Lamp, which hung burning in the midst of the Entry. This wonderful stillness, and the Thoughts which always fill'd our Knight's Head with the representation of those Passages that are commonly found in the Books that were the cause of his Misfortune; brought into his Imagination, one of the strangest Follies that can be thought of. For he conceiv'd he was come to a famous Castle (he thinking, as has been said, that all the Inns where he lodg'd were such) and that the Inn-keeper's Daughter (Daughter to the Lord of the Castle) overcome by his Meen and Valour, was in Love with him, and had promis'd she would come to lie with him a while, after her Father and Mother were gone to Bed. And holding this Chimera which he himself had fram'd in his Brain, for most true and certain, he began to be vex'd in Mind, and to think on the dang'rous plight his Modesty was like to be in; and did firmly purpose in his Heart, not to commit any disloyalty against his Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, tho' Queen *Genever* her self, with her Lady *Quintanona*, should come to sollicite him. Whilst thus he lay thinking of these Follies, the unlucky Hour drew near when the Asturian Wench was to come, who enter'd the Chamber, in search of her Carrier, in her Smock, bare-footed, and her Hair trust up in a Coif of Fustian, with soft and wary steps. But she was scarce come to the Door, when *Don Quixote* was aware of her, and rising and sitting up in his Bed, in spite of his Plaisters; with great Pain of his Ribs, he stretch'd forth his Arms to receive his Beautiful Damsel. The Asturian, who crouch'd, and silently went groping with her Hands to find out her Sweet-heart, fell into *Don Quixote's* Arms, who presently seiz'd her very strongly by one of her Wrists, and drawing her towards him (she not daring to speak a Word) he caus'd her to sit upon his Bed-side. Then he felt her Smock, and tho' it was of course Sacking, thought it was most delicate fine Holland. She wore on her Wrists certain Bracelets of Glass, which he esteem'd to be precious Oriental Pearls. Her Hair which was almost as rough as a Horse's Tail, he fancy'd to be Threads

Threads of the brightest Gold of *Arabia*, whose luster did obscure that of the Sun. And her Breath which certainly smelt like stale salt Fish that had stood all Night, seem'd to him to have a most redolent, aromatical and sweet odour; and in short he painted her in his Fancy, in the same form and manner as he had read in his Books, of Knighthood; of a certain Princess that came to visit a Knight who was grievously wounded; being overcome by his Love, embellish'd with all the Ornaments we have here mention'd. And such was the dullness of the unhappy Gentleman, that neither the touch, savour or other things belonging to the honest Damsel, could undeceive him; tho' they were such as would have made any Man but a Carrier vomit. Yet he imagin'd he held the Goddess of Beauty in his Arms, and keeping his hold of her, with a low and amorous Voice, he said to her. 'I could wish I were in a condition most high and beautiful Lady, to be able to recompence so great a Favour, as that which with the presence of your matchless Feature you have shewn me: But Fortune (who never ceases to persecute the Good) has been pleas'd to lay me in this Bed, where I lie so broken and bruis'd, that tho' I were desirous to satisfy your Will, yet it is impossible; especially seeing to that impossibility may be added a greater; to wit, the promis'd Faith which I have given to the matchless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the only Lady of my most hidden Thoughts; for did not this hinder, do not take me to be so senseless and mad a Knight, as to let slip so fortunate an opportunity as this, which your Bounty has offer'd me. *Maritornes* was perplex'd and sweating to see her self held so fast by *Don Quixote*, and without either understanding, or giving attention to his Words, she labour'd all she could to free her self from him without speaking a Syllable. The Carrier, whose wicked Designs kept him still waking, was aware of his Lady, from the time she first enter'd the Room, and attentively gave Ear to all *Don Quixote's* Discourse; and being jealous that the *Asturian* should break Promise with him for another, he drew nearer to *Don Quixote's* Bed, and stood still to hear what those Words which he could not understand, tended to. But perceiving that the Wench struggl'd to be gone, and *Don Quixote*, to hold her, not liking the Jest, he up with his Arm, and discharg'd so terrible a Blow on the enamour'd Knight's Jaws that he bath'd all his Mouth in Blood; and not so satisfi'd, he mounted upon him, and tramp'd over all his Ribs a full trot.

The



Chap. 2. Don QUIXOTE.

97.

The Bed which was somewhat weak, and not very firm of foundation, being unable to suffer the additional weight of the Carrier, fell down to the ground, with so great a noise, that it wak'd the Inn-keeper ; who presently suspecting it was one of *Maritornes's* Intrigues, because she answer'd him not, having call'd her loudly, he forthwith arose, and lighting a Lamp, went towards the Place where he heard the noise. The Wench perceiving her Master came, and knowing him to be extreme cholerick, in a fright and consternation, ran into *Sancho Pança's* Bed, who slept all this while very soundly, and there crouch'd, and made her self as little as an Eg.

Her Master came crying, Whore, where art thou ? I dare warrant it these are some of thy doings. By this *Sancho* awak'd, and feeling that bulk lying almost upon him, he thought it was the Night-Mare, and began to lay about him with his Fists at a great rate, and in the hurry reach'd *Maritornes* many a good cuff ; she feeling the snarr, laid aside all Modesty, and made *Sancho* such a return, as forc'd him to wake in spite of his drowsiness. He finding himself so roughly handled, without knowing by whom, sat up as well as he could, and laying hold of *Maritornes*, they began betwixt them the hottest and pleasanter fray in the World.

The Carrier perceiving by the Light which the Inn-keeper brought in with him, the lamentable state of his Mistress, leaving *Don Quixote*, instantly repair'd to give her the necessary assistance, the Inn-keeper did the same, but with another meaning ; for he came with a design to punish the Wench, believing she was infallibly the cause of all that bustle. And, as they say, the Cat grip'd the Mouse, the Dog bit the Cat, and the Butcher beat the Dog. So the Carrier belabour'd *Sancho* ; *Sancho*, the Wench ; she bang'd *Sancho*, and the Inn-keeper her ; and all of them laid on so thick, that they allow'd themselves not the least breathing time. And the best of it was, that the Inn-keeper's Lamp went out, and they being left in the Dark, flung about them so desperately, that wherever they laid their Hands, they left their Mark. There happen'd to lodge that Night in the Inn, an Officer of that they call the * Holy Old Brother-hood of *Toledo* ; he hearing the wonderful noise of the fray, laid Hands of his Rod of Office, and the Tin-Box with his Commissions, and enter'd

* The Holy Brother-hood, as was said before, is a number of Men appointed to clear the Roads of Robbers and Murderers.

the Chamber without light, saying, Keep the Peace in the Name of the Holy Brotherhood. And so saying, the first he met with, was the poor batter'd *Don Quixote*, who was in his fall'n Bed, stretch'd out with his Face upwards, and senseless, and laying hold accidentally of his Beard, he cry'd without ceasing. I command you to aid and assist me: But perceiving that he whom he held fast, mov'd neither Hand nor Foot, he presently concluded he was dead, and that those Combatants who fought so eagerly in the Room, had slain him; wherefore he lifted his Voice and cry'd out loudly, Shut the Inn-door, and see that none escape; for here they have kill'd a Man. This word so startl'd them all, that they left the Battel just in the nick, as the Voice reach'd their Ears. The Inn-keeper retir'd to his Chamber, the Carrier to his Coverlets, the Wench to her Kennel, and only the unfortunate *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were not able to move from the Place where they lay. The Officer of the Holy Brotherhood, in the mean while letting go poor *Don Quixote's* Beard, went out for Light, to find and apprehend the Delinquents; but he could not find any: For the Inn-keeper had purposely put out the Lamp, as he return'd to his Bed, wherefore the Officer was forc'd to repair to the Chimney, where with great difficulty, after he had spent a long time, he, at last, lighted a Candle.

CHAP

C H A P. III.

A Continuation of the innumerable Misfortunes that happen'd to DON QUIXOTE, and his good Squire Sancho in the Inn which he, to his own Damage, thought to be a Castle.

BY this time *Don Quixote* was come to himself, out of his Trance, and in such a lamentable Tone, as that in which he call'd his Squire the day before, when he was overthrown in the Vale of the Pack-staves, he call'd to him again, saying, Friend *Sancho*, art thou a-sleep? sleepest thou, Friend *Sancho*? What a-pox shou'd I sleep, quoth *Sancho*, full of vexation and rage; I think all the Devils in Hell have been visiting of me here this Night! Thou may'st well believe it, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for either my skill is very little, or this Castle is Inchant'd. For you must understand, but thou must first swear to keep secret what I mean to tell thee now, 'till after my Death. I swear it, quoth *Sancho*. I say it, quoth *Don Quixote*, because I cannot abide to take away any Body's Honour. Why, quoth *Sancho* again, I swear I will conceal it 'till after your Worship's days; and I pray God I may discover it to Morrow. Have I done thee so much harm, *Sancho*, reply'd the Knight, as that thou shouldest desire to see me dead so soon? That is not the Reason, Sir, quoth *Sancho*; but because I cannot abide to keep any thing long, lest it should rot in my Stomack. Be it as thou pleas'st, said *Don Quixote*; for I have more confidence than that comes to, in thy Love and good breeding: And therefore I tell thee, that a little while since, the Lord of this Castle's Daughter came to me, who is the most Fair and Beautiful Damsel that can be found in a considerable part of the Earth; what can I say to thee of the Ornaments of her Person? what of her excellent Wit? what of other secret things? which that I may preserve the Faith due to my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, I pass over in silence. I will only tell thee, that Heav'n envying the inestimable Happiness Fortune had put into my

'Hands: Or perhaps (as is most probable) this Castle, as I have said, being Enchanted; just at that time when we were in most sweet and amorous Conversation, there came, unseen, and unknown to me from whence a Hand join'd to the Arm of some monstrous Giant, and gave me such a Blow on the Jaws, as left them all bath'd in Blood; and then did so thump and bruise me, that I feel my self worse now, than yesterday, when the Carriers, through *Rozinante's* madness, us'd us as thou know'st! By which I conjecture, that the Treasure of this Damsels Beauty is kept by some Inchanter'd Moor, and is not reserv'd for me. Nor for me, quoth *Sancho*; for I have been bumbasted by above four hunder'd Moors, who so bang'd me, that the bruising of the Pack-staves was a meer jest to this: But Sir, I pray you tell me, how can you call this a good and rare Adventure? when it leaves us in such piteous plight? And yet your Mistortunes are the less, since you had, as you say, that incomparable Beauty berwixt your Arms. But I! what had I? besides the terriblest bangs I hope I shall ever feel as long as I live. Unhappy Wretch that I am, and the Mother that bore me, who neither am an Errant Knight, nor ever mean to be one, and yet the greatest share in all our Mishaps, still falls to my Lot! It seems then thou wast also beaten, reply'd *Don Quixote*. A curse on my Generation, quoth *Sancho*; have not I told you I was? Be not griev'd, Friend, reply'd the Knight, for I will now compound the precious *Balsam*, which will heal us in the twinkling of an Eye.

The Officer having by this time lighted his Lamp, came into the Room to see him he thought to be dead; and as soon as *Sancho* saw him, perceiving he came in his Shirt, a Cap on his Head, the Lamp in his Hand, and having withal a very ill-favour'd Countenance, he ask'd of his Master: Sir, is this the Inchanter'd Moor, that comes again to torment us, for somewhat that is yet unpunish'd? He cannot be the Moor, answer'd *Don Quixote*; for Persons Inchanter'd are not to be seen by any Body. If they are not to be seen, quoth *Sancho*, they are to be felt at least; as my Shoulders can testify. So might mine also, said *Don Quixote*; but however that is no sufficient Argument to prove him, we see to be the Inchanter'd Moor: As thus they discours'd the Officer came up, and finding them Discouraging in so peaceable and quiet a Manner, he stood in admiration. Still *Don Quixote* lay with his Face upwards as he had left him, and was not able to stir himself, he was so beaten and beplaster'd. The Officer drawing near said; How

is't

is't honest Fellow? I would speak more mannerly, quoth *Don Quixote*, if I were but such a one as thou art: Is it the custom of this Country, you Block-head, to talk so rudely to Knights Errant: The other impatient to see one of so vile presence, give him that base Language, could not indure it; but lifting up the Lamp, Oyl and all, gave *Don Quixote* such a blow on the Pate with it, that he broke his Head in one or two Places, and leaving all in darkness behind him, departed presently out of the Chamber. Without doubt (quoth *Sancho*, seeing this accident) Sir that was the Inchanter'd Moor; and I think he keeps the Treasure for others, and for us nothing but Cuffs and Bangs with a Lamp. Thou art in the right, quoth *Don Quixote*; and therefore we are not to take notice of these things that happen by Inchantment, or be angry or concern'd at them, for considering they are invisible and imaginary, we shall find none to be reveng'd on, tho' we endeavour it never so much. Rise therefore, *Sancho*, if thou art able, and call to the Constable of this Fortrefs, and get me some Oyl, Wine, Salt and Rosemary, that I may make the whollom *Balsam*; for I verily believe I need it very much at this time, the Blood runs so fast from the Wound the Spirit gave me just now. *Sancho* got up with Pain enough, and went without light towards the Inn-keeper, and by the way met the Officer of the Holy Brotherhood who stood listening what became of his Enemy; to whom he said; Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and benefit to give us a little Rosemary, Oyl, Wine and Salt, to cure one of the best Knights Errant upon the Face of the Earth, who lyes now in that Bed, sorely wounded by an Inchanter'd Moor that is in this Inn. When the Officer heard him speak in that manner, he concluded he was out of his Wits; and because it was break of Day, he open'd the Inn-door, and told the Host what *Sancho* demanded. The Inn-keeper presently provided all he wanted, and *Sancho* carry'd it to his Master, who held his Head with both his Hands, and complain'd much of the Pain the blow on his Head caus'd, which did him no other hurt but to raise two greater Nobs, and that which he suppos'd to be Blood, was only the sweat which the anxiety and trouble of Mind in this last dark Adventure, caus'd to flow from him.

In short *Don Quixote*, took his Simples, with which he made a compound, mixing them all together, and then boyling them a good while, till they came (as he thought) to Perfection he ask'd for a Vial to keep this precious Liquor, but the Inn af-

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for-

fording none, he resolv'd at last to put it into a Tin Oyl-pot, which the Host freely gave him, and forthwith he laid over the Pot eighty *pater nosters*, and as many *Aves*, *Salves* and *Credits*, and at every word made a Cross, in form of Benediction, at all which Ceremonies *Sancho*, the Inn-keeper, and the Officer of the holy Brotherhood were present, for the Carrier went very soberly to dress and make ready his Mules.

The Liquor being prepar'd, he himself would presently make experience of the virtue of that precious *Balsam* as he did imagine it to be, and so drank a good Draught of the Overplus which the Pot could not hold, being a quart or thereabouts; and scarce had he done it when he began to Vomit so violently, that he left nothing in his Stomack, and through the Pain and Agitation caus'd by his Vomiting he fell into a very Copious and great Sweat, and therefore commanded himself to be well cover'd, and left alone to take his ease. Which was done, and he slept three Hours, and then waking found himself so wonderfully eas'd, and free from all Bruising and Pain, that he doubted not but he was thoroughly whole; and therefore perswaded himself he had hit on the right manner of compounding the *Balsam* of *Fierabras*, and that having such a Medicine, he might boldly from thenceforth, undertake any destruction, Battels, Conflicts or Adventures, how dangerous soever.

Sancho Pança, who also attributed the suddain cure of his Master to Miracle, beg'd he would be pleas'd to give him leave to sup up the remainder of the *Balsam* that was left in the Kettle, and was no small quantity; which *Don Quixote* granted, and he lifting it up by the help of both his Hands, with a strong Faith and good Courage laid it to his Mouth and swallow'd, very near as much as his Master had drank. Now the case is, that poor *Sancho's* Stomack in all likelihood was not so squeamish as his Masters, and therefore before he could cast it up, he fell into such anguish and reachings, with so many cold Sweats and fainting Fits, that he verily thought he had not an Hour to live, and finding himself so tormented and uneasy, he curs'd the *Balsam* and the Thief that gave it him. *Don Quixote* seeing of him in that pitiful taking, said, I believe *Sancho*, all this mischief has befallen thee because thou art not dubb'd Knight; for I am perswaded this Liquor cannot avail any one that is not. If your Worship knew that, quoth *Sancho*, (a curse on me and all my kindred) why did you suffer me to taste it.

By

By this time the Drink had its operation, and the poor Squire let fly at both ends so violently and in such abundance, that the Mat, on which he had again laid himself, and the Canvass-covering that was over him, were never after fit for service. He had such cold Sweats, with such Fits and Faintings, that not only he, but all that beheld him concluded he was a dead Man. This storm and disorder held him near two hours, at the end of which time he found not himself cur'd as his Master had been, but so weak and sore, he was not able to stand.

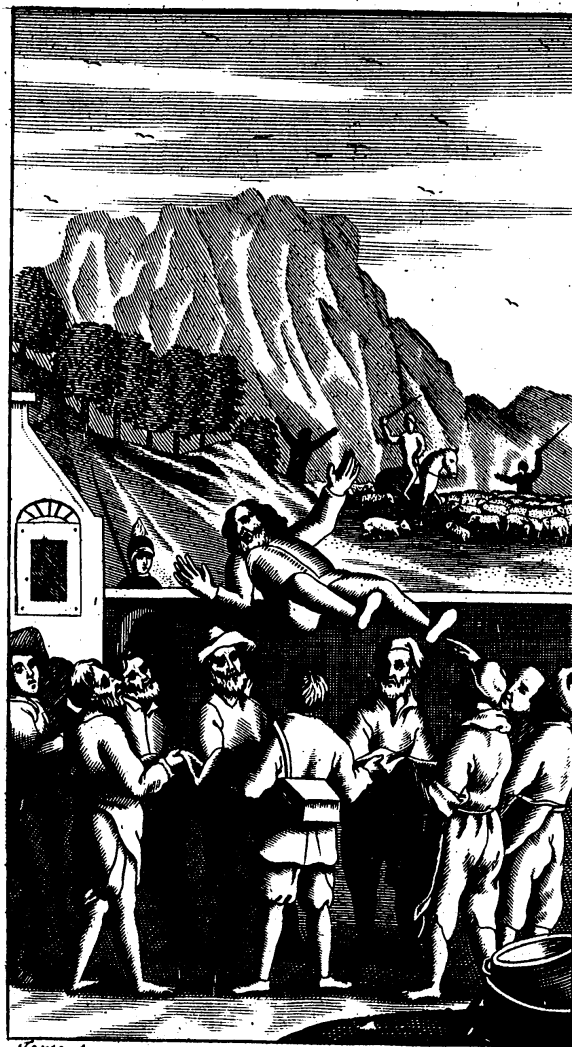
But *Don Quixote*, who as we have said, felt himself eas'd and cur'd, would presently depart to seek Adventures, it seeming to him that all the time he stay'd there was lost to the World and such as stood in need of Aid, and assistance and he was the forwarder confiding in his *Balsam*, and thus push'd on by his Inclination, he himself saddl'd his Horse *Rozinante*, put the Pannel upon his Squire's Beast, and help'd him to put on his Cloaths and mount his Ass. And presently getting a Horseback, he rode over to a Corner of the Inn, and laid hold on a Javelin that was there, to make it serve him instead of a Lance. All the People that were in the Inn being about twenty in number, stood looking at him, and among the rest the Inn-keepers Daughter, and he never took off his Eye from her, and would ever and anon breath forth so doleful a Sigh, as if he had pluck'd it from the bottom of his Heart; which all the beholders suppos'd to proceed from the Pain of his Ribs, but especially such as had seen him playster'd the Night before. When they were both mounted, he call'd the Inn-keeper and said to him with a Grave and staid Voice. *Many and great are the favours, Sir Constable, which I have receiv'd in this your Castle; and I shall be oblig'd to gratifie you for them, all the days of my Life. And if I may pay or recompence them by revenging of you upon any proud Miscreant that has done you any wrongs; know it is my Office to help the weak, to revenge the wrong'd, and to chastise Traytors. Call therefore to memory, and if you find any thing of this kind to commend to my correction, you need but once say it; for I promise you by the order of Knighthood, which I have receiv'd to satisfie and content you according to your hearts, desire.*

The Inn-keeper answer'd him again with the like gravity and staidness, saying; Sir Knight, I shall not need your assistance when any wrong is done me; for I know very well my self, how to take the revenge I shall think good, when the injury is offer'd. All I require is, That you defray the

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charges

charges of the Inn this Night, as well for the Straw and Barly given to your two Horses, as also for both your Beds. This then is an Inn, quoth *Don Quixote*. That it is, and an Honourable one too, reply'd the Inn-keeper. Then have I hitherto liv'd in errour, quoth *Don Quixote*; for in very good Faith I took it till now to be a Castle, and no mean one neither. But since it is no Castle, but an Inn, all you have to do for the present is, to forgive me those expences; for I can do no thing contrary to the Custom of Knights Errant; of all which I most certainly know (without ever having read till this time any thing to the Contrary) that they never pay'd for their Lodging, or other thing whatsoever in any Inn wherever they lay. For, by all Law and right, any good entertainment that is given them, is their due, in recompence for the insupportable hardships they endure, seeking Adventures both day and night, in Summer and Winter, a Foot and a Horse-back, with Thirst and Hunger, in Heat and Cold, being expos'd to the several rigors of the Seasons, and to all the inconveniences upon Earth. All that does not concern me, reply'd the Inn-keeper, pay me my due, and let us have no more talk of Knighthood; for all my business is to see how to come by my own. Thou art a Block-headed, Rascally Inn-keeper, quoth *Don Quixote*, and so clapping Spurs to *Rozinante*, and brandishing his *Favelin*, he sallied out of the Inn without any hindrance, and got a good distance off before he look'd back to see whether his Squire follow'd him. The Inn-keeper perceiving he was gone without paying, came to get his Money of *Sancho*, who answer'd, That since his Master would not pay, neither would he, for being, as he was, Squire to a Knight Errant, the very same rule and reason that exempted his Master from paying in Inns and Taverns ought also to serve and be understood as well of him. The Inn-keeper grew angry at these Words and threaten'd him, That if he did not pay him speedily, he would recover it in such manner as would not be pleasing to him. *Sancho* reply'd, swearing by the Order of Knighthood, his Master had receiv'd, that he would not pay one Doit, tho' it cost him his Life; for the good and ancient Customs of Knights Errant should never through his default be infring'd; nor should their Squires which are yet to come into the World ever complain of him, or upbraid him for transgressing or breaking so just a Franchise. But his bad Fortune ordain'd, that there were at the very time in the same Inn four Cloth-workers of *Segovia*, three Needle-makers of *Cordova*, and



Some . 1 .

fol: 105 .

and two Butchers of *Sevil*, all pleasant Folks well dispos'd, Arch and Gamesome, who all as if the same Spirit had guided them, drew near to *Sancho*, and taking him off the Ass, one of them went in to fetch the Hosts Blanket, and laying him on it, they look'd up and saw the Roof was too low for their Work, wherefore they resolv'd to go into the base Court which had no covering but Heaven; and then *Sancho* being laid in the mid't of the Blanket, they began to toss him up, and sport themselves with him, as they were wont to use Dogs at Shrove-tide.

The out-cries of the miserable toss'd Squire, were so many and so loud, that they at last reach'd his Master's Ears, who standing a while to listen attentively what it was, believ'd that some new Adventure was offer'd till he perceiv'd, at last, that he who cry'd was his Squire, wherefore turning the Reins, he made towards the Inn with a painful Gallop, and finding it shut, rode all about it to see where he could get in, But scarce was he come to the Walls of the base Court, which were not very high, when he perceiv'd the foul Play that was put upon his Squire, for he saw him rise and fall through the Air again with such a Grace and so much Activity, that had his choler permitted, I am certainly perfwaded my self, he would have burst with Laughing. He assay'd to mount the Wall from his Horse, but was so bruise'd and sore, that he could not so much as alight from his back. Wherefore setting still he us'd such reproachful and vile Language to those who toss'd *Sancho*, as it is imposible to set down in Writing. But for all that neither would they give over their Sport, or *Sancho* cease to complain sometimes threatening, and sometimes complaining, yet all avail'd little, and was of no use till they left him because they were quite tir'd. Then they brought his Ass, help'd him up, and lap'd him warm in his loose Coat; and the compassionate *Maritornes* seeing him so afflicted and over-labour'd, thought it fit to help him to a draught of Water, and so brought it him from the Well, because it was coolest. *Sancho* took the Pot, and laying it to his Lips, abstain'd from drinking by his Master's advice, who cry'd to him aloud, saying, Son *Sancho* drink not Water, drink it not Son, for it will kill thee. Behold I have here with me the most Holy *Balsam* (and shew'd him the Oyl-pot of the drench he had compounded) for with drinking only two drops, thou shalt without all doubt be again whole and sound. At these words *Sancho* looking behind him, answer'd his Master with a lowder voice, Have you forgot already that I am no Knight,

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or do you desire I should Vomit all that is left of my poor Bowels in me since yester Night, keep your Liquor to your self in the Devil's Name, and let me live in Peace. No sooner had he ended this Speech, but he began to drink, yet finding by the first Gulp that it was Water he would swallow no more, and desir'd *Maritornes* to give him some Wine, which she willingly did, and paid for it her self, for it is written of her that tho' she follow'd that Trade, yet she had some Symptoms of Christianity in her. As soon as *Sancho* had drank, he visited his Affes Ribs with his Heels twice or thrice; and the Inn being open'd issu'd out of it, very glad that he had paid nothing, and had his Will, tho' it were at the charge of his ordinary fureties, that is, his Shoulders. Yet the Inn-keeper kept his Wallers, as payment for what he ow'd him; but *Sancho* was so distracted when he departed that he never mis'd them. When he was gone, the Inn-keeper thought to have shut up the Inn-door again, but the Gentlemen-tossers would not permit, for they were Men of that Courage that tho' *Don Quixote* had been truly one of the Knights of the Round Table yet would not they have valu'd him at two Straws.

C H A P.

C H A P. IV.

Containing the discourse that pass'd betwixt Sancho Pança, and his Master Don Quixote, with other Adventures worth relating.

SANCHO came up to his Master all wan and dismay'd, inasmuch as he was scarce able to Spur on his Beast. When *Don Quixote* beheld him in that plight, he said to him, now am I fully convinc'd friend *Sancho*, that the Castle or Inn, is doubtless Inchanted. For those who made Pastime with thee in so cruel manner, what else could they be but Spirits, or People of another World: Which I do the rather believe, because I saw, that whilst I stood at the Barrier of the Yard, beholding the Acts of thy sad Tragedy; I was no ways able either to Mount it, or alight from *Rezinante*, for as I say, I think they held me then inchanted. For I vow to thee by my Honour, that if I could have either mounted or alighted, I would have taken such revenge on those leud and treacherous Caitiffs, that they should remember the jest for ever; tho' I had adventur'd to transgress the Laws of Knighthood on that account. Which as I have often told thee, permit not any Knight to lay Hands on one that is not Knighted, if it be not in defence of his proper Life and Person, and that in case of great and urgent Necessity. So would I also have reveng'd my self, quoth *Sancho*, if I might, were they Knights or no Knights, but I could not; and yet I do infallibly believe, that those who took their Pleasure with me, were neither Ghosts nor Inchanted Men as you say, but Men of Flesh and Bones as we are, and all of them, as I heard them call'd whilst they rois'd me, had proper Names, for one was call'd *Peter Martinez*, and another *Tenorio Hernandez*, and I heard the Inn-keeper call'd *John Palemeque* the left handed, so that as for your inability of leaping over the Barriers of the Yard, or a lighting off your Horse, the Inchantment was only in your self. Whence I plainly gather thus much; That these Adventures we go in sea ch of, will bring us at last to so many disasters, that we shall not be able to know which is our right Foot. And the best thing we could do in my poor Judgment, were to return to our Village, now
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it is reaping Time, and look to our Harvest, and not saunter about in this manner from Post to Pillar, and from Pillar to Post.

How little dost thou know *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, what belongs to Chivalry? Peace, and have Patience, for the Day will come where thou shalt see with thy own Eyes, how Honourable it is to follow this exercise. For tell me what greater satisfaction can there be in this World, or what pleasure equal to that of winning a Battel, and Triumphant over one's Enemy? None without doubt. It may be so, quoth *Sancho*, tho' I do not know it. Yet this I know that since we became Knights Errant, or at least since you are so (for there is no reason why I should count myself in so Honourable a number) we never overcame Battel, save that of the *Biscainer*, and even then you came off half your Ear and your Beaver loose. And ever since then we have had nothing but Cudgelling upon Cudgelling, and Basting upon Basting, and to my share over and above fell the tossing in a Blanket, which being done by Persons Inchant'd, I can hope for no revenge, and consequently shall not be sensible of the Pleasure of vanquishing my Enemy, which you mention'd just now. That is it which grieves me, as it should thee also *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*: But I will endeavour hereafter to get a Sword made with such Art, that whosoever shall wear it, no kind of Inchantment shall hurt him. And perhaps fortune may present me the very same which belong'd to *Amadis*, when he call'd himself, *The Knight of the burning Sword*, which was one of the best that ever Knight had in this World; for besides the virtue that I told you of, it would cut like a Razor; and no Armour, were it ever so strong or Inchant'd, could stand before it. I am so fortunate quoth *Sancho*, that if this should happen and you found such a Sword, it would only serve and be beneficial, to such as are dubb'd Knights, as your *Balsam* does, whilst the poor Squires are cram'd full with sorrows. Fear not that *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; for Fortune will deal with thee more favourably than so.

Thus were *Don Quixote* and his Squire discoursing when *Don Quixote* perceiving a great and thick Dust to rise in the way, wherein he travel'd, turning to *Sancho*, said, This is (*Sancho*) the day, when the Happiness that Fortune has in store for me, shall appear. This is the day when the force of my Arm must be shewn as much as in any other whatsoever; and in it I will do such Feats, as shall for ever remain recorded in the Books of Fame: Dost thou see, *Sancho*, the Dust that rises there?

there? Know that it is caus'd by a mighty Army, compos'd of sundry and innumerable Nations, which come marching this way. If that be so, quoth *Sancho*, then must there be two Armies; for on this other side is rais'd as great a Dust. *Don Quixote* turn'd back to behold it, and seeing it was so indeed, he was marvellous glad, thinking they were doubtless two Armies, which came to fight one another, in the midst of that spacious Plain: For he had his Fancy ever full of these Battels, Inchantments, Encounters, Ravings, Amours and challenges, which are found in Books of Knighthood: And all that ever he spoke, thought, or did, tended to such Extravagancies: And the Dust which he had seen, was rais'd by two great Flocks of Sheep, that came through the same Field by two different ways, and could not be discern'd by reason of the Dust, 'till they were very near. *Don Quixote* affirm'd they were two Armies, and that so positively that *Sancho* believ'd it, and ask'd of him, Sir, what then shall we two do? What shall we do! quoth *Don Quixote*, but assist the needy and weaker side: For thou must understand, *Sancho*, that he who comes towards us, is the great Emperor *Alifanfaron*, Lord of the great Island of *Trapobana*. The other who marches at our Back, is his Enemy, the King of the *Garamantes*, *Pentapolin*, of the naked Arms so call'd, because he always enters into Battle with his Right Arm naked. I pray you, good Sir, quoth *Sancho*, tell me why these two Princes hate one another so much? They are Enemies, reply'd *Don Quixote*, because this *Alifanfaron* is a furious Pagan, and is in love with *Pentapolin's* Daughter, who is a very beautiful and gracious Princess, and a Christian; and her Father refuses to give her to the Pagan King, 'till first he abandon *Mahomet's* false Sect, and become one of his Religion. By my Beard, quoth *Sancho*, *Pentapolin* is in the right, and I will help him all I can. In so doing, quoth *Don Quixote*, thou perform'st thy Duty; for it is not requisite, that one be a Knight, to enter into such Battels. I do apprehend that my self, quoth *Sancho*, very well; but where shall we leave this *Alif* in the mean time, that we may be sure to find him again after the Conflict? for I think 'tis not the custom to enter into Battel mounted on such a Beast. It is true, quoth *Don Quixote*, and the best thou can'st do is, to leave him to his Adventures, and care not whether he be lost or found; for we shall have so many Hories after coming out of this Battel Victors, that ev'n *Rozinante* himself is in danger of being chang'd for another. But be attentive; for I intend to describe to thee the principal Knights of

of both the Armies. And to the end thou may'st the better see and note all things, let us retire to that little Hillock, from whence both Armies may easily be descry'd.

They did so; and standing on the top of a Hill, from whence they might very well have seen both the Flocks, which *Don Quixote* call'd Armys, had not the Clouds of Dust hinder'd it, and blinded their sight; our Knight seeing in conceit, that which really he did not see at all, began to say with a loud Voice.

'That Knight thou seest there with the yellow Armour, who bears in his Shield a Lion crown'd, crouching at a Damfel's feet, is the valorous *Laurcalco*, Lord of the *Silver-Bridge*: The other, whose Arms are powder'd with Flowers of Gold, and bears in an Azure Field three Crowns of Silver, is the dreaded *Micocolemo*, great Duke of *Quirocia*: The other limb'd like a Gyant, that stands at his right Hand, is the undaunted *Brandabarbaran* of *Boliche*, Lord of the three *Arabia's*; and comes arm'd with a Serpents Skin, bearing for his Shield, as is reported, one of the Gates of the Temple, which *Sampson* at his death overthrew, to be reveng'd of his Enemies. But turn thy Eyes to the other side, and thou shalt see first of all, and in the Front of this other Army, the ever Victor and never Vanquish'd *Timonel* of *Carcajona*, Prince of new *Biskay*, who comes arm'd with Arms parted into Blew, Green, White and Yellow Quarters, and bears in his Shield in a Field of Tawney, a Cat of Gold, with this Motto [*Miau*] which is the beginning of his Lady's Name; which is, as the Report runs, the pearl's *Miaulina*, Daughter to Duke *Alfeniquen* of *Algarue*. The other that burdens and oppresses the back of that mighty Mare, whose Armour is as white as Snow, and his Shield without any Device, is a new Knight of *France*, call'd *Pierres Papin*, Lord of the Barony of *Utrecht*: The other that beats his Horse's sides with his arm'd Heels, and bears the Arms of pure *Azure*, is the mighty Duke of *Nerbia* *Espartafilaro* of the *Vkood*, who bears for his Device a Harrow, with this Motto, *Trails my Fortune*.

And thus he went on, naming many Knights of the one and the other Squadron, even as he had imagin'd them, and attributed to each one his Arms, his Colours, Device and Motto's very readily, being led away by the imagination of his wonderful distraction; and without stammering he proceeded, saying.

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'This first Squadron contains People of many Nations, in it are those which taste the sweet Waters of the famous *Xanthus*; the Mountainous Men that tread the *Maflical* fields; those that sit the most pure and rare Gold *Arabia Felix*. Those that possess the famous and delightful Banks of clear *Thermodontes*. Those that many and sundry ways divert and draw away the golden *Pactolus*: The *Numidians* unsteadfast in their Promise: The *Persians* famous Archers; The *Parthians* and *Medes* that fight flying: The *Arabs* inconstant in their Dwellings: The *Scythians* as cruel as white. The *Ethiopians* of boar'd lips, and other infinite Nations whose Faces I know and behold, tho' I have forgotten their denominations. In that other Army come those that taste the *Chrysoline* Streams of the *Olive-bearing Betis*: Those that dip and polish their Faces with the Liquor of the ever-rich and Golden *Tagus*. Those that possess the profitable Streams of divine *Genile*: Those that trample the *Tartesian* Fields so abundant in Pasture: Those that recreate themselves in the *Elysian* Fields of *Xerez*: The rich *Manchegans* crown'd with ruddy Ears of Corn: Those apparall'd with Iron, the Antient Relicks of the *Gothish* Blood: Those that bath themselves in *Pisverga*, renowned for the smoothness of his Current: Those that feed their Flocks in the vast Fields of the wreathing *Guadiana*, so celebrated for his hidden Course. Those that tremble through the cold of the bushy *Pireneans*, and the white crested *Apenine*. Finally, all those that *Europe* in it self contains.

Good God! How many Provinces did he repeat at that time? and how many Nations did he name? giving to every one of them, with marvellous celerity and briefness, their proper Attributes, being rapt with what he had read in his lying Books: *Sancho Pança* stood astonish'd at his Speech, and spoke not a word, but only would now and then turn his Head, to see whether he could discover those Knights and Giants his Master nam'd; and not seeing any, he said: The Devil a Man, Giant, or Knight, of all those you have mention'd, that appears; at least, I cannot discern them: Perhaps all is but Enchantment like that of the Ghosts yester Night. How? say'st thou so, quoth *Don Quixote*? Do'st not thou hear the Horses Neigh, the Trumpets sound, and the noise of the Drums? I hear nothing, said *Sancho*, but the great bleating of many Sheep. And so it was indeed; for by this time the two Flocks drew very near. The Fear thou conceiv'st *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, makes thee neither hear nor see right;

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for one of the effects of Fear, is to trouble the Senses, and make things appear otherwise than they are; and since thou art so much afraid, retire out of the Way; for I alone am sufficient to give the Victory to that side I shall assist. Having ended his Speech, he clasp'd Spurs to *Roxinante*, and setting his Lance in the Rest, he flung down from the Hillock like a Thunder-bolt. *Sancho* cry'd to him as loud as he could, saying; Return good Sir *Don Quixote*, for I vow to God! all those you go to charge are but Sheep. Return, I say, alas that ever I was born! what madness is this? Look! for there is neither Giant; nor Knight, nor Cats, nor Arms, nor Shields parted, nor whole, nor pure Azures, nor Divelish ones. What is it you do? wretch that I am! For all this, *Don Quixote* did not return, but rode on saying with a loud Voice; On, on, Knights; all you that serve and march under the Banners of the valorous Emperour *Pentapolin of the naked Arm*; follow me all of you, and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on his Enemy *Alifanfaron of Trapobana*: And so saying, he enter'd into the midst of the Flock of Sheep, and began to stick them with such Courage and Fury, as if he had, in good earnest, encounter'd all his mortal Enemies.

The Shepherds that came with the Flock, cry'd out to him to leave off, but seeing their Words were to no effect, they loos'd their Slings, and began to salute his Noddle with Stones as big as one's Fist. But *Don Quixote* made no account of their Stones, and flung up and down among the Sheep, saying; Where art thou proud *Alifanfaron*, where art thou? come to me, for I am but one Knight alone, who desire to try my strength with thee Man to Man, and deprive thee of thy Life, in revenge for the Wrong thou do'st the valiant *Pentapolin the Garamante*. At that instant, a stone gave him such a blow on one of his sides, that it bury'd two of his Ribs in his Body. He finding himself so ill treated, presently believ'd he was either slain or sorely wounded; and remembring his Liquor, took out his Oyl-pot, and set it to his Mouth to drink, but ere he could take as much as he thought was requisite to cure his Hurts, there came another Stone which struck him so full upon the Hand and Oyl-Pot, that it broke it in pieces, carry'd away with it three or four of his Cheek-Teeth, and sorely bruise'd two of his Fingers. Such was the first and the second Blow, that the poor Knight fell from his Horse. And the Shepherds coming up, verily believ'd they had kill'd him; and therefore gathering their Flock together with all speed, and carrying away their dead Muttons, which were above half

a dozen, they went away without examining into the matter any further.

Sancho was all this while on the Hill, beholding his Master's Follies, tearing his Beard, and cursing the Hour and Moment he first knew him; but seeing him stretch'd out on the Earth, and the Shepherds fled away, he came down to him, and found him in a very bad condition, yet had he not quite lost his Senses, and so he said to him: Did not I bid you return, Sir Knight, and tell you that those you went to assault, were not an Army of Men but a Flock of Sheep. That Thief the Wise-man, who is my Adversary, quoth *Don Quixote*, can change and make Men to seem such, or vanish away as he pleases; for *Sancho*, thou ought'st to know that it is a very easie thing for those kind of Men, to make us seem what they please; and this Malignant who persecutes me, envying the Glory he saw I was like to gain in this Battel, has converted the Enemies Squadrons into Sheep: And if thou wilt not believe me *Sancho*, yet do one thing for my sake, that thou may'st undeceive thy self, and discover the Truth I affirm; get up on thy As, and follow them fair and softly aloof, and thou shalt see that as soon as they are at any distance from hence, they will turn to their first form, and ceasing to be Sheep, will become Men, as right and strait as I describ'd them to thee at first. But go not now, for I stand in need of thy help and assistance; draw nearer to me, and see how many Cheek-teeth and others I want, for methinks there is not one left in my Mouth. With that, *Sancho* came so close, that he laid his Eyes almost on his Master's Mouth, and it was just at the time when the *Balsam* had wrought its effect in *Don Quixote's* Stomach, and at the very nick, as *Sancho* went about to look into his Mouth, he disgorg'd all he had in his Stomach, with as great violence as if it had been shot out of a Musket, just on his compassionate Squire's Beard. O Holy Mother *Mary*! quoth *Sancho*, what is it that has befall'n me? the poor Man is mortally wounded without doubt, for he vomits up Blood at his Mouth. But looking a little nearer to it, he perceiv'd by the Colour and Smell, that it was not Blood, but the *Balsam* of his Master's Oyl-bottle, at which he instantly took such a loathing, that his Stomach turn'd, and he almost vomited out his very Bowels, all in his Master's Face: And so they were both all over in a dainty pickle. Soon after *Sancho* ran to his As, to take something to cleanse himself, and to dress his Master, out of his Wallet, which when he mist, he was ready to run distracted. There he began

gan a-new to curse himself, and made a firm Resolution in his Mind, to leave his Master and return to his Country; tho' he were sure both to lose his Wages, and the Hopes of the Government of the promis'd Island.

By this *Don Quixote* arose, and laying his left hand to his Mouth, that the rest of his Teeth might not fall out, caught hold, with the other, of the Reins of *Roxinante's* Bridle, who had never stir'd from his Master (such was his fidelity and good nature) then he went towards his Squire, who lean'd upon his Ass, with his Hand under his Cheek, like one that was over-thoughtful. *Don Quixote* seeing him in that posture, with such Tokens of sadness, said to him: Know, *Sancho*, that one Man is not more than another: All these Storms that fall on us, are Arguments that the time will soon grow calm, and that things will succeed better hereafter; for it is impossible that either Good or Ill should be durable. And hence we may collect that our Misfortunes having lasted so long, our Fortune and Happiness must be the nearer: And therefore thou ought'st not thus to afflict thy self for the Mischances that befall me, since no part of 'em fall to thy Lot. How so? quoth *Sancho*; was he whom they tois'd yesterday in the Blanket; any other Man's Son than my Fathers? and the Wallet I miss to day, with all my Provision, was it it any others than my own? What! do'st thou want thy Wallet, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*? Ay that I do, quoth he. If so, reply'd *Don Quixote*, we have nothing left us to eat to Day. That were so, quoth *Sancho*, if we could not find among these Fields, the Herbs I have heard you say you know, with which such unlucky Knights Errant as you are wont to supply the like wants. For all that, quoth *Don Quixote*, I would rather have now a quarter of a Loaf, or a Cake and two Pilchers Heads, than all the Herbs *Dioscorides* describes, tho' Doctor *Laguna* himself had writ a Comment upon them. Yet for all that get upon thy Beast, good *Sancho*, and follow me; for God, who provides for all Creatures, will not fail us; especially for that we are so much employ'd in his Service, since he does not abandon the little Flies of the Air, nor the Wormlings of the Earth; nor the Spawnlings of the Water: And he is so merciful, that he makes his Sun shine on the Good and the Evil, and Rains on Sinners and Just Men. You were much fitter, quoth *Sancho*, to be a Preacher than a Knight Errant. Knights Errant knew, and ought to know somewhat of all things, quoth *Don Quixote*: For there has been a Knight Errant, in times past, who would make a

Sermon

Sermon or Discourse in the mid'st of a Camp Royal, with as good a grace as if he had taken his Degree in the University of *Paris*: Whence we may gather, that the Sword dulls not the Pen, nor the Pen the Sword. Well then, quoth *Sancho*, let it be as you have said, and let us depart hence, and endeavour to find a Lodging for this Night, where I pray to God there may be no Blankets and Tossers, nor Spirits, nor enchanted *Moors*; for if there be, the Devil shall take 'em all for me. Make that thy request to God my Son, quoth *Don Quixote*, and lead where thou pleasest, for I will leave it to thee to chuse our Lodging this bout; yet I pray thee give me thy Hand, and feel how many Cheek-teeth or others I want in this right side of the upper Jaw, for there I feel most pain. *Sancho* put in his Finger, and whilst he felt, ask'd how many Cheek Teeth did you use to have on this side? Fout, quoth he, besides the hindmost; all of them very whole and sound. Mind what you say Sir, quoth *Sancho*. I say four, quoth *Don Quixote*, if there were not five; for I never in my life, drew, or lost any Teeth; nor have any dropt out or been Worm-eaten, or damag'd by any Rhume. Well then, quoth *Sancho*, you have in this nether part but two Cheek-teeth and a half; and in the upper, neither a half nor a whole, for all there is as plain as the Palm of my Hand. Unfortunate Man that I am, quoth *Don Quixote*, hearing the sorrowful News his Squire told him, I had rather have lost one of my Arms, so it were not that of my Sword: For *Sancho*, thou must understand that a Mouth without Cheek-Teeth, is like a Mill without a Millstone; and a Tooth is much more to be valu'd than a Diamond. But we who profess the rigorous Laws of Arms, are subject to all these Disasters, wherefore mount Friend and give the way, for I will follow thee what pace thou pleasest: *Sancho* obey'd, and rode the way where he thought he might find a Lodging, without leaving the high Road, which was there very much beaten. As they travell'd thus fair and softly, (for *Don Quixote's* pain of his Jaws would neither let him rest, nor make overmuch haste) *Sancho* resolv'd to entertain and divert him with some Discourte; and among the rest, he said what we shall relate in the ensuing Chapter.

C H A P. V.

Of the wise Discourse that pass'd betwixt Sancho and his Master: And the Adventure that befell him with a dead Body: And other notable Occurrences.

MEthinks, good Sir, all the Mischiefs that have befall'n us these days past are, without doubt, in punishment of the Sin you committed against the Order of Knighthood, in not performing the Oath you took, not to eat Bread on a Table-Cloth, nor to sport with the Queen, with all the rest that follows and you vow'd to fulfill, 'till you had won the Helmet of *Malandrino*, or I know not how the Moor is call'd, for I have forgot his Name. Thou art in the right, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, but to tell you the very Truth, I quite forgot it; and thou may'st assur'dly conclude, that because thou didst not put me in mind of it in time, that of the Blanket was inflicted as a punishment on thee. But I will make amends, for there are ways of compounding for all things in the Order of Knighthood. Why did I swear any thing, quoth *Sancho*? It matters not, quoth *Don Quixote*, that thou didst not swear, it is enough that I know thou art not very clear from the guilt of an accessory, and therefore at all Adventures it will not be amiss to provide a Remedy. If so, quoth *Sancho*, beware you do not forget this again, as you did the Oath, for if you should, perhaps those Spirits will again take a fancy to sport themselves with me, and it may be with you your self, if they see you obstinate.

As they were thus discoursing, Night overtook them in the Road, before they could discover any Lodging, and the worst of it was, they were almost famisht, for in their Waller they lost at once all their Store and Provision; and to add to this Misfortune, there happen'd to them an Adventure, that seem'd to be a real one without any mixture of Artifice, and was thus: Night fell somewhat dark, yet still they travell'd on, *Sancho* believing, that since they were in the high Road, there must be an Inn within a League or two. Travelling therefore, as I have said, in a dark Night, the Squire being

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being hungry, and the Master having a good Stomach, they saw coming towards them in the very way they travell'd, a great number of Lights, resembling nothing so much as wandering Stars. *Sancho* beholding them, was amaz'd, and his Master was not much better: The one drew his As's Halter, the other held his Horse; and both of them stood still, attentively observing what that might be; and they perceiv'd that the Lights drew still nearer to them; and the more they approach'd, the greater they appear'd: At the sight of them *Sancho* trembled, like an Aspen Leaf; and *Don Quixote's* Hair stood up like Bristles, yet chearing himself a little, he said; *Sancho*, this must questionless be a great and most dangerous Adventure, wherein it is requisite that I shew all my valour and strength. Alas for me, quoth *Sancho*, if this should happen to be an Adventure of Fantomes, as it appears to me, what Ribs will be able to endure it. Be they never so much Fantomes, said *Don Quixote*, I will not permit them to touch a Thread about thee. For tho' the last time they made sport with thee, it was because I could not leap over the Walls of the Yard; but now we are in plain Field, where I may brandish my Sword as I please. And if they Inchant and Benum you, as they did the other time, quoth *Sancho*; what will it then avail us to be in open Field? For all that, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I pray thee *Sancho* be of good Courage; for experience shall shew thee how great my valour is. I will an't please God, quoth *Sancho*: And so stepping aside out of the way, they began again to view earnestly what the travelling Lights might be; and after a very short space they discover'd many Bults all in white, which dreadful sight, wholly overthrew all the Courage *Sancho* had left, who now began to chatter with his Teeth as if he had been in an Ague, and when they distinctly perceiv'd what it was, then did his beating and chattering of Teeth increase; for they descri'd about twenty, all in white a Horse-back, with Tapers Lighted in their Hands; after which follow'd a Litter cover'd with black, and then came six more a Horse-back attired in Mourning, aswere their Mules, even to the very Ground; for they perceiv'd they were not Horses by the slowness of their Pace. The white Folks rod muttering somewhat among themselves in a low and pitiful Voice: This strange Vision, at such an Hour, and in Places not Inhabited, was sufficient to strike fear into *Sancho's* Heart, and even into his Masters, had it been any other than *Don Quixote*; but *Sancho* had already lost all his Courage. It was not so with his Master, whose imagination presently represented

him say to himself, This Master of mine is doubtless as stout and courageous as he pretends to be.

There lay on the ground by him whom his Mule had overthrown, a Wax Taper still burning, by whose light *Don Quixote* perceiv'd him, and coming over to him, he set the Point of his Lance to his Face, bidding him yield, or else he would kill him. To which the other answer'd; I have sufficiently yielded, for I cannot stir, one of my Legs being broken. And if you are a Christian I desire you not to kill me; for in so doing you would commit a great Sacrilege, I being a Licenciate, and having receiv'd the first Orders. Well then, quoth *Don Quixote*; what the Devil brought thee hither being a Churchman? Who Sir, reply'd the overthrown, but by misfortune? Yet do's a greater threaten thee, said *Don Quixote*, if thou dost not answer to all the questions I first put to thee. You shall easily be answer'd, quoth the Licenciate; and therefore you must understand, that tho' at first I said I was a Licenciate, I am none, but a Batchelor, and am call'd *Alonso Lopez*, born at *Alcovendas*, and I came from the City of *Bacca*, with eleven other Priests, which are those that fled with the Tapers; we travell'd towards *Segovia*, accompanying the dead Body, that lies in that Litter, of a certain Gentleman who dy'd in *Bacca*, and was there deposited for a while, and now as I say, we carry his Bones to his place of Burial, which is in *Segovia*, the place of his Birth. And who kill'd him, quoth *Don Quixote*? God, quoth the Batchelor, by means of a Pestilential Feaver. After that rate, quoth *Don Quixote*, our Lord has cas'd me of the trouble I would have taken to revenge his Death, if any other had slain him; For since it was he that kill'd him, there is no remedy but Patience, and let the World rub, for the same I must have done, had it been his will to kill me. And I would have your reverence to understand, that I am a Knight of *la Mancha*, call'd *Don Quixote*; and my Office and Exercise is, to go throughout the World righting of wrongs, and undoing of injuries. I cannot understand how that can be of righting of Wrongs, quoth the Batchelor, since you have made me who was right before, now very crooked by breaking my Leg, which can never be righted again, as long as I live; and the wrong you have undone in me, is no other but to leave me so injur'd, that I shall remain so for ever. And it was a very great disaster to meet with you who go about to seek Adventures. All things, quoth *Don Quixote*, do not fall out in the same manner: The mischief on't was, Master Batchelor *Alonso Lopez*; that you Travell'd thus by Night in Surplices, with burning

Tapers, Praying, and in Mourning Weeds, you made a scurvy appearance, like some Creatures of the other World, and therefore I could do no less than to perform my Duty by assailing you, which I would have done, tho' I had certainly known you to be the very Fiends of Hell. For such I took you to be till now.

Then since my bad Fortune has so order'd it, quoth the Batchelor, I desire you good Sir Knight Errant (who have made mine so ill an Errant) to help me to get up from under this Mule, who still holds my Leg betwixt the Stirrop and Saddle. I would have talk'd on till to morrow Morning, quoth *Don Quixote*, and why did you stay so long before you told me what troubl'd you? Then he call'd to *Sancho Pança* to come to him, but he had no mind to come; for he was otherwise employ'd, ransacking of a Sumpter Mule which those good Folks brought with them, well furnish'd with Belly Timber. *Sancho* made a Bag of his Cassack, and seizing all he could, or the Bag would hold, laid it on his Beast, and then repair'd to his Master, and help'd to deliver the good Batchelor from the oppression of his Mule. And mounting him again, gave him his Taper, and *Don Quixote* bid him follow his Fellows, of whom he should ask Pardon in his Name for the wrong he had done them, since he was absolutely oblig'd so to do. And *Sancho* said, In case those Gentlemen should desire to know who the valorous Knight is, that has thus handl'd them, you may tell them, he is the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise call'd the Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*.

The Batchelor departed, and *Don Quixote* ask'd *Sancho*, what had mov'd him to call him the Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*, at that time more than at any other? I'll tell you quoth *Sancho*; I stood looking on you a pretty while by the Light of the Taper that unlucky Man carries, and truly you have one of the ill-favour'dst countenances, of late, that ever I saw; which either proceeds from your being tired after this Battel, or else from the loss of your Teeth. That is not the reason, said *Don Quixote*: But rather, it has seem'd fit to the wise Man, who has charge of writing my History, that I take some appellative Name, as all former Knights did; for one call'd himself, *The Knight of the burning Sword*; another of the *Unicorn*; this, of the *Phoenix*; the other, of the *Damzels*; another the Knight of the *Griphon*; and another the *Knight of Death*; And so I say, that the wise Man whom I mention'd put it into thy Head, and mov'd thy Tongue to call me the *Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*, and so I design to call my self from this time forwards, and that the Name may better become me, I will upon the first Opportunity

cause

cause a most sorrowful Figure to be painted upon my Shield. You need not, quoth *Sancho*, spend so much Time and Money in having such a countenance Painted; but what you may do is, to discover your own, and look directly on those that behold you, and I'll warrant you, that without any more ado, or new Painting in your Shield, they will call you the *Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*; and let this pass as a jest, that hunger and the want of your Teeth have given you, as I have said, so illfavour'd a face, that you may well spare all other dismal portraictures. *Don Quixote* laugh'd at his Squire's conceit, and yet resolv'd to call himself by that Name, as soon as ever he should have the conveniency of Painting his Shield or Buckler, as he had design'd; and said to him; I believe I am Excommunicated, for having laid violent Hands upon a consecrated Person. *Juxta illud: si quis suadente diabolo, &c.* Tho' I am certain I laid not my Hands upon him, but only this Javelin; and besides, I did not any way suspect that I offended Priests or Church-men, whom I respect and honour as a *Catholic* and faithful *Christian*; but rather that they were Fantomes and Goblins of the other World. And tho' it were so, I well remember what beset the *Cid Ruy Diaz*, when he broke that same King's Embassador's Chair before the Popes Holyness, for which he Excommunicated him, and yet for all that the good *Roderick de Vivar* behav'd himself that day like an Honourable and Valiant Knight.

As soon as he heard this, the Batchelor as was said departed, without speaking a Word, and *Don Quixote* would fain have seen whether the Corps that came in the Litter was Bones or no, but *Sancho* would not permit him, saying, Sir you have finish'd this perilous Adventure, most with your safety of any one of all I have seen. These People, tho' overcome and scatter'd, may perhaps bethink themselves, that he who has overcome them is but one single Person, and growing ashamed of it, may perhaps joyn and unite themselves, and then turn upon us and give us enough to do. The *Als* is as he ought to be, the Mountain at Hand, and hunger presses us, therefore we have nothing to do at this time but to retire at a good round rate, and as they say, *to the Grave with the Dead, and the living to the Bread*. And driving on his *Als*, he desir'd his Master to follow him, who seeing that *Sancho* spoke not amiss, spur'd after him without replying; and having Travell'd a little way, between two small Mountains they found a large and hidden Valley, where they alighted, and *Sancho* lighten'd his Beast, and both lying down upon the green Grass, hunger being their best Sauce,

they

they Break-fasted, Din'd and Supp'd at the same time ; satisfy-
ing their Appetites with more than one Dish of cold Meat,
which the dead Gentleman's Chaplains (who knew how to make
much of themselves) had brought for their Provision : But here
another misfortune attended them, which *Sancho* accounted not
as the least, and was, that they had no Wine to drink ; no, nor
so much as a drop of Water to rinse their Mouths, and being
scorch'd with drought, *Sancho* perceiving the Field where they
were full of thick and green Grass, said as follows in the ensu-
ing Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

*Of the unheard of and unseen Adventure, at-
chiev'd with less hazard than ever any other
Knight did, by the valorous Don Quixote de
la Mancha.*

THERE is no doubt, Sir, but the green Grass plainly
shews, that near this Place there must be some Spring
or Brook that waters it, and therefore it will be conveni-
ent that we go a little further, and we shall find wherewith to
quench this terrible Thirst that torments us, which doubtless
is more troublesome than hunger. *Don Quixote* approv'd of
his Counsel, and therefore leading *Rosinante* by the Bridle,
and *Sancho* his A's by the Halter, after laying up the reverſion of
their Supper, they set forward through the Plain, guided only
by their gueſs, for the Night was so dark that they could not
see a Jot. But scarce had they Travell'd two hundred Paces,
when they heard a great Noise of Water, as if it fell head-
long from some high and steep Rock. The sound chear'd them
very much, and standing to listen which way it came,
they heard unawares another Noise, which damp'd all the plea-
sure they had conceiv'd before, especially in *Sancho*, who as
has been observ'd was naturally very fearful and of little Cou-
rage. They heard I say certain Blows regularly struck, with
a kind of raling of Irons and Chains, which together with
the furious sound of the Water, might strike terror into any
other Heart but *Don Quixote's*.

The

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The Night, as we said, was dark, and they hapned to be
among some tall and lofty Trees, whose Leaves mov'd by a
soft gale of Wind, made a fearful and soft Noise ; to that the
Solitude, Situation, Darkneſs, and noise of the Water, and
trembling of the Leaves concurring, did breed Horror and
Dread. But specially because the Blows never ceas'd, the
Wind slept not, nor the Morning approach'd, to which may be
added, that they knew not the Place where they were. But *Don
Quixote's* undaunted Heart never failing him, he leap'd on *Rosi-
nante*, and grasping his Buckler, brandish'd his Lance, and said :
Friend *Sancho*, I would have thee to know, that I was Born by
the disposition of Heaven, in this our Age of Iron, to renew
in it that of Gold, or the Golden World as it is call'd. I am
he for whom are reserv'd all dangerous, great, and valorous
Feats. I say once more, I am he that shall raise again those of the
Round Table, the twelve Peers of France, and the nine Wor-
thies. I am he who shall cause to be forgotten the Acts of
those *Platires*, *Tablantes*, *Olivantes*, and *Tirantes*, the *Phobuses*
and *Belianises*, with all the crew of the famous Knights Er-
rant of times Past, doing in this in which I live such great
and wonderful Feats of Arms, as shall obſcure the bravest
that ever they achiev'd. Thou notest well, faithful and trusty
Squire, the darkness of this Night, the strange silence, the
deaf and confus'd trembling of these Trees, the dreadful noise
of that Water in whose search we come, which seems to throw
it self headlong down from the steep Mountrains of the Moon,
the incessant Blows which still Wound our Ears ; all which
together, and every one apart, are able to strike Terror,
Fear and Amazement into the very mind of *Mars* ; how much
more into his that is not accusom'd to the like Chances and Ad-
ventures ? Yet all this which I have describ'd to thee, is but
as it were so many provocations and incentives to my Cou-
rage, which now makes my Heart ready to burst within me,
through the desire it has to try this Adventure, how difficult
soever it appears : Wherefore tye my Horse Girts a little
straighter, and farewell. Here in this place thou may'st expect
me three Days and no longer, and if I return not within that
time ; thou may'st go back to our Village, and from thence
(for my sake) to *Toboso*, where thou shalt say to my incompa-
rable Lady *Dulcinea*, that her captive Knight dyed, by at-
tempting Things that might make him worthy to be call'd hers.

When *Sancho* heard his Master speak these Words, he began
to weep with the greatest compassion in the World, and say
to him ; Sir, I see no reason why you should undertake this
fearful

fearful Adventure: it is now Night, and no Body can see us; we may very well cross the way, and remove from danger, tho we should by so doing want Drink these three Days. And since nobody sees us, there can be none to take notice of our cowardise; the rather because I have often heard the Curate of our Village, whom you know very well, preach, *That he who seeks the danger perisheth in it*; so that it is not good to tempt God, undertaking such a desperate Affair, where you cannot escape, but by Miracle; and let those that Heaven has already wrought for you suffice, in delivering you from being toss'd in a Blanket, as I was, and bringing you away Victorious, free, and safe, from among so many Enemies as accompany'd the dead Man. And if all this do not move or soften your hard Heart, let it be mov'd, to think and certainly believe, that scarce shall you depart from this Place, when through meer fear I shall give up my Soul to him that pleases to take it. I left my Country, Wife, and Children to come and serve you, hoping thereby to be a gainer and no loser: But according to the saying, *all Covet all Lose*, so have I lost even my Hopes, since when they were most Pregnant and full with the expectation of obtaining that cursed unluckly Island, which you have so often promis'd me, I perceive that in lieu of it you will now forsake me in a Place so Remote from Human Society. For the Love of God, good Sir, do me not this displeasure; and if you will not wholly desist from your purpose, yet defer it at least till Morning; for as my little skill, which I learn'd when I was a Shepherd, informs me, we have not three Hours to break of Day, for the Mouth of the lesser Bear is over the Head, and shews Mid-night in the Line of the left Arm. How canst thou Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, see where that Line, or that Mouth, or that Tail of which thou speakest are, since the Night is so dark that not one Star appears? That is true, quoth Sancho, but fear has Eyes which can see Things under the Ground, and much more in the Skies, besides that we may reasonably judge the Day is not far off. Let it be as little off as it will, quoth Don Quixote; it shall never be said of me now or hereafter, that either Tears, or Prayers could dissuade me from performing the Duty of a Knight; and therefore good Sancho hold thy Peace, for God who has inspir'd me to attempt this unseen and fearful Adventure, will have an Eye to my Weal, and comfort thy Sorrow. What thou hast therefore to do, is to girt Roxinante tight, and stay here; for I will soon return either dead or alive.

Sancho

Sancho understanding his Master's last Resolution, and how little his Tears, Counsels, or Prayers were like to avail, resolv'd to employ his Wit, and make him wait if he could till Day, and so when he fasten'd the girths, he gently, without being perceiv'd, ty'd his Asses Halter to both Roxinante's Legs so fast, that when Don Quixote thought to depart he could not, because his Horse could not stir a step, unless it were leaping. Sancho seeing the good success of his contrivance, said, Behold Sir, how Heaven, mov'd by my Tears and Prayers, has ordain'd that Roxinante should not go a step; and if you will be still contending and spurring, and striking him, you will only provoke Fortune, and as the Proverb says, *Spurn against the Prick*. Don Quixote fretted, and yet the more he spur'd his Horse the less he was able to move, wherefore without perceiving the cause of his Horses stay, he resolv'd at last to be quiet, and expect either till the Morning, or else till Roxinante would please to depart, believing verily that the impediment came from some other Cause, and not from Sancho; and therefore said to him: Since it is so Sancho, that Roxinante cannot stir, I am content to tarry till the dawning, tho' the delay cost me some Tears. You shall have no cause to Weep, reply'd Sancho; for I will entertain you telling Stories till it be Day, if you will not alight and take a Nap upon the green Grass, as Knights Errant are wont, that you may be the fresher, and better able to Morrow, to attempt that monstrous Adventure you expect. What do'st thou call alighting, or sleeping, quoth Don Quixote? Am I do'st think one of those Knights that sleep in time of danger? Sleep thou who wast born to sleep, or do what thou wilt; for I will do what I shall see fittest for my purpose. Good Sir be not angry, quoth Sancho, for I did not speak with any such Intention: And so drawing near to him, he set one of his Hands on the Pomel of the Saddle, and the other on the Crupper, so that he stood embracing his Master's left Thigh, not daring to depart an Inch from thence, such was the fear he had conceiv'd of those Blows, which all the while sounded without ceasing.

Then Don Quixote commanded him to tell some Tale to pass away the Time, as he had promis'd; and Sancho said he would, if the fear of that which he heard would permit. Yea, quoth he, for all this I will take Courage to tell you one, which if I can hit on't right, and I be not interrupted, is the best Story that ever you heard, and be you attentive, for now I begin. *It was and it was, the good that shall befall, be for us all, and the harm for him that seeks it.* And you must take

take notice, good Sir, that the way that ancient Men did begin their Tales, was no ordinary way, for it was a sentence of *Ca-so* the *Roman Tonſor*: Which ſays, *and the harm be for him that ſeeks it*: Which is as fit for this Place as a Ring for a Finger, to the end you may be quiet, and not go ſeek your own harm to any Place, but that we turn away from it, for no Body forces us to follow this, where ſo many fears ſurprize us. So, on with thy Tale *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and leave the care of the way we are to go to me. I ſay then, quoth *Sancho*, that in a Village of *Eſtremadura*, there was a Shepherd, I would ſay a Goat-herd. And ſo as I tell ye, this Goat-herd was call'd *Lope Ruyz*, and this *Lope Ruyz* was in Love with a Shepherdſs who was call'd *Torralua*, which Shepherdſs call'd *Torralua* was Daughter to a rich Herdſman, and this rich Herdſman. If thou tell'ſt thy Tale *Sancho* after this manner, quoth *Don Quixote*, repeating every thing twice that thou ſay'ſt, thou wilt not have done theſe two Days; tell it ſuccinctly and like a Man of Judgment, or elſe ſay nothing. In the very ſame faſhion as I tell it are all Tales told in my Country, and I know not how to tell it any other way, nor is it reaſon that you ſhould aſk of me to make new Cuſtoms. Tell it as thou pleaſeſt, quoth *Don Quixote*, for ſince Fortune will have it ſo, that I muſt hear thee, go on. So that my dear Sir, quoth *Sancho*, as I have ſaid already, this Shepherd was in Love with *Torralua* the Shepherdſs, who was a Brawny, froward Wench, and ſomewhat Manly, for ſhe had a tolerable Beard, and methinks I am now looking upon her. Did'ſt thou know her then? quoth *Don Quixote*. I did not know her, quoth *Sancho*, but he that told me the Tale, ſaid it was ſo certain and true, that I might when I told it to any other, very well ſwear and affirm that I had ſeen it all my ſelf. So that Days coming and going, the Devil who ſleeps not, and that troubles all, ſo order'd it, that the Love the Shepherd bore to the Shepherdſs was turn'd into Man-ſlaughter and ill Will, and the cauſe of it was according to bad Tongues, a certain quantity of little Jealouſies ſhe gave him, and ſuch as were above Measure and came within the reach of the Law. And the Shepherd did hate her ſo much afterwards, that he was content to leave all that Country becauſe he would not ſee her, and go where his Eyes ſhould never look upon her. *Torralua* that ſaw her ſelf diſdain'd by *Lope*, did preſently love him better than ever ſhe did before. That is a natural Property of Women, quoth *Don Quixote*, to ſight thoſe that Love them, and to Love thoſe that hate them. Proceed, *Sancho*. It hapned, quoth *Sancho*, that the Shep-

Shepherd put his purpoſe in Execution, and gathering up his Goats, he Travell'd through the Fields of *Eſtremadura*, to paſs into the Kingdom of Portugal. *Torralua*, who knew it well, follow'd him a-Foot and bare-Legg'd, aſar off, with a Staff in her Hand, and a Waller hanging at her Neck, where they ſay ſhe carry'd a piece of a Looking-glaſs, and another of a Comb, and I know not what little Bottle of waſh for her Face. But let her carry what ſhe will, for I will not undertake to make that out. Only I'll ſay that they ſay, that the Shepherd came with his Goats to paſs over the River *Gaudiana*, which at that time was very much ſwolln and overflow'd the Banks, and at the ſide where he came there was neither Boat nor Bark, nor any Body to paſs him or his Goats over the River, for which he was very much griev'd, becauſe he ſaw that *Torralua* came very near, and ſhe would trouble him very much with her Prayers and Tears. But he went ſo long looking up and down, 'till he ſpy'd a Fiſher-man, who had ſo little a Boat, that it could only hold one Man and a Goat at once, and for all that he ſpake and agreed with him to paſs him and three hundred Goats he had over the River. The Fiſher-man entred into the Boat, and carry'd over one Goat, he return'd and paſs'd over another, and turn'd back again and paſs'd over another. Keep you Sir good account of the Goats, the Fiſher-man Ferries over, for if only one be forgotten, the Tale will end, and it will not be poſſible to tell one word more of it. I go on then, and ſay, that the landing Place on the other ſide was very dirty and ſlippery, which made the Fiſher-man ſpend much time coming to and fro. Yet for all that he return'd for another Goat, and another, and another.

Make account quoth *Don Quixote*, that thou haſt paſt them all over, for otherwiſe thou wilt not have done paſſing them in a Year. How many ſaid *Sancho* are already paſt over? What a Devil know I, ſaid *Don Quixote*? See there what I told you, quoth *Sancho*, that you ſhould keep good account. By *Jove* the Tale is ended, for there is no going any further. How can that be, ſaid *Don Quixote*, is it to eſſential a part of this Story to know the Goats that are paſt ſo exactly and diſtinctly, that if one in number be miſs'd thou can'ſt not follow on with thy Tale? No Sir, in no ſort, ſaid *Sancho*, for as ſoon as I aſk'd of you to tell me how many Goats paſt over, and you answer'd me you knew not, that very inſtant went out of my Memory all that was to be told, and I ſaith it was of great virtue and pleaſure. So then, quoth *Don Quixote*, the Tale is ended. It is as certainly ended as is my Mother, quoth *Sancho*. Surely, reply'd

reply'd *Don Quixote*, thou hast told one of the rarest Tales or Stories that any Man in the World could have thought on, and such a manner of telling or concluding a Tale was never yet or ever will be known, tho' I never expected any other from thee. But I do not much wonder, for perhaps those never ceasing Strokes have troubl'd thy understanding. All that may be, said *Sancho*, but I know that as to my Tale there is no more to be said, but that there it ends, where the Error of counting the Goats that were wafted over the River begins. Let it end in God's name where it lists, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and let us try whether *Rozinante* can yet stir; then he again gave him the Spurs, and he again leap'd as he had done at first, and then stood still, which was all he could do, being so well Shackl'd.

It happen'd about this time, that either through the cold of the Morning, or that *Sancho* had eaten at Supper some laxative Meats, or that it was a thing natural (and that is most credible) he had a desire to do that which no body could do for him; but such was the Fear which had possess'd his Heart, that he durst not stir the breadth of a straw from his Master; and to imagin he could forbear doing what he had occasion, was a Jest, therefore he contriv'd with himself after this manner. He loos'd his right Hand which held by the Crupper, and with it, gently and without any noise, undid the slip-knot, which without other help kept up his Breeches, and that giving way, they presently fell about his heels like Fetters, then he lifted up his Shirt the best he could, and expos'd to the Air both his blind Cheeks, which were no small ones. This done, which as he thought was the chiefest thing requisite towards getting out of that terrible anguish and plunge; he was suddenly troubl'd with a greater, which was, that he knew not how to disburden himself without making a noise; to avoid which, first he shut his Teeth close, thrugg'd up his Shoulders, and gather'd up his Breath as much as he could, yet notwithstanding all these Precautions, he was so unfortunate, that he made a little noise at last, very different from that which made him so fearful. *Don Quixote* heard it, and said, what noise is that *Sancho*? I know not Sir, quoth he; I think it is something new, for Adventures, or rather Disasters, never begin on light occasions. Then he ventur'd to try Fortune once again, and it succeeded so well, that without making any rumour or noise, but what he did at first, he found himself free from the Load that troubl'd him so much.

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But *Don Quixote* having the Sense of sinelling, as perfect as that of hearing; *Sancho* standing so near, or rather cleaving to him, and the Vapors ascending almost in a direct Line, it could not be avoided, but that some of them must needs reach his Nose, which as soon as they did, he had recourse to the usual Remedy, and stopp'd it very well with his Fingers, and then said with a snaffling Voice: Methinks *Sancho*, thou art much afraid. I am indeed, reply'd *Sancho*, but I pray what do you perceive it by now more than before? In that thou smellest stronger now than before, quoth *Don Quixote*, and not of Amber. It may be so, quoth *Sancho*, yet it is not my fault, but yours, who bring me at such unreasonable Hours, through such desolate and fearful Places. I pray thee Friend retire two or three steps, quoth *Don Quixote*, holding his Fingers still upon his Nose; and from henceforth have more care of thy Person, and of the respect thou ow'st to mine; for I see the overmuch familiarity I use with thee, has produc'd this contempt. I dare wager, quoth *Sancho*, you think I have done something that I ought not. Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, it is the worse for stirring. And thus in this and such like Discourse, the Master and the Man spent the Night. *Sancho* seeing the Morning approach'd, loos'd *Rozinante* very warily, and ty'd up his Hofs. *Rozinante* feeling himself loose, tho' he was not naturally very mettlesome, seem'd to rejoice, and began to beat the ground with his Hoofs; for by his leave he could never yet curvet. *Don Quixote* seeing that *Rozinante* could now stir, accounted it a good Sign, and an encouragement for him to attempt that dreadful Adventure.

By this *Aurora* had display'd her Purple Mantle over the Face of Heav'n; and every thing appear'd distinctly, so that *Don Quixote* perceiv'd he was among a number of tall Chestnut-trees, which commonly make a great Shade. He also perceiv'd that the strokes ceas'd not, but could not discover the cause of them; wherefore giving *Rozinante* presently the Spur, and turning back again to *Sancho*, to bid him farewell, he commanded him to stay for him three or four Days at the longest, and that if he return'd not in that time, he should conclude it had pleas'd God that he should end his days in that dangerous Adventure.

After this Charge given by *Don Quixote* to *Sancho*, he repaired to him again the Embassy and Errand he should carry to his Lady *Dulcinea*; and that touching the Reward of his Service, he should not fear any thing, for he had left his Will

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ready

ready made before he departed from his Village, where he should find himself gratify'd as to his Wages, according to the time he had serv'd. But if God would bring him off from that Adventure safe and sound, and without danger, he might make sure of the promis'd Island. *Sancho* began to weep anew, hearing again the pitiful Words of his good Master, and resolv'd not to forsake him before the conclusion and end of that Affair, and from these Tears and honourable Resolution of *Sancho's*, the Author of this History infers, that it is likely he was well born, or at least an * old *Christian*, whose grief did a little move his Master, but not so much as that he should shew the least token of weakness, but rather concealing it the best he could, he follow'd on his way towards the Water, and the stroaks. *Sancho* follow'd him a-foot, leading, as he was wont, his Ass by the Halter, who was his inseparable Companion in his prosperous or adverse Fortunes.

Having travell'd a good space among these Chestnut and shady Trees, they came out into a little Plain that stood at the foot of certain steep Rocks, from whose tops a great fall of Water came rattling down; at the foot of these Rocks stood some Houses, so ill-built, that they rather seem'd Ruins of Buildings, than Houses; from whence, as they perceiv'd, came the fearful Rumour and noise of the stroaks, which still continu'd. *Roxinante* started at this dreadful noise, and being quieted by his Master *Don Quixote*, by little and little drew near to the Houses, he recommending himself on the way most devoutly to his Lady, beseeching her to assist him in that dreadful Undertaking, and by the by, pray'd to God not to forget him. *Sancho* never stir'd from his Master's side and stretch'd out his Neck and Eyes as far as he could between *Roxinante's* Legs, to see if he could discover what it was that caus'd his dread and fear. When they had travell'd about a hundred Paces further, at the turning of the point of a Mountain, they plainly saw the very cause (for there could be no other) of that so hideous and fearful noise that had held them all the Night so doubtful and affrighted, and was (O Reader if thou wilt not take it in bad part) six Iron Hammers that full'd Cloath, which with their interchangeable stroaks did make that marvellous noise.

When *Don Quixote* saw what it was, he was struck dumb,

* For distinguishing that he was not of *Morish* or *Jewish* Race.

and quite out of Countenance. *Sancho* beheld him, and saw that he hang'd his Head on his Breast, seeming to be ashamed.

Don Quixote also look'd on his Squire, and saw his Cheeks were swell'd with laughter, as if he were ready to burst with it, and his melancholy giving way, he could not forbear laughing himself to see *Sancho*, who seeing his Master had begun, let fly so furiously, that he was forc'd to hold his sides with both hands, that he might not burst with laughing. Four times he gave over, and as often renew'd his Laughter, with as much violence as at first, which made *Don Quixote* curse himself to the Pit of Hell, but especially when in a jeering manner he heard him say, I would have thee know, Friend *Sancho*, that I was born by the disposition of Heav'n in this our Age of Iron, to renew in it that of Gold, or the Golden World. I am he for whom are reserv'd all dangerous, great, and valorous Fears. And thus he went on repeating all, or the greatest part of the Words *Don Quixote* had said the first time they heard the fearful stroaks; *Don Quixote* perceiving that *Sancho* mock'd him, grew so ashamed and angry withal, that lifting up the end of his Lance, he gave him two such blows on the Back, as if he had receiv'd them on the Face, would have freed his Master from paying him any Wages, unless it were to his Heirs. *Sancho*, seeing he paid in earnest for his Jest, and fearing lest his Master should go on with it, said to him with very great submission, Pardon your self, good Sir, for by *Jove*, I am in jest. Because you jest, quoth *Don Quixote*, I do not. Come hither Master *Merriman*, dost thou think, that as these prov'd Iron Hammers to full Cloth; if they had been some other dangerous Adventure, I have not shewn resolution enough to undertake and finish it? Am I oblig'd, being, as I am a Knight, to know and distinguish Noises, and perceive which are of a Fulling-Mill, and which not? And besides, it may be (as it is true) that I never saw any before as thou hast done, base Villain that thou art, born and brought up among them; but if thou doubt'st me, cause these six Hammers to be converted into Giants, and set them at me one by one, or all together; and if I do not make them all kick up their Heels, then mock me as thou pleasest.

No more, good Sir, quoth *Sancho*, for I confess I have laugh'd a little too much; but tell me, I pray you, now we are in Peace, as God shall deliver you out of all Adventures that may befall you, as whole and sound as he has done out of this: Has not the great fear we were in, been a good subject of laughter, and a thing worth the telling? At least

the Fear that I was in; for you, I'm satisf'd, don't know what Fear and Terror is. I don't deny, quoth *Don Quixote*, but that this Accident which has befall'n us, deserves to be laugh'd at, yet ought it not to be told about, because all Persons have not sense enough to judge of things, and hit the true Point. You knew at least, quoth *Sancho*, how to point your Javelin, when pointing at my Pate, you hit me on the shoulders, thanks be to God, and to my activity in going aside. But farewell it, for it will rub off when 'tis dry; and I have heard old Folks say, *That Man loves thee well who makes thee weep*: And besides, great Lords are wont, after giving a Servant a hard word, to bestow on him presently a pair of Hofs. But I know not yet what they are wont to give them after Blows; unless Knights Errant, after the Bastinado, give Islands, or Kingdoms on the Continent. Fortune might prove so favourable, quoth *Don Quixote*, that all thou hast said might come to pass; and therefore pardon what is past, since thou art wise, and know'st that a Man can't bridle the first motions of Passion; and for the future, take notice of one thing (to the end you may refrain and forbear too much talking) that in all the Books of Chivalry that ever I read, and they are an infinite number, I never found that any Squire talk'd so much with his Master, as thou do'st with thine. And this I look upon as a great fault in thee and in my self; in thee, because thou respects me so little; in my self, because I suffer my self to be so little respected. Was not *Gandalin*, *Amadis de Gaule's* Squire, Earl of the firm Island? and yet 'tis read of him that he always spoke to his Lord with his Cap in his Hand, his Head bow'd, and his Body bended, (*more Turcesco*.) What then shall we say of *Gafabel*, *Don Galaor's* Squire, who was so silent, that to shew his great excellency that way, his Name is but once to be found in all that great and authentick History? From what I have said, Son *Sancho*, thou must infer, that some difference must be made between the Master and the Man; the Lord and his Servant; the Knight and his Squire. So that from this day forward, we must deal with more respect, without letting fly at one another; for however I happen to grow angry with thee, it will be bad for the Pitcher. The Rewards and Favours I have promis'd thee will come in their due time, and if they do not, thy wages cannot fail (as I have already told thee.) You are in the right in all you have said, quoth *Sancho*, but fain would I learn, (in case the time of Rewards come not, and that I must of necessity trust to my Wages) how much a Knight

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Knight Errant's Squire did earn in times Past? Or whether they agree'd by Months, or by Days, like Masons Men. I don't think, quoth *Don Quixote*, that they had any certain Wages, but only trusted to their Master's Courtesie. And if I have assign'd thee Wages in my seal'd Will, which I left at home, it was to prevent the worst; because I know not yet what success Chivalry may have in these our miserable Times; and I would not have my Soul suffer in the other World for such a Trifle as thy Wages. For thou must understand, that in this World there is no state so dangerous as that of Knights Errant. That is most true, reply'd *Sancho*, seeing the only sound of the Hammers of a Fulling-mill could trouble and disquiet the heart of so valiant a Knight as you are. But you may be sure, I will not hereafter once unfold my Lips to jest at your Actions, but only to honour you as my Master and natural Lord. So doing, reply'd *Don Quixote*, thou shalt live on the face of the Earth; for next to our Parents, we are bound to respect our Masters, as if they were our Fathers.

C H A P. VII.

Of the high Adventure and rich winning of the Helmet of Mambrino, with other Accidents that beset our invincible Knight.

IT began about this time to Rain and, *Sancho* would fain have entered into the Fulling-Mills, but *Don Quixote* had conceiv'd such hatred against them for the last jest, that he would by no means come near them; but turning towards the right Hand, he fell into a High-way, as much beaten as that wherein they rode the Day before. A while after *Don Quixote* spy'd one a Horse-back, who had on his Head something that glitter'd like Gold; and scarce had he seen him, when he turn'd to *Sancho*, and said, Methinks *Sancho* there's no Proverb that is not true; for they are all sentences taken from experience it self, which is the universal Mother of Sciences; and specially that Proverb that says, *If one miss, another hits*. This I say, because if last Night through ill Fortune we mist of what we sought, being deceiv'd in the Adventure of the

Iron Hammers, we may now hit it in another better and more certain Adventure; and if I hit it not, the fault will be my own, and I shall not be able to attribute it to the want of Knowledge of the Fulling-Mills, or darkness of the Night; which I affirm, because, if I be not deceiv'd, there comes one towards us, that wears on his Head the Helmet of *Mambrino*, for which I made the Oath. Mind well what you say Sir, and better what you do, quoth *Sancho*; for I would not wish it should prove Hammers again to batter us and our understanding. The Devil take thee for a Man, reply'd *Don Quixote*; what resemblance is there betwixt a Helmet and fulling Hammers? I know not, quoth *Sancho*; but if I could speak as much now as I was wont, perhaps I would give you such reasons, that you your self should see how much you are deceiv'd in what you say. How can I be deceiv'd in what I say, scrupulous Traytor, quoth *Don Quixote*? Tell me; seest thou not that Knight that comes riding towards us on a dapple gray Horse, with a Helmet of Gold on his Head? That which I see and discover, answer'd *Sancho*, is no other than a Man on a gray As like mine, and has on his Head something that shines. Why that is *Mambrino's* Helmet, quoth *Don Quixote*: Stand aside and leave me alone with him; thou shalt see how without talking, to cut off delays, I will conclude this Adventure, and become Master of the Helmet I have so much desir'd. I will have a care to stand off, quoth *Sancho*: But I say again, I Pray to God it be a purchase of Gold, and not Fulling-Mills: I have already bid thee, not make any more mention, no not in thought of those Hammers: For if thou dost, said *Don Quixote*, I vow, I say no more, that I will batter thy Soul. *Sancho* fearing left his Master should fulfil the Vow he had thrown out as round as a Hoop, held his Peace.

Now this is the truth of the Story of the Helmet, Horse and Knight, that *Don Quixote* saw: There were in that Neighbourhood two Villages, the one so little that it had neither Apothecary nor Barber, but the greater that was near to it had, and so the Barber of the greater Village serv'd the lesser, where it happen'd that a sick Man had occasion to be blooded, and another to be trim'd, to which purpose the Barber was going thither and carry'd a Brass Basin: And as he travell'd, it chanc'd to Rain, and therefore he clapt his Basin on his Head to save his Hat from staining, because belike it was a new one. And the Basin being clean scowred, glitter'd half a League off. He rode on a gray As, as *Sancho* said; and that was the reason why *Don Quixote* took him to be a dapple gray Steed: He like-

likewise took the Barber for a Knight, and his glittering Basin for a Helmet of Gold; for he did easily apply every thing he saw to his raving Chivalry and ill-errant Thoughts. And when he saw that the Poor Knight drew near, without staying to argue the case with him, he couch'd his Lance, and ran with all the force of *Rozinante*, thinking to strike him thorow and thorow; and coming up close to him, without stopping his Horse, he cry'd, Defend thy self Caytif, or else resign to me willingly that which is justly my due.

The Barber who without fearing or suspecting any such thing, saw the Fantome coming to attack him, had no way to avoid the stroke of the Lance but by falling off his As to the Ground: And scarce had he touch'd the Earth, when rising up again as quick as Thought, he ran away so swiftly through the Plain, that the Wind could scarce overtake him; leaving behind him on the Ground his Basin, wherewith *Don Quixote* was satisfy'd, and said, That *Pagan* who lost it was Wise, and did like the Beaver, who seeing himself horly pursu'd by the Hunters, tears and cuts away that with his Teeth, for which he knows by natural instinct he is follow'd. Then he commanded *Sancho* to take up the Helmet, who lifting it said, The Basin is a good one by God, and is as well worth a * Piece of eight as a Maravedi; and giving it to his Master, he presently put it on his Head, turning it about every way, to see whether he could find the Beaver, and not finding it, said, The *Pagan* for whom the famous Helmet was first forg'd, had doubtless a very great Head; and that which grieves me most is, that this Helmet wants the one half.

When *Sancho* heard him call the Basin a Helmet, he could not contain his Laughter, but then remembering his Master's choler, he check't it in the mid'st. Why dost thou laugh *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*. I Laugh said he, to think on the great Head the *Pagan*, owner of this Helmet, had; for it is for all the World like a Barber's Basin. Know *Sancho* that I imagine, quoth *Don Quixote*, that this famous piece of this Inchant'd Helmet did fall by some strange Accident into some one's Hands that knew not the worth of it, and seeing it was of pure Gold, without knowing what he did, I believe he has melted the half, to make his profit of it, and of the other half made this, which seems a Barber's Basin, as thou say'st: But be it what it will

* A Piece of Eight is four and six pence, a Maravedi the least Coin in Spain being less than a farthing.

to me who know well what it is, this its transmutation signifies nothing; for I will so order it in the first Town where I shall find a Smith, as that which the God of Forges made for the God of War shall not outdo, no nor come near it; and in the mean while I will wear it as I can; for something is better than nothing: Especially since it may very well defend me from the blow of a Stone. That's true, quoth *Sancho*, if it be not thrown out of a sling, such as that of the Battel of the two Armies, when they blest'd your Worships cheek Teeth, and broke the Bottle, in which you carry'd the most blessed Drench which made me Vomit up my Guts. I don't much care for the loss of it *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for as thou know'st I have the receipt by hart; so have I too, quoth *Sancho*, but if ever I make it or tast it again in my life, I Pray God it may be my last. Besides that I design not to put my self within the danger of needing it, for I intend with all my five Senses, to avoid being Wounded or Wounding any Man. As for being to'st'd in a Blanket again, I can say nothing to that for such misfortunes can scarce be prevented, and if they happen there is no remedy but Patience, to shrug up ones Shoulders, hold ones Breath, shut ones Eyes, and suffer ones self to be carry'd where Fortune and the Blanket please.

Thou art a bad Christian *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, hearing him say so; for thou never forget'st the injuries that are once done thee: Know that it is the Duty of noble and generous Minds, not to be mov'd at Things of little Consequence. What Leg hast thou brought away Lame? What Rib broken? Or what Head hurt, that thou canst not yet forget that Jest? For the thing, if rightly examin'd, was no other than a Jest or Pastime; for if I had not taken it so, I had return'd by this to that Place, and done more harm in thy revenge, than the *Greeks* did for the rape of *Helen*: Who if she had liv'd in these Times, or my *Dulcinea* in hers, she might be sure she would never have gain'd so much fame for Beauty as she did: And so saying, he pierc'd the Skie with a sigh. Then said *Sancho*, let it pass for a Jest, since the revenge cannot be had in Earnest. But I well know the nature both of the Jest and of the Earnest, as also that they will never out of my memory, no more than they will out of my Shoulders. But leaving this aside, what shall we do with this dapple gray Steed, that looks so like a gray Ass, which that *Martin* left behind, whom you overthrew, for by the haste he made, he designs not to come back for him again; and by my Beard the gray Beast is a good one. I don't use, quoth *Don Quixote*, to plunder those I overcome; nor is it the practice

practice of Chivalry to take their Horses and let them go a Foot: Unless it befall the Victor to lose his own in the conflict; for in such a case it is lawful to take that of the Vanquish'd as won in fair War. So that *Sancho* leave that Horse, or Ass, or what else thou pleasest to call it; for when its owner sees us gone, he will return again for it. God knows, quoth *Sancho*, whether it will be good or no for me to take him, or at least to change for mine, which methinks is not so good. Truly the Laws of Knighthood are strict, since they extend not so far as to licence the exchange of one Ass for another: And I would know whether they permit at least to exchange one furniture for another. In that particular I am not very sure, quoth *Don Quixote*; and as a case of doubt (till I be better inform'd) I say exchange them, if thy necessity be pressing. So pressing, quoth *Sancho*, that if they were for my own very Person, I could not need them more; and so being Authoriz'd by that Licence, he made *mutatio Caparum*, and set out his Beast like a Whore on a Holy-day, and advanc'd him at least twenty or thirty *per Cent*.

This done, they broke their fast with the reliques of the spoils they had made in the Camp of the Sumpter Horse, and drank of the Mills streams, without once turning their Faces to look on them (so much they abhor'd them for the wonderful Terrour they had caus'd in them) and having by their repast put away all Cholerick and Melancholy Humours, they follow'd on the way which *Rozinante* pleas'd to lead them (who was the depository of his Master's will, and also of the Asses; who follow'd him always wheresoever he went, Friendly and Sociably. For all this they return'd to the High-way, where they Travell'd at Random, without any certain design. As they thus Travell'd, *Sancho* said to his Master, Sir, will you give me leave to commune with you a little; for since you have impos'd upon me that hard Commandment of silence, more than four Things have rotted in my Stomach; and one Thing, that I have now upon the tip of my Tongue, I would not wish for any thing it should miscarry. Say it, quoth *Don Quixote*, and be brief in thy Discourse; For none is Pleasing if it be Tedious. I say then, quoth *Sancho*, that I have been these latter Days, considering how little is gain'd by following these Adventures, as you do through these Defarts and Cross-ways, where tho' you overcome and finish the most dangerous; yet no Man sees or knows them, and so they will remain in perpetual Silence, both to your Prejudice, and that of the fame they deserve. And therefore methinks it were better (with sub-

submission to your better Judgment herein) that we went to serve some Emperour, or other great Prince that makes War, in whose service you might shew the valour of your Person, your marvelous Force, and wonderful Judgment : Which being perceiv'd by the Lord whom we shall serve, he must perforce reward us, every one according to his Deserts ; and in such a place there will not want one to record your noble Acts for a perpetual Memory : Of mine I say nothing, since they must not exceed the Squirely Limits ; tho' I dare avouch, that if any notice be taken in Chivalry of the feats of Squires, mine shall not be pass'd over in silence.

'Sancho thou art not out of the way, quoth *Don Quixote* ; but before we come to that, it is requisite to spend some time about the World, upon Tryal, seeking Adventures, to the end, that by atchieving some, a Man may acquire such fame and renown, that when he goes to the Court of any great Monarch, he may be there already known by his Actions, and that he shall scarce be seen entering at the Gates by the Boys of that City, when they shall all follow and Inviron him, crying out aloud, This is the Knight of the Sun, or the Serpent, or of some other Device, under which he has atchiev'd many strange Adventures. This is he (will they say) who overcame in single Fight the huge Giant *Brocabruno* of the invincible strength. He that disenchanted the great *Mamaluks* of *Persia*, of the long Inchantment wherein he had lain almost nine hundred Years. So that they will thus go proclaiming his Acts from hand to hand ; and presently the King of that Kingdom, mov'd by the great bruit of the Boys and other People, will stand at the Windows of his Palace, to see what it is ; And as soon as he eyes the Knight, knowing him by his Arms, or by the Device of his Shield, he must necessarily say, Go to, let all my Knights, that are in Court turn out to receive the flower of Chivalry that comes there. At whose Command they will all go forth, and he himself will come down to the mid'st of the Stairs, and embrace him most lovingly, and will give him the kiss of Peace on the Cheek ; and presently will carry him by the hand to the Queen's Chamber, where the Knight shall find her accompany'd by the Princess her Daughter, which must be one of the fairest and debonair Damsels that can be found throughout the vast compass of the Earth : After this it will presently follow in a trice, that she will cast her Eye on the Knight, and he on her, and each of them shall seem to the other no human Creature, but an Angel ; and then without knowing how, or how not,

'not, they shall be both captivated and intangled in the inextricable amorous Net, and their minds full of care, because they know not how they shall speak to one another to discover their Anguish and Pain. From thence the King will carry him without doubt, to some quarter of his Palace richly hang'd ; where, having taken off his Arms, they will bring him a rich Mantle of Scarlet, furr'd with Ermines, to wear ; and if he appear'd well before, in his Armour ; he shall now look as well, or better, out of it. Night being come, he shall Sup with the King, Queen, and Princess, where he shall never take his Eye off her, stealing a glance of her unperceiv'd of the Standers by, and she will do the like with as much discretion : For, as I have said, she is a very discreet Damzel. The Tables shall be taken away, there shall enter unexpectedly in at the Hall, an ill-favour'd little Dwarf, with a fair Lady that comes behind the Dwarf between two Giants, with a certain Adventure contriv'd by a most ancient wise Man, so that he who shall end it, shall be accounted the best Knight in the World. Presently the King will command all those that are present to try it, which they do, yet none of them can finish it, but only the new-come Knight to the great proof of his fame. Whereat the Princess will rejoyce, and be very well pleas'd, because she has serled her affection on so much Desert. And the best of it is, That this King, or Prince, or what else he is, has a very great War with another as mighty as he ; and the Knight his guest do's ask (after he has been in the Court a few Days) leave to go serve him in that War. The King will give it with a very good Will, and the Knight will kiss his Hands courteously for the favour he do's him : And that Night he will take leave of his Lady the Princess at some Window of a Garden that looks into her Bed-chamber, at which he has spoken to her several times before, a certain Damzel in whom the Princess much confides, being privy to and carrying on the whole affair. He sighs, and she will fall in a swoon, and the Damzel will fetch Water to bring her to her self again. She will be full of care, because the Morning draws near, and she would not have them discover'd for her Ladies honour. Finally, the Princess will come to her self, and will give out her beautiful Hands at the Window to the Knight, who will kiss them a thousand and a thousand Times, and will bath them all in Tears. There it will be agreed between them two, what means they will use to acquaint one another with their good or bad Fortunes ; and the Princess will pray him to stay away as short a time as may be, which he shall promise.

'mise her, with many Oaths and Proteftations. Then will he again kifs her Hands, and take his leave of her with fuch concern, that he will be like to end his Days in the Place: He goes thence to his Chamber, and cafts himfelf upon his Bed; but he fhall not be able to fleep a wink for grief he is to depart. He will then get up very early, and will go to take leave of the King, Queen and Princefs. They tell him (having taken leave of the firft two) that the Princefs is ill, and that ſhe cannot be viſited: The Knight thinks it is for grief of his departure, and this again pierces him to the Heart, and will almoſt force him to give manifeſt Tokens of his grief: The Damzel that is privy to their Loves will be preſent, and muſt note all that paſſes, and then go tell it to her Miſtreſs, who receives her with Tears, and ſays to her, that one of the greateſt afflictions ſhe has is, that ſhe does not know who her Knight is, or whether he be of Blood Royal or no: Her Damzel will aſſure her again, that ſo great worth, beauty, and valour as is in her Knight, could not find place but in a great and royal Subject. The careful Princefs will comfort her ſelf with this hope, and ſtrive to be chearful, leſt ſhe ſhould give occaſion to her Parents to ſuſpect any ſiniſter thing of her; and within two Days ſhe will again appear in publick. By this the Knight is departed, he fights in the War, and overcomes the Kings Enemy, he wins many Cities, and Triumphs for many Battels, he returns to Court, he viſits his Lady, and ſpeaks to her at the uſual Place, he agrees with her to demand her of the King for his Wife, in reward of his ſervices, to which the King will not conſent, becauſe he knows not what he is; but for all this, either by carrying her away, or by ſome other means, the Princefs becomes his Wife, and he accounts himſelf very Fortunate, becauſe it was after known that the ſame Knight is Son to a very valorous King, of I know not what Country; for I believe it is not in all the Map. The Father dies, and the Princefs inherits the Kingdom, and thus in a trice our Knight becomes a King, Then follows the rewarding of his Squire, and all thoſe that were aſſiſting to him in aſcending to ſo elevated a Dignity. He marries his Squire to one of the Princefs Damzels, which ſhall doubtleſs be the very ſame that was acquainted with his Love, who is ſome principal Dukes Daughter.

That's it I'de be at, and let the World rub, quoth *Sancho*, that's it I'll ſtick to, for every tittle of it ſhall befall your Worſhip, by the name of, *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aſpect*. Ne're doubt it *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; for even in the very ſame manner,

manner, and by the ſame ſteps I have here recounted Knights Errant do, and have aſcended to be Kings and Emperours. This only is now wanting, that we enquire what King among the Chriſtians or Heathens makes War, and has a fair Daughter; but we ſhall have time enough to think of that, ſince, as I have ſaid, we muſt firſt gain Fame in other Places, before we go to the Court. But yet another thing is wanting, and is, that put caſe we find a Chriſtian or Pagan King, that has Wars and a fair Daughter; and that I have gain'd incredible Fame throughout the wide World, yet cannot I tell how to find that I am deſcended from Kings, or that I am at leaſt Couſin German remov'd to an Emperour? for the King will not give me his Daughter, till this be firſt very well prov'd, tho' my actions deſerve it never ſo much; ſo that I fear this defect may cauſe me to loſe, that which I have merited by my Valour: True it is, I am a Gentleman of a known Family, Landed and Eſtated, and ſeſ'd at five hunder'd * *Sueldo's*, and it might fall out that the Wiſe Man who ſhall write my Hiſtory, might ſo far look into my Genealogy, as to find me to be within the fifth or ſixth deſcent from a King; for thou muſt underſtand *Sancho*, that there are two ſorts of Families in the World. Some that derive their Pedigree from Princes and Monarchs, whom Time has by little and little leſſen'd and conſum'd, and ended in a point like *Pyramids*. Others that took their beginning from baſe People, and aſcend by degrees, till at laſt they become great Lords. So that all the difference is, That ſome were that which they are not now; and others are that which they were not; and it may be, I am one of thoſe, and after good Examination, my Original may be found to have been famous and glorious, wherewith the King, my Father-in-law, ought to be ſatisf'd whoſoever he were: And tho' he were not, yet ſhall the Princefs love me ſo paſſionately; that ſhe ſhall in ſpight of her Father's Teeth admit me for her Lord and Husband, tho' ſhe knew me to be the Son of a Water-carrier. But if not, here it comes pat to ſteal her away, and carry her where I ſhall think fit; for either Time or Death muſt needs end her Father's diſpleaſure.

Here that ſaying of ſome wicked Fellows, quoth *Sancho*, ſutes well, which is, *Do not aſk for that you can take by force;*

* *Sueldo is an Ancient Coin, in Spain, and they that were valu'd to be worth 500 of them were reputed Gentlemen.*

tho' it hits patter to say, *Better leap the Hedge than pray at the Pale*. I say thus much, because in case the King your Father-in-law, will not condescend to give you the Princess my Mistress, then there's no more to be done, but as you say, to steal away and carry her to another Place; but all the mischief is, that while composition is unmade, and you possess not quietly your Kingdom, the poor Squire may whistle for any Benefit or Pleasure you are able to do him; unless the Damsel, you spoke of even now, run away with her Lady, and he divert his Misfortunes now and then with her, 'till Heaven do's better for him: For I think his Lord may give her to him presently, if she please to be his lawful Spouse. There's none that can deprive thee of that, quoth *Don Quixote*. Why, so this come to pass, quoth *Sancho*, there's no more to do, but to leave it to God, and let Fortune manage it as she thinks fit. God grant, reply'd *Don Quixote*, it succeeds as I wish, and thy Wants require; and *Evil be to him that Evil thinks of himself*. Be it so, quoth *Sancho*, for I am an old Christian*, and there's no more requir'd to make a Man fit to be an Earl. Ay, and 'tis more than enough, quoth *Don Quixote*, for that purpose; and tho' thou wert not, it were no great matter; for I being a King, may give thee Nobility, without either buying of it, or making me any Present: For by creating thee an Earl, thou art made a Gentleman. And let Men say what they please; they must in good faith call thee Right Honourable, tho' it fret their Guts never so much. And you think I warrant, quoth *Sancho*, I should not know how to carry my Equality. Thou must say Quality, and not Equality, said his Master. Let it be so, answer'd *Sancho*, I say I could manage it well; for I was once the Warner of a Brotherhood, and the Warner's Gown became me so well, that every one said I had a Presence fit to be Provost of the same. What will it be then, when I shall lay on my Shoulders the Royal Robe of a Duke, or be apparell'd with Gold and Pearls, after the custom of strange Earls? I do verily believe Men will come a hundred Leagues to see me. Thou wilt appear very well, quoth *Don Quixote*; but thou must shave that Beard very often; for as thou hast it now so bushy, knit, and undecent, if thou shav'st it not with a Razor, at least every other day, Men will know thou art as far remote from

* An Old Christian the Spaniards call him that is not of Jewish, or Moorish Race.

Gentility

Gentility as a Musket can carry. What more is there to be done, quoth *Sancho*, but to take a Barber and keep him at Waiges in my House? Nay, and if it be necessary, he shall ride after me, as if he were Gentleman of the Horse to some Noble Man. How know'st thou, quoth *Don Quixote*, that Noble Men have their Gentlemen of the Horse riding after them? I'll tell you, quoth *Sancho*, some few years ago, I was a Month at Court, and there I saw a young little Lord ride by for his Pleasure, and they said he was a great Grandee: there follow'd him still a-Horse-back a certain Man, turning every way he went, so that he verily seem'd to be his Horse's Tail. I then ask'd the cause, why that Man did not ride by the other's side, but still follow'd him so? They answer'd me that he was his Gentleman of the Horse, and that the Grandees us'd to carry such Men after them. Thou say'st true, quoth *Don Quixote*, and thou may'st carry thy Barber in the same manner after thee; for *Customs came not all together*, nor were not invented at once: And thou may'st be the first Earl that carri'd his Barber after him. And I do assure thee that it is an Office of more trust to trim a Man's Beard than to saddle a Horse. Leave the Business of the Barber to me quoth *Sancho*, and that of contriving to be a King, and of creating me an Earl, belongs to you. It shall be so, quoth *Don Quixote*: And lifting up his Eyes, he saw that which shall be related in the following Chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

How Don Quixote gave their Liberty to many Wretches, who were carrying perforce to a Place they desir'd not to go to.

CIDE Hamete Benengeli, an Arabian and Machegan Author recounts in this most grave, lofty, accurate, sweet, and fancy'd History, That after this Discourse had pass'd between *Don Quixote* and his Squire *Sancho Pança*, as has been laid down in the last Chapter, *Don Quixote* lifting up his Eyes, saw there came along the very same way where they rode, a-

bout

about a dozen Men in a Company a-foot, and strung like Beads, in a great Chain of Iron, that was fasten'd about their Necks, and all of them with Manacles on their Hands. There came along with them two a-Horse-back, and two others a-foot: The Horse-men had Fire-locks: Those that were a-foot, Darts and Swords. And as soon as *Sancho* saw them, he said; this is a Chain of Gally-slaves, People forc'd by the King to go to the Gallies. How! People forc'd, said *Don Quixote*? it is impossible that the King will force any body? I say not so, answer'd *Sancho*, but that they are People condemn'd for their Offences to serve the King in the Gallies perforce. In short, reply'd *Don Quixote*, (however it be) these folks, tho' they are carry'd, go by force, and not willingly. That's so, quoth *Sancho*. Then if so, here comes in the execution of my Function, to wit, the undoing of violence and outrages, and the succouring of the afflicted and needful. I pray Sir, quoth *Sancho*, consider that Justice which represents the King himself, does wrong or violence to no body; but only chastises them for their Crimes they have committed.

By this the Chain of Slaves came up, and *Don Quixote* in very courteous terms, requested those that went as their Guard, to inform him why they carry'd those Men away in that manner. One of the Guards a Horse-back answer'd, they were Slaves condemn'd by his Majesty to the Gallies, and there was no more to be said, nor ought he to desire any farther information. For all that, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I would fain learn of every one of them in particular, the cause of his Misfortune: And to this added other such courteous words, to move them to tell him what he desir'd, that the other Horse-man said. Tho' we carry here the Register and Certificate of the condemnation of every one of these Wretches, yet this is no time to keep them here long, or take out the Processes to read; draw you nearer and ask it of themselves, for they can tell it if they please, and I know they will; for they are Men that take delight both in acting and repeating their Knaveries.

With this leave, which *Don Quixote* himself would have taken, tho' they had not given it him, he came to the Chain, and ask'd of the first, for what offence he was carry'd in that scurvy Manner? He answer'd that his Offence was no other than being in Love; for which only cause he was so treated. For that only, reply'd *Don Quixote*? Well, if People in Love be sent to the Gallies, I might have been rowing there a good while ago. My Love was not such as

you

you imagine, quoth the Slave, for I took such an affection to a Basket well heap'd with fine Linnen, and I hugg'd it so close, that if the Officers had not taken it away from me by force, I would not have forsaken it to this Hour by my good will. All was done in † *Flagrante*; there was no occasion for the Rack, the Process was soon ended, my Back thrum'd with an hundred Lashes, and over and above, I am to thrash the Sea for three Years, and there's an end on't. What means thrashing the Sea, quoth *Don Quixote*. Thrashing the Sea, is rowing in the Gallies, reply'd the Slave, who was a Youth about four-and-twenty Years of Age, and said he was born at *Piedrabita*. *Don Quixote* ask'd the same Question of the second, who would not answer a word, he was so sad and Melancholy. But the first answer'd for him, and said, Sir, this Man goes for being a * *Canary-bird*, I mean a Musician and Singer. Is it possible, quoth *Don Quixote*, that Musicians and Singers should be sent to the Gallies? Yes, Sir, quoth the Slave, for there's nothing worse than singing on the Torture. On the contrary, quoth *Don Quixote*, I have heard say, that he who sings makes his Sorrow light: Here it is quite contrary, quoth the Slave, for he that sings ends, weeps all his Life after. I don't understand it, quoth *Don Quixote*. But one of the Guards said to him, Sir Knight, to sing on the Torture among these ungodly People, is to confess upon the Rack. They tortur'd this poor Wretch, and he confess'd his Crime was Horse-stealing and 'because he has confess'd, he is likewise condemn'd to the Gallies for Six Years, besides two hundred Lashes he has already receiv'd: And he is always thus sad and pensive, because the other Thieves that remain behind; and those that go here, do abuse, despise, and revile him for confessing, and not having the courage to say No: For they say the Word No, has fewer Letters than *Yea*, and that a Delinquent is very fortunate, when his Life or his Death only depends on his own Tongue, and not on Witnesses or Evidence: And in my Opinion, they are in the right: I think so too, quoth *Don Quixote*. And going on to

† *In Flagrante*, is that he was taken in the Fact, and what he says of the Rack, is, because in Spain they put Thieves to it, either to make them confess, or discover their Associates.

* The Cant of Goal-Birds.

the third, he ask'd the same Question of him, as he had ask'd of the rest, and he answer'd readily, and very unconcern'd. I am going to Sea for five Years, because I wanted Ten Ducats. I will give twenty with all my Heart to free thee from that Misfortune, quoth *Don Quixote*. That, quoth the Slave, is like one that has Money in the midst of the Ocean, and yet dies for hunger, because he can get no Meat to buy for it. I say so, because if I had been Master of those twenty Ducats which your Worship's liberality now offers me, in due season, I would with them have so greaz'd the Notaries Fist, and whetted my Lawyers Wit, that I might this day have been walking in the Market of *Zocodover* of Toledo, and not dragg'd along this Road like a Grayhound: But God is great. Patience, and that's enough.

Don Quixote went on to the fourth, who was a Man of a venerable presence, with a long white Beard which reach'd to his Bosom. Who hearing himself ask'd the cause why he came there, began to weep, and answer'd not a word. But the fifth Slave lent him a Tongue, and said, this honest Man goes to the Gallies for four Years, after having walk'd the Streets apparell'd in Pomp, and a Horse-back. That is, quoth *Sancho Pança*, as I take it, after he was * expos'd to Publick shame. You are in the right, quoth the Slave; and the Crime for which he is condemn'd to this Punishment, was for being a Buttock-Broker, I mean a Pimp; as also for having a little smack and insight in Witchcraft. If that smack and insight in Witchcraft were omitted, quoth *Don Quixote*, he deserv'd not to go row in the Gallies for being a meer Pimp; but rather to govern and be their General. For the Office of a Pimp, is not like every other common Employment, but rather of great discretion and most necessary in any well-govern'd Common-Wealth, and should not be practis'd but by People well born; and ought besides to have an Overseer, or Examiner, as in other Trades; and a certain number of them appointed as there is of Brokers upon the Exchange. And thus many Mischiefs might be prevented, that now happen, because this Trade is exercis'd by indiscreet and ignorant People, such as pitiful inconsiderable Women, rascally Pages, and young Buffoons without experience, who in

* Instead of the Pillory in Spain, they carry that sort of Malefactors upon an Ass, in a particular Habit along the Streets, the Cryer going before, and telling their Crime.



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the greatest exigency, and when there is need of a substantial contrivance, stand like Fools with their Fingers in their Mouths, and don't know their right hand from their left. Fain would I proceed and give Reasons why it is convenient to make choice of those who ought in the Common-wealth, to practice this so necessary an Office: But the Place and Time are not fit for it. Some time or other I shall say more to those who can remedy it: All I say now is, that the addition of being a Wizard, has effac'd the compassion I should otherwise have, to see those gray Hairs, and venerable Face in such distress for being a Pimp: Tho' I know very well that no Sorcery in the World can move or force the Will, as some ignorant Persons think, for our Will is a free Faculty, and there's no Drug or Charm can constrain it. That which certain simple Women, or cheating Fellows compound, are some mixtures and Poisons, with which they cause Men to run mad, and in the mean while persuade us, they have force to make one love, it being, as I have said, a thing most impossible to constrain the Will. That is true, quoth the Old Man, and I protest Sir, I am wholly innocent of the imputation of Witch-craft. As for being a Pimp, I could not deny it: But yet I never thought I did ill in it; for all my Design was, that all the World should sport and live together in Peace and Concord, without trouble or Quarrels; but this my good will avail'd me little to prevent my going where I have no Hopes ever to return, by reason of my great Age, and the Strangury, which never lets me rest a moment. And here he again renew'd his Lamentations, which mov'd such compassion in Sancho, that clapping his Hand into his Bosom, he pull'd out half a piece of Eight, and gave it him in Charity.

From him *Don Quixote* pass'd on to another, and ask'd his Fault, who answer'd much more pleasantly than the former: I am here because I jest'd too much with two Cousin Germans of my own, and with two other Sisters that were none of mine: In short, I jest'd so much with them all, that my jesting was follow'd by such an intricate increase of my Kindred, that there is scarce a Casuist can unravel it; the whole matter was prov'd upon me, I wanted favour, had no Money, and was in jeopardy of a Halter: Finally, I was condemn'd for six years to the Gallies. I consented to it, as a punishment of my Fault; I am young, and if my Life hold out, all will go well. And if you, Sir Knight, have any thing to relieve us poor Folk, God will reward you for it in Heav'n,

and we will be mindful here on Earth, to pray to God for your Life and Health, that it may be as long and as happy as your good presence deserves. He that said this, was a great Talker, and a very good Latinist.

After all these came a Man about Thirty Years old, a comely Person, save only that when he look'd, he seem'd to thrust one Eye into the other: He was differently ty'd from the rest; for he carry'd about his Leg a Chain so long, that it wound about all the rest of his Body: And he had besides two Iron Rings about his Neck, the one fasten'd to the Chain, and the other like a high Collar, from which came down two Irons that reach'd to his Waste, and to them were fasten'd two Manacles, in which his Hands were secur'd with a great Padlock, so that he could neither lift his Hands to his Mouth, nor bend down his Head to his Hands. *Don Quixote* ask'd why he was so loaden with Iron above the rest? The Guard answer'd, because he alone had committed more Faults than all they together, and was a more desperate Knave; and that tho' they carry'd him ty'd in that manner, yet they were not sure of him, but fear'd he would make his escape. What mighty Faults can his be, quoth *Don Quixote*, since he has only deserv'd to be sent to the Gallies? He goes, reply'd the Guard, for ten Years, which is equivalent to a civil Death; never ask more Questions, for this Man is the notorious *Gines of Passamonte*, otherwise call'd *Ginesillo of Parapilla*. Master Commissary, quoth the Slave, hearing him say so, fair and softly, and don't let us dive into Names and Sir-names, I am call'd *Gines*, and not *Ginesillo*; and *Passamonte* is my Sirname, and not *Parapilla*, as you say, and let every one look at home, and he will find enough to do. Talk not so big, quoth the Commissary, Master over-grown Thief, or I shall make you silent to your Sorrow. It is a sign, answer'd the Gally-slave, that a Man is carry'd as God pleases, but the Day may come when some body may know whether I am call'd *Ginesillo de Parapilla* or not. Why don't they call thee so, thou deceitful Knave, quoth the Guard. They do, said *Gines*, but I will take care they shall not call me so, or I will fleece them, I know where my self. Sir Knight, if you have any thing to bestow on us, give it us now, and begone in the name of God; for you tire us with your too curious enquiring into other Mens Lives; and if you would know mine, you must understand I am that *Gines of Passamonte*, whose Life is written by these Fingers. He says true, quoth the Commissary, for he himself has penn'd his own History so well, that there is no mending

mending of it: and leaves the Book pawn'd in the Prison for two hundred Royals: Ay and design to redeem it, quoth *Gines*, tho' it were in for as many Duckets. Is it so good a work, said *Don Quixote*? It is so good reply'd *Gines*, that it quite puts down *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and all that are or shall be written of that kind: For what I dare affirm is, that it treats of true accidents, and those so delightful that no invention can equal them. And how is the Book Intitl'd, quoth *Don Quixote*? It is call'd, said he, *The life of Gines of Passamonte*. And is it yet finish'd said the Knight? How can it be finish'd, reply'd he, before I dye? What is written is from my Birth till I was sent this last time to the Gallies. Why then belike you were there once before (quoth *Don Quixote*.) To serve God and the King, I have been there before four Years, and I know already how the Bisket and Provant agree with my Stomach (quoth *Gines*) nor does it much trouble me to return to them; for there I shall have leisure to finish my Book, and I have still much to say: And in the Gallies of *Spain*, there is more spare time than is requisite for that Business, tho' I shall not need much to Pen what remains; for I can, if need were, say it all by Roat. Thou seem'st to be Ingenious, quoth *Don Quixote*. And unfortunate, quoth *Gines*; for Misfortunes still attend the best Wits. They attend Knaves, quoth the Commissary. I have already spoken to Master Commissary, quoth *Passamonte*, to go fair and softly; for the Lords did not give you that Rod, to abuse us wretches that go here, but to conduct and carry us where his Majesty has commanded, or, by the life of— 'tis enough that perhaps one Day we may know whose A--- is blackest. And let every one hold his peace, live well, and speak better, for we have had too much of this. The Commissary held up his Rod to strike *Passamonte* in answer to his Threats, but *Don Quixote* interpos'd, and intreated him not to use him ill, for it was not much that one who had his Hands bound, should have his Tongue somewhat loose, and then turning himself to the Slaves he said:

I have gather'd from all you have said, dear Brethren, that tho' they punish you for your faults, yet the pains you go to suffer do not very well please you, and that you march toward them with a very ill Will, and by force, and that perhaps the little Courage this fellow had on the Rack, the want of Money in the other, the little favour a third found, and finally the wrested Sentence of the Judge, and not allowing of your justification, have been the cause of your Misery. All which presents it self to my memory in such sort, that it per-

swades, bids, and inforces me to perform that for you, for which Heaven sent me into the World, and made me profess that Order of Knighthood which I follow, and that vow which I made therein to favour and assist the needy, and those that are oppressed by others more Potent. But for as much as I know that it is one of the Parts of Prudence, not to do that by foul means which may be compass'd by fair; I will intreat these Gentlemen your Guardians and Commissary that they will please to loose and let you depart peaceably; for the King cannot want others to serve him upon a better score; for it seems to me a rigorous manner of proceeding, to make Slaves of those whom God and nature created free. Especially good Sirs of the guard (added *Don Quixote*) since these poor Men have never committed any offence against you? Let them answer for their Sins in the other World: There is a God in Heaven, who is not negligent in punishing the Evil, nor rewarding the Good: And it is not decent, that honourable Persons should be the Executioners of other Men, since they can neither gain nor lose much by it. I demand this of you in this peaceable quiet manner, to the end that if you grant my request, I may have occasion to return you thanks; and if you will not do it willingly, then shall this Lance and this Sword, guided by the invincible valour of my Arm force you to it. A pleasant Piece of Nonsense, answer'd the Commissary, what a jest he has made at last, he would have us resign up to him the King's Slaves, as if we had any Authority to discharge them, or he to command it. Go your way Sir in Gods Name, and settle the Balon on your Head right, and do not go about to look for * three Feet in a Cat. Thou art a Cat, and a Rat, and a Knave, quoth *Don Quixote*: And so with word and a Blow, assaulted him so suddenly, that without giving him leisure to defend himself, he struck him down to the Ground very sore Wounded with a blow of his Lance; and as Fortune would have it, this was he that had the fire-lock: the rest of the guard stood astonish'd at the unexpected Accident: But at last coming to themselves, the Horse-men laid their Hands to their Swords, and the Foot-men to their darts, and all of them set upon *Don Quixote*, who expected them very quietly: And doubtless he had been in great danger, if the Slaves perceiving the opportunity offer'd so fit

* A Spanish Proverb to express impertinency, the French say better for our apprehension, Do not seek for five Legs in a mutton.

to recover their liberty, had not endeavour'd it by breaking the Chain they were link'd in. The Hurliburly was such, that the guards now began to run to hinder the Slaves from untying themselves, then again to offend *Don Quixote* who assaulted them; so that they could do nothing considerable to keep their Prisoners. *Sancho* for his part help'd to loose *Gines of Passamonte*, who was the first that got free into the Field without clog, and setting upon the overthrown Commissary, disarm'd him of his Sword and Piece, and now aiming at the one and then at the other with it, without discharging, made all the guards fly the Field, as well for fear of *Passamonte's* Piece, as also to shun the marvellous shower of Stones which the Slaves, now deliver'd, pour'd on them. *Sancho* was wonderful sad at this accident; for he suspected that those who fled, would go and give notice of the violence committed to the *Holy Brotherhood*, which would presently come out in Troops to seek the Delinquents, and so he told his Master, desiring him to be gone from thence immediately, and take shelter in the Mountain which was hard by. It is well, quoth *Don Quixote*, I know now what is fit to be done: And so calling together all the Slaves who were in confusion, and had stript the Commissary naked, they came all about him, to hear what he commanded, to whom he said: it is the part of People well born to gratifie and acknowledge the Benefits they receive, ingratitude being one of the Sins that most offends the highest. This I have said in regard, experience has made you sensible of the favour you have receiv'd at my Hands, in return for which I desire, and it is my will, that all of you loaden with that Chain from which I even now freed your Necks, go presently to the City of *Toboso*, and there present your selves before the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and recount to her, that her Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*, sends you thither to remember his service to her: And relate to her at large the manner of your Freedom, and each particular of this Adventure, and that done you may go where you please. *Gines de Passamonte* answer'd for all the rest, saying; That which you demand, good Sir, our Releaser, is most impossible to be perform'd, by reason we cannot go all together through these ways, but alone and divided, each of us endeavouring to hide himself in the Bowels of the Earth, to the end we may not be found by the *Holy Brotherhood*, which will doubtless set out to seek for us: What you may and ought to do in this exigent is, to change this service and homage of the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, into a certain number of *Ave Marias*

and *Creeds*, which we will say for your intention, and this is a thing that may be accomplish'd by Night or by Day, running or resting, in Peace or in War; but to think that we will again take up our Chains, or set our selves in the way of *Toboso*, is as unlikely as to make us believe, it is now Night, it being scarce ten of the Clock in the Morning, and you may as well bid us run our Heads against a Wall, as require such a thing of us. Then I vow to *Jove* (quoth *Don Quixote*, thoroughly enrag'd) Sir Son of a Whore, *Don Ginesillo* of *Parapilla*, what ever thy name is, that thou shalt go thy self alone with thy Tail between thy Legs, and carry all the Chain on thy Neck. *Passamonte* who was naturally very Chollerick, knowing that *Don Quixote* was not very wise, since he had attempted such a desperate Act, as to give them their Liberty, seeing himself thus abus'd, wink'd on his Companions, and going a little aside, they sent such a shower of Stones on *Don Quixote*, that he had no leisure to cover himself with his Buckler, and poor *Rozinante* made no more account of the Spur, than if his sides had been made of Brass. *Sancho*, ran behind his Ass, and by that means sheltered himself from the clowd and shower of Stones that pour'd upon both. *Don Quixote* could not cover himself so well, but that a number of Stones struck him in the Body with such force, that they overthrew him at last to the Ground, and scarce was he fallen when the Student leapt upon him, and took the Bason off his Head, and gave him three or four Blows with it on his Shoulders, and then beat it about the Ground till he almost broke it in Pieces. They took from him a short Cassock, he wore upon his Armour, and thought to have taken away his Stockings but that they were hindred by his Greaves. From *Sancho* they took his Cassock, leaving him in *Cuerpo*, and dividing all the spoils of the Batel among themselves, they departed every one the way he pleas'd, in more care how to escape the *Holy Brotherhood* which they fear'd; than about lading themselves with the Iron Chain, and going to present themselves before the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. The Ass and *Rozinante*; *Sancho* and *Don Quixote* were left alone. The Ass stood pensive, with his Head hanging down, now and then shaking his Ears, thinking the storm of Stones was not yet past, but that they still buz'd about his Head, *Rozinante* lay overthrown by his Master, for he also had been struck down with a Stone. *Sancho* in his under Garment, and dreading the *Holy Brotherhood*. *Don Quixote* very much fretting to see himself so misus'd by the same Persons he had so highly Oblig'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Of what befel the famous Don Quixote in Sierra Morena, which was one of the rare Adventures that are related in this authentick History.

Don Quixote, seeing himself in such ill plight, said to his Squire *Sancho*, I have often heard say, that to do good to unthankful Men is like casting Water into the Sea. If I had believ'd what thou said'st to me, I might well have prevented all this trouble: But now it is past, Patience, and be wiser another time. You will no more take warning, quoth *Sancho*, than I'll turn Turk. But since you say, that if you had believ'd me, you had avoided this Mischief, believe me now and you will shun a greater: For you must understand, that no Knighthood or Chivalry is of any Authority with the *Holy Brotherhood*; for it cares not a Straw for all the Knights Errant in the World; and know, that methinks I hear their * Arrows buz about my Ears already. *Sancho*, thou art a natural Coward, quoth *Don Quixote*; but that thou may'st not say I am Obstinate, and never take thy advice, I will follow thy Counsel this time, and convey my self from that fury which thou so much dread'st: But it shall be on Condition, that thou never tell alive or dead to any mortal Creature, that I retir'd or withdrew my self out of this danger for fear; but only to satisfy thy requests: For if thou say'st any other, thou wilt belye me most falsly: And from this very time till then, and from thence till now I give thee the lye, and say thou ly'st, and shall lye as often as thou say'st or do'st think the contrary; say no more on't. For the only thought that I should withdraw my self from any danger, but especially this in which there seems to be some little shadow of fear, makes me almost resolve to stay and here to expect alone, not only the *Holy Brotherhood*, which thou nam'st and fear'st, but even the Brethren of the twelve Tribes, the seven *Maccabees*, *Castor* and *Pollux*, and all the other Brothers and Brotherhoods in the World. Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, retiring is not flying, nor is it Wisdom, to stay when the danger exceeds all

* The Holy Brotherhood ride with Cross-bows and shoot Arrows.
hope:

hope : And it is the part of a wise Man to save himself to Day for to Morrow ; and not to venture all in one Day. And know, that tho' I am but a rude Clown, yet for all that I understand somewhat of that which Men call good Management: And therefore do not repent following my advice, but mount *Rozinante* if you are able ; if not, I will help you, and follow me ; for my mind gives me we shall now have more need of Heels than Hands. *Don Quixote* leap'd on his Horse, without answering a Word, and *Sancho* guiding him on his Ass, they both entred into that Part of † *Sierra Morena* that lay next them : *Sancho* designing to cross over it, and come out at *Viso* or *Almodovar del Campo*, and to ly hid some Days among those craggy and intricate Rocks, that they might not be found by the *Holy Brotherhood*, if it sought after them. He was the more encourag'd so to do, because he saw the Provision he carry'd on his Ass had escap'd safe out of the Skirmish with the Gally-slaves ; which he look'd upon as a Miracle, considering what care the Slaves took to search and carry away all things with them. They came that evening into the very mid'd and heart of the Mountain, and there *Sancho* thought fittest to spend the Night, nay and some few Days, at least as long as their Victuals lasted, and with this resolution they took up their Lodging among a number of Cork-Trees that grew between two Rocks. But fatal chance, which according to the Opinion of those that have not the light of Faith, guides, directs, and disposes all things as it pleases, ordain'd, that the famous Cheat and Thief *Gines de Passamonte*, who was before deliver'd out of Chains by *Don Quixote's* Force and Folly, perswaded by the fear he conceiv'd of the *Holy Brotherhood*, whom he had just cause to fear, resolv'd to hide himself in that same Mountain, and his fortune and fears led him just to the place whither it had first conducted *Don Quixote* and his Squire, just at such time as he might know them, and they both fell asleep : And as ill-men are ever ingrateful, and necessity puts a Man to his Shifts, and the present relief is preferable to any in expectation, *Gines* who was neither grateful nor honest, resolv'd to steal *Sancho's* Ass, making no account of *Rozinante* as a thing neither saleable nor pawnable : *Sancho* slept soundly, and so he stole his Beast, and was before Morning so far from thence, that he fear'd not being found. *Aurora* appear'd rejoicing the Earth, and afflicting *Sancho*, for he presently mis'd his Ass ; and being left without him, began the most sad and doleful Lamentation in the World ; in such sort that

† *Sierra Morena* is a very large Mountain in Spain.

he awak'd *Don Quixote* with his out-cries, who heard that he said thus. O Child of my Bowels ; born in my own House ; sport of my Children ; comfort of my Wife ; and envy of my Neighbours ; ease of my Burdens ; and in short half my support : For with six and twenty *Maravides* thou did'st daily earn me, I defray'd half my expences ! *Don Quixote* who heard the plaint, and knew the cause, comforted *Sancho* with the best Words he could devise, and desir'd him to have Patience, promising to give him a Note, to receive three Asses at his House out of five he had left there. *Sancho* comforted himself again with this promise, and dry'd up his tears, moderated his sighs, and gave his Master thanks for so great a Favour : And as they entred in farther among those Mountains we cannot express the joy of our Knight, to whom those places seem'd most proper to achieve the Adventures he sought for. They brought back into his Memory the marvellous Accidents that had befallen Knights Errant in such Solitudes and Desarts : And he rode so over-whelm'd and transported with these thoughts, that he remembred nothing else ; nor had *Sancho* any other care (after he was out of fear of being taken) but how to fill his Belly with some of the reliicks which yet remain'd of the Clerical spoils ; and so follow'd his Master, taking now and then out of a Basket (which *Rozinante* carry'd for want of the Ass) some Mear, and with it lining his Paunch : And whilst he was thus employ'd, he would not have given a cross to meet with any other Adventure, tho' never so honourable. But whilst he was thus busied, he spy'd his Master labouring to take up with the point of his Javelin, some Bulk that lay on the Ground, and went towards him to see whether he needed his help just at the time he lifted up a Male Pillion and a Portmantue fast to it, which were half rotten, or rather quite rotted by the Weather, yet they weigh'd so heavy that *Sancho's* assistance was requisite to take them up : and straight his Master commanded him to see what was in the Portmantue. *Sancho* obey'd with expedition, and tho' it was shut with a Chain and Pad-lock, through the parts that were torn he saw what was within, to wit four fine Holland-Shirts, and other Linnen both curious and clean : And besides a Handkercher, wherein was a good quantity of Gold : Which he perceiving said, Blessed be all Heaven which has once presented to us a beneficial Adventure : And searching further, he found a Table Book curiously bound. This *Don Quixote* took of him, commanding him to keep the Gold to himself ; for which rich favour *Sancho* kiss'd his Hands : And taking out all the Linnen, he clapt it up

in the Bag of their Victuals. *Don Quixote* having noted all these things, said; I believe *Sancho* (and it can be no other) that some Traveller having lost his way, past through this Mountain, and being met by Thieves, they slew him, and bury'd him in this secret Place. It cannot be so, answer'd *Sancho*; for if they were Thieves, they would not have left this Money behind them. Thou say'st true, quoth *Don Quixote*, and therefore I cannot conjecture what it can be: But stay a while, we will see whether there be any thing written in these Table-book, by which we may trace and find out what we desire. Then he open'd it, and the first thing that he found written in it, as it were a rough draught, but in a very fair Character, was a Song which he read aloud, that *Sancho* might also hear it, and was this which follows,

S O N G.

1.

SURE Love's senseless, or He's cruel,
Or my grief's too mean and small,
And the beauties of this Jewel
For eternal Sorrow call.

2.

Love's all Mercy, if a God;
Who my Heart with Wounds then Tears
From an unrelenting Rod?
Wounds, which yet my Soul reveres..

3.

If, sweet Phyllis, I accuse Thee
Of the tort'ring Woes I feel,
With false Charges I abuse Thee:
Goodness can't produce such ill.

4.

Nor do They from Heav'n proceed;
I must certain Death endure:
For the ill, whose Cause is hid,
Miracles alone can cure.

There

There is no making out any thing by these Verses, quoth *Sancho*, unless that Filly you found there could carry you where you might be better inform'd. What Filly dost thou talk of, said *Don Quixote*? Methought, answer'd *Sancho*, you read something of a Filly there. It was *Phyllis*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, which is doubtless the Name of the Lady, of whom the Author of this Sonnet complains, who, to speak the truth, seems to be a reasonable good Poet, or I am no Judge.

Why then, quoth *Sancho*, belike you understand Poetry. That I do, and more than thou think'st, quoth *Don Quixote*, as thou shalt see when thou shalt carry a Letter from me to my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, written in Verse from one end to the other: For I would have thee to know, *Sancho*, that all, or most Knights Errant, in times past, were great Versifiers and Musicians: For these two Qualities, or graces as I may better term them, are inherent to amorous Knights Adventurers. True it is, that the Verses of the ancient Knights are not so much adorn'd with Words as they are rich in Conceits. I pray you read more, quoth *Sancho*; for perhaps you may find something that may satisfy us. Then *Don Quixote* turn'd the Leaf, and said, this is Prose, and seems to be a Letter. What Sir, a missive Letter, quoth *Sancho*? By the beginning it looks more like a Love-Letter, quoth *Don Quixote*. I pray you then, quoth *Sancho*, read it aloud; for I take great delight in these amorous things. I am content, quoth *Don Quixote*: And reading it out, as *Sancho* had requested, he found it was to this effect.

THY false Promise and my certain Misfortune, do carry me to such a Place, from thence thou shalt sooner receive News of my Death, than Reasons of my just Complaints. Thou hast disdain'd me (O Ingrate) for one that has more, but not for one that is worth more than I am: But if Vertue were a Treasure in esteem, I would not envy other Mens Fortunes, nor bewail my own Miseries. What thy Beauty erected, thy Actions have overthrown: By it I esteem'd thee an Angel, and by these I certainly know thee to be but a Woman. Rest in Peace, (Cause of my War,) and Heav'n grant thy Spouse's Frauds may still be conceal'd, to the end thou may'st not repent what thou did'st, and I be reveng'd when Desire it not.

Having read the Letter, *Don Quixote* said, We can less judge by this than by the Verses, what the Author is, farther than that he is some forsaken Lover. And so turning over all the

the Book, he found other Verles and Letters, some of which he could read, and others not. But the purport of them all was Complaints, Moans, Lamentations, delightful and doleful Thoughts, Kindness and Dildain, some celebrated, and others deplor'd. Whil'st *Don Quixote* turn'd over the Book, *Sancho* look'd over the Portmantue, without leaving a corner of it, or of the Pillion unsearch'd, or a Seam unript, or a Lock of Wool uncarded, that nothing might remain behind for want of care and industry. Such was the covetous Itch, the Gold he found, which was above an hundred Crowns, had rais'd in him. And tho' he got no more than what he had found at first, yet he made no account of his flights in the Blanket, his vomiting the Drench, the Blessings of the Pack-staves, the blows of the Carrier the loss of his Waller, and robbing of his Cassock, and all the Hunger, Thirst and Weariness, he had endur'd in the service of his good Lord and Master, but thought all well bestow'd, accounting himself sufficiently paid by the Gift receiv'd of the Money they found. The Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect* was very desirous to know who was the Owner of the Portmantue, conjecturing by the Sonnet and Letter, the Gold and Linnen, that the Lover was some Man of Worth, whom the disdain and unkindness of his Lady had reduc'd to despair. But by reason no Body appear'd in that inhabitable and desert Place, by whom he might be inform'd, he thought of it no more, but only rode on, without chusing any other way than that which pleas'd *Roxinante* to travel, who took the plainest and easiest, his Master imagining he could not mis's some strange Adventure in that Forest.

And as he rode on with this Conceit, he saw a Man on the top of a little Mountain that stood just before his Face, leap from Rock to Rock, and Tuft to Tuft, with wonderful activity. It appear'd to him that he was naked, had a black and thick Beard, his Hair bushy; his Feet and Legs bare; his Thighs cover'd with a pair of Hose, which seem'd to be of murrey Velvet, but so torn that they discover'd his Flesh in many Places: His Head was bare; and tho' he past by as swiftly as has been related, yet did the Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*, observe all these particulars; and notwithstanding his Endeavours, could not follow him; for it was not in *Roxinante's* Power, in that weak state he was in, to travel so swiftly among those Rocks, chiefly being naturally slow and flegmatick.

Don Quixote, after spying him, instantly imagin'd him to be the

the Owner of the Pillion and Portmantue; and therefore resolv'd to go on in search of him, tho' he spent a whole Year about it among those Mountains; and commanded *Sancho* to compass the one side of the Mountain, and he would go about the other; and, quoth he, it may fall out, that by these means we may meet with that Man, who vanish'd so suddenly out of our sight.

I cannot do so, quoth *Sancho*; for if I am but a Yard from you, Fear presently assaults me with a thousand Visions and Terrors, and let this be a warning to you, that you may never hereafter separate me a Fingers breadth from you. It shall be so, said the Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*: And I am very glad thou do'st thus build upon my Valour, which shall never fail thee, tho' thy very Soul should; and therefore follow me leisurely, or as thou can'st, and make two Prospective Glasses of thy Eyes, for we will give a turn about this little Rock, and perhaps we may meet with this Man, whom we saw ev'n now, who doubtless can be no other than the Owner of our Boory.

To which *Sancho* reply'd, it were much better not to find him: For if we should meet him, and he happen'd to be the Owner of this Money, it is most evident I must restore it him; and therefore it is better, without using this unprofitable Industry, to let me possess it *bona fide*, till the true Lord shall appear by some means less curious and diligent: Which perhaps may fall out when it is all spent; and then *where it is not to be had, the King must lose his Right*.

Thou art deceiv'd, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for since we surmise who is the Owner, we are bound to seek for, and restore it to him; and tho' we would not seek him out, the vehement suspicion we have of it, makes us Possessors, *mala fide*, and renders us as blameable, as if he whom we imagine were really the Owner of it: So that, Friend *Sancho*, be not griev'd to seek him, for the trouble thou shalt ease me of if we find him. This said, he spur'd *Roxinante*, and *Sancho* follow'd him: And having compass'd a part of the Mountain, they found a little stream, where there lay dead, and half devour'd by Dogs and Crows, a Mule saddl'd and bridl'd, all which the more confirm'd their suspicion, that he who fled was Owner of the Mule and Pillion. And as they look'd on it, they heard a Whistle, much like to that which Shepherds use among their Flocks, and presently appear'd at their left hand, a great number of Goats, after whom the Goat-herd that kept them, who was an aged Man, follow'd on the top of

of the Mountain; and *Don Quixote* call'd out to him, desiring he would come down to them; who answer'd as loud, asking who had brought them into those Defarts, rarely trodden by any but Goats, Wolves, or other Savage Beasts, which frequented the Mountains? *Sancho* answer'd him, That if he would come down where they were, they would give him an count of it.

The Shepherd came down to the Place where *Don Quixote* was, and said, I dare lay a Wager you are looking upon the Hackney-Mule that lies dead there in that Bottom, and in good Faith she has lain there these six Months: Tell me, have you not met the Owner of her hereabouts. We have met none, quoth *Don Quixote*, but found a Pillion and Portmantue not far from hence. I found the same too, reply'd the Goat-herd, but I would never take it up, nor come near it, for fear unluckily I should be some time or other call'd in question for it, as if I had stol'n it; for *seldom lies the Devil dead in a Ditch*, and a Man often stumbles there the Way is plainest. So say I, quoth *Sancho*, for I found it too, but would not come within a Stone's throw of it, where I left it, and there it is as it was; for I would not have a *Dog with a Bell at my Tail*. Tell me, honest Man, quoth *Don Quixote*, dost thou know who is the Owner of these things? What I can say, answer'd the Goat-herd, is, that about some six Months ago, little more or less, there came to a certain Sheep-fold some three Leagues off, a young Gentleman of comely Mien and Prefence, mounted on that very Mule that lies dead there, and with the same Pillion and Portmantue you say you met with, but touch'd not. He ask'd of us, which was the most hidden and inaccessible part of the Mountain? And we told him that this wherein we are: And it is true; for if you went but half a League farther; perhaps you would not find the way out again with ease: And I do much wonder how you could find the way hither, for there is neither Road nor Path to guide you to this Place. I say then, that the young Man, as soon as he heard our Answer, turn'd his Mule, and travel'd towards the Place we shew'd him, leaving us all much taken with his Person, and astonish'd at his Question; and he made towards the Mountain: After that, we saw him not for several days, 'till by chance one of our Shepherds came by with our Provision of Victuals, to whom he drew near; without speaking a word, and having kick'd and bang'd him soundly, went to the Ass that carried our Victuals, and taking away all the Bread and Cheese there was, fled into the Mountain with wonderful speed.

When

When we heard of this, some of us Goat-herds, went in search of him, and spent almost two days in the most solitary Parts of this Mountain seeking, and at last found him lurking in the hollow of a very tall and great Cork-tree; who, as soon as he perceiv'd us, came forth to meet us very soberly: His Apparel was all torn; his Visage disfigur'd, and scorch'd with the Sun, so as we could scarce know him again, were it not that we remember'd his Apparel, tho' rent, by which we understood he was the Man we sought for. He saluted us courteously, and told us in few words, but very sensibly, that we ought not to admire to see him go about in that manner, for he was oblig'd to it, to perform a Penance enjoin'd him for his many Sins. We pray'd him to tell us what he was; but could never persuade him to it. We also desir'd of him that whensoever he had any need of Meat (without which he could not live) he should tell us where we might find him, and we would bring it him with care and good will; and that if he did not like this Offer, he would at least come and ask it, and not take it violently, as he had done before from our Shepherds. He thank'd us very much for our offer, begg'd pardon for what was past, and promis'd to ask it from thenceforward for God's sake, without giving annoyance to any one. As for his dwelling or place of abode, he said, he had no other than that where Night overtook him, and thus ended his Discourse with such bitter Tears, that the Hearts of us that heard him, must have been of Stone, if we had not bore him company in them, considering in what a condition we first saw him and what he was then reduc'd to. For as I said, he was a very comely and graceful young Man, and shew'd by his courteous and orderly Speech, that he was well born, and a Court-like Person: For tho' all we were Clowns that heard him, his gentle carriage was such as would make him known, even to rudeness itself: And being at the best of his Discourse, he stopt and grew silent, fixing his Eyes on the ground a good while, during which we also stood still in a maze, expecting what that distraction would end in, but with no little compassion for him; for we easily perceiv'd that some mad Fit had seiz'd him, by his staring and fix'd gazing on the Earth, without once moving his Eye-lids; and at other times by the shutting of them, the biting of his Lips, and bending of his Brows. But soon after he put us out of all doubt himself; for rising from the Ground (whereon he had thrown himself a little before) with great fury, he fell upon him that sat next him, with such Fury and Rage, that if we had not taken him off, he would have beaten, and torn him

At

to

o pieces with his Teeth; and all this he did, saying, O treacherous *Ferdinand*, here, here thou shalt pay for the Injury thou didst me; these Hands shall rend out the Heart which is the Harbour and Receptacle of all wickedness, but especially of Fraud and Deceit: And to these he added other words, all tending to revile that *Don Ferdinand*, upbraiding him with Treachery and Falshood. At last, not without much trouble, we took our Fellow from him, and he without saying one word more left us, pierc'd into the Wood, running over Bushes and Brambles, so that it was impossible for us to follow him. By which we gather'd that his madness came upon him by fits, and that some Person, whose Name is *Ferdinand*, had done him some ill turn, of such consequence as has brought him to this pass. All which has been since confirm'd, by his often coming down to meet the Shepherds, sometimes to ask of them what they have to eat, and others to take it from them by force; for when his fit of madness comes upon him, tho' the Shepherds freely offer him Meat, he will not take it without beating them; and when he is in his right Senses, he asks it for God's sake, with Courtesie and Humanity, and returns many thanks, and that not without Tears. And in truth, Sirs, I tell you, quoth the Goat-herd, that I and four others, two of which are my Men, the other two my Friends, resolv'd yesterday to seek 'till we found him, and then either by force or fair means, we will carry him to the Town of *Almodovar*, which is but eight Leagues from hence, and there we will have him cur'd, if his Disease is curable, or we shall learn what he is, when in his Wits, and whether he has any Friends to whom notice of his misfortune may be given. This is, Sirs, all I can say concerning that which you ask of me; and you must understand that the Owner of those things you saw in the way, is the very same whom you saw pass by you so naked and nimble: For *Don Quixote* had already told him how he saw that Man pass by tripping along the Mountain.

Don Quixote was astonish'd at the Goat-herd's Tale, and the more earnest to know who that mad Man was, and therefore resolv'd, as he had design'd before, not to leave any Den or Corner of the Mountain unsearch'd 'till he had found him. But Fortune order'd the matter better than he expected; for that very moment the mad Man appear'd in the cleft of a Rock, opposite to the Place where they stood talking, and came towards them, muttering something to himself, which could not be understood close by him, much less at a distance. His Apparel was such as has been describ'd, only with this difference,

difference, as *Don Quixote* perceiv'd when he drew near, that he had on an Amber-leather Waistcoat, but ragged, by which he inferr'd, that he who was so habited, could be no mean Person.

When the young Man came to the Place where they discours'd, he saluted them with a hoarse Voice, but courteously; *Don Quixote* return'd him his Salutation with no less civility; and alighting from *Rozinante*, advanc'd to imbrace him with a good grace and deportment, and held him a good while close between his Arms, as if he had known him a long time. The other, whom we may call *The ragged Knight of the Scurvy Figure*, as well as *Don Quixote* the *Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*; after he had permitted himself to be embrac'd a while, step'd a little off from our Knight, and laying his Hand on his Shoulders, began to behold him earnestly, as one desirous to call to mind whether he had ever seen him before; perhaps no less admiring to see *Don Quixote's* Figure, Shape, and Arms, than *Don Quixote* to view him. In fine, the first that spoke after imbracing, was the ragged Knight, and said as shall be found in the next Chapter.

CHAP. X.

A Continuation of the Adventure of Sierra Morena.

THE History tells us, that *Don Quixote* attentively gave ear to the wretched *Knight of the Rock*, who spoke to him in this manner. Truly good Sir, whatsoever you be, for I know you not, I return you thanks for the Signs of Affection and Courtesie you have us'd towards me; and heartily wish I were in a condition to serve you with more than my bare good will, in return for the Kindness you have express'd towards me by your courteous reception; but my ill Fare has left me nothing but good Wishes, wherewith to requite Civilities done me.

So great is my Inclination, reply'd *Don Quixote*, to serve you, that I was fully resolv'd never to depart these Mountains 'till I had found you, and known from your own Mouth, whether there might be any Remedy found to ease the Grief, this your so unusual a kind of Life argues, does possess your Soul; and if it were requisite to seek it, I would do it with all possible diligence; And if your Misfortunes were such as admit-

ted of no redress, I intended to join with you in your Sorrows and Complaints, for it is some comfort in Affliction to be pity'd. And if this my good intention deserves any return of Civility, I beseech you by all that I see you are Master of, and conjure you by the thing you most love, or have lov'd in the World, to tell me who you are, and the cause that has mov'd you to come to live and die in these Solitudes like a brute Beast; since you live among them, so much estrang'd from your own nature, as appears by your Person and Garb. And I vow, quoth *Don Quixote*, by the high Order of Chivalry, which I, tho' unworthy, and a Sinner, have receiv'd; and by the Profession of a Knight Errant, that if you oblige me in this, I will assist you as becomes me, either redressing your Grievance if curable, or joining with you in bewailing it, as I have promis'd. The Knight of the Rock hearing these Words come from him of the Sorrowful Aspect, did nothing but look him over from Head to Foot, and after he had fully view'd him, said. If you have any thing to eat, I pray you give it me for God's sake, and after I have eaten, I will satisfy your Desire in requital for the many Courtesies and undeserv'd Profers you have made me. Immediately *Sancho* and the Goat-herd, the one out of his Bag, and the other of his Scrip, took Meat, wherewith the ragged Knight satisfi'd his Hunger, eating what they gave him, like a distracted Person, clapping in mouthfuls one upon another, and seem'd rather to cram them down than swallow; and whilst he eat, neither he nor they that look'd on spoke a word. As soon as he had done eating, he made Signs to them to follow him, as they did, and he led them to a little green Meadow that was hard by, just upon the turn of a Rock. Being come thither, he lay down upon the Grass, as the rest did, and all without speaking one word, till the Ragged Knight, after settling himself, said. If you desire, Gentlemen, that in few words I should relate to you my incredible Misfortunes, you must promise that you will not interrupt me, either by asking Questions, or any other means, for whenever you do, that moment breaks off the Relation. These Words of our Ragged Knight, put *Don Quixote* in mind of the Tale his Squire had told him, where he err'd in the Account of his Goats that had pass'd the River, for which cause the Story was ne're ended. But to return to our Ragged Man, he said; This Precaution now I use, is to the end I may briefly run over the relation of my Misfortunes; for the calling them to mind again, is of no other use than to increase the old, by adding of new Misfortunes to them, and the fewer your Questions are, the sooner shall I have

Chap. 10. Don QUIXOTE.

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have finish'd my lamentable discourse; and yet I design not to pass over any essential Point, but fully to satisfy your desires. *Don Quixote* in his own, and his Companions names, promis'd to perform his request, whereupon he began his relation in this manner.

My name is *Cardenio*, the place of my Birth, one of the best Cities in *Andaluzia*, my Family * noble, my Parents rich, and my Misfortunes so great, that I believe my Parents have e're this deplor'd, and my kindred bewail'd them; as not able with all their Wealth to ease them; for the goods of fortune are but of small force to remedy the disasters that come from Heaven. There liv'd in the same Country a heavenly Creature, on whom love had bestow'd all the Perfections I could wish: So great is the Beauty of *Luscinda*, a Damzel as noble and rich as I, but more fortunate, and less constant then was due to my honourable Designs. I lov'd and ador'd this *Luscinda*, almost from my very infancy, and she no less affected me, with all the integrity and good will her tender Years were capable of. Our Parents knew of our mutual Love, which was no way displeasing to them, as being sensible we propos'd to our selves no other end but Matrimony; a thing which the equality of our Blood and Substance, did of it self almost invite us to. Our age and affection increas'd in such sort, as it seem'd fit to *Luscinda's* Father, upon good Considerations, to forbid me frequenting his House any longer, much after the manner of the Parents of that *Thisbe* so much celebrated by Poets. This prohibition only serv'd to increase the flame, and heighten desire, for tho' it silenc'd our Tongues, yet could it not put a stop to our Pens, which we use with more freedom to express the secret thoughts of the Heart, for the presence of the lov'd Object often distracts, and strikes dumb, the boldest Tongue and most settled Resolution. O Heavens! How many Letters have I writ to her? What kind and modest answers have I receiv'd? How many Songs and amorous Verses have I compos'd, in which my Soul declar'd and publish'd its Passions, express'd its ardent Desires, represented to its memory past happiness, and delighted its will with the thoughts of Bliss. In short, finding my self spent, and that my very Soul pin'd with the desire of seeing her, I resolv'd at once to execute that which I thought most effectual for compassing my End, which was to ask her of her Father for my Wife, as in fine I did. He answer'd, That he thank'd me for the honour I did him, and the value I set upon his Daughter, but

* In Spain all the Gentry are call'd Noble.

that since my Father was living; it belong'd to him properly to make that Proposal, for unless it were done by his consent and with his approbation, *Luscinda* was not a Person to be taken away or bestow'd underhand, or by stealth. I return'd thanks for his favour, all he said appearing very reasonable, and not doubting but my Father would agree to it as soon as I acquainted him with it. Therefore I went that moment to inform my Father with my desire, and coming into the Room where he was, found him with a Letter open in his Hand, which before I could speak a word he gave me, and said, By that Letter *Cardenio* you will understand how willing Duke *Richard* is to oblige you. This Duke *Richard*, as I suppose, you know already Gentlemen, is a *Grandee of Spain*, whose Dukedom is seated in the best part of all *Andaluzia*. I took the Letter and read it, which appear'd so pressing, that I my self thought it would be ill done, if my Father did not answer the contents of it, which was indeed, that he should presently send me to his Court, that I might be Companion, and not Servant, to his eldest Son; and that he would oblige himself to advance me to such Preferments as might be answerable to the value and esteem he had for me. I ran over the whole Letter, and was struck dumb at the reading of it, but chiefly hearing my Father say, *Cardenio*, thou must be gone within these two Days, to satisfy the Dukes desire; and give thanks to Almighty God, who has thus put thee into the way to rise as I know thou deserv'st. To this he added some Fatherly Advice, and Instructions. The time came when I was to depart, I spoke with *Luscinda* one Night, told her what had happen'd, and the same I did to her Father, desiring him to wait a few Days before he dispos'd of her, till I could see what it was Duke *Richard* requir'd of me. He promis'd so to do, and she confirm'd it with a thousand Oaths, and fainting Fits. In fine, I came to Duke *Richard's* Court, and was so friendly receiv'd and entertain'd by him, that even then Envy began to play her Part, the old Servants immediately growing jealous of me, as believing the kindness the Duke express'd to me would redound to their Prejudice. But he that rejoyc'd most at my coming was a second Son of the Duke's, call'd *Ferdinand*, who was Young, Gallant, very Comely, Liberal and Amorous; who within a short while after my coming, was so much my Friend, that every Body took notice of it. And tho' the elder lov'd and respected me, yet all was nothing to the kindness *Don Ferdinand* shew'd me. Now, as among Friends, there is no secret but what they will reveal to one another, and my intimacy with *Don Ferdinand* being become absolute Friendship, he could not forbear imparting all his Thoughts to me, and a-

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mong them his Love which a little discompos'd him. He was in Love with a Farmer's Daughter that was his Father's Vassal, and her Parents were extraordinary Rich, she her self was so Beautiful, Reserv'd, Discreet and Modest, that no Man could tell which of these good Qualities she excell'd in. These Perfections of the beautiful Country Maid, so far prevail'd upon *Don Ferdinand*, that he resolv'd, for the compassing his ends on the Maid, to promise her Marriage. I being oblig'd to him for his friendship, endeavour'd to dissuade him; using the most powerful Arguments and Examples to that purpose, but perceiving he was nothing mov'd, I resolv'd to acquaint his Father with it. But *Don Ferdinand* like a crafty and discreet Person was aware of me, and suspected the Matter, thinking that as a faithful Servant, I could not conceal a thing so disadvantageous to the Duke my Master's Honour, and therefore to blind and deceive me, he said, He knew no better way to put out of his Mind that beauty that subdu'd him, than by absenting himself for a few Months, and that to this purpose he would have us go to my Fathers, pretending to the Duke, that he was going to see and buy some Horses in the City where I was Born, which affords the best in the World. No sooner I heard these words then (led away by my own Inclination) tho' his pretence had not been so honourable, I should certainly have approv'd of it as one of the best Projects that could be imagin'd, because it furnish'd so fit an opportunity of returning to see my *Luscinda*. This mov'd me to approve of his design, and to encourage him to proceed, advising him to go about it as soon as possible, because absence would work its effect, tho' affections were never so well Rooted. When he told me what has been said, as was afterwards known, he had enjoy'd the Country Maid upon promise of making her his Wife, and he wanted an opportunity to discover it with safety, apprehending what the Duke his Father might do when he came to the knowledge of this mad Action. Well it happen'd, that as for the most part, the Love of young Men is nothing but Lust, which, aiming at no other end but Pleasure, as soon as it has obtain'd it, expires; and that which seem'd to be Love vanishes, because it cannot go beyond the bounds prescrib'd to it by nature, whereas true Love has no such boundaries assign'd it. I mean, that as soon as *Don Ferdinand* had enjoy'd the Country Maid, desire ceas'd, and his Passion grew cold; and as before he pretended to absent himself to cure it, now he endeavour'd it in earnest, that he might not fulfil his promise. The Duke gave him leave to go, and commanded me to bear him Company. We came to my

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City, where my Father entertain'd him like himself. I saw *Luscinda*, and then my passion reviv'd (tho' indeed it had neither been dead nor mortify'd) and acquainted *Don Ferdinand* (alas, to my total ruin) with it, because I thought it not lawful by the rules of friendship to conceal any thing from him: I commended to him, the Beauty, Wit, and Discretion of *Luscinda*, in such ample manner, that my praises rais'd in him a desire to see a young Lady adorn'd, and enrich'd with so rare endowments: This his desire I (to my misfortune) satisfy'd, shewing her to him one Night by the light of a Candle, at a Window where we two were wont to confer together. He saw her, and such a sight it was as blotted out the remembrance of all the beauties he had ever seen before. He was struck Dumb, lost his Senses, and stood wholly in a rapture, and in short as desperately in Love as by the sequel of my dismal Story will appear. And the more to inflame his desires, a thing which I fearfully avoided, and only discover'd to Heaven, fortune so order'd it, that he found one of her Letters, in which she desir'd me to ask her of her Father for my Wife, and it was so ingenious, modest, and amorously penn'd, that after reading it he said, *Luscinda* alone enjoy'd all the ornaments of Beauty, and Judgment, which were divided among all the other Women in the World. True it is, that tho' I was satisfy'd how great reason *Don Ferdinand* had to commend *Luscinda*, yet I did not like to hear those praises out of his Mouth, and therefore began to fear and suspect him, because he let pass never a moment without some mention of *Luscinda*, and would still himself begin the Discourse, were the occasion ever so far fetched, a thing which rows'd in me some sort of jealousy; not that I suspected *Luscinda's* constancy, but yet my Fate made me fear the very thing which she seem'd to assure me of. *Don Ferdinand* endeavour'd to read all the Papers I lent to *Luscinda*, or the to me, pretending he took extraordinary delight in the witty conceits of us both. It fell out, that *Luscinda* having ask'd me to lend her a Book of Knight Errantry to read, she being mightily addicted to it, and the Book being that of *Amadis de Gaule*.

Scarce had *Don Quixote* well heard him mention Books of Knighthood, when he reply'd, If you had, good Sir, but once told me at the beginning of your relation, that your Lady *Luscinda* affected the reading of Knightly Adventures, you need not have us'd any Tropes or Figures to make me conceive the excellency of her Wit, which would not have been so perfect had it not found that gust in such delightful reading, so that for the future 'tis superfluous to use more words to declare to me her Beauty, Worth, and Wit, for by her inclination I allow her to be

be the most beautiful and compleat Lady upon the Earth, I wish Sir, you had sent her with *Amadis de Gaule*, the good Knight *Don Ruziel of Greece*, for I am sure, the Lady *Luscinda* would have taken great delight in *Garayda* and *Daraya*, and in the witty conceits of the Shepherd *Darinel*, and in those admirable Verses of his Bucolicks, sung and rehears'd by him with such grace, discretion and liberty. But a time may come, when this fault may be mended, if it shall please you to come with me to my Village; for there I can furnish you with three hundred Books, which are my Soul's greatest comfort, and the entertainment of my Life; tho' I now verily believe none of them are left, thanks be to the malice of evil and envious Enchanters. And I beseech you to pardon me this transgression of our first Promise not to interrupt your Discourse; for when I hear any mention made of Chivalry or Knights Errant, it is no more in my power to forbear speaking of them, than in the Sunbeams to cease warming, or in the Moon's producing Moisture. And therefore I beg pardon, and that you will go on with your Story, which is the business in Hand.

Whil'st *Don Quixote* spoke those words, *Cardenio* hung his Head on his Breast, seeming extream pensive, and tho' *Don Quixote* twice desir'd him to proceed, yet neither did he lift up his Head, or answer a word, till at last, after he had stood a good while musing, he held up his Head and said; It cannot out of my Head, nor can any Man in the World persuade me, or make me believe the contrary, and he were a Coxcomb that did not think and believe, that the wicked Knave Master *Elisabat* the Barber, was not kept by Queen *Madafima* as her Stallion: Hold there, Gods-Fish, reply'd *Don Quixote* in a rage, rapping out an Oath as he us'd to do, that's down right Malice, or rather Knavery. For Queen *Madafima* was a very noble Lady, and it ought not be presum'd that so high a Princess would play the Whore with a Quack, and whoever thinks the contrary, lies like an errant Villain, as I will give him to understand a Horse-back or a Foot, arm'd or unarm'd, by Night or by Day, or as he best likes. *Cardenio* gaz'd on him earnestly; whil'st he spoke those words, his mad Fit had seiz'd him, and he was in no condition to go on with his Story, nor would *Don Quixote* have heard it, he was so offended at what the other had said of Queen *Madafima*. It was a strange thing, for he stood up in defence of her as if she had been his true natural and leige Lady, his curs'd Books had so distracted him. *Cardenio* therefore being mad, and hearing the Lye given him, besides the name of Villain, and other coarse Language, he lik'd not that familiarity, but lay'd hold of a Stone that was by

by him, and with it gave *Don Quixote* such a blow on the Stomach, that he knock'd him down upon his back. *Sancho Pança* seeing his Master so roughly handl'd, set upon the Mad-man with his double Fist; and the ragged Man receiv'd him in such sort, that he overthrew him too at his Feet with one Cuff, and then mounting upon him, workt him with his Feet like a piece of Dough: The Goat-herd who thought to succour him, was like to have far'd no better. And after he had overthrown and beaten them all very well, he went his way, and entred into the Wood very quietly. *Sancho*, arose, and being in a rage to see himself so belabour'd without cause, ran upon the Goat-herd to be revenged on him, saying he was in the fault, for not giving them warning, that the Man's raving Fits did take him so at times; for had they been told of it, they might have stood all the while on their Guard.

The Goat-herd answer'd, he had already inform'd them of it, and if he had not heard him it was none of his fault. *Sancho Pança* reply'd, and the Goat-herd answer'd him again, and the end of words was the beginning of blows, for they laid hold of their Beards, and so belabour'd one another, that if *Don Quixote* had not pacify'd them, they would have torn one another to pieces, *Sancho* still holding the Goat-herd fast, said, Let me alone, Sir *Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*; for on this Man who is a Clown as I am my self, and no dubb'd Knight, I may safely take satisfaction of the wrong he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand like an honourable Man. It is true, quoth *Don Quixote*, but I know he is no way to blame for what has hapned. So saying he appeas'd them, and again ask'd the Goat-herd, whether it were possible to meet once more with *Cardenio*; for he was exceeding desirous to know the end of his Story.

The Goat-herd again repeated what he had said at first, to wit, that he knew not any certain Place of his abode; but if he stay'd any while thereabouts, he would at some time meet him either in his mad or serious Humour.

CHAP.



Tome I.

fol. 170.

C H A P. XI.

Of the strange Adventures that befel the Knight of la Mancha, in Sierra Morena; and of the penance he did there, in imitation of Bel-renebros.

DON Quixote took leave of the Goat-herd, and mounting once again on *Rozinante*, commanded *Sancho* to follow him, who obey'd with a very ill will; and thus they Travell'd easily towards the thickest and roughest part of all the Mountain, and *Sancho* was impatient to discourse with his Master, and therefore wish'd in his heart he would once begin, that he might not transgress his commandment of silence impos'd on him, but at last no longer able to contain himself, he said to him; Good Sir *Don Quixote*, I pray you give me your Blessing and Leave, for I design from this very place to return to my House, my Wife and Children, with whom I shall at least be allow'd to reason and speak my pleasure; for you would have me keep you Company through these Desarts, Night and Day, and not to speak when I please, which is as bad as burying of me alive: Yet if Fortune had so happily dispos'd our affairs, that Beasts could speak as they did in *Aesop's* time, the misfortune had been the less, for then would I discourse a while with *Rozinante* (since my hard fortune has not allow'd I might do it with my As) as I thought good, and so should I ease my troubles, for it is a miserable Case, and intollerable, to Travel all the Days of our Life in search of Adventures, and to find nothing but Bangs, tossing in a Blanket, thumps of Stones, and Cuffs, and yet to be forc'd to sow up our Mouths without daring to tell ones Mind, but to stand mute like a Fish: I understand thee now *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, thou art in pain till I release thee of the confinement I have laid upon thy Tongue, take thy Liberty and say what thou Wilt, but upon Condition that this Liberty shall continue no longer than we stay in the Mountains. Be it so quoth *Sancho*, let me but talk now, for God knows what will follow hereafter, and therefore to begin to make use of this dispensation, I say, What were you Sir, concern'd to stand up for that Queen * *Madam-see-me*, or how

* Here *Sancho* like an ignorant Person confounds the Names.

do you call her? Or what matter was it whether that Abbot were her Gallant or no? For if you had past it by, since you was not to try the Case, I don't doubt but the Mad-man had gone on with his Story, and we had escap'd the bang with the Stone, the Kicks, and half a score good Cuffs. Yfaith *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, if thou knew'st as well as I, how honourable and noble a Lady Queen *Madafima* was, thou would'st rather say I had too much Patience, since I did not pull out that Tongue that utter'd such Blasphemies, for it is a very great shame to affirm, or so much as think, that any Queen would be debauch'd by a Barber-Surgeon. For the truth of the Story is, that Master *Elisabat*, of whom the Mad-man spoke, was very prudent, and a Man of a sound Judgment; and serv'd the Queen as her Tutor and Physician; but to think she was his Mistress, is a madness that deserves the severest punishment: And that thou may'st be satisfy'd *Cardenio* knew not what he said, thou must understand that when he spoke it, he then was quite beside himself. That's it I say, quoth *Sancho*, that you ought not to take notice of words spoken by a Mad-man, for if Fortune had not stood your Friend, but had guided the Stone to your Head, as it did to your Breast, we had been in a fine Condition, for siding with that Lady whom God confound; and d'ye think the priviledge of a Mad-man would not have brought off *Cardenio*? Any Knight Errant, answer'd *Don Quixote*, is bound to maintain the honour of Women, of what quality soever, against mad or sober Men: How much more of Queens of so high degree and such worth as was Queen *Madafima*, to whom I bear a particular affection for her good Parts? For besides her being Beautiful to a Miracle, she was very Prudent and Patient in her Calamities, which were many; and the Company and Counsels of Master *Elisabat* prov'd very beneficial and necessary, to induce her to bear her misfortunes with such Prudence and Patience: And hence the ignorant and ill-meaning Vulgar took occasion to suspect and affirm that she was his Mistress: But I say again they Lie, and all those that either think or say so, Lie a thousand Times. Why, quoth *Sancho*, I neither say it nor think it: Let them look to that, and much good may it do them; if they liv'd lightly, they have answer'd for it by this: I am not concern'd; I know nothing of the matter; I don't care to trouble my Head with other Mens Business; for he that belies his Purse cheats himself: Naked I came into the World, and naked I continue, so that I am just where I was; but if they were so, what is that to me? And many think that there is Bacon, where there is not so much as a Chimney to smok it. And who can stem a Tide. Besides that

all Tongues won't spare God himself. Good God, quoth *Don Quixote*, what a deal of Nonseñse do'st thou rip up? what is that we are talking of to the Proverbs thou hast trump'd upon us? I prithee *Sancho* hold thy Peace, and from hence forward mind thy Ass, and forbear meddling with what does not concern thee, and conceive this with all thy five Senses, that all I have said, what I now do, or shall hereafter, is according to the Rules of Reason; and to the Ordinances of Chivalry, which I am more perfect in than all the Knights that ever profess'd them in the World. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, and is it a good Rule of Chivalry, that we wander and stray among these Mountains, after this manner, out of the Road, in search of a Mad-man, who perhaps when found, will again take a fancy to finish what he began, not concerning his Tale, but your Head and my Ribs, and break them to the purpose. Peace, I say, *Sancho*, once again, quoth *Don Quixote*; for thou must understand that it is not only the desire of finding the mad-Man that brings me into these Parts, but rather a Resolution I have taken to atchieve a certain Adventure, by which I shall acquire eternal Renown and Fame, throughout the universal face of the Earth; and so doing, I shall perfect all that can render a Knight Errant compleat and famous. And is the Adventure very dangerous, quoth *Sancho Pança*? Not at all, answer'd the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect, but it is hap-hazard we may throw out, as well as nick, but the whole matter depends on thy diligence. On my diligence, quoth *Sancho*? Yes, quoth *Don Quixote*, for if thou return'st speedily from the Place whither I design to send thee, my Pain will soon be at an end, and my glory commence soon after; and because I will not hold thee long in suspense, waiting to hear what my Words tend to, I would have thee to know, that the famous *Amadis de Gaule* was one of the most accomplish'd Knights Errant. I do not say well in saying he was one; for he was the only, the first and prime Lord of all that liv'd in his Age. A Fig for *Don Belianis*, or any other that shall dare presume to compare with him; for I swear, they are all in the wrong: And I say too, that when a Painter would become rare and excellent in his Art, he endeavours to imitate the Original of the most singular Masters in his Art: And this very Rule holds good in all other Trades and Exercises of moment, which serve to adorn a well-dispos'd Commonwealth; and so must he that would be esteem'd a prudent and patient Man, purchase that Name by imitating *Ulysses*, in whose Person and Dangers *Homer* gives us the true portraiture of Patience and Prudence; as also *Virgil* demonstrates in the Person of *Aeneas*, the valour

of a dutiful Son, and the sagacity of a bold and expert Captain, not shewing them such as indeed they were, but as they should be, to remain an Example of Virtue to Posterity. So *Amadis* was the North-star and bright Sun of valiant and amorous Knights, whom all we ought to imitate, who march under the Ensigns of Love and Chivalry. This being so as it is, I find, Friend *Sancho*, that the Knight Errant who shall imitate him most, will come nearest to the perfection of Chivalry. And one of the things by which this Knight gave the greatest demonstration of his Prudence, Valour, Courage, Patience, Constancy and Love, was by retiring to do Penance, on the poor Rock, when he was disdain'd by the Lady *Oriana*, calling himself *Beltenebros*, a Name most significant and proper for that sort of Life he had made choice of. So that it is easier for me to imitate him in this, than in cleaving of Giants, beheading of Serpents, killing of Monsters, overthrowing of Armies, putting Navies to flight, and dissolving of Enchantments. And since this Mountain is so fit for that purpose, there is no reason why I should let slip the opportunity which so fairly offers me her Fore-lock. In short, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, what is it you mean to do in this remote Place? Have not I told thee already, said *Don Quixote*, that I mean to imitate *Amadis*, by playing the part here of a desperate, a senseless, and a mad Man? To imitate at the same time the valiant *Orlando*, where he found the Tokens by a Fountain, that *Angelica the fair* had play'd the Whore with *Medoro*, for grief whereof he ran mad, pluckt up Trees by their Roots, troubl'd the Water of clear Fountains, slew Shepherds, destroy'd their Flocks, fir'd the Sheep-folds, overthrew Houses, trayl'd Mares after him, and committed a hundred thousand other Insolencies worthy of eternal fame and memory? And tho' I design not to imitate *Roldan*, or *Orlando*, or *Rowland*, for he had all these Names exactly in every mad Prank he play'd: Yet will I do it the best I can, in those things which shall seem to me most essential. And perhaps I may be satisfi'd with only imitating of *Amadis*, who without committing any mischievous follies, and only using mad Lamentations, and Complaints, gain'd as much renown as the best of them.

I believe, reply'd *Sancho*, that the Knights who perform'd such Penances, had some Reasons to perform those Austerities and Follies; but, good Sir, what occasion have you to run mad? What Lady has disdain'd you? Or what grounds have you to suspect that the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* has ever dallied with Moor or Christian? There is the point, answer'd our Knight, and that very thing is the perfection of

my Undertaking; for when a Knight Errant runs mad upon any just occasion, he deserves neither Praise nor Thanks; the Wit is in being mad without a cause, by which my Mistress may guess what I would do if occasion were given me, since I do so much without any. Besides, that I have cause enough in my tedious absence, from my ever Sovereign Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*; for, as thou hast heard that Shepherd in *Matthias Ambrosio* say,

*All Things succeed amiss,
To him that absent is.*

So that, Friend *Sancho*, I would not have thee lavish Time longer in advising me to let slip so rare, so happy, and singular an imitation. I am mad, and will be mad, 'till thou return again with the answer of a Letter, which I intend to send by thee to my Lady *Dulcinea*; and if it be such as my constancy deserves, my Madness and Penance shall end; but if the contrary, I shall run mad in good earnest, and so be insensible to all things. So that howsoever I be answer'd, I shall get out of the trouble and pain in which thou leav'st me, by rejoycing at the good news thou bring'st me, as a sensible Person; or becoming insensible of the ill, as a mad Man. But tell me, *Sancho*, hast thou kept the Helmet of *Mambrino* safe, which I saw thee take up from the ground the other day, when that ungrateful Fellow thought to have broken it in pieces, but could not; by which may be seen how excellently it is temper'd. To this *Sancho* answer'd: By the Lord, Sir Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*, I am not able to bear with some things you say, and from them I infer, that all you tell me of gaining of Kingdoms, and Empires, bestowing of Islands, and other mighty Favours, as is usual among Knights Errant, must needs be a meer Chimera, a Lye, and a Whim, or Maggot, or how shall we call it; for when a Man hears you say, that a Barber's Bason is *Mambrino's* Helmet, and sees you don't find your Mistake in four days, what can he think but that your Brains are addle? The Bason is in my Bag all batter'd, and I design to carry it home to hammer it out and trim my self, if God bless me so far as to return to my Wife and Children. Look ye, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I swear by him thou swor'st before, thou art the shallow'st pated Squire that ever was in the World; is it possible that in all the time thou hast been with me, thou hast not found out, that all things which belong to Knights Errant seem to be Chimera's, Follies, and Extravagancies, and yet are just the contrary. Not that they are so indeed; but rather

rather because we are still haunted by a crew of Incanters, who change and transform our Acts, making them seem what they will, according as they please to favour or thwart us. And so this which seems to thee a Barber's Bason, is in my conceit *Mambrino's* Helmet, and to another it will appear in some other shape. And it is doubtless done by the profound Science of the Wise Man my Friend, to make that seem a Bason, which really and truly is *Mambrino's* Helmet; because it being so precious a Jewel, all the World would pursue me to deprive me of it; but now seeing it is so like a Barber's Bason, they endeavour not to gain it, as plainly appears by him that thought to break it the other Day, and would not carry it with him, but left it lying behind him on the Ground; for ysaith he had never left it, had he known the worth of it: Keep it, Friend, for I need it not at present, when I must rather take off the Arms I wear, and remain as naked as I was born, if I happen to take a fancy rather to imitate *Orlando* in doing of my Penance, than *Amadis*.

Whil'st thus he discours'd, he came to the foot of a lofty Mountain, which stood like a hewn Rock, divided from all the rest; by the skirt whereof glided a gentle Brook, hemm'd in on every side by a green and flourishing Meadow, whose verdure did much delight the Eye. There were about it many wild Trees, and some Plants and Flowers, which render'd the Place much more pleasing. *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect* made choice of this Place to perform his Penance, and therefore as soon as he had view'd it, began with a loud Voice, like a distracted Man, to utter these following words. This is the Place where the moisture of my Eyes shall increase the liquid Veins of this Chrystal Current, and my continual and deep sighs shall give perpetual motion to the Leaves of these Mountain-trees, to express the Pain my oppress'd Heart doth endure. O you whosoever ye be, Rustical Gods, which have your Mansion in this inhabitable Place, give ear to the Complaints of this unfortunate Lover, whom a long absence, and a few imagin'd Jealousies have brought to deplore his state among these Desarts, and to exclaim against that ingrateful fair, who is the utmost extent and perfection of all human Beauty. O ye *Napea* and *Driades*, who usually inhabit the Thickets and Groves, so may the nimble and lascivious Satyrs, by whom, (tho' in vain) you are belov'd, never have Power to interrupt your sweet rest, as you shall assist me to lament my Disasters, or at least give ear to them, whilst I dolefully breathe them forth. O *Dulcinea del Toboso*, Day of my Night, Glory of my Pain, North-star of my Travels, and Constellation

Constellation that govern'st my Fortunes, so may Heav'n prosper thee in all thou shalt ask of it, as thou consider'st the Place, and pass to which thy absence has brought me, and answer'st my expectation as is due to my constancy. O ye solitary Trees, (which from hence forward shall accompany my solitude) give some Tokens with the soft motion of your Boughs, that my Presence is not offensive to you. O thou my Squire, and pleasing Companion in all prosperous and adverse Fortunes, bear well in thy Memory what thou shalt see me do here, that thou may'st recount it to her that is the cause of all. So saying, he alighted from *Rozinante*, and taking off in a trice, his Bridle and Saddle, struck him on the Buttock, saying, He gives thee liberty that wants it himself; O Horse! no less excellent for thy Actions, than unhappy in thy Fate. Go where thou wilt, for it is written in thy Forehead, that neither *Astolpho's* winged Courser, call'd *Hyppogriphon*, nor the renown'd *Frontino*, which cost *Brandamante* so dear, could compare with thee for * swiftnefs. *Sancho*, seeing what was done, said, Good luck attend him that eas'd us of the trouble of unpannelling the gray As; for if he were here, ysaith, he should also have two or three claps on the Buttocks, and a short Oration in his Praise: Yet if he were here, I would not allow any other to unpanel him, since there was no occasion for it; for he good Beast was not subject to the Passions of Love, or despair, no more than I, who was his Master when it pleas'd God: And in truth, Sir *Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*, if my departure and your madness be in good earnest, it will be necessary to saddle *Rozinante* again, that he may supply the want of my As; for it will shorten the time I shall be going and coming: And if I take my Journey a-foot, I know not when I shall come thither, or return back to you; for in good earnest I am a very ill Footman. Let it be as thou wilt, quoth *Don Quixote*, for thy Design displeases me not; and therefore I resolve that thou shalt depart three days hence; for in the mean while, thou shalt see what I will do and say for my Lady's sake, that thou may'st tell it her. Why, quoth *Sancho*, what more can I see than I have seen already? Thou art altogether wide of the matter, answer'd *Don Quixote*, for I must yet tear my Apparel, throw away my Armour, and beat my Head about these Rocks, with many other things of that kind that will strike thee into admiration.

* The Spanish Word is *ligereza* which signifies lightness, as well as swiftnefs.

Let me beseech you, quoth *Sancho*, have a care how you give your self those knocks about the Rocks; for you may light upon such an unlucky one, as at the first rap will dissolve all the whole *Machine* of your Adventures and Penance; and therefore I am of Opinion, that since you think knocks with the Head necessary, and this Work cannot be compleat without them, and being all this Scene is counterfeit and sham, that you be satisfi'd with running your Head against the Water, or some other soft thing, as Wool or Cotton, and leave the rest to me, for I'll tell my Lady that you struck against the sharp point of a Rock, that was harder than a Diamond.

I thank thee *Sancho*, for thy good will, quoth *Don Quixote*; but I can assure thee all these things I do are not in jest, but in very good earnest; for else we should transgress the Statutes of Chivalry, which command us not to lye, on pain of being accounted false Brothers; and to do one thing for another, is as much as to lye. So that my knocks must be true, real and found ones, without any sophistical or fantastical Equivocation: And it will be requisite that thou leave me some lint to dress me, since Fortune has depriv'd us of the Balsam which we lost. The loss of the Ass was worse, quoth *Sancho*, for with him we have lost our Lint, and all our other Provision: And I intreat you most earnestly not to name that cursed Drink; for the very mentioning of it turns my Stomach, and my very Soul within me. And I also beg of you to look upon the term of the three days, in which you would have me take notice of your Follies, as expir'd; for I am as well satisfi'd as if I had seen them, and will relate Wonders to my Lady; wherefore go write your Letter, and dispatch me with all speed, for I long to return, and take you out of this Purgatory in which I leave you. Do'st thou call't a Purgatory, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*? Thou had'st done better, had'st thou call'd it Hell; or rather worse, if there be any thing worse than that. I call it so, quoth *Sancho*, *Quia in inferno nulla est retentio*, as I have heard say. I understand not, said *Don Quixote*, what *retentio* means? *Retentio*, quoth *Sancho*, is that, whosoever is in Hell, never comes, nor can come out of it. Which shall not befall you, or my Heels shall pay for't, if I may carry Spurs to quicken *Roxinante*; and let me once come safe into the presence of my Lady *Dulcinea* in *Toboso*, and I will relate to her such strange things of the Follies and madness (for they are the same thing) you have and do daily act, that I'll make her Heart so soft, that you may mould it like Clay, tho' I found it as hard as a Flint; then will I return skimming thro' the Air like a Witch, with her sweet honey

Answer,

Answer, and deliver you from this Purgatory, which looks like, but is not Hell, because there is hopes to get out of it, which, as I have said, they have not that are in Hell; and I believe you will not contradict it. Thou art in the right, answer'd the *Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*, but how shall we do to write the Letter. And the coltish Note too, added *Sancho*. It shall all be inserted, said *Don Quixote*, and it were well since we have no Paper, to write it as the Ancients did on the Leaves of Trees, or Tablets of Wax, tho' that's as hard to be had now as Paper. But now I remember, I know where we may write it very well, that is in *Cardenio's* Table-book, and thou shalt take care to cause it to be writ out fair in the first Village where there is a School-Master; or if you misg of one, by the Clark of the Church; and above all, that thou give it not to a Notary to transcribe, for they write such a confounded Court-hand, that the Devil himself will scarce be able to read it. And how shall we do for want of your Name and subscription, quoth *Sancho*? Why, answer'd *Don Quixote*, *Amadis* was never wont to subscribe his Letters. Ay but the Note to receive the three Asses must of necessity be sign'd; and if it should afterwards be copy'd, they'll say it is counterfeit, and I shall be mump'd of the Colts. The Note shall be written and sign'd with my own Hand in the Table-book, which as soon as my Neice sees, she will make no difficulty in delivering them. And as concerning the Love-Letter, thou shalt put this Subscription to it; *Yours, 'till death*. The *Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*: and it is no matter tho' it be written by any Stranger; for, as I remember, *Dulcinea* can neither write nor read, nor has she seen any Letter, no, not so much as a Character of my Writing all the Days of her life: For my Love and hers has always been *Platonick*, and never went further than a modest look; nay, and even this so rarely, that I dare safely swear, tho' I have lov'd her as I love my Eyes, for these twelve Years, yet I have not seen her above four times, and perhaps in these four times she never once observ'd that I look'd at her. So close and retir'd have her Parents *Lorenço Corchuelo*, and *Aldonça Nogales* bred her. So, so, quoth *Sancho*, and is the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, *Lorenço Corchuelo* his Daughter, call'd by another Name, *Aldonça Lorenço*? That's she, quoth *Don Quixote*, and it is she that deserves to be Empris of the vast Universe. I know her very well, reply'd *Sancho*, and I dare say she can throw an Iron-bar as well as the strongest Lad in our Parish. I vow to God she is a Bucksome, upright, strapping Wench, that will stick at nothing, and can stand by any Knight Er-

rant, or not Errant, that shall have her for his Mistress. A Pox o'th Whore, what a Throat and what a Voice she has! This I can say, that she got up one Day a top of the Belfrey of the Village, to call some of her Father's Men that were in a plow'd Field; and tho' they were half a League off, they heard her as well as if they had been at the foot of the Steeple; and the best of her is that she is nothing coy, for she has much of the Courtier, she jests with every Body, and makes sport, and plays upon all Men. Now I say Sir Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*, that you not only may, and ought to commit Follies and Extravagancies for her sake, but that you may lawfully despair and hang your self, for there's no body will hear of it but will say 'twas very well done, tho' the Devil carry'd you away, and I would fain be gone, if it were only to see her: For it is a long time since I saw her, and sure she is alter'd by this; for Womens Beauty is much impair'd by being always in the Field, expos'd to the Sun and Weather. And I will now, Sir *Don Quixote*, confess the Truth to you, that I have hitherto liv'd in a great Error, truly and faithfully believing that the Lady *Dulcinea* was some great Princess, with whom you were in love, or such a Person as merited those rich Presents you bestow'd on her, as well of the *Biscainer*, as of the Slaves, and many others that might have been, as doubtless are the Victories you have obtain'd, and did gain when I was not yet your Squire. But taking the thing right, what cares the Lady *Aldonça Lorenzo*, I mean *Dulcinea del Toboso*, that those you overcome, and do or shall send, come and kneel down before her? For it might happen that when they come, she might be combing of Flax, or threshing of Corn, and so they would be out of Countenance, and she laugh and be offended at the Present. I have already often told thee *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote* that thou art a prating Fellow; and tho' thou hast but a course Wit, yet at times thou drop'st shrew'd words; but that thou may'st perceive how ignorant thou art, and how great my judgment is, I will tell thee a short Tale, which is this. You must understand that a young Widow, who was beautiful, brisk, rich, and very Airy, fell in love with a young, lusty, brawny-back'd lay-Brother; his Superior hearing of it, by way of Fraternal correction, said to the good Widow: I admire, Madam, and not without reason, that a Woman of such Quality, so Beautiful and so Rich, should fall in love with so mean, so course, and so ignorant a Man as such a one is, when at the same time there are so many Masters, so many Doctors, and so many Divines in this House, among whom you might pick and chuse to your Heart's content, and say here I like, and

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and there I don't. But she answer'd him with a good grace and assurance. Sir you are very much mistaken, and have but an odd Notion in your Head, if you think I have made an ill choice in such a one, as great an Ignoramus as you take him to be, for he understands as much or more Philosophy than *Aristotle* for my purpose. And so *Sancho*, for the business I have with her, *Dulcinea* is as good as the greatest Princess upon the face of the Earth. For it is not true that all Poets have Mistresses, who extol Ladies under Names of their own inventing. Dost thou think that the *Amarillis's*, the *Philis's*, the *Silvius's*, *Dianas*, *Galateas*, *Aleidas*, and others of the same stamp which swarm in Songs, Romances, Barber-shops, and Stages, were really Ladies of Flesh and Bone, and Mistresses to those that did and do celebrate them? No certainly, but were for the most part feign'd, to serve as a subject of their Verses, that the Authors might be accounted amorous, and Men of worth enough to be so. And thus it is also sufficient for me to believe and think that the good *Aldonça Lorenzo*, is fair and honest: As for her Parentage it signifies but little; for none will send to * take information upon Oath concerning it, in order to Knight her; and I look upon her as the greatest Princess in the World: For thou must understand, *Sancho*, if thou know'st it not already, that there are two things which incite men to Love above all others, and those are extraordinary Beauty, and a good Name: And both these things are to be found in *Dulcinea* in Perfection. For none can equal her in beauty, and few come near her for a good Name: And to conclude, I imagine that all I say is really so to a Hair. And I conceit her in my fancy to be such, as I could wish her, as well in beauty as quality: And neither can *Helen* compare with, or *Lucrece* come near her, no, nor any of those other famous Greek, Barbarous, or Latine Women of former Ages. And let every one say what he please, for tho' the Ignorant blame me, the severest Judges will not punish me upon this score.

I own, quoth *Sancho*, you are much in the right in all you say, and that I am my self a very Ass. But alas! Why do I name an Ass, for we ought not to talk of a Rope in the House

* In Spain it is the custom before any Person is admitted into any Order of Knighthood, to take information upon Oath concerning his Family, that it is not tainted with Treason, or has any mixture of Morish, or Jewish Blood, to which here *Don Quixote* alludes.

that a Man has been hang'd out of? But give me the Letter, and farewell, for I am gone. With that *Don Quixote* drew out his Table-book, and going aside, began to indite his Letter very gravely; which ended, he call'd *Sancho* to read it to him, that he might have it by heart, in case he lost the Table-book by the way, for so cross was Fortune to him that he fear'd every accident. To which *Sancho* answer'd, saying, Write it there twice or thrice over in the Book, and then give it me; for I will carry it safe by God's grace. For to think I shall be able to remember it, is a great Folly; for my memory is so bad that I often forget my own name: But yet for all that read it to me, good Sir; for I shall be glad to hear it, for I believe it is very par to the purpose. Hear then, said *Don Quixote*, for thus it runs.

Don Quixote's Letter to Dulcinea del Toboso.

Sovereign Lady,

HE that is wounded by the point of absence, and hurt in the most sensible Part of his Heart, sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, sends thee that health which he wants himself. If thy Beauty despise me; if thy worth prove not to my Advantage, if thy disdain turn to my harm, manage all my Patience, I shall be ill able to bear with this affliction; which besides being violent, is also too durable. My good Squire, *Sancho*, will give thee a true Relation, O beautiful ingrate, and my dearest belov'd Enemy, of the Condition he leaves me in for thy sake: If thou please to favour me, I am thine; and if not, do as thou pleasest: For by ending of my Life, I shall both satisfy thy Cruelty and my Desires.

Thine till Death,

The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect.

By my Father's life, quoth *Sancho*, when he had heard the Letter, it is the lofliest thing that ever I heard. Good God! How well do you say all you have a mind to? And how excellently have you apply'd the subscription of *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*? I say again in good Earnest you are the Devil

Devil himself, and there's nothing but what you know. And so I need, answer'd *Don Quixote*, considering my Profession. Then on the other side of the leaf, quoth *Sancho*, write the Note for three Colts, and sign it in a plain Character, that they may know it at first sight. With all my Heart, said *Don Quixote*, and having writ it, read it to him, and it was to this effect.

BE pleas'd, good Niece, upon sight of this my first Bill of Colts, to cause to be deliver'd to my Squire *Sancho Pança*, three of the five I left at home, and are in your custody, which three Colts I order to be deliver'd and paid to him, for as many others already receiv'd here: And for so doing this, and his acquittance, shall be your discharge. Given in the midst of Sierra Morena, the two and twentieth of August, of this present Year.

It is well (quoth *Sancho*;) sign it, I pray Sir. It needs not be sign'd (quoth *Don Quixote*) but I will set my mark, which is as good as my name, and would pass not only for three, but for three hundred Asses. I trust to you Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, let me go saddle *Rozinante*, and make ready to give me your Blessing, for I design to set out immediately, without seeing any of the mad Pranks you are to play, and I will say I saw you play as many as your Heart can wish. At least my will is *Sancho*, because it is requisite, quoth *Don Quixote*, that you seeme stark Naked, do a dozen or two of mad Tricks, which will be over in less than half an hour, that having seen them with thy Eyes, thou may'st safely swear to all thou hast a mind to add, and I assure thee thou wilt not tell so many as I design to perform. I beg of you Sir, let me not see you Naked, for it will move me to compassion, and I shall not be able to forbear Weeping, for my Head is so weak with Weeping last Night for my Als, that I am not fit to begin again. And if it be your pleasure that I should see some mad Frisks, do them in your Cloaths quickly, and let them be such as are most for the purpose. But besides all that may be sav'd for me, and as I have already told you, I shall be back so much the sooner, and bring such Tidings as you desire and deserve. And let the Lady *Dulcinea* provide, for if she answers not as she ought to do, I here make a solemn Vow, that I will kick and buffet her till I draw a good answer from her very Guts. For who can endure that so famous a Knight Errant, as you are, should run mad without sense, or reason for a ---? The Lady had best have a care how she makes me speak it out, for by the Lord I shall let fly, and venture at all tho' I come off with loss.

In good faith, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) I think thou art grown as mad as my self. I am not so mad, reply'd *Sancho*, but I am more passionate. But setting that aside, say, What will you eat till I come again. Do you intend to meet the Shepherds by the way and take it from them as *Cardenio* does? Trouble not your self about that, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for tho' I had it, I would not eat any other thing but the Herbs and Fruits this Field and Trees do yield; for the Perfection of this undertaking consists in not eating, and in the Practice of other Austerities. To this *Sancho* reply'd, Do you know what I fear? That I shall not find the way to you again here where I leave you, it is so difficult and intricate. Take notice of some Marks, and I will endeavour to keep hereabouts, quoth *Don Quixote*, till thou come back; and will about the time of thy return get up to the tops of these high Rocks, to see whether I can descry thee: But thou wouldst do best of all, that thou may'st not stray and miss me, to cut down here and there some Boughs, and strew them on the way as thou goest, till thou art out in the Plain, and those may serve thee as Marks, by which thou may'st find me again when thou return'st, in imitation of the clue of *Theseus* his Labyrinth.

I will do so, quoth *Sancho*, and then cutting down some Boughs, he ask'd his Masters Blessing, and took his leave not without shedding Tears on both sides. And mounting on *Rozinante*, whom *Don Quixote* commended very seriously to his care, that he should tender him as he would his own Person, he made on towards the Plains, strewing here and there on the way his Branches, as his Master had advis'd him; and so turn'd away; tho' his Master importun'd him to see two or three Follies e're he went: But scarce had he gone an hundred Paces, when he return'd and said, I say Sir, you said well, that to the end I might swear with a safe Conscience, I have seen you play these mad Tricks, it were necessary I should see you do one at least, tho' that of your staying here, is one great enough. Did not I tell thee so, quoth *Don Quixote*? Stay *Sancho*, for I will do it in a trice, and presently taking off his Breeches, he was Naked from the Waist downwards, then he gave too Skips in the Air, and two tumbles Arse over Head, discovering such things, that *Sancho* rather than see them again turn'd *Rozinante's* Head and rode away, fully satisfy'd he might safely swear his Master was Mad. And so we will leave him on his way, till his return, which was very soon after.



Tome I.

fol: 184.

C H A P. XII.

*A Continuation of the amorous Pranks play'd by
Don Quixote in the Mountain Sierra Mo-
rena.*

AND returning to what *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect* did when he was all alone, the History says, that when *Don Quixote* had taken his frisks and leaps, Naked from the Girdle downward, and from thence upward apparell'd: finding his Squire *Sancho* was gone, and would see no more of his mad Pranks; he ascended to the top of the high Rock, and began there to think on that which he had thought on several times before, without ever coming to a full resolution; to wit, whether it were better to imitate *Orlando* in his unmeasurable furies, or *Amadis* in his melancholy Moods; and speaking to himself said, What wonder if *Orlando* was so valorous and good a Knight, as Men say, since he was Inchantèd and could not be kill'd, unless it were by running a long Pin into the sole of his Foot; and therefore he always wore Shooes that had seven Iron Soals? Yet no shams could save him at *Roncesvalles* against *Bernard del Carpio*, who understanding them, squeez'd him to death betwixt his Arms. But laying aside his Valour, let us come to the losing of his Wits, which it is certain he lost by the Tokens he found in the Forrest, and the news the Shepherd gave him, that *Angelica* had taken several afternoon Naps with the little *Moore Medora* of the curled Locks, Page to King *Agramante*: And if he thought this was true, and that his Lady had play'd him a Dog trick it was no wonder he should run Mad. But how can I imitate him in his madness when I have not the same occasion, for I dare swear my *Dulcinea del Toboso* in all the Days of her Life, never saw a downright *Moore* in his own garb, and that she is at this moment as right as the Mother that bore her, and I should do her notorious wrong, if imagining any other I should run Mad in the same manner as *Orlando Furioso* did. On the other side, I see that *Amadis de Gaule*, without losing his Wits, or using any raving Tricks, gain'd as great fame of being amorous, as any Man whatsoever. For what he did, if we believe his History, was no more but that seeing himself disdain'd by his Lady *Oriana*, who had commanded him to withdraw himself from her presence, and
not

not appear again in it till she pleas'd, he retir'd in the Company of a certain Hermit, to the poor Rock, and there wept his Belly full, till heav'n reliev'd him in his greatest distreis and necessity. And if this be true, as it is, why should I now take the pains to strip my self quite Naked, or offend these Trees, which never yet did me any harm? Nor have I any reason to trouble the clear Waters of these Brooks, which must give me Drink when I am thirsty. Let the remembrance of *Amadis* live, and be imitated in ev'ry thing as much as may be, by *Don Quixote de la Mancha*: Of whom may be said as was said of another, tho' he achiev'd not great things, yet he dy'd in pursuit of them. And tho' I am not condemn'd or disdain'd by my *Dulcinea*, yet it is sufficient as I have said already, that I am absent from her; then let us about our business and come ye Actions of *Amadis* into my memory, and instruct me how I may best begin to imitate you. But I know, the chief thing he apply'd himself to was Prayer, and so will I. And so saying, he made him a pair of Beads of great Gauls, and was very much vex'd in Mind for want of an Eremit, who might hear his Confession, and comfort him in his Afflictions; and therefore diverted himself walking up and down the little green Field, Writing and Graving on the Barks of Trees, and on the smooth Sands many Verses, all futable to his sadness, and some of them in Praise of *Dulcinea*. But all that could be met with whole and legible, after the finding of him in that place, where these that follow.

I.

O Ye Plants, O ye Shrubs, and ye Trees,
That climb in this pleasant sight;
And prosper in varent degrees,
If evils your Eyes don't delight,
Let 'em hear my Complaints and grieve:
And let not my ills break the rest
(Tho' they hack my poor Heart and eke rive)
Of your green and still flourishing Breast;
Since to you his respects to make known,
Don Quixote his Tears hath address'd,
Dulcinea's absence to moan

Of Toboso.

In

2.

In this very place was first spy'd
The loyalest Lover and truest,
That e're from his Lady did hide:
And yet felt his sorrow still newest;
He marvels from whence they are sent:
Love this way and that doth him wrest
With a Passion of evil descent,
Quite spoiling Don Quixote distress'd;
So it made him so sob and so groan,
That a Butt was with Tears trod and press'd
Dulcinea's absence to moan

Of Toboso.

3.

He searching Adventures so blind
Among these Rocks, Deserts, and Woods;
Still curses hard Hearts, nay unkind,
For to wretches ev'n this place ill broods.
Love took his hard Whip and him bruise'd,
In the Neck him he prick'd and he press'd
But it was not his soft Thong he us'd,
Nay he struck with the great one at's Breast,
Insomuch that his Wounds were o'erflown,
And Don Quixote's poor Brine was releas'd,
Dulcinea's absence to moan

Of Toboso.

The addition of *Toboso* to the name of *Dulcinea*, caus'd no small Laughter in those who found these Verses, because they imagin'd *Don Quixote* conceiv'd, that if in the naming of *Dulcinea* he did not add that *Of Toboso*, the Rime could not be understood; and in truth it was so, as he himself afterwards confess'd. He compos'd many others; but as we have said, none could be well copy'd or were found intire but these three Stanza's. This, and sighing, and invoking the *Faunes* and *Silvanes* of the Woods, the *Nymphs* of the adjoining streams, and the melancholy and hollow *Echo*, to answer, comfort, and listen to him, and seeking some Herbs to seed on, was his whole employment till *Sancho's* return; who had he staid three Weeks away as he did but three Days, *The Knight of the Sor-
rowful*

rowful Aspect had been so disfigur'd, that the very Mother that bore him could not have known him.

But it will be convenient to leave him wholly taken up with his sighs and Verses to give an account of what happen'd to *Sancho Pança* in his Embassy, which was, That as soon as he got into the high Way he directed his course towards *Toboso*, and came the next Day to the Inn where the misfortune of the Blanker befel him; and scarce had he spy'd it, when presently he imagin'd he was again flying in the Air, and therefore would not enter into it, tho' it was at such a time as he might and ought to have stay'd, because it was noon, and he had a great longing to taste some warm Meat; having fed for several Days past on Cold. This desire forc'd him to draw near to the Inn, still doubting, whether he should enter into it or no. And as he stood thus in suspense, there came out of the Inn two Persons who presently knew him, and one of them said to the other, Tell me, Master Licentiate, is not that Horseman there *Sancho Pança*, he that our Adventurer's old Woman said went away with her Master as his Squire? It is, quoth the Licentiate, and that is our *Don Quixote's* Horse: And no wonder they knew him so well, as being the Curate and Barber of his own Village, and were those that made the scrutiny and formal process against the Books of Chivalry: And therefore as soon as they had thoroughly known *Sancho Pança* and *Rosinante*, being desirous to learn News of *Don Quixote*, they drew near him; and the Curate call'd him by his name, saying, Friend *Sancho Pança*, where is your Master? *Sancho Pança* knew them immediately, and desiring to conceal the Place and Posture he left his Master in, answer'd them, that his Master was detain'd for a few Days in a certain Place by affairs of great consequence and which concern'd him very much, and that he durst not for his Ears discover the Place to them. No, no (quoth the Barber) *Sancho Pança*, if thou do'st not tell us where he is, we must imagine (as we do already) that thou hast Rob'd and Murder'd him, especially seeing thou com'st thus on his Horse; and therefore thou must in good faith produce the owner of the Horse, or take what follows. Your threats don't fright me, quoth *Sancho*, for I am not a Man that Rob or Murder any body: Let his destiny, or God that made him kill every Man. My Master is doing penance in the mid'st of this Mountain, much to his own satisfaction. And then he presently told them, from the beginning to the end, how he had left him, the Adventures which had befall'n, and how he carry'd a Letter to the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, who was *Lorenzo Carchuelo's* Daughter, with whom his Master was in Love up

to the Ears. Both of them were much amaz'd at *Sancho's* Relation, and tho' they knew *Don Quixote's* madness already, and of what kind it was, yet as often as they heard speak of it, they could not but admire it a-new. They pray'd *Sancho* to shew them the Letter he carry'd for the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. He told them it was written in a Table-book, and that he had express Orders from his Master to have it copied out fair on Paper, at the first Village he came to. The Curate bid him shew it him, and he would write it out very fair, *Sancho* thrust his Hand into his Bosom to take out the little Book, but could not find it, nor was it possible he should, tho' he had felt for it 'till this time, for *Don Quixote* never gave it him, nor did he ever remember to ask for it. When *Sancho* perceiv'd the Book was not to be found, he turn'd as wan and pale as a dead Man, and then again feeling over all the parts of his Body, he again perceiv'd there was no finding of it; and therefore without any more ado, he laid hold of his own Beard with both his Fists, and tore almost the one half of the Hair away, and then in a moment without intermission, bestow'd on his Face and Nose half a dozen such Cuffs, as bathed them all in Blood: Which the Curate and Barber seeing, they ask'd him what had befall'n him, that he handl'd himself so roughly. What should befall me, answer'd *Sancho*, but that I have at one cast, and in an instant lost three Colts, the least of them as tall as a Cattle? How so, quoth the Barber? Marry, said *Sancho*, I have lost the Table-book in which *Dulcinea's* Letter was written, and with it a Note of my Master's to his Neice, commanding her to deliver to me three Colts of four or five he left in his House, and then told them the loss of his gray Ass: The Curate comforted him, and said, that as soon as his Master were found, he would prevail with him to renew his grant, and write it in Paper, according to the common Use and Practice; because those that were written in Tablets, were of no value, and would never be accepted nor answer'd. With this, *Sancho* took courage, and said, if that were so, he car'd not much for the loss of *Dulcinea's* Letter; because he had it all by heart, and so might be easily put in Writing at any time. Repeat it *Sancho*, quoth the Barber, and we will write it out afterwards. *Sancho*, stood scratching his Head, to call to mind the Letter, standing one while upon one Leg, and then upon the other; one while he look'd down, and then turn'd up his Eyes to Heav'n; and when he had almost bit off one of his Nails, and held them in suspense a tedious while, he said. By the Lord, Master Licentiate, the Devil a word of the Letter I remember,

ber, but the beginning was thus. *High and unsavoury Lady*. I warrant you, quoth the Barber, it was not *Unsavoury*, but *Sovereign Lady*. It is so, quoth *Sancho*, and presently follow'd if I well remember. *He that is wounded and wants sleep, and the hurt Man does kiss your Worship's Hands, Ingrate, and very scornful fair*. And thus he went roving 'till he ended in *Tours' till death, The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*. Both of them took great delight to see *Sancho's* good Memory, and prais'd it to him very much, and desir'd him to repeat the Letter once or twice more to them, that they might get it by rote, in order to write it out when time should serve. *Sancho* repeated it over again three several times, and as often blunder'd out a thousand ridiculous Extravagancies. Then he told them other things concerning his Master, but spoke not a word of his own tossing in the Blanket that had happen'd in that Inn, which he refus'd to enter into. He also told them how his Master, as soon as a favourable Answer were brought him from the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, would presently set out, in order to use the means to become an Emperour, or at least a Monarch, for so it was agreed betwixt them two; and it was very easie for him to be so, by reason of his extraordinary Valour, and the matchless strength of his Arm. And that when he had compass'd it, *Don Quixote* was then to match him, for then of necessity he must be a Widower, and would give him to Wife one of the Emperess's Ladies, who was Heiress to a vast Estate upon the Continent, for he would have no more to do with Islands. All this *Sancho* deliver'd so seriously, now and then wiping his Nose, and in such a senseless manner, that both of them were surpriz'd a-new, considering how violent *Don Quixote's* madness was, that had so overpower'd that poor Man's Reason. They would not give themselves the trouble of undeceiving him, thinking it better to leave him as he was, since the Notion was no way prejudicial to his Conscience, and they should have the satisfaction of hearing his Nonsense; therefore they bid him pray to God for his Master's safety, for that it was very possible and practicable for him in process of time to become an Emperour, as he said, or at least, an Archbishop, or something equivalent to it. To which *Sancho* answer'd, Gentlemen, if Fortune should so bring things about, as that my Master should take a fancy not to be an Emperour, but an Archbishop, I would be glad to know what Archbishop's Errant bestow on their Squires. They us'd to bestow on them, reply'd the Curate, some *sine Cure* or Parsonage, or make them Clerks of some Church where they have a good Salary, besides the Perqui-

fites

Chap 12. Don QUIXOTE.

fites which are worth as much more. Ay, but then, quoth *Sancho*, that Squire must not be marry'd, and must know how to serve at Mass at least, and if so, wo be to me who am Marry'd, and don't know the first Letter of the A, B, C what will become of me, if my Master should take a fancy or humour to be an Archbishop, and not an Emperour, as is the Custom and Use of Knights Errant? Do not trouble thy self, for that, Friend *Sancho*, quoth the Barber, for we will intreat and advise thy Master, nay, we will urge it as a point of Conscience, that he choose to be an Emperour, and not an Archbishop; for it will be easier for him, because he is more a Souldier than a Scholar. So I thought, said *Sancho*, tho' I know he is fit for any thing. What I shall do, will be to pray to God to direct him to take that course which is most for his Honour; and in which he may bestow most upon me. You talk like a wise Man, said the Curate, and in so doing will perform the Duty of a good Christian. But that which we must endeavour now, is how we may withdraw thy Master from that unprofitable Penance he has in hand, as thou say'st: And that we may think on the means, and eat our Dinner, for it is high time, let us go into the Inn. *Sancho* bid them go in, and he would stay for them at the Door, and he would afterwards tell them the Reason why he had no mind to go with them, neither was it at all convenient he should; but he desir'd them to bring him out something to eat that were warm, and some Provender for *Rozinante*. They went in and left him, and within a while after, the Barber brought him out some Meat: They two having ponder'd well with themselves, what course to take to compass their Design; the Curate hit upon a Device very fit both for *Don Quixote's* Humour, and also to bring their purpose to pass; and was as he told the Barber, that he had contriv'd, to apparel himself in the Habit of a Maiden Errant, and that he should do the best he could to fit himself like a Squire, and they would go in that manner to the Place where *Don Quixote* was, feigning that she was an afflicted and distress'd Damsel, and would ask a Boon of him, which he as a valorous Knight Errant, could not choose but grant: And that the favour she intended to ask, was to intreat him to follow her where she would carry him, to right a Wrong a base Knight had done her; and that she would besides, pray him not to command her to unmask, or inquire into any thing of her Estate, 'till he had done her right against that bad Knight. And by this means he a-ly hop'd *Don Quixote* would grant all he request'd in this

ner: And thus they would fetch him from thence, and bring him to his Village, where they would labour with all their Power, to see whether his extravagant Frenzy would admit of any Cure.

C H A P. XIII.

How the Curate and the Barber compass'd their Design, with many other things worth relating in this famous History.

THE Curates Invention displeas'd not the Barber, but rather was so lik'd, that they presently put it in execution. They borrow'd of the Inn-keeper's Wife a Petticoat and a Head-dress, leaving her in pawn for it, a fair new Cassock of the Curates. The Barber made him a great Beard of a py'd Ox's Tayl, on which the Inn-keeper us'd to hang his Horle-comb. The Hostess ask'd of them what they would do with those things? The Curate, in few words, told her *Don Quixote's* madness, and how that disguise was requisite to bring him away from the Mountain, where at that time he was.

Presently the Inn-keeper and his Wife bethought them that the Mad-man was their Guest, who made the Ballam, and whose Squire was to be in the Blanket; and then they told the Curate all that had pass'd between him and them in that Inn, without omitting that which *Sancho* so carefully conceal'd. In short, the Hostess trick'd up the Curate so handsomely, that nothing could be neater. She put him on a Cloth Petticoat, laid all over with guards of black Velvet, a Span broad, and slash'd, and a short Waistcoat of green Velvet, welted with white Satin, which as well as the Petticoat, were likely made in the Reign of King * *Bamba*. The Curate would not permit them to dress his Head, but put on a white

* *Bamba was an Ancient Gothish King of Spain, concerning whom several Fables are written, and the Spaniards to express any thing that is very Old, say it was in being in his time; as in England, we say a thing was as old as St. Paul's, or the like.*

quilted

quilted-linnen-night-cap he had about him to lie in, and girded his Fore-head with 'a black Taffata Garter, and with the other he made a sort of Veil which cover'd his Beard and Face very nearly: He clapt on his Hat, which was so broad, it might serve him for an *Umbrello*; and lapping himself up handsomely in his long Cloak, mounted his Horse fideling, and the Barber got upon his Mule, with his Beard hanging down to his Walte, half red and half white, as being made of a py'd Ox's Tail: They took leave of them all, and of honest *Mavitornes*, who promis'd (tho' a Sinner) to say a Rosary that God might give them good success, in so Christian and difficult an Undertaking as that was they had in hand. But scarce were they gone out of the Inn, when the Curate bethought himself that he had done ill, in appareling himself after that manner, it being a very indecent thing for a Priest so to habit himself, tho' the matter concern'd him never so much. And acquainting the Barber with it, desir'd they might change Attires, because it was much more fitting, that he being a Lay-Man, should act the distress'd Lady, and he himself would represent his Squire, for so his dignity would be less prophand; to which if he would not condescend, he resolv'd to go no farther, tho' the Devil should run away with *Don Quixote*. *Sancho*, came over to them about this time; and seeing them in that Habit, could not contain his laughter. The Barber, in short, did all the Curate pleas'd, and making thus an exchange of Inventions, the Curate instructed him how he should behave himself, and what Words he should use to *Don Quixote*, to perswade and move him to come away with him, and renounce the love of that Place he had chosen to perform his vain Penance. The Barber answer'd, that without Instructions, he could manage that point completely, but would not be dress'd up then, till he came near the Place where *Don Quixote* was, so he folded up his Cloaths, and the Curate put up his Beard, and they went on, *Sancho Pança* leading them, who told them all that had happen'd with the Mad-man whom they found in the Mountain; only concealing the Boory of the Portmantue, and what was in it: For tho' silly, yet the Lad was something coverous.

The next day they came to the Place where *Sancho* had left the Boughs, as a mark to find out his Master. As soon as he perceiv'd them, he said that was the way in, and they might dress themselves, if that were any thing material towards the setting of his Master at liberty; for they had told him before, that their going in that manner, and cloathing themselves as he saw, was most necessary for withdrawing his Master from

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that

that ill course of Life, and therefore charg'd him on his Life not to tell his Master who they were, nor seem to know them: And that if he ask'd, as they were sure he would, whether he had deliver'd his Letter to *Dulcinea*, he should say he did; and that by reason she could not read, she answer'd by word of Mouth, saying, that she commanded him under pain of her indignation, to repair immediately to her, because it much concern'd him so to do; for they doubred not but this, and what they intended to say to him, would bring him to a better course of Life, and prevail upon him to set out immediately to be a Monarch or an Emperour; for there was no manner of danger of his being an Archbishop. *Sancho* gave ear to all they said, commended it well to his Memory, and thank'd them for their Design of advising his Master to be an Emperour, and no Archbishop; for he was of Opinion that Emperours had more to bestow on their Squires than Archbishops Errant. He also added, that he thought it necessary to go a little before them to seek him, and deliver his Lady's Answer; for perhaps that alone would be sufficient to fetch him out of that Place, without putting them to any farther trouble. They lik'd *Sancho Pança's* Device, and therefore resolv'd to expect his return with the News of finding his Master. With that *Sancho* took his way among the Clefts of the Rocks, leaving them upon one by which ran a little smooth stream, shaded by other Rocks, and some Trees that grew near it. This was in the Month of *August*, when in those Parts the Heat is intolerable: The Hour about Three in the Afternoon. All which made the Place the more grateful, and invited them to stay there 'till *Sancho's* return. As they both were still in the shade, they heard a Voice, which tho' not attended by any instrumental Musick, sounded sweet and mellodiously, which not a little surpriz'd them, believing that was no place for so good a Songster. For tho' some say, that in the Woods and Fields there are Shepherds who have excellent Voices, yet this is rather a Poetical Hyperbole than Truth, but especially when they observ'd that the Verses sung were not of a rustical, but very polite strain. To confirm which Truth, these were the Verses they heard.

Speak

1.

Speak Tragick Song, what Fury rends in twain
This wretched Breast? hard Usage and Disdain.
Say, Muse, what Creature can so cruel be
To aggravate my Woes? Dire Jealousie.
Who do's my Soul this Injury and Wrong,
To tempt its patience thus? an Absence long.

If so, alas! this Injury and Wrong
(Hard Fate it is!) can look for no redress;
Barr'd from all Hope, and prospect of Success
By Disdain, Jealousie, And Absence long.

2.

What makes these tot'ring Thoughts and Passions move
Still in my wounded Soul? Dispiteous Love.
Who mocks the Tears, with which my Eyes importune
Aid to my helpless Love? Base jilting Fortune.
And who derides the moving Complaints and Sighs
Forc'd from my Griefs? Th'inexorable Skies.

If so, fore-boding Fears then justly rise
In my sad Heart, that I shall never find
Wish'd Succour; since to ruin me, are join'd
Love, Fortune, and th'inexorable Skies.

3.

What then can help me? To resign my Breath.
What close the Wounds of Love? A speedy Death.
Whom will the light capricious Deiry
Most favour with his Smiles? Inconstancy.
What chases Love's distracting Melancholy
From the distemper'd Soul? Brisk Mirth and Folly.

If this be so, 'tis Wisdom to be jolly:
Or else expect no more, by human Art
To ease the Tortures of a wounded Heart;
Best cur'd by Death, Inconstancy, or Folly.

The Hour, the Time, the solitariness of the Place, the Voice, and Art of him that sung, struck Wonder and Delight into the Hearers Minds, who continu'd still quiet, listening whether they could hear any more: But perceiving the silence continu'd a pretty while, they agreed to move on and seek the Musician that sung so harmoniously. And being about to do so, they were stay'd by the same Voice, which again reach'd their Ears, and sang this Sonnet.

Cardenio's Complaint.

A SONNET.

* **O** H holy Amity! of Heav'nly Birth,
 Who clad in Rays celestial bright
 Back to the Skies long since hast wing'd thy Flight,
 And only left thy counterfeit on Earth!
 There with the blest Inhabitants of Light
 Thou dwellest enshrin'd, and now and then,
 By gentle Peace thy Deputy,
 Vouchsaf'st a Visit down to Men:
 Yet veiling o're thy fair Angelick Face
 Thou shin'st with such rebated Rays;
 That ah! too oft instead of thee,
 That odious Fiend Hypocrisie
 In borrow'd Plumes deludes our Eyes.
 Oh leave thy Heav'n fair Amity!
 Let not injurious Fraud in thy Disguise
 Pursue her secret Treacheries,
 And wrong thy Offspring, plain Sincerity.
 Unmask the Monster to the World!
 For if she long thy Form retain,
 Harmonious Order soon will die;
 All Nature in Confusion hurl'd
 Will turn to Chaos, and wild Anarchy
 Begin once more his arbitrary Reign.

The Song ended in a profound sigh; and the two were attentive to hear whether he would sing any more; but perceiving the Musick was chang'd into Sighs and bitter Complaints, they resolv'd to go and learn who the disconsolate Person was, that sang so sweet, and so dolefully lamented; and when they had gone a little way, at the turning of the Corner of a Rock, they discover'd a Man of the same Mien and Shape, as *Sancho* had describ'd, when he told them the Story of *Cardenio*, and the

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the Man when he saw them stood still without seeming to be surpriz'd, and hanging his Head on his Breast like one that was very thoughty, without looking up at them after the first time when they began to draw near. The Curate who was a very well spoken Man, having some knowledge of his Misfortune, for he knew him by his Description, came up, and in few words, but those very significant, perswaded and intreated him to leave that course of Life, lest he should there end his Days, which was the greatest of Misfortunes. *Cardenio* was then in his wits, quite free from that Fit which so often transported him beyond his reason, and therefore seeing them both in a garb so little us'd by those that frequented such solitudes, he could not but admire, especially when he perceiv'd they spoke to him of his business, as a thing they were acquainted with, for so it appear'd by the words the Curate had spoken to him, and therefore he answer'd in this manner. I am sensible, Gentlemen, whoever you are, that Heaven, which relieves the good, nay and the wicked very often, does without any desert of mine send into these parts so remote from human conversation, some Persons, who representing to me in lively manner, how much I am in the wrong in leading this Life, have endeavour'd to draw me hence to a better Place; but they not knowing as I do that as soon as I am out of this mischief I shall fall into a greater, perhaps they look upon me as a Man of little sense, and it may be as one absolutely distracted. And it is no wonder they should, for I have some inkling, that the imagination of my Misfortunes is so intense, and prevalent to my ruin, that, notwithstanding any endeavours of mine, I am depriv'd of my Sense and Reason, and I am convinc'd of this truth, when some Persons tell and shew me the Tokens of what I have done while that terrible Fit has the Master of me, and all I can do is to grieve in vain, curse my Fate to no purpose, and tell the cause of my madness, as an excuse, to all that please to hear it, for wise Men understanding the cause will not wonder at the effects, and tho' they give no comfort, yet they will not blame me, for the anger they conceive at my Extravagancies is converted into compassion for my Misfortunes. And if you, Gentlemen, come with the same design as others have done, before you proceed in your prudent perswasions, I desire you to hear the Story of my numberless Misfortunes, for perhaps when you have heard it, you will save your selves the labour of comforting one that is incapable of all comfort.

Both of them, who desir'd nothing so much as to understand from his own Mouth the cause of his trouble, intreated him

him to relate it, promising to do nothing either to redress or comfort him, but what he himself pleas'd. With this the sorrowful Gentleman began his doleful Story, in the very same words almost as he had related it to *Don Quixote* and the Goat-herd a few Days before, when on account of Master *Elisabat* and *Don Quixote's* niceness in observing the *Decorum* of Chivalry, the tale was left imperfect, as our History has declar'd. But now by good Fortune his mad Fit came not upon him, but gave him time to continue his Story to the end; and so coming to the Passage that spoke of the Letter *Don Ferdinand* found in the Book of *Amadis de Gaul*, *Cardenio* said he had it by heart, and was to this effect.

Luscinda to Cardenio.

I Daily discover in you such worth, as obliges and forces me to value you the more, and therefore if you are willing to discharge me of this Debt, without disstraining upon my Honour, you may easily do it. I have a Father that knows you and loves me; who without putting any constraint upon my Inclination, will give you your due: If it be so, that you value me as much as you express, and as I believe.

This Letter mov'd me to ask *Luscinda* of her Father in Marriage, as I have already given you an account, and the same made *Don Ferdinand* conclude she was one of the discreetest and most prudent Women of the Age. And this Note was it that first put it into his Head, to ruin me before I could compass my design. I acquainted *Don Ferdinand* with what *Luscinda's* Father stood upon, which was that my Father should ask her of him; which I durst not acquaint him with, fearing lest he should not consent to it, not because he was Ignorant of *Luscinda's* quality, worth, virtue, and beauty, and that her good Parts were such as would be an honour to any Family in Spain, but because I understood by him, that he was not willing I should Marry so soon, till we knew what Duke *Richard* would do for me. In fine, I told him, I dar'd not reveal it to my Father, as well for that reason, as for many others that made me apprehensive, tho' I knew not what they were, only that I fancy'd that what I desir'd would never succeed.

To all this *Don Ferdinand* made answer, that he would take upon him to speak to my Father, and perswade him to propose it to *Luscinda's*. O ambitious *Marius*! O cruel *Cataline*! O villanous *Sylla*! O treacherous **Galaon*! O trayterous *Vellido*! O revengeful *Julian*! O covetous *Judas*! Traytor, cruel, revengeful, and deceitful Man, what wrong had been done thee by this Wretch, who so frankly disclos'd to thee the secrets and joy of his Heart? Wherein did I offend thee? What word did I speak, or what advice did I give, that did not tend to thy honour and profit? But what do I unhappy Man complain of, since it is certain, that when the Stars influence misfortunes, they falling from so high no human strength can withstand, nor mortal industry prevent them. Who would have imagin'd that *Don Ferdinand*, a Gentleman of Quality and good Sense, oblig'd to me for my Services, and powerful enough to prevail wherever his affection should incline him, would have debas'd himself so much, as to take from me one single Lamb which I was not yet possess'd of. But laying aside these unprofitable reflections, let us resume our relation where we broke off. *Don Ferdinand* believing, that my presence obstructed the execution of his treacherous and wicked Design, resolv'd to send me to his elder Brother, upon pretence of getting some Money of him to pay for six Horses he had bought purposely that he might send me away, the same Day he offer'd to speak to my Father, and so contriv'd I should go for the Money. Could I foresee this Treachery? Could I so much as imagine it? So far from it, that being very well pleas'd with his Bargain, I offer'd to set out immediately. I spoke that Night with *Luscinda*, and acquainted her with the Agreement past between me and *Don Ferdinand*, bidding her be of good heart for that our just desires would sort a wish'd and happy end. She answer'd me again, as little suspecting *Don Ferdinand's* Treason as my self, bidding me return with all possible speed, because she believ'd the compleating of our Wishes would be no longer deferr'd, than till my Father spoke to hers. What the meaning of it was I know not, but as soon as she had said this, her Eyes overflow'd with Tears,

* *Gallaon the Spaniards say, betray'd the French Army that came into Spain under Charlemagn. Vellido was a Traytor who Murder'd King Sancho of Castile, as he lay at the Siege of Zamora. Count Julian in revenge, because King Roderick ravish'd his Daughter, brought in the Moors, who over-run all Spain.*

and she was taken in such strange manner, that she could not speak a word, and yet methought she had much more to say I was astonish'd at this new accident which I had never before seen in her, for we always convers'd together, when good Fortune and my Industry contriv'd it, with all imaginable ease and satisfaction, without intermixing in our discourse any Sighs, Tears, Jealousies, Mistrusts, or Fears. I extoll'd my good Fortune in having her appointed by Heaven to be my sovereign Lady. I prais'd her Beauty, and admir'd her Worth and Judgment. She made a sutable return, commending in me what as a Lover she thought praise worthy. Then would we tell one another a thousand little Stories and Passages that had happen'd to our Neighbours and Acquaintance, and the farthest my presumption extended was to lay hold almost by force of one of her Beautiful white Hands, and kiss it in the best manner I could come at it through the Iron Bars of the Window. But the Night before my departure, she Wept, Sob'd and Sigh'd, and went away, leaving me full of confusion and surprize, amaz'd to see such new and doleful Tokens of sorrow and grief in *Luscinda*. But because I would not destroy my hopes, I attributed all to the vehemency of her affection, and to the pain true Lovers feel, when absent from one another. In short, I went away sorrowful and pensive, my Soul being full of fears and jealousies, and yet I know not what I suspected or fear'd, plain Tokens foretelling the sad Accident and Misfortune that ensu'd. I came to the place whither I was sent, deliver'd my Letter to *Don Ferdinand's* Brother, and was well receiv'd, but not well dispatch'd; for he commanded me to stay eight Days, a thing most displeasing to me, and that out of the Duke his Fathers presence; because his Brother had writ to him to send him some Money unknown to his Father. And all this was but false *Don Ferdinand's* invention, for his Brother wanted not Money to dispatch me presently, had not he written the contrary.

This was such an order and command, as I was very near disobeying of it, because it seem'd to me almost impossible to live so long without seeing my *Luscinda*, especially having left her so disconsolate, as I have mention'd, however I obey'd as became a good Servant, tho' I perceiv'd it would be prejudicial to me. But on the fourth Day after my arrival, there came a Man to me with a Letter, which he deliver'd, and by the superscription I knew it to be *Luscinda's*; for the Hand was like hers: I open'd it not without fear and surprize, knowing it must be something of great concern that could move her to write to me, being absent, seeing she did it so rarely
even

even when I was present. I ask'd of the Bearer, before I read, who had deliver'd it to him? And how long he had been on the way? He answer'd me, That passing by chance at Mid-day through a Street of the City, a very beautiful Lady call'd him from a Window, her Eyes full of Tears, and said to him very hastily; Friend, if thou art a Christian, as thou appear'st to be, I pray thee for God's sake, immediately to convey this Letter to the Place and Person the Superscription mentions, for both are well known; and in so doing you will perform an Act pleasing to our Lord. And that thou may'st not want the means to do it, take what thou shalt find wrapp'd up in that Handkerchief. And so saying, she threw out of the Window a Handkerchief, in which were an hundred Royals, this gold Ring and the Letter I deliver'd to you; and presently, without expecting my answer, she departed, but first saw me take up the Handkerchief and Letter; and then I made her signs that I would fulfill her command. And so seeing I was well pay'd for my labour in bringing it to you, and finding by the Superscription, that you were the Man to whom it was directed: For, Sir, I know you very well, and also oblig'd to it by the Tears of that beautiful Lady, I resolv'd not to trust another with it, but to come and bring it you my self; and in fifteen Hours since it was given me, I have Travell'd the journey you know, which is at least eighteen Leagues. Whil'st the thankful Messenger spoke thus to me, I gave full attention to his words, and my Legs shook so under me that I could scarce stand, yet taking courage, I open'd the Letter, and found the Contents of it were these.

DOn Ferdinand has perform'd his Promise, of speaking to your Father, that he might speak to mine, more to his own satisfaction than to your Advantage. For Sir, you must understand, that he has ask'd me in Marriage, and my Father looking upon Don Ferdinand as a better match than you, has so far consented, that the Wedding be kept two Days hence, and that so secretly, and in private, that only Heaven and some of the Family are to be Witnesses to it. Do you consider, what a condition I am in, and whether it be convenient for you to come. The event of this business shall show whether I love you, or not. God grant this may come to your Hands before mine be in danger

danger of being joyn'd with his who so ill performs his promise.

These were, in short, the contents of the Letter, and the motives that perswaded me presently to depart, without expecting any other answer, or Money: For then I plainly saw, it was not to buy Horses, but to purchase his own satisfaction, that *Don Ferdinand* sent me to his Brother. The rage I conceiv'd against him, joyn'd with the fear of losing the Jewel I had gain'd by so many Years Courtship, and expectation, gave me Wings, for I arriv'd as if I had flown the next Day at my own City, just at a fit Hour and Moment to go speak to *Luscinda*. I got privately into Town, and left the Mule that brought me at the honest Mans-house who carry'd the Letter to me, and fortune then favouring me, I found *Luscinda* sitting at that Iron-grate of the Window, which was the sole Witness of our Loves. *Luscinda* knew me streight and I her, but not as we ought to know one another. But who is he, who can truly boast that he has divid'd into, and discover'd the confuse designs and changeable nature of a Woman? Truly none. I say then, to proceed with my Story, that as soon as *Luscinda* perceiv'd me, she said, *Cardenio* I am dress'd in my Wedding Garments, in the Hall there wait for me, the Traytor *Don Ferdinand*, and my covetous Father, with other witnesses, who shall sooner be such to my Death, than to my Nuptials. Be not troubl'd dear Friend, but endeavour to be present at this sacrifice, which if I cannot hinder by my persuasions and reasons, I carry about me a Ponyard conceal'd which may oppose a greater Power, by ending my life, and beginning to demonstrate how much I have and do still love you. I answer'd her in confusion and hastily, fearing I should not have time to reply, saying, Sweet Lady, let your Actions make good your Words; for if you carry a Ponyard to gain Credit, I have also a Sword to defend you, or kill my self, if fortune prove cross to us. I believe she could not hear all my words, by reason she was call'd hastily away, as I perceiv'd, because the Bridegroom expected her coming. By this the night of my sorrows was clos'd, and the Sun of my joy gone down, so that I was left senseless and in the dark. I could not find the way into her House, nor move to either side: Yet considering how important my presence was, whatever might happen in that Case, I encourag'd my self the best I could, and entred the House; and being well acquainted with all the avenues, and the Family all in confusion, no body perceiv'd me. So that without being discover'd,

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I had the opportunity of placing my self in the hollow of a Window of the same Hall, which was cover'd by the ends of two pieces of Tapestry, from whence I could see all that was done in the Hall, unseen of any body. Who could now describe the terrors of my heart while I continu'd there? The thoughts that fill'd my Head? The reflections I made? Which were so many, and such as cannot be express'd, nor is it fit they should. Let it suffice you to know, that the Bridegroom entred the Hall without any gaiety of apparel, but the same he usually wore, with him came as a Witness a Cousin German of *Luscinda*, and in the Hall there was no stranger, but only the Servants of the House. A While after, *Luscinda* came out of the Withdrawing-room, accompani'd by her Mother and two Maids of her own, as richly attir'd and dress'd as her quality and beauty deserv'd, and as one that was the perfection of all splendour and gaiety: My distraction and trouble of Mind left me no time to observe particularly the apparel she wore, and therefore I only took notice of the Colours, which were Carnation and White; and of the glittering of the precious Stones and Jewels of her Head-dress, and all the rest of her Garments, and yet the singular beauty of her fair and golden locks surpass'd them all, and vying with the precious Stones and the light of four flambeaux that were in the Hall, struck the Eyes with a brighter ray. O memory! Thou mortal Enemy of my ease, to what purpose is it now to represent to me the incomparable beauty of that my ador'd Enemy? Were it not better, cruel Memory! To remember and represent what she then did, that being mov'd by so manifest a wrong, I may at least endeavour to lose my Life, since I cannot obtain revenge? Let it not tire you, good Sirs, to hear the digressions I make; for my grief is not such as may be succinctly and briefly related, since in my opinion every passage of it is worthy of a large discourse.

To this the Curate answer'd, that they were so far from being tyr'd with his Discourse, that it was a great delight to them to hear him recount each minute circumstance, because they were such as deserv'd not to be pass'd over in silence, but rather merited as much attention as the principal parts of the Story. You must then understand (quoth *Cardenio*) that as they thus stood in the Hall, the Curate of the Parish came in, and taking them both by the Hand to do what is requisite upon such occasions, at the saying of, *Will you Lady Luscinda take the Lord Don Ferdinand, who is here present, for your lawful Husband, according as our holy Mother the Church commands?* I thrust all my Head and Neck out of the Tapestry, and with most attentive Ears and a troubl'd Mind, setled my self to hear what

Luscinda

Luscinda answer'd, expecting in it the sentence of my Death; or the confirmation of my Life. O! if I had dar'd to rush out at that time, and cry'd with a loud Voice; O *Luscinda*, *Luscinda*! Take heed what thou do'st; and, consider what thou ow'st me! Behold thou art mine, and can'st not be any others; take notice that thy consent, and the end of my Life will be the work of one and the same moment. O Traytor *Don Ferdinand*! Robber of my Glory! Death of my Life! What is this thou aim'st at? What wilt thou do? Consider thou can'st not as a Christian obtain thy desire, since *Luscinda* is my Spouse, and I am her Husband. O foolish Man! now that I am absent, and far from the danger, I say what I should have done, and not what I did. Now after I have permitted my dear Jewel to be stoln, I exclaim against the Thief, on whom I might have reveng'd my self, had I had as much heart to do it as I have to complain. In fine, since I was then a Coward and a Fool, it is no matter if I now dye with shame, repenting and mad. The Curate stood expecting *Luscinda's* answer a good while e're she gave it; and at last, when I hop'd she would take out the Ponyard to stab her self, or let loose her Tongue to speak some truth, or use some reason or perswasion that might redound to my Benefit, I heard her instead of it answer with a dismay'd and languishing voice, *I will: Don Ferdinand* said the same; and giving her the Ring, they remain'd ty'd in an indissoluble Knot. Then the Bridegroom coming to embrace his Spouse, she laid her Hand upon her Heart, and fell into a trance betwixt her Mothers Arms.

It remains now to tell, what a condition I was in seeing the assent given, my hopes deluded, *Luscinda's* words and promises falsify'd, and my self wholly disabl'd for ever recovering the happiness I lost that instant; I was left helpless, abandon'd (in my opinion) by Heaven, proclaim'd an Enemy to the Earth that bore me, the Air denying me breath enough for my sighs, and the Water sufficient moisture to my Eyes; only the Fire increas'd in such sort, that I burn'd throughly with rage and jealousy. All the House was in a confusion at *Luscinda's* swooning, and her Mother unclasping her Bosom to give her Air, there appear'd in it a Paper folded up, which *Don Ferdinand* presently seiz'd on; and went aside to read it by the Light of a Flambeau, and after he had read it, he sat down in a Chair, laying his Hand on his Cheek, with manifest signs of Melancholy Discontent, without thinking of the Remedies that were apply'd to his Spouse to bring her again to her self. I seeing all the People of the House thus in an uproar, ventur'd to come out, not mind-

minding whether I were seen or no, being resolv'd, if I were taken notice of, to play such a rash part, as all the World should understand the just indignation of my Heart, by the revenge I would take on false *Don Ferdinand*, and the mutable and dismay'd Trayterers. But my Destiny which has reserv'd me for greater Evils, if possibly there be any greater, ordain'd that I should then abound in Sense, as much as I have wanted it ever after; and therefore refusing to take revenge of my greatest Enemies (which I might have done with ease, by reason they so little suspected my being there) I resolv'd to take it on my self, and undergo the Penalty which they deserv'd, and that perhaps with more rigour than I would have us'd toward them if I had kill'd them at that time, seeing that sudden death soon puts an end to Pain; but that which is delay'd and torments always, kills without ending the Life.

To be short, I went out of the House, and came to the other where I had left my Mule, which I caus'd to be saddl'd, and without bidding my Host adieu, I mounted on her, and rode out of the City, not daring, like another *Lot*, to look back upon it; and then seeing my self alone in the Fields, and that the Darknes of the Night did cover, and its silence invite me to complain, without apprehension or Fear of being heard or known; I let my voice break out, and untty'd my Tongue with so many Curses on *Luscinda* and *Don Ferdinand*, as if that were any satisfaction for the Wrong they had done me. I call'd her Cruel, Ingrateful, False, and Scornful, but most of all Covetous, since the Riches of my Enemy had blinded the Eyes of her Affection so as to deprive me of it, and bestow't on him with whom Fortune had dealt more frankly and liberally; and in the midst of this Peal of Curses and opprobrious words, excus'd her, saying; That it was no wonder, a Maid kept close in her Parents House, us'd and accusom'd always to obey them, should at last condescend to their Will, especially seeing they bestow'd on her for a Husband, so noble, so rich, and so proper a Gentleman, as if she had refus'd him, it would have been look'd upon in her to proceed either from want of Judgment, or from having settl'd her Affections else where, either of which must of necessity be very prejudicial to her good Name and Reputation. Then presently I turn'd a new Leaf, and said, that tho' she had told them I was her Husband, yet they might be satisfi'd, that in pitching upon me, she had made no such ill choice, but what might well be excus'd, since before *Don Ferdinand* offer'd himself, they themselves could not have in reason desir'd a better Husband for their Daughter than I was, and she might easily have said, be-
fore

fore she put her self to that last extremity of giving her hand; that I had already given her mine, and I would have appear'd to own and confirm all she could any way feign in this case: In fine, I concluded that want of Love, less Judgment, much Ambition, and the desire of Greatness had caus'd her to forget the Words with which she had deceiv'd, deluded, and sed me in my constant Hopes and honourable Desires.

Thus discoursing, and restless, I travell'd all the remaining part of the Night, and about break of Day, fell into one of the Ways that leads into this Mountain, where I travell'd three Days more, quite from any Road or High-way, 'till I came to certain Meddows; which I cannot tell on what side they lye; and there meeting some Goat-herds, I ask'd them where was the most uncooth part of the Mountain. They directed me hither: I immediately took the way, designing here to end my Life. As soon as I got into the craggy Places, my Mule, through Weariness and Hunger, fell dead under me; or rather, as I may better suppose, to disburden her self of so vile and unprofitable a Load as she carried in me. I was left a-foot, yielding to Nature; and pinch'd by Hunger, without any help, or seeking who might succour me. In that manner, I lay I know not how long on the ground, then I arose again without any hunger, and found by me certain Goat-herds, who were those doubtless that reliev'd my want: For they told me in what manner they found me, and how I spoke so many foolish and mad Words, as gave certain Proofs that I was distracted; and I have found by my self since that time that I enjoy not my Senses perfectly, but rather perceive them to be so weaken'd and impair'd, that I commit a hundred Follies, tearing my Apparel, crying aloud through these Desarts, cursing my Fates, and idly repeating the belov'd Name of my Enemy, without having any other Thought or Design at that time, but to endeavour soon to end my Life; and when I come to my self again, I am so sore and tir'd, that I am scarce able to stir. My most usual Habitation is in the hollow of a Cork-tree, capable of containing this wretched Carcass. The Cow-herds, and the Goat-herds that feed their Cattel here in these Mountains, mov'd by Charity, give me sustenance, leaving Meat for me by the ways and on the Rocks which they suppose I frequent, and where they think I may find it; and so, tho' I do then want the Use of Reason, yet natural necessity makes me know my Meat, and stirs up my Appetite to cover, and my Will to take it: They tell me when they meet me in my Wits, that at other times, I come out to the High-ways and take it from them violently, even when

when they themselves do offer it to me freely. After this manner do I spend my miserable Life, 'till Heav'n shall be pleas'd to bring it to the last period, or take away my Memory, that I may no more remember the Beauty and Treachery of *Luscinda*, or the Injury done me by *Don Ferdinand*; for if it does me this favour, without depriving me of my Life, then will I employ my Thoughts better; if not, there's no other remedy, but to pray God to receive my Soul into his mercy; for I neither find Courage nor Strength in my self, to deliver my Body out of these straits, into which, for my Pleasure, I at first willingly brought it.

This, Gentlemen, is the bitter Story of my Disasters; do you tell me whether a less sorrow than you have seen in me can express it. And do not trouble your selves, to perswade or advise me to what Reason may tell you is proper for my cure, for it will be no more useful to me than a famous Physician's Prescription, is to a sick Man that won't make use on't. I will have nothing without *Luscinda*; and since it is her Pleasure to belong to another, whereas she is, or ought to be mine; let me chuse to belong to Ill Fortune, tho' I could have been a Darling to Good. It was her Will by her change, to make my Misery immurable: I by endeavouring to destroy my self, will satisfy her Desire, and it shall stand as an Example to Posterity; that I alone wanted that which all other unhappy Wretches abound in, who us'd to find some comfort in knowing the impossibility of being comforted; and in me it is the cause of greater Grief and Misery, for I am apt to believe, even Death will not put an end to my Sorrows.

Here *Cardenio* concluded his long Discourse, and his as unfortunate as amorous Story, and as the Curate prepar'd to speak some Words of comfort to him, he was stop'd by a Voice which reach'd their Ears, and in a doleful tone said; what we shall deliver in the Fourth Book of this Relation, for just here the Wife and Judicious Historiographer *Cide Hamete Benengeli*, puts an end to the Third.

The Delightful
H I S T O R Y
 O F

The most Ingenious KNIGHT,
DON QUIXOTE *de La Mancha*.

Tome I. Book IV.

C H A P. I.

*Of the New and Pleasant Adventure that happen'd
 to the Curate and the Barber, in Sierra Morena.*

MOST happy and fortunate were those times when the bold Knight, *Don-Quixote de la Mancha* came into the World; by whose Honourable resolution to revive and renew in it the then decay'd, and almost forgotten Exercise of Knight Errantry, we now in this our barren age, enjoy the pleasant diversion, not only of his delightful true History, but of the other Tales and Episodes belonging to it, which are in some respects no less pleasing, artificial and true than the very History it self; which knitting again where it broke off, tells us, That as the Curate was preparing to comfort *Cárdenio*, he was hindred by a Voice that reached his Ears, which in a doleful Tone spoke to this effect.

O God! Is it possible that I have yet found out the place which may serve for a hidden Sepulchre, to the burden of this loathsome Body I so unwillingly maintain? Yes it may be, if the solitariness of these Rocks do not delude me; Ah! un-
 P
 fortunate

fortunate Woman. How much more grateful Companions will these Craggs and Thickets prove to my designs, since they will afford me leisure to lay open my misfortunes to Heaven in sad complaints, than that of any mortal Man living, since there is none upon Earth from whom may be expected counsel in Doubts, ease in Complaints, or redress in Evils. The Curate and his Companions heard and understood all these words; and believing, as indeed it was, that they were deliver'd very near, they arose to seek the Party that utter'd them, and had not gone Twenty steps, when they saw a Youth behind a Rock, sitting at the foot of an Ash-Tree, and cloath'd like a Country Swain, whose Face they could not then see, because he hung down his Head, being at that time washing his Feet in the Brook which glided that way; and they drew near so softly that they were not discover'd by him, who minded nothing but the washing of his Feet, which were so white that they look'd like two pieces of cleer Crystal that grew among the other stones of the stream: The whiteness and beauty of the Feet surpriz'd 'em, imagining they were not used to tread Clods, or follow the Plough, as the Youth's Apparel would persuade them; and therefore the Curate, who went before the rest, seeing they were not yet discover'd, made signs to the other two to crouch down, or hide themselves behind some broken Cliffs that were near the place, which they all did, carefully observing the Youth's actions. He had on a sad colour'd loose Coat with double Skirts, girt close to his Body with a white Towel, as also a pair of Breeches and Gamashoes of the same colour'd Cloth, and on his Head a sad colour'd Cap; his Gamashoes were turn'd up half way the Legg, which look'd exactly like white Alabaster. Having wash'd his beautiful Feet, taking out a linnen cloath from under his Cap, he dry'd them, but as he was taking out of the cloath he lifted up his Face, and then they that stood gazing at him had leisure to discover an incomparable Beauty and so rare, that *Cardenio* whispering the Curate, said, This Person, since it is not *Luscinda*, can be no human Creature but divine. The Youth took off his Cap, and shaking his Head there fell loose and hung down such beautiful locks of Hair, as the Sun himself might envy: By this, they knew the suppos'd Swain to be a delicate Woman, and the fairest that ever they two had seen in their lives, or even *Cardenio* himself, had he not seen and known *Luscinda*; for, he afterwards affirm'd, that no beauty but *Luscinda*'s could stand in competition with hers. The spreading golden Locks did not only cover her Shoulders, but hid her whole Body, so that nothing but her Feet could be seen, so long and thick

thick was the Hair. Her Hands serv'd her instead of a Comb, and if the Feet seem'd pieces of Crystal in the Water, her Hands in her Hair look'd like cakes of driven Snow. All which, rais'd the admiration and heighten'd the desire the three that stood gazing at her had to know who she was. Therefore they resolv'd to shew themselves; and at the noise they made in rising up the beautiful Maiden rais'd her Head, and removing her Hair from before her Eyes with both her Hands, she saw those that had made it, and no sooner saw them, but starting up, without staying to put on her Shoes and tie up her Hair, she laid hand on a Bundle that was by her, which seem'd to be of Apparel; and would have fled away in a confusion and fright: But she had not gon fix steps, when her tender Feet not being able to endure the roughness of the stones, she fell down to the Ground. Which the Three perceiving, they came out to her, and the Curate was the first, that said to her, Lady, whosoever you be, stay and fear nothing; for those you see here have no design but to do you service, there is no occasion for so impertinent a flight, for neither your Feet can endure, nor will we permit it. She was so amaz'd and confounded, that she answer'd not a word, so they came up to her, and the Curate taking her by the Hand, went on, saying, What your Habit conceal'd from us, Lady, your Hair discovers, giving manifest tokens that the motives must be very great which have thus disguis'd your singular beauty, under such unseemly Apparel, and brought you into such a desert Place as this is, in which it has been our good luck to find you, that we may at least advise you, if we cannot alleviate your misfortunes; for no Calamity can so much afflict, or be so desperate whilst it does not destroy Life, as to refuse to hearken to the advice that is offer'd with a good and sincere intention. So that, fair Lady, or Sir, or what else you please to be term'd, shake off your fright caus'd by seeing of us, and give us an account of your good or ill fortune; for you shall find in us jointly, or severally, Companions to help you to deplore your Disasters. Whilst the Curate spoke these words, the disguis'd Woman stood as it were amaz'd, gazing on them all, without once moving a Lip or speaking a Word; just like a rustical Clown, when on a sudden he sees something that is strange, and altogether new to him. But the Curate still adding other words to the same effect, she broke silence with a deep sigh, and said, Since the solitude of these Rocks has not been able to conceal me, and the scattering of my disorder'd Hair, does not allow my Tongue to belie my Sex, it were in vain for me now to feign that anew, which you might only seem to believe out

of meer Civility, rather than for any other reason. And since it is so, Gentlemen, I return you thanks for the offers you have made me, which are such as oblige me to comply with all you have ask'd of me, tho' I fear the Account I shall give you of my misfortunes, will cause as much sorrow, as compassion in you, because you can find no remedy for them, nor so much as comfort to ease them. Howsoever, that my Honour may not suffer in your Opinions, since you know me to be a Woman, and see me young, alone, and in this Habit, which Circumstances either jointly, or severally, are sufficient to destroy the best Reputation, I must be forc'd to tell you, that which I would willingly conceal if I could. All this, she that appear'd so beautiful a Woman, spoke with so ready a delivery, and so sweet a Voice, that her Discretion surpriz'd them no less than her Beauty. And renewing their Compliments and intreaties to her, to perform her promise, she without expecting more courtship, putting on her Shoes very modestly, and winding up her Hair, sat her down on a Stone, and the other Three about her, where she used no little violence to smother some rebellious Tears that strove to break out, and then with a stay'd and clear Voice she began the History of her Life in this manner.

In this Province of *Andaluxia* there is a Town from which a Duke takes his Title, which makes him one of those in *Spain* we call *Grandees*: He has Two Sons, the elder is Heir of his Estate, and, as may be presum'd, of his Vertues; the younger is Heir I know not of what, unless it be of the Treachery of † *Vellido*, and the Frauds of *Galalon*. My Parents are this Nobleman's Vassals, of mean Extraction, but so Rich, that if the Goods of Nature had equal'd those of Fortune, they could have coveted no more, nor could I have fear'd falling into the misfortunes in which I am now plung'd; for perhaps my ill Fate proceeds from theirs, in not being Nobly descended. True it is, they are not so mean, that they need be ashamed of their Condition, nor so high as to alter the conceit I have, that my disaster proceeds from their lowness. In short, They are Farmers and plain People, without any tincture of bad Blood, and as we usually say, Old rusty Christians, yet so rusty and ancient, that their Riches and high manner of Living, gains them by little and little, the Name of Gentility; and of the better sort, tho' the Treasure and Nobility they

† See who *Vellido* and *Galalon* were, in the Notes upon the 13th. Chapter of the 3d. Book,

most valued themselves upon was in having me for their Daughter; and therefore, as well by reason they had no other Heir besides my self, as also because they were most tender Parents, I was one of the most pamper'd Daughters that ever Father brought up: I was the mirrour they gaz'd on, the staff of their Old age, and the subject on which all their wishes, on this side Heaven terminated; and all their designs being virtuous, I never swerv'd from them in the least; and as I was absolute in their Affections, so was I also in the disposal of their Estate. By me Servants were admitted or dismiss'd; the account of what was Sow'd or Reap'd, pass'd thro' my Hands, and so of the Oyl-Mills, the Wine-Presses, the number of great and small Cattel, the Bee-Hives; in short, all that so rich a Farmer as my Father was, had or could have, I look'd to, and was Steward and Mistress of all, and my care was such, and their satisfaction so great, that I cannot tell how to express it. The leisure time I had in the Day, after I had given what was necessary to the head Husbandmen and other Labourers, I spent in such Exercises as are both commendable and necessary for Maidens, as Sewing, making of Bone-lace, and very often handling the Distaff: And if at any time I left those Exercises to recreate my Mind a little, I would then take some godly Book in Hand, or play on the Harp; for Experience had taught me that, Musick composes disorder'd Minds, and makes the labour of the Brain easie. This was the Life I led in my Father's House, which I have not deliver'd so particularly, for ostentation, nor to inform you that I am rich, but to the end you may observe with how little fault of mine, I am fallen from that happy state I have mention'd, into the unhappy condition to which I am now reduc'd. Thus spending my Life amongst so much Business, and as retir'd as if I had been in a Monastery, unseen as I thought by any other Person besides the Servants of the House; for when I went to Mass, it was commonly so early, so well attended by my Mother and some Maid-Servants, and I my self so close veil'd and cautious, that my Eyes scarce saw the Ground I trod on: And yet those of Love, or as I may better term them, of Idleness, sharper than the Eyes of Eagles, got a sight of me through the industry of *Don Ferdinand*, for this is the Name of the Duk's younger Son, of whom I spoke before.

Scarce had she nam'd *Don Ferdinand*, when *Cardenio* chang'd colour, and began to sweat, and be so discompos'd, that the Curate and Barber were afraid his Fit of Madness was coming upon him, as they had heard it used to do at times. But *Cardenio* did nothing else but sweat, and sat still gazing earnestly

neſtly at the Country Woman, gueſſing who ſhe was. She without taking notice of his diſturbance, follow'd on her Diſcourſe, ſaying,

And ſcarce had he ſeen me, when (as he himſelf afterwards confeſt) he fell ſo paſſionately in love with me, as ſoon appear'd by his actions. But to conclude ſoon, with the relation of my Miſfortunes which are endleſs, I will paſs over in ſilence what Arts *Don Ferdinand* uſ'd to diſcover his Affection to me; he brib'd all the Folks of the Houſe, he gave, and offer'd Gifts to my Kindred: Every day was a Holy-day, and a day of Sports in the ſtreet where I liv'd. At Night there was no ſleeping for Muſick: Innumerable were the Billets-douce that came to my Hands, without knowing who brought them, all full of amorous conceits and offers, and with more promiſes and proteſtations than words: All which was ſo far from mollifying of me, that it rather harden'd me as if he were my mortal Enemy, and had uſ'd all thoſe endeavours that were directed to gain my Affection, to a quite contrary end; not that I miſlik'd *Don Ferdinand*, or found fault with his importunity; for I took a kind of delight to ſee my ſelf ſo much eſteem'd and below'd by ſo Noble a Gentleman; nor was I any thing offended to ſee his Papers written in my praiſe; for if I be not deceiv'd, tho' we Women be never ſo deform'd, yet we are pleas'd to hear our ſelves call'd beautiful. But my Virtue was what oppos'd all theſe thoughts, as did the continual admonitions of my Parents, who plainly perceiv'd *Don Ferdinand*'s drift, as one that car'd not all the World ſhould know it: My Parents often told me, that their Honour and Reputation depended only on my Virtue and Diſcretion, and bid me conſider the inequality that was betwixt *Don Ferdinand*, and me; whence I might infer. That, whatſoever he ſaid to the contrary, he rather ſought his own pleaſure than my profit: And that if I fear'd any inconveniency, to prevent it, and make him forbear his unjuſt purſuit, they would Match me where I lik'd beſt, either to the top of our Town, or any other thereabouts, which they might promiſe themſelves, both by reaſon of their great Wealth and my good Name. Theſe offers which I knew to be real, fortify'd my Virtue, and I never would Answer *Don Ferdinand* a word that might give him the leaſt glimmering of hope. This my reſervedneſs which 'tis to be believ'd, he look'd upon as coyneneſs and diſdain, only ſerv'd to inflame his luſtful Deſire, for ſuch I muſt call that kindneſs he expreſs'd for me, which had it been ſuch as it ought, you would not now have known any thing of it, for the occaſion of telling it had been wanting. In ſine, *Don Ferdinand*

Ferdinand underſtanding that my Parents intended to marry me, to deſtroy his hope of ever poſſeſſing me, or at leaſt that I might have more guards to preſerve my Honour, this News or Surmize was the cauſe that mov'd him to do, what you ſhall preſently hear, which was, that one Night as I ſat in my Chamber, only attended by a Maid that waited on me, having ſhut the Doors faſt, left through any negligence my Vertue might be in danger, without knowing or imagining how it might happen: Notwithſtanding all my care and precaution, and amidſt this ſolitude and retirement, he ſtood before me in my Chamber: I was ſo ſurpriz'd at the ſight of him, that I loſt both ſenſe and ſpeech; and therefore had not the power to cry out, nor do I think he would have permitted me, tho' I had attempted it: For he preſently ran to me, and catching me in his Arms (for, as I have ſaid, I was ſo ſtunn'd, I had no power to defend my ſelf) he ſpoke ſuch words, that I know not how Falſhood can be ſo ingenious, to frame it ſelf to the very reſemblance of truth. The Traytor cauſ'd tears to vouch for his words; and ſighs, to perſwade the ſincerity of his intention. I, poor ſoul, being alone amidſt my ſorrows, and little practiſed in ſuch affairs, began I know not how, to look upon ſo much falſhood as truth, yet not ſo as hiſtears or ſighs might move me to any compaſſion that was not honourable. And ſo the firſt ſurprize being over, I began again to recover my ſcatter'd Spirits, and then ſaid to him with more courage than I thought I ſhould have had: If, as I am, my Lord, in your Arms, I were betwixt the Paws of a fierce Lion, and ſure to be deliver'd, on condition to do or ſay any thing prejudicial to my Honour, it would prove as impoſſible for me to accept of it, as it is utterly to annihilate thoſe things which have had once a being. So that tho' you hold my Body clasp'd in your Arms, yet my Soul is held faſter by my vertuous Inclinations, which are ſo far remote from yours, as ſhall appear, if you offer to proceed to force me. I am your Vaſſal, but not your Slave; nor has the Nobility of your Blood power, or ought it to have, to diſhonour and trample on the meanneneſs of mine; and I do value my ſelf, tho' a Country-Wench and Farmer's Daughter, as much as you can your ſelf, tho' a Noble-man and a Lord: With me your violence ſhall not prevail, or your Riches be of any value; your words ſhall not deceive, or your ſighs and tears be able to move. If I ſhould find any of theſe properties I have mention'd in him my Parents ſhall pleaſe to beſtow on me for a Husband, I will ſubject my Will to his, and never tranſgreſs his laws: So that provided my Honour was ſafe, tho' I receiv'd no ſatisfaction, I would willingly beſtow on you that which you labour by force

to obtain. This I have said to satisfy you, that no Man shall prevail upon me, who is not my Lawful Husband. If that be all the objection, most Beautiful *Dorothy* (for that is my Name) said the false Gentleman, here I give thee my Hand, that I will Marry thee, and I take Heaven, from which nothing is hid, and this Image of our blessed Lady you have here, to witness my sincerity.

When *Cardenio* heard her say she was call'd *Dorothy*, he fell again into some disorder, and concluded his first opinion was true; yet would not interrupt her story, as desiring to hear the event, which he partly knew already, so he only said, and is your name *Dorothy* Lady? I have heard of another of the same name, perhaps no less unfortunate than you. Proceed, for a time will come when I shall tell you such things as will astonish and move compassion in you. *Dorothy* took notice of *Cardenio*'s words, and of his wretched garb, and desir'd him if he knew any thing of her Affairs, he would speak it immediately; for if Fortune had left her posselt of any thing that was valuable, it was the Courage she had to bear any disaster that could light upon her, being assur'd, as she imagin'd, that none could add any thing to that under which she labour'd already.

Lady, quoth *Cardenio*, if what I imagine were true, I would let slip no opportunity of telling you what I think, but as yet there is no time lost, nor does it signify any thing to you to know it. Whatsoever it is, reply'd *Dorothy*, what belongs to my story is this, That *Don Ferdinand* taking an Image which was in the Room to witness our Contract, made most firm Promises; and took many extraordinary Oaths that he would be my Husband. Yet before he had ended his Affeuerations, I warn'd him to have a care what he did, to consider how angry his Father would be to see him Marry'd to a Country Girl; his own Vassal; that he should not suffer himself to be blinded by my Beauty such as it was, since it would not be a sufficient excuse for his fault; and that if, for the love he bore me, he desir'd to do me any kindness, the greatest would be to let me keep within the bounds of my Fortune, because such unequal Matches never prove happy, or continue long in that state of Pleasure in which they began. All this I said to him and much more, which I do not now remember; but it did not divert him from pursuing his design, like one that never intends to pay, and so takes no care what bargain he makes. Then I fram'd a short discourse, and said to my self. Why, I am not the first Woman that has ascended by Matrimony from a mean to a noble condition? Nor will *D. Ferdinand* be the first whom Beauty, or rather blind Love has prevail'd upon

to march below himself. Then since it is no new thing, it is not amiss to admit of this honour which fortune offers me; for tho' he should love me no longer than till he has got his will, yet in the sight of God I shall be his Wife. And if I go about to put him off with scorn, I see he is dispos'd to forget what he owes to his Honour, and use force, and so I shall lose my Honour, and have no excuse to alledge for my self, when accus'd by those that do not know how far I am from being faulty in falling into these circumstances. For what words can be of force to perswade my Parents and others that this Gentleman got into my Chamber without my consent? All these thoughts I had in my head in a moment. But above all I was dragg'd away and led to that which prov'd my ruin, by *D. Ferdinand*'s Oaths, the Tears he shed, the Witnesses he took and to conclude, his shape and meen which together with so many demonstrations of true love, might have conquer'd any other Heart, tho' before as desingaged, and reserv'd as mine. I call'd my Maid that she might be a Witness upon Earth added to the number of thole in Heaven.

Don Ferdinand again reiterated and confirm'd his Oaths; to the former he added other new Saints as witnesses, and wish'd a thousand future curses to light on him if he did not perform his promise to me. He again moistn'd his eyes and multiply'd his sighs and grasp'd me still closer in his Arms, whence he had never loos'd me, and thus my Maid going out of the Room I ceas'd to be so, and he began to be a Traytor and a faithless Man. The Day after the Night of my misfortune came not as I believe so fast as *Don Ferdinand* desir'd it; for when a Man has satisfied the inordinate Appetite the greatest delight is to be gon from the place where he enjoy'd it. This I say, because *Don Ferdinand* made hast to be gon from me, and by my Maids contrivance, who was the very same that had brought him into my Chamber, he was got into the Street before day. And at his departure said, tho' not with such eagerness as at his coming, that I might rely on his Promise, and that his Oaths were sincere and true; and for further confirmation of his word, he took a rich Ring off his Finger and put on mine. In fine, he departed, and I remain'd behind, I cannot well say whether joyful or sad; but thus much I know, that I was in confusion and pensive, and almost beside my self at this new accident, and either I had not the heart, or else I forgot to chide my Maid for her falshood, in shutting up *Don Ferdinand* in my Chamber; for as yet I could not decide, whether what had happen'd to me, was good or bad. I told *Don Ferdinand* at his going out, that he might see me other Nights

when

when he pleas'd, by the same means he had come that Night, since I was his own, and would so continue, till he thought fit to let the world know that I was his Wife. But he never return'd, only the next Night, nor could I see him for above a Month, either in the Street or Church, tho' I often endeavour'd it; yet I understood he was still in Town, and often went a Hunting, an Exercise to which he was much addicted. Those days and those hours were, I know, unfortunate and accursed to me, for in them I began to doubt of, or rather wholly to discredit *Don Ferdinand's* faith; and my Maid was then severely check'd for her boldness, which she had not been before. And I know I was forc'd to watch my tears and frame my countenance, lest I should give occasion to my Parents to ask the cause of my discontent, and so be forc'd to study lyes to tell them. But all this ended in a moment, the time coming on when all Consideration was trampled down, all my Honourable contrivances fell to nothing, my Patience fail'd me, and my most secret Thoughts were lay'd open. All this came to pass because a few days after it was reported in the Town that *D. Ferdinand* was Married in a City not far off, to a most beautiful Maid, of a very good Family, but not so Rich as to aspire so high. They said her name was *Luscinda*, and other things were told that had happen'd at the Wedding, which were really to be admir'd.

Cardenio hearing *Luscinda* nam'd did nothing but lift up his Shoulders, bite his lip, bend his Brows, and soon after let fall from his Eyes two floods of tears. But yet for all that *Dorothy* did not forbear going on with her Story, saying,

This dismal News came to my hearing, and my heart, instead of being chill'd with it, was so inflam'd with passion and rage, that I had like to have run out into the Streets, and made known how much I was wrong'd and abus'd; but my fury was for the present asswag'd by the resolution I took to do what I put in execution the very same Night, which was to clap on this habit you see, given me by one of those who among our Country-folks are called Swains, who was my Father's Servant; to whom I disclos'd all my Misfortunes, and desir'd him to bear me company to the City, where I understood my Enemy was. He, after reproving my boldness, and inveighing against my design, and seeing me positive in my resolution, offer'd to attend me, as he said, to the end of the World. I presently truss'd up in a Pillow-bear a Womans dress, some Money and Jewels, to provide against all accidents might befall; and in the dead of Night, without acquainting my treacherous Maid with my design, left my Houle, attended by my Servant and

and many wandering thoughts, and took the way towards the City, afoot, but carry'd on the Wings of my eager desire of coming thither, tho' not time enough to hinder what was past, yet at least to ask *Don Ferdinand* with what conscience he had done it. I arriv'd where I wish'd in two dayes and a half; and at my first entering into the City, enquir'd where *Luscinda's* Father liv'd? and the first I ask'd the question of, answer'd more than I desir'd to hear; he directed me to the House, and told me all that had happen'd at the Daughters wedding, which was so publickly known in the City, that it was the common talk of all companies. He told me, that the very night *Don Ferdinand* was marry'd to *Luscinda*, after she had given her consent to be his Wife, she fell into a swoon; and her Husband coming to unclasp her Bosom to give her air, found a Paper folded in it, written with *Luscinda's* own hand, in which she said and declar'd, that she could not be *Don Ferdinand's* wife, because she was already *Cardenio's*, who was, as the Man told me, a Gentleman of good quality in the same City; and that if she had given her consent to *Don Ferdinand*, it was only done, because she would not disobey her Parents; in short, he told me, that the Paper also mention'd, how she had resolv'd to kill her self presently after the marriage, and declar'd the motives she had to do it; all which, they say, was confirm'd by a Poynard, that was found hid about her, in her apparel. Which *Don Ferdinand* preceiving, thinking that *Luscinda* had abus'd and undervalu'd him, he set upon her before she was come to her self, and attempted to stab her with the very same Ponyard; and had done it, if her Father and the rest that were present, had not hindred him. They said besides, that *Don Ferdinand* immediatly absented himself, and that *Luscinda* came not out of her Trance till the next day, when she told her Parents she was Wife to that *Cardenio* I have spoken of. I learn'd besides, that *Cardenio*, as is reported, was present at the Marriage, and that as soon as he saw her Married, a thing he would never have believ'd, he departed the City in despair, but first left behind him a Letter, wherein he shew'd at large the wrong *Luscinda* had done him, and that he was going where he might never be seen again. All this was publickly known throughout the City, and every body talk'd of it, but most of all when it was bruited abroad that *Luscinda* was missing from her Parents House and the City, for she could not be found in it, which distracted her Parents, not knowing what means to use to find her. This intelligence restor'd my dead hopes, and I thought it better to miss of *Don Ferdinand* than to find him married, believing that still my case was not quite desperate,

perate, and perswading my self that Heaven had perhaps thus obstructed the second Marriage, to make him sensible, that he was oblig'd to the first; and put him in mind that he was a Christian, and bound to have more regard to his Soul than to worldly Honour. I resolv'd all these things in my mind, and tho' comfortless yet comforted my self, by feigning distant and languishing hopes, to support that life I now so much abhor. And being in the City, without knowing what to do, since I found not *Don Ferdinand*, I heard a Cryer go about publickly, promising great rewards to any that could find me out, describing my Age and the Apparel I wore: And I heard say it was bruited abroad, that the Youth who came with me, had carried me away from my Fathers Houle, a thing that went to my Soul, seeing how my Credit was sunk, being I not only lost it by my coming away, but by the addition of him with whom I was gone, which was a Person so mean and unworthy of my loftier thoughts. As soon as I heard this proclaim'd I departed the City with my Servant; who began already to fault in the Fidelity he had promis'd me; and that Night we struck into the most hidden parts of this Mountain, for fear of being found. But as it is commonly said, That one Evil calls on another, and the end of one Disaster is the beginning of a greater, so it prov'd with me; for my good Servant, till then faithful and trusty, as soon as he had me in this solitude, mov'd by his own Villany, rather than my Beauty thought to have made use of the opportunity these inhabitable places seem'd to offer, and laying aside all shame, the fear of God, and respect due to me, began to make love to me; and seeing I answer'd his impudence with severe and just Reproaches, laying aside intreaties by which he thought at first to have compass'd his will, he began to use force. But just Heaven, which seldom or never fails to favour just designs, so seconded mine, as with my small Strength and very little Labour I threw him down a steep Rock, and there left him, I know not whether alive or dead; And presently I struck into the Mountains, much more nimbly, than could have been expected from my consternation and weariness, without any other design than to hide my self in them, and thence my Father, and others, who at his Request sought for me every where. I know not how many Months are past since my first coming hither, where I found a Herdsman, who carried me, as his Servant, to a Village seated in the midst of these Mountains, whom I have serv'd as a Shepherd ever since, Endeavouring to be always in the Field, to conceal this Hair which has now so unexpectedly betray'd me: Yet all my

my care and industry avail'd nor, for my Master at last found out, that I was no Man, and he had the same ill Design as my Servant: And as Fortune does not always offer the remedy when it brings disasters, I found neither Rock nor Precipice to allay my Master's infirmities, as I had done for my Man; and therefore I thought it a less Evil to depart thence, and hide my self again among these Desarts, than to stand the tryal of my strength or perswasions with him: So I again took to the Woods, to seek out some place, where without any disturbance, I might implore Heaven with sighs and tears, to pity my misfortune, and to assist and direct me how to wade through it, or else to die amidst these solitudes, without leaving any memory of a Wretch, who without any fault of hers has given Men occasion to talk of, and censure her, both in her own and other Countries.

CHAP. II.

Which Treats further of the Beautiful Dorothy, and the ingenious Contrivance us'd to dissuade the Amorous Knight from continuing his Penance: And how he was gotten away; with many other delightful Accidents.

THIS is Gentlemen, a true Relation of my Tragedy; do you consider and judge, whether the sighs you heard, the words you listen'd to, and the tears that gush'd from my Eyes, were impertinent, or without sufficient cause: And having weigh'd the nature of my Disaster, you will perceive all comfort is vain, since there is no possibility of redressing it. I will beg only this of you, which you may easily, and ought to grant. That you will advise, where I may live free from the fear and apprehension I lie under of being found by those who seek me; for tho' the great love my Parents have for me, assures me, I shall be kindly receiv'd, yet I am so much ashamed to think, I cannot return to their presence in the condition they expect, that I esteem it better to banish my self their sight for ever, than to see their Faces under the apprehension that they look upon me as estrang'd from that Vertue they imagin'd me possess'd of.

This said, she was silent, and a blush spread over her Face, which plainly discover'd the shame and trouble that possess'd her Soul.

Soul. They who heard her sad story, no less pity'd than they admir'd her misfortunes: And tho' the Curate thought to comfort and advise her out of Hand, *Cardenio*, prevented him saying, It seems then Lady, you are the beautiful *Dorothy* only Daughter to the rich *Cleonaldo*. *Dorothy* was amaz'd when she heard her Father's Name, and saw how contemptible he seem'd who nam'd him; for it has been already declar'd how *Cardenio* was cloth'd; and therefore she said to him, And who art thou Friend, that know'st so well my Father's Name; for (if I forget not) I did not once name him in the whole Series of my unfortunate Tale? I am (answer'd *Cardenio*) that unhappy Man, whom *Luscinda* (as you say) affirm'd to be her Husband. I am the wretched *Cardenio*, whom the wicked Practices of him that has brought you to this pass, have reduc'd to the condition you see me in, ragged, naked, void of all human comfort; and what is worst of all, Distracted; for I am not in my Wits only the short space Heaven is pleas'd to favour me. I am he, *Dorothy*, that was present at *Don Ferdinand's* unreasonable Wedding, and heard the consent *Luscinda* gave him to be his Wife. I was he that had not the courage to stay and see what her Swoon produc'd, or what came of the Paper found in her Bosom; for my Soul had not the power to look upon so many Misfortunes at once, and therefore I left the House, my patience, and a Letter with my Host, whom I desir'd to deliver it into *Luscinda's* own Hands, and then came into these Desarts, with a full resolution to end in them my miserable Life, which since that hour I have hated as my most mortal Enemy: But Fortune has not been pleas'd to take it, thinking it enough to have depriv'd me of my Understanding, perhaps to preserve me for the good luck I have had in finding you; for if that be true (as I believe it is) which you have here related, it is still possible that Heaven may have appointed a better end of our Misfortunes than we expect. For knowing that *Luscinda* cannot Marry *Don Ferdinand*, because she is mine, nor *Don Ferdinand* her, because he is yours, and that she has declar'd it so openly, we may well hope that Heaven has means to restore to every one his own, since it is still in being and not made away or alienated. And since we have this comfort, which is not grounded on any very remote hope, or vain fancy, I request you Madam, to take some other measures in your Affairs, as I think to do in mine, and persuade your self to hope for better Fortune: For I swear to you by the Faith of a Gentleman and a Christian, not to forsake you till I see you in *Don Ferdinand's* Hands; and if my words shall prove ineffectual to induce him to acknowledge how far he is indebted to you, then will

will I use the liberty allow'd me as a Gentleman, and justly Challenge him on the account of the Wrong he has done you, without taking notice of my own injuries, whose revenge I will leave to Heaven, that I may be able to right yours on Earth.

Dorothy was quite astonish'd at what *Cardenio* said, and not knowing how to return thanks for such extraordinary Offers, would have fall'n down and kiss'd his Feet, which *Cardenio* would not permit: And the Licentiat answer'd for both, and approv'd of what *Cardenio* had said, but above all intreated, perswaded and advis'd them, to go with him to his Village, where they might fit themselves with such things as they wanted, and there take order how to seek for *Don Ferdinand*, or carry *Dorothy* to her Father's House, or do what they thought most convenient. *Cardenio* and *Dorothy* thank'd him, and accepted of the favour he offer'd. The Barber, who had stood all the while silent, made them a pretty Discourse, with as friendly a tender of himself, and his service as Master Curate. He also told them in few words the occasion of their coming thither, with *Don Quixote's* extravagant Madness, and how they expected his Squire, who was gone to seek for him. *Cardenio* remembered, as if it had been a Dream, the Scuffle he had with *Don Quixote*, and told them of it, but could not by any means call to mind the occasion of it.

By this time they heard a hollowing, and knew it was *Sancho Pança's* Voice, who not finding them in the place where he had left them, call'd out to them as loud as he could. They went forward to meet him, and asking for *Don Quixote*, he told them he found him naked to his Shirt, lean, yellow, and fighting for his Lady *Dulcinea*, and tho' he had told him, how she commanded him to repair immediately to *Toboso*, where she expected him, yet he answer'd, That he was resolv'd never to appear before her Beauty, till he had done Feats that might make him worthy of her gracious Favour. And that if the Humour went on, it was to be fear'd, he would never come to be an Emperor, as he was bound in Honour, nor so much as an Arch-Bishop, which was the least he could be, and therefore they should consider what was to be done to get him from that Place. The Licentiat bid him be of good cheer, for they would bring him from thence whether he would or no; and told *Cardenio* and *Dorothy*, what they had contriv'd for the Curing of *Don Quixote*, or at least for the carrying of him home to his House. To that *Dorothy* answer'd, That she would counterfeit the distress'd Lady better than the Barber, especially since she had Apparel fit to act it to the life, and that they

they might leave it to her care to perform all that was requisite for the carrying on of their Design: for she had Read many Books of Knights Errants, and knew well the Stile distressed Damfels us'd, when they requested any favours of Knights Adventurers. Then there needs nothing, quoth the Curate, but to go about it immediately: For without doubt Fortune favours me, since it has so unexpectedly begun to make way for your comfort, and facilitated what we went about.

Dorothy presently took out of her Pillow-bear a Gown of a rich stuff, and a short Mantle of another finely green stuff, and a Necklace, and other Jewels out of a Box, with which in a Moment she dress'd her self, so that she look'd like a Lady of Wealth and Quality. All which, and more she had brought with her, as she said, from home, to be provided upon occasion, but never had any use of them till then. Her Presence, Carriage and Beauty, were admir'd by them all, and they concluded *Don Ferdinand* was a Man of little Sense since he slighted such Perfection. But he that most of all admir'd was *Sancho Panza*, because, as he thought (and it was so indeed) he had not in all the Days of his life seen so fair a Creature; and he desir'd the Curate very earnestly, to tell him who that Beautiful Lady was? And what she did in that Wild Place? This fair Lady, Friend *Sancho*, answer'd the Curate, (is a pretty little business) Heir'd by the direct Male-line to the Mighty Kingdom of *Micomicon*, and comes in search of your Master, to beg a Boon of him, which is, that he will undo a great Wrong done her by a wicked Giant; and your Master's Fame being spread over all the known part of *Guinea*, this Princess is come to find him out. A happy Seeking and a fortunate Finding, quoth *Sancho*, especially, if my Master be so lucky as to right that Injury and redress that Wrong by killing that Son of a Whore of a Giant, you talk of! And he will certainly kill him, if he meets him, unless he be a Hobgoblin, for my Master has no kind of power over Hobgoblins. But I must beg one favour of you among the rest, good Master Curate, which is, That to the end my Master may not take a fancy to become an Arch-Bp. which is the thing I fear, you will advise him to Marry this Princess immediately, and by that means he will be incapable of the Dignity of an Arch-Bishop, and will come very easily by his Empire, and I shall obtain my desires; for I have taken into consideration, and find it is not for my advantage that my Master should become an Arch-Bishop; for I am altogether unfit for the Church as being a married Man: And to go about to seek dispensations to enjoy Church-revenues, when I have

have a Wife and Children, is an endless work: So that all the business depends upon my Master's Marrying this Princess out of Hand, whose name as yet I know not; and therefore do not call her by it. She is call'd (quoth the Curate) the Princess *Micomicon*: For her Kingdom being call'd *Micomicon*, it is a plain case she must be styl'd so. There is no doubt of that, quoth *Sancho*, for I have known many take their Appellation and Sir-name from the place of their Birth, calling themselves *Peter of Alcala*, *John of Ubeda*, and *James of Valladolid*; and perhaps in *Guinea* Queens use the same custom, and call themselves by the names of their Kingdoms. Very likely so, quoth the Curate; and as for your Master's Marrying, I will use all my endeavours. With which *Sancho* was as well satisfied, as the Curate amaz'd at his simplicity, and to see how his Head was possest with his Master's follies, seeing he verily believ'd that he would come to be an Emperor. *Dorothy* had by this time gotten upon the Curate's Mule, and the Barber had fitted the Beard made of the Ox's Tail to his Face, and they bid *Sancho* guide them to the place where *Don-Quixote* was, and warn'd him not to take any notice that he knew the Curate or Barber; for *Don-Quixote's* coming to be an Emperor depended on his not knowing of them. But the Curate and *Cardenio* would not go with them, lest *Don-Quixote* might call to mind the Scuffle he had with *Cardenio*, and because the Curate thought there was no need of him there; so they let them go on before, and they follow'd at a distance fair and softly afoot. The Curate instructed *Dorothy* anew what she should say, who bid him to fear nothing, for all should be perform'd most exactly, according as was laid down and appointed in Books of Knight Errantry.

They had Travell'd about three quarters of a League, when they spy'd the Knight among some intricate Rocks, Clad, but not Arm'd; and as soon as *Dorothy* saw him, and was inform'd by *Sancho* that he was *Don Quixote*, she lash'd her Palfrey, the well-bearded Barber following her; and when they came near *Don Quixote*, the Squire leap'd off from his Mule and ran towards *Dorothy* to take her down in his Arms, who alighting very airily, went and Kneel'd down before *Don Quixote*. And tho' he strove to take her up, yet she continuing in that Posture, bespoke him in this wise: I will not rise from this place, most Valiant and Courageous Knight, untill your Bounty and Courtesie shall grant me a Boon, which shall much redound to your Honour and Credit of your Person, and to the profit of the most Disconsolate and Wrong'd Damsel the Sun ever shin'd upon. And if it be so, that the

Valour of your invincible Arm be answerable to the Bruit of your immortal Fame, you are oblig'd to succour this comfortless Wight, that comes from Lands so remote, led by the smell of your Famous Name, seeking you to ease her Misfortunes. I will not answer you a word fair Lady, quoth *Don Quixote*, nor hear a jot of business till you rise from the Ground. I will not get-up Sir, quoth the afflicted Lady, unless, of your wonted Bounty, you do first grant me my Request. I do yeild and grant it, said *Don Quixote*, so the performance of it do not turn to the loss and detriment of my King, my Country, or of her that keeps the Key of my Heart and Liberty. It shall not turn to the damage or detriment of those you speak off, good Sir, reply'd the dolorous Damsel.

At this time *Sancho Pança* rounded his Master in the Ear, and whisper'd him, saying, Sir you may very well grant the Request she asks, for it is a matter of nothing, it is only to Kill a Monstrous Gyant, and she that asks it, is the mighty Princess *Micomicona*, Queen of the great Kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Ethiopia*. Let her be what she will, answer'd *Don Quixote*, for I will do my Duty, and as my Conscience shall dictate to me, according to my Profession. And then turning to the Damsel, said, Let your Beauty rise; for I grant you any Boon, you shall please to ask of me. Why then, quoth the Damsel, that which I ask is, That your magnanimous Person come presently away with me, to the place where I shall carry you; and do promise me not to undertake any other Adventure or Quarrel, till you revenge me of a Traytor, who has, contrary to all Laws, both Divine and Human, Usurp'd my Kingdom. I say, I grant it, quoth *Don Quixote*; and therefore, Lady, you may cast away from this Day forward all the Melancholy that troubles you, and let your languishing hope recover new strength and courage; for by the help of God, and that of my Arm, you shall see your self shortly restor'd to your Kingdom, and seated on the Throne of your Ancient and great Estate, in'despight and maugre the Rabble-roust that shall dare gainsay it: And let's about it, for as they say, *Delays are dangerous*. The distress'd Damsel struggl'd hard to Kiss his Hands; but *Don Quixote*, who was a most accomplish'd Knight for Courtesie, would not permit it; but making her rise, imbrac'd her with great civility and respect, and commanded *Sancho* to girt *Rozinante*, and help him to Arm himself. *Sancho* took down the Arms, which hung on a Tree like Trophies, and girting his Steed, Arm'd his Master in a moment; who seeing himself Arm'd, said, Let us go hence, in the Name of God, to assist this great Lady. The

Barber

Barber was still kneeling, carefully observing to forbear laughing, and keep his Beard from falling off, which if it had, they might perhaps have all been disappointed of their good Designs: And seeing the Boon was now granted, and how diligently *Don Quixote* made ready to go and perform it, he arose and took his Lady by the other Hand, and betwixt them both they set her upon her Mule. Then *Don Quixote* mounted *Rozinante*, and the Barber got on his Beast, *Sancho* remaining afoot; where the memory of the loss of his Grey Ass was again renew'd by the present want of him. But he took all in good part, believing his Master was now in the ready way, and upon the point of being an Emperor; for he made no doubt, but he would Marry that Princess, and at least be King of *Micomicon*: Yet it troubled him to think, that Kingdom was in the Country of the Blacks; and that the People that were to be his Subjects would be all Black: For which he presently contriv'd a good remedy in his Fancy, and said to himself, What care I tho' my Subjects be all Black? Can't I put them aboard a Ship and bring them into *Spain*, where I may Sell them for Mony? And with that Mony may buy a Title or Employment on which I may live at my ease all the Days of my Life. I had best lie in the Ditch and cry God help me, and not contrive how to order my Affairs, and not have the sense to Sell Thirty or Ten thousand Subjects in a trice. By the Lord, I will make them all flee, a fat one and a lean one, or the best I can: And be they ever so black, I will turn them into white or yellow ones. Put your Finger in my Mouth and see whether I am a Fool. This made him so thoughty and merry, that he quite forgot the trouble of Travelling afoot.

Cardenio and the Curate stood all the while observing what was done, from behind some Brambles, and knew not how to contrive to joyn them. But the Curate, who was a good Contriver, presently devis'd what was to be done, that they might compass their design, which was, that he took out of his Case a Pair of Sizars, and cut off *Cardenio's* Beard in a trice, and then put on him a sad colour'd loose Coat, he himself had on, and a black Cloak; and left himself in his Doublet and Breeches. *Cardenio*, thus attired, look'd so unlike what he was before that he would not have known himself in a Glass. This done, the others being gon before whilst they Disguis'd themselves, they with ease got into the High-way before them, because the Brambles and badness of the Way hindred those that were on Horse-back from Travelling so fast, as they that were afoot. In short, they got into the Plain at the foot of the Mountain; and as soon as *Don-Quixote* and his Com-

pany appear'd, the Curate stood gazing on him very earnestly for a great while, making as if he began to know him: And after he had look'd on him a considerable time, he ran to him with open Arms, crying out, Well met thou Mirror of Chivalry, my good Country Man *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; the Flower and Cream of Gentility; the Support and Relief of the Needy, and Quintessence of Knights Errant: And so saying Hugg'd *Don Quixote's* Knee, who admiring at what he heard and saw that Man say and do, stood to look at him attentively, and at last knew him; and was as it were amaz'd to see him striving to alight; but the Curate would not permit him: Wherefore *Don Quixote* said, Good Mr. Curate suffer me to alight; for it is not reasonable that I should be a Horse-back, and so Reverend a Person as you afoot. I will never consent to it, quoth the Curate; let your Greatness stay a Horse-back, for a Horse-back it is that you Achieve the greatest Feats of Chivalry and Adventures that were ever seen in our Age; for it shall suffice me, who am an unworthy Priest, to get up behind one of these Gentlemen that ride in your Company, if they will not take it in bad Part; and I will make account that I ride on *Pegasus*, or the *Zebra*, or *Fleet-Mare* of the Famous Moor *Muzaraque*, who still lies Inchant'd in the great Hill *Zulema*, near the mighty † *Complutum*. Truly I did not think upon it Good Master Licentiat, answer'd *Don Quixote*; yet I Presume my Lady the Princess will be pleas'd for my sake to command her Squire to lend you the use of his Saddle, and to get up himself on the Crupper, if so be the Beast will carry double. Yes that it will, said the Princess, for ought I know; and I am sure it will not be necessary to command my Squire to alight, for he is so civil and courteous, that he will not suffer a Church-Man to go afoot, when he may Ride. 'Tis so, quoth the Barber, and presently alighting offer'd the Curate the Saddle; which he accepted without much Courtship. But by ill fortune, as the Barber was getting up behind him, the Mule which was no other but a Hackney and that's enough to prove she was none of the best, lifted up a little her hinder Quarters, and bestow'd two kicks on the Air, which had they hit on Master *Nicholas's* Breast or Pate, he would have wish'd *Don Quixote* at the Devil: However he was so frighted, that he fell to the Ground, so little regarding his Beard, that it drop'd off; and he missing it, had no other

* *Zebra is a most beautiful Beast in Ethiopia.*

† *Complutum is an University in Spain, now call'd Alcalá de Henares.*

shift, but to cover his Face with both his Hands, and complain, that all his Cheek-teeth were beaten out. *Don Quixote* beholding such a great sheaf of a Beard fallen away, without Jaws or Blood, so far from the Squire's Face, said, I Vow to God, this is a great Miracle, it has taken and pluck'd away his Beard as cleverly as if it were done on purpose. The Curate seeing the danger of having their Invention discover'd, ran to the Beard, and carry'd it where Master *Nicholas* still lay crying out, and at one stroke bringing his Head to his Breast, set it on again, muttering some words over him, which he said were a certain Charm proper for setting on of Beards, as they should soon perceive: And when he had set it on, he stood aside, and the Squire remain'd as well Bearded and whole as before, which *Don Quixote* very much admir'd, and desir'd the Curate to teach him that Charm when he was at leisure: For he suppos'd, the Virtue of it extended farther than to the fastening on of Beards, since it was a plain case, that the place whence the Beard was torn must have been stripp'd and in a bad condition; and since it cured all, it must of necessity be of use for more than Beards. It is so, reply'd the Curate; and promis'd to instruct him the first opportunity that presented.

They agreed that the Curate should get up for the present, and all Three should Ride by turns till they came to the Inn, which was about some two Leagues off. The three being thus Mounted, to wit, *Don Quixote*, the Princess, and the Curate; and the other Three afoot, *Cardenio*, the Barber, and *Sancho Pança*, *Don Quixote* said to the Damsel; Madam, let me intreat your Highness to lead me the Way that most pleases you. And before she could answer, the Curate said, Towards what Kingdom would you Travel? Is it towards that of *Micomicon*? I suppose it should thitherward, or else I know but little of Kingdoms. She, who knew the whole Design understood she was to answer in the Affirmative, and so said, Yes Sir, my Way lies towards that Kingdom. If so, quoth the Curate, you must pass through my Village, and from thence direct your Course towards *Carthagena*, where you may Embark; and if you have a fair Wind, a calm Sea, and no Storm, you may come in somewhat less than nine Years in sight of the grand Lake *Meona*, I mean *Meotis*, which stands on this side of your Highness's Kingdom, a little above an hundred days journey. You are mistaken good Sir, quoth she, for it is not yet two Years since I came from thence, and truly I had no fair Weather, and yet I am come to see what I so much long'd for, to wit, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, of whom I heard as soon as I set foot on

Spanish ground; and that mov'd me to seek for him, to commend my self to his Courtesie, and commit the Justice of my Cause to the Valour of his Invincible Arm. No more, quoth *Don Quixote*, let my praises cease, for I am an utter Enemy to all Flattery; and tho' this be none, yet such Discourse offends my chaste Ears. All I can say to you, fair, Lady, is; that whether I have Valour or none, that which I have or have not shall be employ'd in your service, even to the loss of my life. And so leaving that to its proper time, I desire Master Curate to tell me what brought him in to these parts all alone without Attendants, and so slightly clad, that I cannot but admire at it. I will answer in a few words, quoth the Curate; You must understand Sir, that Master *Nicolas* the Barber, our Friend, and I were Travelling to *Sevill*, to receive some Money which a Kinsman of mine, who has been these many Years in the *Indies*, had sent me; the Summ is no small one, for it was above Sixty thousand Pieces of Eight, all good weight, which is a great matter; and yesterday passing this Way, we were set upon by four Robbers, who robb'd us of all, to our very Beards, and they took them away in such a manner that the Barber was forc'd to put on a counterfeit one; and this young Man that is here (pointing to *Cardenio*) was metamorphos'd by them anew: And the best of it is, that the common Report all about here is, that those who robb'd us were Gally-slaves, who were set at liberty, as is reported, much about this same place, by one so valiant that in spite of the Commissary and the Guard he releas'd them all. And doubtless he either was mad, or is as great a Knave as they, or some one that had neither Honour nor Conscience, seeing he turn'd loose the Wolves among the Sheep, the Fox among the Hens, and Flies into the Honey; deluded Justice, and rebell'd against his natural Lord and King, by opposing his just Commands; he has, I say, depriv'd the Gallies of their Feet, and put all the *Holy Brotherhood* into an uproar after it had repos'd for many Years; and in short would do an Act, by which he may lose his Soul, and yet not save his Body. *Sancho* had told the Curate and Barber the Adventure of the Slaves, which his Master had accomplish'd with so much Glory; and therefore the Curate was the sharper in relating it, to see what *Don Quixote* would say or do, whose Colour chang'd at every word, and he durst not confess that he was the deliverer of those good People: These quoth the Curate, were they that robb'd us: And God of his infinite Mercy forgive him who hindred their going to receive the punishment they had so well deserv'd.

CHAP. III.

Of the pleasant Discourse that pass'd betwixt Don Quixote and his Company, after he had abandon'd the place of his rigorous Penance.

SCARCE had the Curate done, when *Sancho* said, By my faith, Master Curate, he that did that Feat, was my Master; and that not for want of warning; for I told him beforehand, and advis'd him to have a care what he did, and that it was a Sin to deliver them, because they were all sent to the Gallies for their great Villanies. You Dunce, reply'd *Don-Quixote*, it belongs not to Knights Errant to examine whether the Afflicted, the Chain'd and Oppress'd, which they meet on their Way, be carry'd so, or are fallen into distress thro' their own fault or by misfortune, they are only oblig'd to assist them as needy Persons, looking upon their Sufferings, and not on their Crimes. I met with a String or Chain of sorrowful and unfortunate People, and did by them what my Profession exacts, and for the rest, let them look to it; and whosoever finds fault with it, saving always the holy Dignity and Honorable Person of Master Curate, I say he knows but little what belongs to Chivalry; and lies like a Son of a Whore and a Villain born, and this will I make good with my Sword in most ample manner. These words he said, settling himself in his Stirrups, and fixing his Murrian (for the Barber's Bason, which he accounted *Mambrino's* Helmet, he carry'd hanging at the Pommel of his Saddle, till he could have it repayr'd of the Bruises the Gally-slave gave it.) *Dorothy*, who was very Discreet and Pleasant, as one that knew *Don Quixote's* mad Humor, and saw all the rest make a Jest of him, except *Sancho Pança*, would not be behind-hand with them, and therefore seeing him so angry said, Sir Knight, remember the Boon you have promis'd me, in pursuance whereof, you cannot intermeddle in any other Adventure, be it never so urgent. Asswage your Stomack, for if Master Batchelor had known that the Gally-slaves were deliver'd by that invincible Arm, he would rather have stich'd up his Mouth, and bit his Tongue thrice, than have spoken any word that might provoke your indignation. That I dare swear, quoth the Curate; and I had rather have torn one of my Whiskers. Madam, said *Don Quixote*, I will hold my Peace, and suppress the just Choler already kindl'd in my Brest, and I will ride quietly and peaceably,

bly, till I have fulfill'd what I have promis'd; and I beseech you that in requital for my good Will, if it be not troublesome, you will tell me your Grievance, and how many, who, and what the Persons are, of whom I must take due, sufficient, and entire Revenge? That I'll do with a good Will, answer'd *Dorothy*, if it will be no trouble to you to hear the dismal Relation of Disasters. Not at all, good Madam, said *Don Quixote*. To which *Dorothy* answer'd, If so, give ear to me: No sooner had she said so, but *Cardenio* and the Barber plac'd themselves close by her, being desirous to hear how the discreet *Dorothy* would fain her Tale; and the same did *Sancho*, who was as much deceiv'd in her as his Master, and she after settling her self well in the Saddle, and being made ready by Coughing and other Gestures, began with a good Grace to speak in this manner.

In the first place, Gentlemen, I would have you to know that I am call'd: And here she made a full stop, because she had forgot the name the Curate gave her; but he came to her assistance, as guessing what she stood at, and said; It is no wonder, good Lady, that your Greatness should be compos'd, and in confusion, relating your Misfortunes, for sometimes their nature is such, that they deprive those that lie under them, of their Memory, so that they forget their own names; as it now happens to your great Ladyship, who forgets that you are call'd the Princess *Micomicon*, Lawful Heiress of that great Kingdom of *Micomicon*: And thus prompted, your Greatness may easily bring back into your doleful Memory all you shall please to relate.

It is very true (quoth the Damsel) and hereafter I think it will not be needful to prompt me any more, for I will go through with my true Story; which is, That my Father, who was call'd *Tinacrio* & knowing, was very expert in that they call Art Magick, and knew by his Science, that my Mother who was call'd *Xaramilla*, should die before him, and that he should depart this life soon after, and leave me an Orphan: But he was wont to say, that did not afflict him so much, as that he was very certain, that a huge-Giant, Lord of a great Island, almost adjoining to my Kingdom, call'd *Pandafilando* of the *Squinting sight*; because tho' his Eyes stood in their right places, he always looks the wrong way, as if he squinted, which he does design'dly to strike a terror into those he looks on. I say, my Father knew that this Giant, when he should hear I was left an Orphan, would come over with a great Force into my Kingdom and deprive me of it all, without leaving me the least Village to retire to. Yet might all this

ruin

ruin be prevented, if I would Marry him; but by what he understood, he charg'd I should never incline to so unequal a Match. And in this he said nothing but truth: For it never came into my Head to Marry that Giant, nor any other, were he ever so unreasonable and big. My Father added, that after his Death, when I saw *Pandafilando* invade my Kingdom, I should not go about to defend my Life, for that would prove my destruction; but should leave him the Kingdom freely, if I design'd to prevent the Death and total Ruin of my good and loyal Subjects: For it would be impossible to defend my self from the Devilish force of the Giant, but that I should presently with some Attendance direct my course towards *Spain*, where I should find the remedy of all Misfortunes, in meeting a Knight Errant, whose Fame should spread it self much about that time throughout that Kingdom, and his Name should be, if I forget not, † *Don Acote* or *Don Gigote*.

I'll warrant you he said *Don Quixote*, Lady, quoth *Sancho Pança*, or as he is call'd by another Name, *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*. You are in the right, reply'd *Dorothy*: And besides, he said, he should be tall, thin-jaw'd; and that on the right side, a little under the left Shoulder or thereabout, he should have a rawny Mole with some Hairs on it like Bristles. *Don Quixote* hearing this, said to his Squire, Hold here Son *Sancho*, help me to Strip; for I will see whether I am the Knight of whom the wise King prophesied. Why, to what purpose would you strip now, quoth *Dorothy*? To see whether I have that Mole your Father mention'd, answer'd *Don Quixote*. You need not Strip your self, said *Sancho*, for I know you have such a Mole as she talks of, on the very ridge of your Back, which is a sign of a very Strong Man. That is enough, quoth *Dorothy*; for we must not be too precise with our Friends; and whether it be on the Shoulder or ridge of the Back, it is no great matter, 'tis sufficient there is a Mole, and let it be where it will, for it is all the same flesh; and doubtless my good Father was in the right in all things, and so am I in recommending my self to *Don Quixote*, who is the Man my Father spoke of, seeing the Features of his Face are the same by which this good Knight's Fame describes him, not only in *Spain*, but also in all *la Mancha*: For I had no sooner Land'd at *Osuna*, but I heard so many of his Feats, that my mind gave me immediately he was the Man I came to

† *Don Acote*, is *Don Lash*, and *Don Gigote* is *Don Hash*; *misful mistakes upon the likeness of the Words*.

look

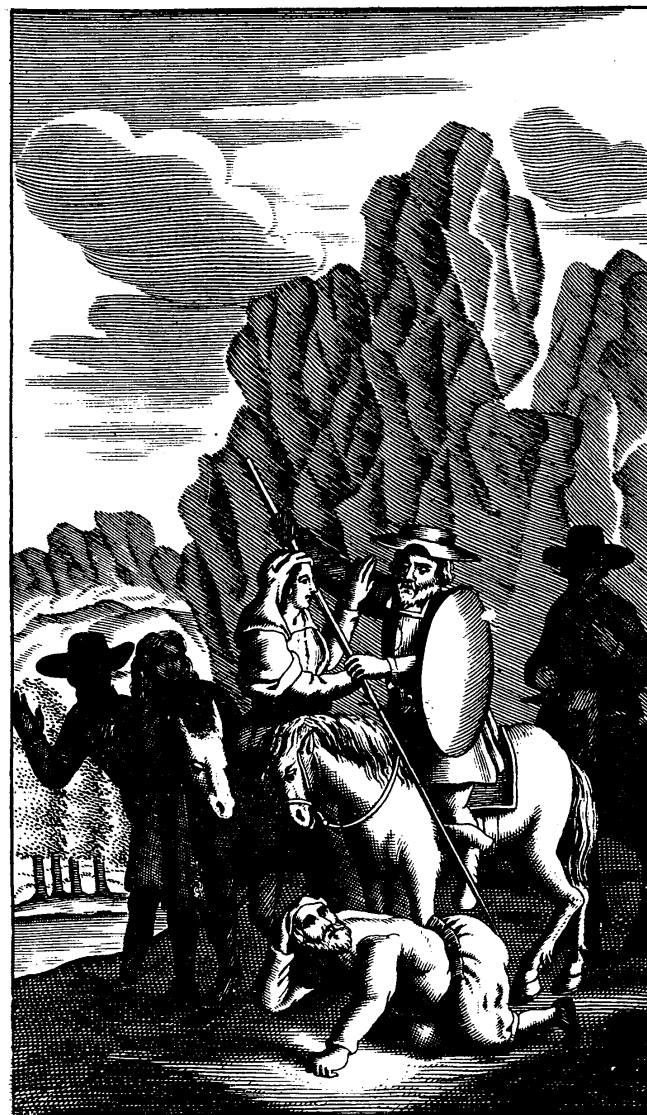
look for: But how did you Land at *Osuna*, good Madam, quoth *Don Quixote*, since it is no Sea-Port Town? Why Sir, quoth the Curate, anticipating *Dorothy's* answer; the Princes would say, That after she had Landed at *Malaga*, the first place where she heard Tidings of you was at *Osuna*. So I mean, quoth *Dorothy*. That is likely, quoth the Curate; and I desire your Majesty to proceed. There needs no proceeding, quoth *Dorothy*, but that at length Fortune has been so favourable that I have found *Don Quixote*, and I now look upon my self as Queen and Lady of all my Kingdoms, since he, of his wonted bounty and magnificence, has promis'd me the Boon, to bear me company wheresoever I guide him, which shall be to no other place, than to the presence of *Pandasilando of the Squinting-sight*, that he may kill him, and restore me to that which he has wrongfully Usurp'd; for all this will happen to our Hearts content, since, *Tinacrio the knowing*, my good Father has foretold it, who said moreover, and also left it written in *Chaldean* or *Greek* Characters (for I cannot read them) that if the Knight mention'd in the Prophecy, after having Beheaded the Gyant, would Marry me, that I should in no sort refuse, but instantly admit him for my Husband, and put him at once in Possession of my self and Kingdom.

What think you of this, Friend *Sancho*, quoth *D. Quixote*, don't you hear what's going in hand? Did not I tell you thus much before? See now whether we have not a Kingdom to command, and a Queen to Marry? I swear so too, quoth *Sancho*, a Pox on the Knave that will not Marry as soon Master *Pandabilado's* Wind-pipe is cut. Why and the Queen i'll warrant ye is not worth looking after? I wish to God all the Fleas in my Bed were such. And so saying, he gave two skips in the Air, with great signs of satisfaction; and then went to *Dorothy*, and taking hold of her Mule by the Bridle, stopp'd it, and kneel'd down before her, beseeching her to give him her Hand to kiss, in token, that he receiv'd her for his Queen and Lady. Who could sit by, and forbear laughing to see the Master's madness and Servant's simplicity? In short, *Dorothy* gave him her Hand, and promis'd to make him a great Lord in her Kingdom, when Heaven were so propitious, as to let her recover and possess it. *Sancho* return'd her thanks, in such words as set them all a Laughing again.

This Gentlemen is my Story, quoth *Dorothy*, of which there only remains untold, That of all the Train I brought out of my Kingdom to attend me, there is none left but this good bearded Squire; for they were all drowned in a Storm we had

had in sight of the Harbour, whence he and I escap'd miraculously, and got to Land on two Planks, and the whole course and mystery of my Life seems no other than a Miracle, as you may have observ'd: And if in any thing I have exceeded, or not observ'd a due decorum, you must impute it to that which Master Bachelor said at the beginning of my Story, That continual troubles and afflictions deprive those that lie under them of their Memory. That shall not hinder me (O high and valourous Lady) quoth *Don Quixote*, from enduring all that shall befall me in your service, be they never so great or difficult: And therefore I now ratifie and confirm the promise I have made, and do swear to go with you to the end of the World, till I find out your fierce Enemy, whose proud Head I desire to slice off by the help of God and my valorous Arm, with the edge of this (I will not say good) Sword; thanks be to *Gines of Passamonte* who took a way mine. This he mutter'd to himself, and then proceeded, saying, And after I have cut it off, and left you peaceably in the possession of your state, it shall be left to your own will to dispose of your Person as you like best. For as long as I shall have my Memory possess'd, and my Will captiv'd, and my Understanding wholly Sacrific'd to her, I will say no more; it is impossible that ever I should offer to think of Marrying another tho' she were a *Phoenix*. *Sancho* so far dislike'd that which *Don Quixote* said last about Marrying, that raising his Voice in a great Passion, he said; I Vow and Swear by my self, you are not in your right Wits, good Sir *Don Quixote*; for how is it possible you should make a doubt of Marrying so high a Princess as this is? Do you think that Fortune will offer you such a hit at every turn? Why is my Lady *Dulcinea* more Beautiful? No indeed! not by half. Nay I could find in my Heart to say she comes not near the Shooe-latches of her that is present. I am likely indeed after this rate to come to the Earldom I expect, with a pox to me, if you go to seek for Mushrooms at the bottom of the Sea: Marry, Marry presently; the Devil take you for me, and lay hold of this Kingdom that drops into your Mouth, and when you are a King make me a Marques or Lord Lieutenant, and then the Devil take all the rest if he please. *Don Quixote*, who heard such Blasphemies spoken against his Lady *Dulcinea*, could not bear it: And lifting up his Javeling without speaking a word to *Sancho*, gave him two such bangs with it, as laid him on the Ground; and had not *Dorothy* cry'd out to him, to hold his Hand, he had certainly Kill'd him on the spot. Dost thou think (quoth he after a while) base Peasant, that thou shalt

shalt put upon me at all times, and I ever Pardon thee? Do not think so, thou Excommunicated Rascal, for certainly thou art Excommunicated, since thou hast revild the peerless *Dulcinea*? And dost thou not know, base Slave, Vagabond, that if it were not for the Valour she infus'd into my Arm, I should not have enough to Kill a Flea? Say, thou Sly Viper's Tongue, who dost thou think has gain'd this Kingdom, and cut off this Giant's Head, and made thee a Marques, for I look upon all this as done already, and as a matter out of dispute, but the worth of *Dulcinea*, making use of my Arm as the instrument of her Exploits? She Fights in me, and Overcomes in me: And I Live and Breathe in her, and from her I have my Life and Being. O whorson Villain, how ungrateful art thou, that seest thy self exalted from the Dust of the Earth, to be a Noble-man; and dost repay so great a benefit with reviling the Person that bestow'd it on thee? *Sancho* was not so sore hurt, but he could hear all his Master said, and rising somewhat hastily, he ran behind *Dorothy's* Palfrey, and from thence said to his Master, Tell me Sir, if you be resolv'd not to Marry this Princess, it is a plain case the Kingdom will not be yours: And if it be not, what favours can you do me? This is what I complain of. Do you e'en Marry this Princess now she is here, as it were dropt down from Heaven, and afterwards you may return to my Lady *Dulcinea*; for I suppose there have been Wenching Kings in the World. As for Beauty I will not meddle with that, for to say the truth, I like them both very well, tho' I never saw the Lady *Dulcinea*. How! Hast thou not seen her blasphemous Traytor, quoth *Don Quixote*, didst thou not but now bring me a Message from her? I say, quoth *Sancho*, I have not view'd her so leisurely, as to have particularly observ'd her Beauty and good Parts, but yet all together, I like her very well. I excuse thee now, quoth *Don Quixote*, and forgive me the displeasure I have given thee, for Men cannot govern the first motions of Passion. I am sensible of it, quoth *Sancho*, and so Talk is ever in me one of those first motions: I cannot forbear Speaking once at least, what comes uppermost. For all that *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, take heed what you say; for the Pitcher goes so oft to the water, and I say no more. Well then, answer'd *Sancho*, God is in Heaven, who sees the wrongs, and will judge who is most to blame, I for not Speaking, or you for not Acting well. No more of this, quoth *Dorothy*, run *Sancho*, and kiss your Master's Hand, and Ask him forgiveness, and hereafter take more heed how you praise or dispraise any



any body; and do not speak ill of that Lady *Toboso*, whom I do not know any otherwife than to serve her; and trust in God, for thou shalt not want an Estate on which thou mayst live like a Prince. *Sancho* went hanging down his Head, and ask'd his Master's Hand, which he gave him with great State, and after he had kiss'd it, he gave him his Blessing, and bid him put on before the Company, for he had some Questions to ask him, and business of Consequence to discourse him about.

Sancho obey'd, and both of them going a little before, *Don Quixote* said to him, I have not had leisure since my coming, to ask thee concerning several particulars relating to the Embassy thou carriedst, and the Answer thou broughtst back; and therefore now Fortune lends us some opportunity and leisure, do not deny me the Happiness thou mayst give me in thy good News. Ask what you please Sir, quoth *Sancho*; for I'll come off as well as I came on, but I beseech you good Sir, not to be so revengeful for the future. Why dost thou say so *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*? I say it, reply'd *Sancho*, because these bangs you bestow'd on me e'en now, were rather given in Revenge of the quarrel the Devil contriv'd betwixt us two the other Night, than for any thing I said against my Lady *Dulcinea*, whom I do Honour and Reverence as a Relick, tho' she does not deserve it, only because she belongs to you. I pray thee good *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, do not fall again into that discourse for it offends me. I forgave thee then, and thou know'st a new Offence must have a new Penance.

As they were thus talking they spy'd a Man coming towards them, riding on an Ass, and when he drew near he seem'd to be a Gypsy; but *Sancho Pança*, who whensoever he saw any Asses, set his Eyes and his Heart upon them, no sooner saw the Man but he knew him to be *Gines de Passamonte*, and by the Gypsies clew wound himself into his Ass, for it was no other; and *Gines* came riding on his Dapple, and that he might not be known, and might sell the Ass, he had dress'd himself like a Gypsy, whose Language and many others he could speak as well as his Mother Tongue. *Sancho* saw and knew him; and scarce had he seen and taken notice of him, when he cry'd out aloud, Ah Thief *Ginesillo*, leave my Darling, let go my Life, do not take up with my Comfort, quit my Ass, leave my Delight; fie Villain, absent thy self Thief, and abandon that which is none of thine. He needed not to have us'd so many Words and Reproaches, for *Gines* leap'd down at the very first, and falling into a Trot that was like a Gallop, absented himself and got far enough from

from them, in a Moment. *Sancho* went to his As's, and embracing him said, How hast thou done my Darling, my dear Dapple Companion? And with that Strok'd and Kifs'd him as if he were a rational Creature. The As's held his peace and suffer'd *Sancho* to Kifs and Cherish him without answering a Word. The Company came up, and congratulated with *Sancho* for finding of his As's, but chiefly *Don Quixote*, who told him, that however he did not cancel his Warrant for three Colts, for which *Sancho* return'd him thanks.

Whilst they two had Travell'd together discoursing as above, the Curate told *Dorothy* that she behav'd her self very discreetly, as well in telling the Story, as in its brevity and the resemblance it had, with the Phrase and Stile of Books of Chivalry: She answer'd, she had often read those Books for her Diversion, but that she knew not the Situation of Provinces, or Sea-ports, and therefore said at random that she had Landed in *Osuna*. I knew it, quoth the Curate, and therefore I said what you heard, which mended the matter. But is it not a wonderful thing to see how readily the unfortunate Gentleman believes all these Inventions and Lies, only because they are in the stile and method of the Follies contain'd in his Books? It is, quoth *Cardenio*, and so rare and unheard of, that I doubt whether the most ingenious Wit could frame and invent a Lye like it. Why that is not all, quoth the Curate; for laying aside the Follies this good Gentleman utters on the subject of his madness, if you talk to him of any other matter, he discourses handsomely on it, and seems to have a clear and settled Understanding: So that provided there be no hint given of his Chivalry, there is no Man but will think him of a sound and excellent Judgment.

Whilst they thus discours'd, *Don Quixote* on the other side held on his Dialogue with his Squire, and said to *Sancho*; let us two, Friend *Pança*, forget and forgive Injuries, and tell me now, without any rancour or anger, Where? how? and when did'st thou find *Dulcinea*? What was she doing? What said'st thou to her? What did she answer? How did she look when she read my Letter? Who transcrib'd it for thee? And every other thing thou shalt think worthy to be known, ask'd, and answer'd, touching this Affair, without adding or lying, to please me: And on the other side do not be too brief, lest thou robb me of my Delight. Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, to tell you the truth, no body transcrib'd the Letter for me; for I carried no Letter at all. That's right, quoth *Don Quixote*; for I found the Table-book in which it was written, in my Custody two Days after you

was

was gone, which troubl'd me very much, because I knew not what you would do, when you mist the Letter; and I always concluded you would return as soon as ever you mist it. I had done so, quoth *Sancho*, if I had not got it by heart, when you read it to me, so that I rehears'd it to a Clerk of a Parish, who Copy'd it out from my Head, so exactly, that he said, he never in all the days of his Life, tho' he had read many a Letter of Excommunication, read, or saw so fine a Letter as it was. And dost thou still remember it *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*? No Sir, said *Sancho*, for when I had deliver'd it, seeing it was no longer of use, I purposely forgot it: And if I remember any thing, it is that about the *Slabbering*, I mean *Sovereign Lady*; and the last words, *Yours until death*, *The Knight of the sorrowful Aspect*: And I clapt betwixt these two things in the Letter above Three hundred Souls and Lives, and Sweet eyes.

CHAP. IV.

Containing a continuation of the Dialogue betwixt Don Quixote and his Squire Sancho Pança, with other Remarkable Passages.

ALL this I like very well, said *Don Quixote*; therefore go on. You arriv'd, And what was that Queen of Beauty doing then? I dare say you found her threading of Pearls, or embroydering some curious Device, with Gold Purle, for this her captive Knight. No, that I did not, quoth *Sancho*, but found her Winnowing two Bushels of Wheat in the Yard of her House. Why then, said *Don Quixote*, you may make account, that each Grain of that Wheat was a Pearl, when touch'd by her Hands. And Friend, did you observe whether it was of the best Lammas red or white Wheat? No, it was Buck Wheat, said *Sancho*. Well then, I assure thee, answered *Don Quixote*, that being Winnow'd by her Hands, it must needs make very fine white Bread. But proceed: When you deliver'd my Letter, did the Kifs it? Did she lay it on her Head? did she use any Ceremony worthy of such a Letter? Or what did she? When I went to give it her, said *Sancho*, she was lustily bestirring her Arms with a good quantity of Wheat she had in her Fann; and said to me; Friend, lay that Letter upon that Sack; for I cannot read it till I have Winnow'd all that is here.

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O discreet Lady, said *Don Quixote*; she surely did so, that she might read it at leisure, and recreate her self with it. On *Sancho*: And as long as she was thus busie, what Discourse had she with you? What did she ask of you concerning me? And what did you answer? Have done, tell me all, omit not the most minute Circumstance. She ask'd no Questions of me, quoth *Sancho*; but I gave her an Account how I left you doing Penance for her sake, naked from the waste upwards among these Rocks, like a brute Beast sleeping on the Ground, and eating your Bread without a Table-cloth, and that you never comb'd your Beard, but was weeping and cursing your Fortune. There thou saidst ill (quoth *Don Quixote*) for I do not Curse my Fortune, but rather Bless it, and will Bless it as long as I live, since it has made me Worthy to love so high a Lady as *Dulcinea del Toboso*. She is in good faith so high, answer'd *Sancho*, that she over-tops me above a Cubit. Why how now *Sancho*, said the Knight, hast thou measur'd thy self with her? I measur'd my self with her after this manner reply'd *Sancho*; that coming to help her to lift up a Sack of Wheat on an Ass, we were so close, that I plainly perceiv'd she was above a large Span higher than I. But is it not true, quoth *Don Quixote*, that her Tallness is attended and adorn'd with a Thousand Millions of Graces and Indowments of the Soul? But *Sancho*, you will not deny me one thing; when you came near her did you not perceive a most odoriferous Smell, an aromatical Fragrancy, and I know not what, so pleasing that I cannot tell how to express it? I mean such a whiff or exhalation as if you were in some curious Perfumer's Shop? All I can say, quoth *Sancho*, is that I smelt a little sort of a rammish Scent, and I suppose the reason was, because she was something sweaty and rank with her Labour. It was not so (quoth *Don Quixote*) but either you had a Cold, or else smelt your self; for I know very well the Scent of that Rose among Thorns, that Lilly of the Field, and that dissolv'd Amber. That may be, said *Sancho*, for I have had many times such a Smell, as methought the Lady *Dulcinea* had then: But it is no wonder; for one Devil is like another. Well (quoth *Don Quixote*) but she made an end of Winnowing her Corn, and sent it to the Mill. What did she do when she had read the Letter? The Letter, quoth *Sancho*, She read it not; for she said, she could neither read nor write; but she tore it to shivers, saying she would have no Man read it, lest her Secrets should be known in the Village; that what I told her by word of mouth of your love and the extraordinary Penance, I left you

you doing for her sake, was sufficient. And to conclude, she bid me tell you she Kiss'd your Hand and had more mind to see than to write to you. She laugh'd heartily when I told her you call'd your self *The Knight of the Sorrowfull Aspect*. I ask'd her, whether the late *Biscainer* was with her? she answer'd he was, and that he was a very honest Man. I ask'd for the Gally-Slaves too; but she told me she had seen none of them as yet. All goes well still, said *Don Quixote*. But tell me, what Jewel did she give you at your coming away, for the news you carry'd from me? For it is an usiall custom among Knights and Ladies Errant, to bestow on Squires, Damzels, or Dwarfs, that bring them any good tidings of their Ladies, or Servants, some rich Jewel as a reward or acknowledgment for their welcome News. That may very well be, quoth *Sancho*, and I look upon it as a laudable custom; but I suppose that was in former times; for now it is likely the custom is to give nothing but a piece of Bread and Cheese; for that was all my Lady *Dulcinea* gave me, over the Pales of the Yard when I took my leave of her: and by the same token the Cheese was made of Sheeps Milk. She is wonderful Generous, quoth *Don Quixote*; and if she gave thee no Jewel, it was without doubt, because she had none about her: *But that is not lost that comes at last*. I shall see her, and then all things shall be amended. D'ye know, *Sancho* what I wonder at? It is that methinks you flew backwards and forwards, through the Air; for you have been but a little above three Days, and it is above thirty Leagues to *Toboso*; which makes me believe that the wise Inchanter who takes care of my Affairs, and is my Friend (for there is such a one of necessity, and there must be, or else I were no true Knight Errant) I say 'tis likely that Wise Men put you forward in your journey unknown to you; for there are some of these Wise Men who will take a Knight Errant sleeping in his Bed; and without knowing how or which way, he wakes the next Morning a Thousand Leagues from the place where he fell asleep: And were it not for this, Knights Errant could not succour one another in Time of Danger, as they do at every turn. For it happens that a Knight is Fighting in the Mountains of *Armenia*, with some Monster, some Hobgoblin, or another Knight, where he is like to have the worst, and is at the point of Death, and when he least expects it, there appears on a Cloud, or in a fiery Chariot, another Knight his Friend, who was then in *England*, and assists, and delivers him from Death, and sands himself that same night in his own Lodging, where he

your purpose. *For a Bird in the Hand, is worth Two in the Bush.*

*For he that will not when he may,
When he will, he shall have nay;
And then he must be patient.*

Why *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, if you advise me to Marry, that I may be a King, as soon as I have slain the Giant, and be in a condition to prefer you, and give you what I have promis'd; let me tell you that I shall be able to fulfill your desire, without Marrying. For I'll make it my bargain before I under take the Battle, that when I have obtain'd Victory in case I will not Marry, they shall give me a Part of the Kingdom, to bestow on whom I please; and when I have it, who should I give it to but to you? That's a plain case, said *Sancho*. But pray Sir have a care to choose it towards the Sea side, that if I should not like living there, I may ship off my black Subjects, and do with them as I said before. And do not you trouble your self about going to see my Lady *Dulcinea* at this time, but go kill the Gyant, and let us finish this business; for by the Lord I am perswaded it will prove an Adventure of very great Honor and Profit. I assure you, quoth *Don Quixote*, you are in the right, and I will take your advice as to going along with the Princess, before I visit *Dulcinea*. And I charge you not to speak a Word to any body, no, not to those that Ride with us, of what we have spoken and discours'd together; for since *Dulcinea* is so reserv'd, that she would not have her Thoughts discover'd, it is no reason, that I, or any other by my means should detect them. If so, quoth *Sancho*, why do you send all those you Vanquish by vertue of your Arm, to present themselves before my Lady *Dulcinea*, since that is as good as giving it under your Hand, that you Love her, and are her Gallant? And since they that go to her, must of necessity fall upon their Knees before her Presence, and say, they came from you to do her Homage, how can the thoughts of you both be hidden and conceal'd? O! How great an Ideot and a Fool you are, quoth *Don Quixote*? Don't you perceive that all this redounds to her greater Glory? For you must understand, that in this our way of Chivalry, it is a great Honour for one Lady to have many Knights Errant for her Servants, without aspiring any further than to serve her, for her own sake, without expecting any other Reward of their many good wishes, but that she will please to accept of them as

Sups at his Ease; and yet those two places are commonly two or three thousand Leagues distant from one another. All which is perform'd by the industry and wisdom of those wise Inchanters who take care of these Valorous Knights. So that, Friend *Sancho*, I can easily believe you have gone and return'd in so short a time from this place to *Toboso*; for as I have said, some Wise Man my Friend has (belike) whipt you thro' the Air unknown to your self. It is likely it was so, reply'd *Sancho*; for i'faith *Rozinante* Travell'd as if he had been a Gypsies Ass, with Quick-silver in his Ears. He had Quick-silver with a witness, quoth *Don Quixote*, nay, and a whole Legion of Devils, who are People that Travel themselves, and make others Travel as much as they please without any wearyness. But leaving all this apart, What is thy opinion I should do now, as to my Lady's Command, to go and see her? For tho' I know I am bound to obey her Order; yet I find my self disabl'd to obey it at this time, by reason of the grant I have made to the Princess that comes along with us, and the Law of Arms obliges me to keep my Word rather than follow my Inclination. On the one side I am press'd and push'd forward by a desire of seeing my Lady; on the other, my promis'd Faith and the Glory I shall win in this Enterprize, incite and call me away. But what I design to do, is to Travel with all speed, and come soon to the place where this Giant is, and as soon as I come will Cut off his Head, and put the Princess into peaceable Possession of her Kingdom, and will immediately return to see the Bright Star that is the Light of my Senses; to whom I will so excuse my self that she shall approve of my stay, for she shall be sensible that it redounds to the increase of her Glory and Fame; since all that which I have, do, or shall hereafter gain by Feats of Arms in this life, flows wholly from the gracious Favour she is pleas'd to bestow on me, and from my being hers. O God! quoth *Sancho*, What a soft place you have in your Head Sir? Why tell me Sir, Do you design to go this long Voyage for nothing, and let slip and lose such a Rich and Noble Match as this is; where the Dowry is a Kingdom, which is in good faith, as I have heard say above Twenty thousand Leagues in Compass, abounds in all things necessary for the support of Human Life, and is bigger than *Portugal* and *Castile* together? Peace for Gods sake, and blush at your own words, and take my Advice, and pardon me, and Marry presently in the first Village that has a Curate: Or else there is our own, who will do it cleverly. And take notice that I am of Age to give Advice, and that this I now give, is pat for your

her Servants and Knights. I have heard Preach, said *Sancho*, that God ought to be lov'd with that sort of love, only for his own sake, without being mov'd to it either by hope of Glory, or fear of Pain; tho' for my part I would love and serve him for what he is able to do. The Devil take thee for a Clown, quoth *Don Quixote*, how sharp and pertinently do'st thou speak at times, enough to make a Man think thou had'st been bred a Schollar.

At this time Master *Nicholas*, cry'd out to them to stop a little because they had a mind to stay and Drink at a little Fountain that was by the way. *Don Quixote* stopp'd to *Sancho's* no small satisfaction, for he was weary of so much Lying, and afraid his Master would catch him in his own words. For tho' he knew *Dulcinea* to be a country Wench of *Toboso*, yet had he never seen her in his life. By this time *Cardenio* had put on the Apparel *Dorothy* wore when they found her in the Mountains, which tho' not very Good, was much better than that he had before: They alighted by the Fountain, and with the Provision the Curate brought from the Inn, in some measure satisfy'd their great Hunger. Whil'st they sat there, a Young Stripling happen'd to Travel that way, who looking very earnestly on all those that sat about the Fountain, ran presently to *Don Quixote*, and imbracing his Legs, began to weep downright, Saying, O my dear Sir, don't you know me? Look well upon me, for I am the Youth *Andrew*, whom you loos'd from the Oak, to which I was Tyed. *Don Quixote* call'd him to mind, and taking him by the Hand, turn'd to those that were present and said, To the end you may see of how great Consequence it is, that there be Knights Errant in the World, to undo the Wrongs and Injuries that are committed by the insolent and bad Men that live in it, you must understand that some time since, as I rode through a Wood, I heard certain lamentable screeches and cries, as of some needful and afflicted Person: According to my Duty I presently made towards the place from whence I thought the doleful Voice sounded, and found this Boy that is here ty'd, and I am glad at my Soul that he is here present, because he can witness that I speak truth. I say he was ty'd to the Oak stark Naked from the Waste upwards, and a Clown, who I afterwards understood was his Master, was lashing him to Death with a Mares Reins. As soon as I saw him, I ask'd the Cause of that cruel whipping. The rude Fellow answer'd, that he whipt him because he was his Servant, and some Faults he ha'd, shew'd he was more Knave than Fool. To which this Child

answer'd;

answer'd; Sir, he Whips me for no other reason, but because I ask my Wages of him. His Master told I know not what long stories and excuses, which tho' I heard, I did not allow of. In short I caus'd him to be unbound, and made the Clown Swear, that he would take him home and pay him his Wages, in good current Coin, and vantage. Is not all this true, Son *Andrew*? Did you not observe with what Authority I commanded it, and with what Submission he promis'd to perform all that I impos'd, Commanded and Requir'd? Answer me be not asham'd, nor stagger'd; tell these Gentlemen, what happen'd, that it may plainly appear it is necessary, as I have said, to have Knights Errant up and down the Highways. All you have said, quoth the Boy, is true; but the conclusion of the matter was quite contrary to what you imagine. How contrary, quoth *Don Quixote*? Then the Peasant did not pay thee? He did not only not pay me, answer'd the Boy, but as soon as you had cross'd the Wood, and we were left alone, he ty'd me again to the same Oak, and gave me afresh so many Lashes, that I was the very Picture of *St. Bartholomew* all stay'd; and at every Stroke he made some jest or other in derision of you: So that if I had not felt the pain of the Stripes so much as I did, I could certainly have laugh'd very heartily. In fine, he left me in such pitiful case, that I have been ever since in an Hospital, curing the hurt the wicked Peasant did me. And you are in the fault of all; for if you had rid on your Way, and not come to the place where you were not call'd nor meddl'd with other Mens business, perhaps my Master had been satisfy'd with giving me a dozen or two of Lashes and would then have unbound and pay'd me my Wages: But by reason you affronted him without any cause, and gave him such villanous Language, his Passion boil'd up, and not being able to Revenge himself on you, when he was left alone, he vented all his Spleen upon me with so much Fury, that I doubt I shall never be my own man again. The mischief was that I went away (quoth *Don Quixote*) for I should not have gone from thence, till I had seen thee pay'd: For I might have very well known by long experience, that no Clown will keep his word, if it be to his own disadvantage. But yet, *Andrew*, you remember I Swore, that if he did not pay you, I would return and seek him out, nay and find him tho' he hid himself in the Whale's Belly. That's true, quoth *Andrew*; but it avail'd not. Thou shalt see whether it avails or no presently, quoth *Don Quixote*: And so saying, got up very hastily

ly and commanded *Sancho* to bridle *Roxinante*, who was Grazing whilst they did Eat. *Dorothy* ask'd him, what he disign'd to do? He answer'd, he would go and find out the Villain, and punish him for his base proceedings, and cause *Andrew* to be paid to the last doit, in spite of all the Peasants in the World. To which she answer'd, intreating him to remember that he could not ingage in any Adventure, according to his Promise, till hers were atchiev'd; and since he himself knew it to be true, better than any other, that he should be pacify'd, till his return from her Kingdom. That's true, quoth *Don Quixote*; and therefore *Andrew* must have patience perforce till my return, as you say, Madam, for I Swear and Promise him again, that I will never rest till I see him reveng'd and pay'd. I have no Faith in those Oaths, quoth *Andrew*; but would rather have as much Money as would carry me to *Sevill*, than all the revenge in the World: Give me something to Eat, and carry away with me if you have it, and God be with you and all other Knights Errant, and I pray to God they may prove as lucky to themselves, as they have been to me.

Sancho took out of his Store a piece of Bread and Cheese, and giving it to the Youth, said, Take this Brother *Andrew*, for we have all share in your Misfortune. Why what part of it comes to your share, said *Andrew*? This piece of Bread and Cheese which I give you, quoth *Sancho*: For God knows whether I shall want it my self, or no: For you must understand, Friend, that we Squires of Knights Errant are subject to much Hunger and Hardship, and other things, which tho' we feel, we can't so well give an account of. *Andrew* laid hold of his Bread and Cheese; and seeing no body gave him any thing else, bow'd his Head and took up his Heels and walk'd, as the saying is. True it is, that going off, he said to *Don Quixote*; For God's sake, good Sir Knight Errant, if you happen to meet me again, don't succor or assist me, tho' you see me torn to pieces, but leave me to my Misfortune: For it cannot be so great, but that your help will make it greater, and so the Curse of God light on you, and all other Knights Errant that are Born in the World. *Don Quixote* was about rising to chastise him; but he ran away so swiftly, that no Man durst undertake to follow him. *Don Quixote* was quite out of countenance at *Andrew's* Tale; and the rest were forc'd to be upon their guard to prevent laughing, lest he should be quite confounded.

CHAP,

CHAP. V.

Of what happen'd to all Don Quixote's Gang at the Inn.

THE Dinner being ended, they sadled and went to Horse, and without meeting any thing worth relating, arriv'd the next day at the Inn, which was *Sancho Pança's* dread and terror; and tho' he would fain have avoided going into it, he could not: The Inn-Keeper, the Hostess, her Daughter, and *Maritornes* seeing *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* return, went out to receive them with expressions of much joy, and he receiv'd them with no less gravity and state, and bid them get him a better Bed than he had the time before. To which the Hostess answer'd, that provided he would pay for it better than he had done then, he should have one fit for a Prince. *Don Quixote* said he would: So they made him a tolerable good Bed in the same wild Room where he lay before; and he went presently to Bed, because he came much tired, and very mad. No sooner was he gotten into his Chamber, but the Hostess ran at the Barber, and taking him by the Beard, said, Now by my troth, thou shalt make use of my Tale no more for a Beard, and thou shalt restore me my Tale; for my Husband's Thing lies about the floor, that it is a shame to see it: I mean the Comb I us'd to hang up in my good Tale. The Barber would not give it her for all her pulling, till the Curate bid him restore it, for now they had no more need of that contrivance, but that he might discover himself, and appear in his own shape, and tell *Don Quixote*, that when the Gally-Slaves had rob'd him, he fled to that Inn: And if he happen'd to ask for the Princess's Squire, they should tell him, she had sent him before to her Kingdom, to acquaint her Subjects, that she was coming, and brought their Deliverer along with her. With this the Barber surrendred the Tale willingly to the Hostess, as also all the other appurtenances she had lent for *Don Quixote's* delivery.

All that were in the Inn admir'd *Dorothy's* Beauty, and the Shepherd *Cardenio's* presence. The Curate order'd such Meat as the Inn would afford to be made ready for them; and the Inn-keeper, in hopes of better Pay, soon dress'd them a reasonable good Dinner. *Don Quixote* slept, and they thought fit not to wake him, because sleep would do him more good at that time than Meat. At the Table the Inn-keeper, his Wife,

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Daughter,

Daughter, and *Maritornes*, and all the Travellers being present, they discours'd of *Don Quixote's* strange Madness, and of the Posture they found him in. The Hostels told them what had happen'd there betwixt him and the Carrier, and looking about to see whether *Sancho* were present, and not seeing him, she told all the Story of his tossing in the Blanket, which was no small Pleasure to them: The Curate telling them that *Don Quixote's* reading of Books of Knight Errantry was the cause of his Madness. The Inn-keeper said, I cannot conceive how that can be, for I think there is no reading so delightful in the World, and I have two or three of them, with some other Papers, which truly have kept me and many others alive. For in Harvest time, many of the Reapers meet here on Holy days, and there is always one or other of them that can read, who takes one of these Books in hand, and then some thirty of us get about him, and listen to him with such pleasure, that it drowns all our cares. And I'll say that for my self, that when I hear tell of those furious and terrible Blows given by Knights Errant, I have a strong fancy to do as much my self, and could with all my heart be hearing of them day and night. I am just of the same mind, said the Hostels, for I never have a quiet Hour in my House, but when thou art hearing those Books, for then thou art so besotted with them, that thou do'st not think of finding fault as thou do'st at other times. That's very true, said *Maritornes*. And in troth I love mightily to hear those things, for they are very fine, and especially when they tell how such a Lady lies in her Knights Arms under an Orange-tree, and that an Old Governant stands Centinel for them, ready to burst with envy, and in a woful fright; I say, that all those things are as sweet as Honey to me. And what think you of it, Young Gentlewoman, quoth the Curate to the Inn-keeper's Daughter? I can't tell on my Conscience, Sir quoth she, but I harken to it too, and surely tho' I don't understand it, yet I take some pleasure in hearing it; but I don't like those Blows that please my Father so much, but delight in the sad complaints Knights make when they are absent from their Ladies; and indeed now and then they make me weep, for meer compassion I have of them. 'Tis likely then, fair Maid, quoth *Dorothy*, you would relieve them, if they lamented for your sake? I can't tell what I should do, answer'd the Girl, but I am sure some of those Ladies are so cruel, that their Knights call them *Tygers* and *Lions*, and a thousand other nasty things. And good Jesus, I don't know what hard-hearted unconscionable People those are, who rather than look upon an honest Man, will let him die

die or run mad: I can't tell what all that squeamishness is for. If they do it because they are honest, let them marry them, for the Knights desire no better. Peace Child, quoth the Hostels; for methinks you understand too much of these matters, and it is not fit for Maids to know, or talk so much. This Gentleman having ask'd me the question, said she, I could not choose but answer him. Well, said the Curate, good Landlord, bring me those Books, for I would fain see them. With all my heart, said the Inn-keeper: And so going into his Chamber, he brought out a little old Portmanteau shut up with a Chain; and opening it, took out three great Books and some Manuscripts very fair written. The first Book he open'd was that of *Don Cirongilio of Thrace*: The other *Felixmarte of Hircania*: And the third, *The History of the great Captain, Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova, with the Life of James Garcia of Paredes*. As soon as the Curate had read the Titles of the two Books, he look'd upon the Barber, and said, we now want our Friends, Old Woman and Neece. Not at all, quoth the Barber; for I know as well as they how to carry them into the Yard or to the Chimney, and upon my word there is a good Fire in it. Why, would you burn my Books then, quoth the Host? Only these two of *Don Cirongilio* and *Felixmarte*, quoth the Curate. Why, quoth the Inn-keeper, are my Books Hereticks or Flegmaticks that you would burn them? Schismaticks, you mean, said the Barber, not Flegmaticks. It is so, said the Inn-keeper; but if you will needs burn any, pray let it be that of the great Captain, and of that *James Garcia*; for I would rather suffer one of my Sons to be burnt than either of the other two. Friend, quoth the Curate, these two Books are Fabulous, and full of Follies and Nonsense, but that of *the great Captain* is true, and contains the Actions of *Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova*, who for his many and noble exploits deserv'd to be call'd by all the World, *The great Captain*, a name Famous, Illustrious, and only deserv'd by himself; and this *James Garcia of Paredes* was a noble Gentleman, born in the City of *Truxillo* in *Espremadura*, a most Valiant Souldier; and so mighty strong, that with

† There were such Famous Souldiers as the Great Captain who Conquer'd Naples for King Ferdinand of Spain, and James Garcia before him; but Authors have added such monstrous Fables to their true Actions, that there is no more believing any of them, than the Fables of Guy of Warwick and others, as may appear by what the Curate speaks in their praise.

one Finger he would stop a Mill-wheel in the midst of its swiftest motion: And standing once at the end of a Bridge with a two-handed Sword, he defended it against a mighty Army that attempted to pass it; and did so many other things, that if another who were a Stranger and unbiass'd had written them, as he did himself who was the Relater and Historiographer of his own Acts, and therefore related them with the modesty of a Gentleman who was his own Historian, they would have abolish'd the memory of the *Hectors*, *Achilles's* and *Orlandoes*. There's a Jest, quoth the Inn-keeper, mind what he makes a wonder of, at stopping the Wheel of a Mill. Sir you should have read what I did in *Felixmarie of Hircania*, who at one back-stroke cut five mighty Gyants through the middle, as if they had been but so many young Bean-cods, like the Puppets Children make of them: And another time he set upon a vast and most mighty Army, of above a Million and six hundred thousand Men, and overthrew and scatter'd them like a Flock of Sheep. Then what can you say to me of the good *Don Cirongilio of Thrace*, who was so stout and courageous as may be seen in this Book; which tells us, That as he sail'd along a River, there issu'd out of the midst of the Water a fiery Serpent, and he, as soon as he saw it, ran and got astride upon its Scaly back, and grip'd its Throat so hard with both his Hands, that the Serpent perceiving it self almost strangled, had no other way to save her self, but by diving down into the Deep, carrying along the Knight, who would never let go his hold, and when he came to the bottom, he found himself by a Palace in such fair and pleasant Gardens, that it was wonderful; and presently the Serpent turn'd into an Old Man, which said the rarest things to him than can be imagin'd. Hold your Tongue, Sir, for if you heard these Stoties you would be quite mad with Pleasure. A Pig for the *Great Captain*, and that *James Garcia* you speak of, *Dorothy* hearing him speak thus, said to *Cardenio*, Methinks our Host wants but little to make up a second part of *Don Quixote*. So I think reply'd *Cardenio*, for as appears by his words, he certainly believes, that every Story in those Books, is matter of Fact, and all the World can never bear it out of his Head. Observe Friend, (quoth the Curate to the Inn-keeper) that there was never any such Man as *Felixmarie of Hircania*, or *Don Cirongilio of Thrace*, nor any other such Knights as Books of Chivalry treat of; for all is but a Contrivance and Fiction of idle Wits that Compos'd them, for the end thou say'st, to pass the time, as your Reapers do when they read them: For I sincerely swear t'ye, that there were never

never any such Knights in the World, nor such Adventures and Fopperies ever happen'd in it. Put your Shams upon some body else, quoth the Inn-keeper, as if I did not know my right Hand from my left, and where the Shooe pinches. Don't think to banter me, Sir, for by the Lord I am none of your Milkops. 'Tis a pleasant fancy of you to try to persuade me, that all the Contents of these good Books is meer Foppery and Lyes, tho' they are Licens'd by the Lords of the Privy Council; as if they were People that would suffer so many Lies to be Printed at once, and so many Battles and Enchantments, as are enough to make a Man mad. I have told thee already Friend (said the Curate) that this is done to divert our idle thoughts, and as in well govern'd Commonwealths, the Plays at Chesh, Tennis and Trucks are tolerated for the Pastime of some Men who have no other Employment, and neither can nor ought to work, so such Books are allow'd to be Printed; presupposing, (as in truth they ought) that no Man would be so ignorant, as to take any of them for true History. And if my leisure permitted, and this Auditory requir'd it, I would give such an account of the manner that ought to be observ'd in composing Books of Chivalry, as perhaps would make them Pleasant and Profitable to the Readers; but I hope sometime to have an Opportunity of discoursing this matter with those that may do some good in't. And in the mean while you may believe, what I have said, good Landlord, and take your Books, and agree with their Truths, or Lies as you please, and much good may it do you; and I pray to God, you don't halt in time on the same Foot your Guest *Don Quixote* halts. Not so, quoth the Inn-keeper, for I will never be so mad as to turn Knight Errant, for I see, that is not the Fashion now that was then, when these famous Knights are said to have wandred about the World.

Sancho heard about half this Discourse, and was much confounded and very pensive, because they said, that Knights Errant were not now in request, and that the Books of Chivalry were all Follies and Lies, and he purpos'd with himself, to see the end of that Voyage of his Master's, and if it succeeded not as he expected, he resolv'd to leave him and return home to his Wife and Children and usual Labour. The Inn-keeper was taking away his Books and Portmanteau, but the Curate said, Stay a while for I would see what Papers those are that are written in so fair a Hand. The Host took them out, and giving them to him to read, he saw they were about Eight Sheets in Manuscript, with this Title in large Characters,

racters, *The Novel of the curious Impertinent*. The Curate read two or three Lines of it to himself, and said, Truly the Title of this Novel is not amiss, and I have a good mind to read it all out. To which the Inn-keeper answer'd, Your Reverence may very well read it, for I assure you that some Guests who have perus'd it, have been mightily pleas'd and have beg'd it of me very earnestly, but I would never give it them, hoping some Day to restore it to the owner of this Portmanteau, who left it here behind him with these Books and Papers; for it may happen he may one time or other come back this way; and tho' I know I shall miss the Book very much, yet in good faith I will restore them, for tho' I am an Inn-keeper, I am a Christian. You are much in the right Friend, quoth the Curate, but yet if the Novel please me, you shall let me take a Copy of it. With all my heart reply'd the Host. While they two talk'd, *Cardenio* had taken the Book, and began to read a little of it, and being of the Curate's mind, he desir'd him to read so that they might all hear. That I would willingly do, said the Curate, if the time were not now more fit for sleeping than reading. It will be rest enough for me, said *Dorothy*, to pass away the time in hearing some Story; for my mind is not yet so well settl'd as to let me sleep, even when it is requisite. If so, quoth the Curate, I will read it, if it were but for curiosity, perhaps there may be something in it that is pleasant. Master *Nicholas* and *Sancho* came and begg'd the same, which when the Curate saw, finding it would please them and himself too, he said; Since it is so, be all of you attentive, for the Novel begins thus.

C H A P. VI.

The Novel of the Curious-Impertinent.

IN Florence, a Rich and Famous City of Italy in the Province of Tuscany, there liv'd Two Gentlemen of Birth and Estates, whose Names were *Anselm* and *Lothaire*, between whom there was such perfect Friendship, that they were call'd, as a distinction above all others, by those that knew them, *The Two Friends*. They were both Batchelors, Young, and much of one Age and the same Inclinations, which knit their Friendship the closer. Yet *Anselm* was more addicted to Love-Intrigues than *Lothaire*, who was altogether for Hunting; but upon occasi-

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on *Anselm* would forsake his pleasures to comply with *Lothaire*, and *Lothaire* would do the same for him, and thus their motions were as regular as if they had both mov'd by Clock-work. *Anselm* was desperately in Love with a beautiful young Lady of the same City, so well Born, and so Virtuous, that he resolv'd, with the approbation of his Friend *Lothaire*, without whom he did nothing, to ask her of her Parents for his Wife; as in short he did, and *Lothaire* was the Man that deliver'd the Message, and manag'd the whole Affair so much to his Friend's satisfaction, that he was soon possess'd of what he desir'd, and *Camilla* so well pleas'd for having *Anselm* to her Husband, that she thought she could never sufficiently give thanks to Heaven, and to *Lothaire*, by whose means she had obtain'd so great a happiness. For some Days, whilst the mirth of the Wedding usually lasts, *Lothaire* continu'd according to Custom, to frequent his Friend *Anselm's* House, endeavouring to honour, divert, and humour him in all things. But the Wedding liberty being over, and the heat of visiting and wishing them Joy once past, *Lothaire* began industriously to slacken in his Visits, being of opinion, as all wise Men ought to be, That the Houses of Marry'd Friends are not to be haunted so much as when they were Batchelors. For tho' true Friendship neither can nor ought to suspect any thing, yet the honour of Marry'd Men is so nice, that it seems to be liable to be fully'd even by Brothers, much more by Friends.

Anselm took notice of his Friend's slackness, and grievously complain'd of it, saying, That if he had known, his Marrying would have been the occasion of losing his Company, he would never have done it, and that since they had by their loving Behaviour whilst he was a Bachelor purchas'd the pleasing Name of *The two Friends*, he pray'd him, he would not, only to be thought cautious without any other reason, suffer so famous and so charming a Title to be lost, and therefore beseech'd him, if such Language might be us'd among them, that he would come again to command in his House, and be as free in it as before, assuring him, that his Wife *Camilla* was wholly devoted to his will and pleasure, and that she knowing how much they lov'd one another, was surpriz'd to see him grown so much a stranger. *Lothaire* answer'd to all he could say to him with so much Discretion and Judgment, that *Anselm* was convinc'd his Design was honourable, and they agreed that *Lothaire* should Dine at his House twice a Week, besides Holy-Days. And tho' this was so concluded among them, *Lothaire* resolv'd he would do nothing but what he found was most for his Friend's Honour, whose Reputation

putation he was more zealous for than his own. He us'd to say, and with good reason, That the Marry'd Man on whom Heaven had bestow'd a beautiful Wife, ought to be equally cautious what Friends he admitted to his House, and what Women his Wife convers'd with, because very often Intrigues are carry'd on in the Houses of those Female Friends and Kindred, which could never be contriv'd in the Church, the Market, and other publick Meetings, whether Husbands cannot at all times deny their Wives to go. He added, That every Marry'd Man ought to have a Friend to put him in mind of those over-sights he committed in the Government of his Family, because it happens that a Husband through overmuch love to his Wife, or for fear of displeasing her, does not take notice of, or mind her of doing, or forbearing to do something, the doing or omitting of which may redound to her honour or discredit; which when told of by a Friend he would easily mend. But where is there so real, faithful, and judicious a Friend as this *Lothaire* speaks of! *Lothaire* alone was he who most sedulously look'd to his Friend's Honour, and endeavour'd to slip by some of the Days they had agreed he was to go to his House, that idle People, and malicious Eyes might not have the occasion to censure that a Rich young Gentleman, and so well qualify'd as he imagin'd himself, was so frequent in the House of so beautiful a Woman as *Camilla*; for tho' her Vertue was sufficient to curb all slanderous Tongues, yet he would not have her's or his Friend's Reputation call'd in question, and therefore he employ'd most of the Days they had agreed upon, in other Affairs which he pretended were unavoidable. So that much time was spent betwixt them in complaining on the one side, and framing Excuses on the other. It happen'd that as they were one Day walking in a Meadow without the City, *Anselm* spoke to *Lothaire* to this effect.

You cannot but think *Lothaire*, that I can never be thankful enough to Heaven for the Blessings receiv'd, in being so well Born, and so plentifully endow'd with the Goods both of Fortune and Nature, and above all for having given me such a Friend as you are, and such a Wife as *Camilla*, two Jewels which I value, if not as they deserve, yet at least the best I am able. Yet notwithstanding all these Blessings, which generally are all that other Men can require to live happy, I am the most discontented and dissatisfy'd Man in the World. For of late I am perplex'd and haunted by so strong and unusual a desire that I admire at my self, and blame, and chide, and endeavour to hide it from my own Thoughts, and I can no more do it than if I made it my business to tell it to all the World, and

and since it must at last break out, I am willing it should be lodg'd in your secrecy, not doubting, but through it and your care, as a true Friend in relieving me, I shall soon be eas'd of the trouble that oppresses me, and restor'd to as much satisfaction, by thy assistance, as I lie under discontent through my own Madness. *Lothaire* was amaz'd at *Anselm's* Words, and could not imagine what such a long preamble tended to; and tho' he thought of many things his Friend might desire, yet he was far from hitting the right mark. Therefore to get soon out of that trouble he told him, That he wrong'd his friendship in using any circumlocutions or going about the Bush in order to discover his most hidden Thoughts to him, since he might be sure either of his advice, or assistance. That's true, answer'd *Anselm*, and upon that confidence, I must tell you, Friend *Lothaire*; That the thing which destroys me is the thoughts whether my Wife *Camilla* be so good and virtuous as I imagine, and I cannot be convinc'd of this truth, but by making such a Tryal of her as may demonstrate the height of her Vertue, as Gold shews it's value in the Fire. For I am of opinion, dear Friend, That a Woman is no more Vertuous than as far as she resists Temptation, and that she alone is perfectly good who does not yield to the Promises, Presents, Tears, and continual importunities of vigilant Lovers. For what thanks, said he, to a Woman, for being good, when no Body asks her to be naught? What wonder she should be reserv'd and retir'd who has no opportunity to break loose, and knows that she has a Husband that will Kill her the first time he takes her tripping? So that I will not value her that is good for fear, or for want of opportunity, equal to her that has been follow'd and persecuted and comes off Victorious. So that for these and many other reasons I could urge in defence of my opinion, I would have my Wife *Camilla* run through all these Difficulties, and be try'd and refin'd in the fire of Courtship and Temptation, and that by one that may be of Worth enough to aspire to her, and if she comes off, as I expect Victorious from this Encounter, I shall think my Fortune not to be match'd. I shall be able to say, I have obtain'd the utmost of my Wishes. I will affirm, She is fallen to my Lot, of whom the wife Man asks, *Who has found her?* And if it should happen contrary to my expectation, the satisfaction of finding I was in the right in my Sentiments, will make the trouble of so costly an Experiment the more easie to me. And forasmuch, as all that ever you can say in opposition to my desire, will be of no force to hinder the putting of it in practice, I would have you Friend *Lothaire*, dispose your self to be the instrument by which

which I shall obtain this satisfaction, for I will give you opportunity to do it; and you shall want for nothing that may be requisite to Tempt a modest, virtuous, retir'd, and generous Woman. And the thing that moves me above others to trust you with this difficult undertaking is, that I am satisfy'd if *Camilla* yields to you, you will not carry on your victory to the utmost, but only look upon that as done which is assented to: And so I shall be only wrong'd in Thought, and my wrong shall be bury'd in thy secrecy, which I know, in all that concerns me will be as eternal as that which is in the Breast of Death. So that if you will have me enjoy a Life that may deserve that Name, you must immediately enter upon this amorous Combat, not negligently, or coldly; but with that zeal and earnestness I desire, and with that sincerity our Friendship promises.

These were the words *Anselm* spoke to *Lothaire*, to all which he gave such attention that unless it were to speak those already mention'd, he never unclos'd his Lips till he had done, and then seeing he was silent, after gazing on him a long while as if he look'd upon something that he had never seen before, which rais'd his admiration, he said, I can not imagine, Friend *Anselm*, but that all you have said is in jest; for had I thought you were in earnest, I would not have suffer'd you to run on so far; but would have prevented your long Harangue by not giving ear to it. I fancy either you don't know me, or I don't know you. But that can't be, for I know you are *Anselm*, and you know that I am *Lothaire*. The mischief is I fancy you are not the same *Anselm* you us'd to be, and 'tis likely you have imagin'd that I am not that *Lothaire* I ought to be; for what you have said is not like that *Anselm* my Friend, nor is what you ask, fit to be ask'd of that *Lothaire* you know. For good Friends are to try their Friends and make use of them, as the Poet said, *Usque ad Aras*, meaning, they ought not to use their Friendship in any thing that was an offence to God. Now if this was the Opinion of a Heathen, how much more is a Christian oblig'd to it, knowing that the Divine Friendship is not to be forfeited for any that is Human? And in case a Friend should, to oblige his Friend stretch so far as to lay aside the consideration of Heaven, it ought not to be for matters of little moment; but for such as concern at least, his Friend's Life and Honour. Now do you tell me *Anselm*, which of these is in danger, that I may run the hazard of pleasing you, and do a thing so detestable as is that you ask of me? To say the truth, there's neither; but as far as I can understand, you desire me to take away your Honour and your Life, and to take

take away my own at the same time. For if I am to endeavour to rob you of your Honour, it is a plain case I take away your Life; for a Man that has lost his Honour, is worse than a dead Man; and if I am the instrument, as you would have me to be, of so much mischief to you, shall not I at the same time be depriv'd of my Honour, and consequently of my Life? Hear me, Friend *Anselm*, and forbear answering of me, till I have done saying what I have occasion, to what you desire; for there will be time enough for you to reply, and me to give ear to you. It shall be so, said *Anselm*, say what you will. Then *Lothaire* went on.

Methinks *Anselm*, you are at this time just like the Moors, who are not to be convinc'd of the Error of their Sect by quoting Texts of Scripture, nor by speculative Reasons, or any grounded on matters of Faith; but they must have Instances brought them that are palpable, easie, intelligible, undoubted and Mathematical Demonstrations which cannot be deny'd, such as, If from equal things we take equal things, the remainder shall be equal. And in case they do not conceive this by word of Mouth, as in truth they do not, it must be shewn them by Operation, and lay'd before their Eyes, and yet no Man can convince them of the Truth of our holy Religion. The same form and method will be proper for me to use with you; for this desire that is fixt in you is so wild, and remote from any thing reasonable, that at present it will be time lost to shew you your simplicity, for as yet I will give it no other name, and I am almost in the mind to leave you to your Madness, as a punishment of your wicked inclination: But the Friendship I have for you will not permit me to use you so severely, because it allows me not to leave you expos'd to utter ruin.

And to make it out the plainer to you, tell me *Anselm*, have not you told me, I am to attempt a reserv'd Woman? To corrupt one that values not Bribes? To court a discreet one? This you have told me. Then if you know you have a reserv'd, virtuous, uncorrupted, and discreet Wife, what is it you aim at? And if you believe she will repulse all my assaults, as doubtless she will, what better Names can you give her afterwards than what she has already? Or what will she be more than what she is? Either you do not believe her such as you say, or else you know not what you ask. If you do not take her for what you say, to what end will you try her? But rather do by her what you shall think fit, as a base Woman? But if she is so good as you believe, it will be impertinent to make an experiment of truth; for after it is made it must remain

main in the same esteem as before. So that it is undeniable, That to attempt things, which may rather turn to our Detriment than Advantage, is the part of rash and distracted Brains, especially when they will attempt those things, which they are not necessitated, or compell'd to, and which at a great distance shew that the undertaking of them is meer Madness. Difficult matters are undertaken either for the sake of God, or of the World, or for both. Those that are undertaken for God, are those the Saints took in hand, endeavouring to live the Life of Angels, in Human-Bodies. Those that are undertaken for the World, are such as they attempt who Traverse vast Seas, various Climates, strange Nations, to obtain those they call Goods of Fortune. And those that are undertaken for the sake of God and of the World at once, are what the Magnanimous Soldiers perform, who no sooner see so much of the Enemy's Wall laid open as could be overthrown by a Canon-bullet, but laying aside all fear, without considering, or reflecting on the danger that threatens them, carry'd away on the wings of their Zeal for their Religion, their Prince, or their Country, they make at it undaunted amid'st a Thousand several sorts of Death that threaten them. These are the things, that are usually attempted; and it is honourable, glorious, and profitable to attempt them, tho' never so full of dangers and inconveniences. But that which you say you will attempt and put in execution, will neither purchase you Glory before God, nor the Goods of Fortune, nor Fame among Men; for supposing you should succeed in it according to your wishes and desires, you will be no Greater, no Richer, nor no Better than you are now; and if you miscarry, you will fall into the greatest Misery imaginable. For it will not avail you then to think no body knows the Misfortune that has befallen you, because your knowing of it yourself, will be sufficient to confound, and destroy you. And for a further confirmation of this Truth, I will repeat to you a Stanza made by the famous Poet *Luis Tansilo*, at the end of his first part of *St. Peter's Tears*, which is this.

* When conscious Peter saw the Morning rise,
Shame dy'd his Cheeks, and Sorrow drown'd his Eyes:
In vain his soul Offence no Mortal knows,
His Conscience haunts him wheresoe'er he goes;
So quick's the Sense of virtuous Modesty
In noble Minds, they want no Witness nigh;
Tupbraid their Faults, but to themselves alone
Appear a thousand Witnesses in one.

So

So that it's being secret will not alleviate your Grief, but you will rather have continual cause to Weep, if not Tears at your Eyes, yet Tears of Blood in your Heart, as that silly Doctor did shed, who our Poet tells us, made the Tryal of the Cup or Vessel, which afterwards the Wise *Reynald* more discreetly refus'd to do: For tho' it be a Poetical Fiction, yet it has a Moral worthy to be taken notice of, understood, and imitated. But by what I design next to say, you plainly see the great Error you are running your self into. Tell me *Anselm*, if Heaven, or Fortune had made you Master of a rich Diamond, of whose Fineness and Beauty all Lapidaries that saw it were satisfy'd, and all of them should unanimously say it had a fine Water, as good Shape, was as free from Blemish, or Defect, as the Nature of the Stone could bear, and you yourself believ'd it to be so, and knew nothing to the contrary; would it be a reasonable thought, that you should have a Mind to lay that Diamond on an Anvil, and there with a Sledge try by strength of Arm whether it was so good and hard, as they said? But what would it be if you should actually do it? For tho' the Stone should stand the tryal, yet it would not be of more value or esteem; and if it should break, as might happen, were not all lost? Yes doubtless, and the owner would be look'd upon by all Men as a Fool. Make account, then Friend *Anselm*, that *Camilla* is a rich Diamond, both in your own and other mens Opinions, and that it is not reasonable to expose her to the danger of being Broken; for tho' she remain whole she can be of no greater Value than she is; and if she should fail and not stand the tryal, consider now what a Condition you would be in, and how justly you might blame your self, for having been the cause of hers and your own ruin. Consider there is no Jewel in the World of so great Value, as a Chast and Vertuous Wife, and that all the Honour of Women consists in the good Reputation they are held in; and since your Wife's is so unquestionable as you your self know; to what purpose will you make a doubt of a known truth? Observe Friend, that Woman is an imperfect Creature, and that there must be no rubs laid in her way at which she may stumble or fall, but they must be carefully remov'd, and the way clear'd, that she may without any trouble advance nimbly to obtain the Perfection she wants, which consists in being Vertuous. Naturalists tell us, the Ermin is a little Beast with a milk-white Skin, and when the Hunters would catch it they use this Art, which is, that knowing the ways it

runs they lay Dirt across them, and then they drive the Ermin towards that place, and as soon as it comes to the Mud, it stands still and suffers it self to be taken, rather than pass through the Mud, and lose or sully its Whiteness, which it values above Life or Liberty. A modest chaste Woman is like an Ermin, and the Virtue of Chastity is cleaner and whiter than the Snow; and he that would not have her lose, but rather keep and preserve it, must use other methods than are us'd towards the Ermin; for he must not place before her the Mud of the tender Expressions and Courtship of importunate Lovers, because perhaps, nay without any perhaps, she has not so much natural Strength and Virtue, as to surmount and trample over all these Obstacles; and it is requisite to remove them, and to lay before her the whiteness of Virtue and the Beauty of a good Reputation. A Woman is also like a clear bright Cristal Mirror, but is subject to be clouded and overcast with the least breath that comes near it. Virtuous Women must be us'd like Holy Relicks, be worshipp'd, but not touch'd. A Virtuous Woman is to be valu'd and kept like a beautiful Garden, that is full of Roses and Flowers, whose owner suffers no body to trample upon it, or handle them; 'tis enough they enjoy its Fragrancy at a distance, and through the Iron Grates. To conclude, I will repeat to you some Verses that are come into my Head, I learnt them out of a Mordern Play, and I think they are par to the purpose we are now upon. A Wise Old Man, advis'd another who was Father to a young Maid to keep her in, secure, and observe her, and among other things says these words to him.

I.

* Every Woman's made of Glass;
Then beware of foolish Freaks!
He's an unbelieving Ass
That's for trying if she breaks.

II.

Take good Counsel, and be tender
How you trust such brittle Ware!
For the De'il himself can't mend her,
Or, when once she's crackt, repair.

III.

Rest secure in this Persuasion
That as Danae's may be found,
So for every such Occasion
Show's of tempting Gold abound.

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Chap. 6. Don QUIXOTE.

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All I have hitherto said to you, *Anselm*, has been in regard to what belongs to you; now it is fit something be hear'd of what relates to me, and if I am tedious, excuse me, it is all little enough, considering the Labyrinth into which you have run your self, and out of which you would have me fetch you. You count me your Friend, and yet you will deprive me of my Honour, which is an unreasonable thing; and this is not all, for you would have me rob you of yours. That you will take away mine is plain, for there is no doubt but when *Camilla* sees me make Love to her, she will look upon me to be a base and ungenerous Man, since I attempt and act so contrary to my own Duty and your Friendship. That you would have me deprive you of yours, is not to be doubred, because *Camilla* seeing me make Love to her, must imagine I have discover'd some lightness in her, which embolden'd me to make known my wicked desire to her, and she looking upon her self as dishonour'd, her dishonour redounds upon you, as being the superior part of her. And therefore it is; that generally the Husband of an Adulterous Wife, tho' he knows it not, nor has given her any occasion to transgress, nor had it in his power to prevent his Misfortune, as not proceeding from any neglect, or want of care in him, yet he goes under a Scandalous, and Disgraceful Name, and they that know his Wife's Wickedness, look upon him with some sort of contempt, instead of looing upon him with compassion, as being sensible his Misfortune is caus'd by his wicked Companion, and is not occasion'd by any fault of his. But I will tell you the reason why the Husband of an ill Wife is dishonour'd, tho' he knows it not, nor is any way to blame, nor had any hand in it, or gave her occasion to be so, and be not weary of hearing me, for it is all for your good. When God plac'd our first Father *Adam* in the terrestrial Paradise, the Scripture says, God layd *Adam* in a deep Sleep, and that as he was sleeping, he took a Rib out of his left Side, whereof he made our first Mother *Eve*, and as soon as *Adam* awak'd and saw her, he said, This is Flesh of my Flesh and Bone of my Bones. And God said, For her shall a Man forsake his Father and Mother, and they shall be two in one Flesh. And then was instituted the divine Sacrament of Matrimony, and so knit that only Death can loose it. And the Virtue of this wonderful Sacrament is such, that it makes two distinct Persons one and the same Flesh; nay it goes further with those that live happily together, for tho' they have two Souls, yet they have but one Will. This

is the reason, that the Wife's Flesh being the same with that of her Husband, the stains that light on it, or the faults she commits, appear on the Husband's Flesh, tho' he, as has been said, have given no occasion for that mischief. For as the whole Body is sensible of the pain of the Foot, or any other of its Members, because it is all the same Flesh, and the Head feels the hurt that is done to the Ankle tho' it be not the cause of it; so the Husband partakes of the Wife's dishonour, as being one and the same thing with her. And since the honours and dishonours of the World, are all of, and proceed from Flesh and Blood, and those of a wicked Woman are of this sort, it follows of consequence, that the Husband must partake of them, and be look'd upon as dishonour'd, tho' without his knowledge. Consider therefore, *Anselm*, the danger you Expose your self to, in going about to disturb the quiet your Wife lives in. Take notice how vain and impertinent a curiosity it is to stir the Humours that are now settled in your Wife's Breast. Remember that all you can gain is inconsiderable, and what you will lose is so great, that I must leave it there, because I want words to Express it. But if all I have said is not sufficient to divert you from your ill Resolution, you may seek another instrument of your dishonour and misfortune, for I do not intend to be so, tho' on that account I should lose your Friendship, which is the greatest loss I can imagine.

This said, the discreet and virtuous *Lothaire* was silent, and *Anselm* remain'd so full of confusion and pensive, that for a long while he could not answer a Word, but at last he said to him. I have given Ear, Friend *Lothaire* to all you had, a mind to say to me, with the attention you have seen, and by your arguments, examples, and comparisons discover your great Wisdom and the height of your perfect Friendship, I am also sensible, and confess, that if I do not follow your opinion, but adhere to my own; I fly from good, and run after evil. This being allow'd, you must imagine I now labour under that Distemper some Women are subject to, when they fancy to eat Clay, Plaister, Coles, and other worse things, tho' they are loathsom to look at, much more to eat; so that it is requisite to use some Artifice to cure me, which might be easily done, if you would only begin, tho' it were cold and feignedly to make Love to *Camilla*, who cannot be so easie, as to surrender her Chastity at the first shock, and this small beginning will satisfy me, and in it you will do what is due to our Friendship; not only in saving my Life, but in perswading me not to lose my Honour. And you are oblig'd to do this,

this, for one only Reason, which is, That I being resolv'd to put this Tryal in practice, you must not suffer me to discover my Madness to another, which would hazard that Honour you endeavour I should not lose; and if yours be under some blemish in *Camilla's* Opinion, whilst you make Love to her, it signifies little or nothing, for you may soon, when we have discover'd in her that Vertue we look for, acquaint her with the whole truth of our Contrivance; by which your Reputation will be restor'd to its first being. And since you hazard so little, and by hazarding it can do me so much pleasure, do not omit it, tho' you discover never so many inconveniences; for as I have said, if you will but only begin, I shall look upon the business as done. *Lothaire* perceiving *Anselm* was positively resolv'd, and not knowing what further Examples to urge, or Arguments to use to dissuade him from it, and seeing he threatned, that he would acquaint another with his unreasonable Desires, to prevent further harm, he resolv'd to comply with him and do what he desir'd; being fully resolv'd so to manage that Business, that *Anselm* should be satisfy'd without raising any storm in *Camilla's* Thoughts; and therefore he answer'd him, That he need not acquaint any other with that Business, for he would take it upon him, and begin whensoever he thought fit. *Anselm* embrac'd him lovingly, and thank'd him for his offer, as if he had done him some signal Service: They both agreed, the Tryal should begin the next Day; for *Anselm* would give him leisure and opportunity to talk with *Camilla* alone, and furnish Money and Jewels to offer and present her. He advis'd him to Serenade her, to write Verses in Praise of her, and if he would not take the pains to make them himself, he would Compose them for him. *Lothaire* offer'd to do all he desir'd; but with a far different Intention than *Anselm* imagin'd: And having thus sett'd this Affair they return'd to *Anselm's* House, where they found *Camilla* expecting her Husband with impatience and trouble of Mind, because that Day he stay'd out longer than he us'd to do. *Lothaire* went home to his own House, and *Anselm* stay'd in his, as well pleas'd, as *Lothaire* was pensive, not knowing how to contrive to come off well from that impertinent Business. But that Night he order'd how he might deceive his Friend, without wronging *Camilla*, and the next Day came to Dine with him, and was well receiv'd by *Camilla*; who always entertain'd and made very much of him, because of the love she knew her Husband had for him. Dinner ended, the Cloath was taken away, and *Anselm* bid *Lothaire* stay there with *Camilla*, whilst he went about some earnest business, and he would return within an

Hour and a half. *Camilla* desir'd him not to go, and *Lothaire* offer'd to bear him Company; but all was in vain, for he press'd *Lothaire* to stay and expect him; for he had something of moment to discourse him about. He also bid *Camilla* not leave *Lothaire* alone till he return'd. In short, he so well counterfeited the necessity, or the folly of his absence; that no body could have guess'd it was feign'd. *Anselm* went away, and only *Lothaire* and *Camilla* were left at the Table, for all the Family was gone to Dinner. *Lothaire* found himself in the Lists where his Friend wish'd him, facing an Enemy who with only her Beauty might have overcome a whole Squadron of Arm'd Men: Consider whether *Lothaire* had not cause to fear her: But he resting his Elbow on the arm of the Chair and his Head on his Hand, and begging pardon of *Camilla* for his rudeness; said, he would take his rest a little till *Anselm* return'd. *Camilla* told him he would be more at ease upon the Cushions Ladies sit on, than sitting on the Chair, and desir'd him to go in and sleep there. *Lothaire* would not accept of it, but fell asleep there, till *Anselm* return'd, who finding *Lothaire* asleep, and *Camilla* in her Chamber, thought that he having stay'd away so long they might have had time enough to talk, and sleep too, and he long'd for *Lothaire* to wake that he might go out with him, and enquire about his success. All fell out as he could have wish'd; *Lothaire* wak'd, they both went out: He ask'd what he desir'd to know, and *Lothaire* answer'd, That he had not thought fit to be too open the first time; and had therefore only commended *Camilla*'s Beauty, telling her that all the talk of the Town, was of her Beauty and Discretion; and that he had thought this was a good introduction to gain her good-will, and dispose her to hear him another time the more willingly; Using the same artifice the Devil does, when he would deceive one that is upon his guard, for then he Transforms himself into an Angel of Light, and laying plausible things before him, at last discovers who he is, and compasses his Design if the deceit be not discover'd at first. All this was very pleasing to *Anselm*, and he said, he would give him the same opportunity every Day, tho' he did not go abroad, for he would so employ himself at home, that *Camilla* should not be sensible of the Artifice. It happen'd that many Days pass'd and *Lothaire* spoke not one word to *Camilla*; but told *Anselm* he did; but could not gather the least token of her condescending to any thing that was ill, or get any manner of glimpse of hope; but rather, said, she threaten'd him, That if he did not give over she would acquaint her Husband with it. That's well, quoth *Anselm*, hitherto she has with-

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stood Words; we must now try how she will resist Actions; To morrow I will give you Two thousand Crowns in Gold, to offer; and give her, and as many more to buy Jewels to allure her, for Women, especially when they are handsome, tho' they be never so chaste, love to be richly cloath'd and fine: And if she resists this Temptation I shall, and will give you no further trouble. *Lothaire* answer'd; That since he had begun, he would go through with that undertaking, tho' he doubted not, but that he should come off with shame and disgrace. The next Day he receiv'd the Four thousand Crowns, and with them no less confusion; for he knew not what to do to invent new Lyes; but in short, he resolv'd to tell him, That *Camilla* was as stout against Gifts and Promises, as she had been against Words, and that there was no occasion to trouble himself any farther, for it was only losing time. But Fate, which ordain'd things after another manner, so dispos'd it, that *Anselm* having left *Lothaire* and *Camilla* alone, as he us'd to do at other times, he shut himself up in a Room, and through the Key-hole of the Door listen'd and observ'd what they did, and saw that in above half an Hour *Lothaire* spoke not one word to *Camilla*, nor would he have spoken, tho' he had been there an Age. Then he perceiv'd, that all his Friend had told him concerning *Camilla*'s Answers, was false and mere fiction, and to try whether it were so, he came out of his Chamber, and taking *Lothaire* aside, ask'd him, What News he had, and what Temper *Camilla* was of? *Lothaire* answer'd, That he never design'd to motion that business to her any more, because she answer'd so harshly, that he could not find in his heart to say any more to her. Ah *Lothaire*, *Lothaire*, quoth *Anselm*, how ill do you answer the trust I repose in you, and the kindness you owe me? I have been all this while looking at you thro' the Key-hole, and have seen that you spoke not a word to *Camilla*. By which I imagine, you have never open'd your Lips to her, and if it be so, as doubtless it is; Why do you deceive me? Or why will you by your Contrivance deprive me of the means I could find to accomplish my design? *Anselm* said no more; but this was enough to put *Lothaire* out of Countenance, who almost looking upon it as a point of dishonour to have been taken in a Lye, Swore to *Anselm*, That from thence forwards he would so wholly take it upon him to do his pleasure without Lying, as he might himself observe if he would watch him; but that it was needless to use any such precaution; because he would take such care to give him satisfaction, that he should have no cause to suspect him. *Anselm* believ'd him, and to give him the better

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portunity and greater security, he resolv'd to absent himself from home, for the space of Eight Days, going away to a Friend's House that was in a Village, not far from the City. He agreed with this Friend, That he should send for him a very pressing Message, that he might have an excuse to make to *Camilla* for leaving her. Unhappy and inconsiderate *Anselm*, what is it you do? What do you contrive? What is it you dispose? Consider you act against your self, contriving your disgrace, and disposing your ruin. Your Wife *Camilla* is Virtuous, you enjoy her quietly and peaceably, no body disturbs your pleasure, her Thoughts do not exceed the limits of her House, you are her Heaven upon Earth, the end of her desires, the complement of her delight, and the Rule her Will is govern'd by, which she always fits to yours and the Will of Heaven. Now since the Mine of her Honour, Beauty, Virtue, and retiredness gives you without any trouble all the Riches it has, and you can desire, to what purpose will you sink the Ground and seek new Veins, of a new unknown Treasure, exposing your self to the danger of having the Whole fall in, as being supported on the weak props of her frail Nature. Consider, it is but reasonable that he who seeks impossibilities, should fail of those things that are possible. As the Poet well expresses it in these words,

* *I seek for Life in Death, Health in Disease,
In Dungeons Liberty, in Torments Ease;
And Heaven in Justice exile Things denies,
Because I ask Impossibilities.*

Anselm went away the next Day into the Country, telling *Camilla*, That whilst he was absent, *Lothaire* would come to look to his House and Dine with her, that she should use him as she would himself. *Camilla* like a Discreet and Vertuous Woman, was troubled at what her Husband order'd, and bid him reflect, That it did not look well that any body in his absence should fill his place at Table; that if he did it because he mistrusted she knew not how to govern her Family, he might try for that time, and would find by experience, that she could undergo greater burdens. *Anselm* told her, that was his pleasure, and there was no more to be said, but to submit and obey. *Camilla* said she would, tho' against her inclinations. *Anselm* departed, and the next Day *Lothaire* came to his House, where he was kindly and modestly entertain'd by *Camilla*, who contriv'd never to be alone, for she had always her Men and Women Servants about her, especially a Maid whose Name was

was *Leonela*, for whom she had a particular kindness, because they had been bred together from their Childhood at her Father's, and when she Marry'd *Anselm* she brought her along with her. For the three first Days *Lothaire* never spoke a word to her, tho' he might have done it when the Cloath was taken away and the Family were gone to Dine in haste, for so *Camilla* had order'd it; and tho' *Leonela* was order'd to Dine before *Camilla*, and never to stir from her; yet she whose Head ran on other things that were more to her mind, and had need of that time and opportunity for her own Pleasure, did not always obey her Mistress's commands; but left her alone with *Lothaire*, as if she had been order'd so to do. However *Camilla*'s modest carriage, her gravity, and stay'dness were such, as ty'd up *Lothaire*'s Tongue. But the good *Camilla*'s Virtues did in tying up *Lothaire*'s Tongue, at last turn to the ruin of them both. For tho' the Tongue was silent, Thought play'd its part, and had leisure particularly to contemplate the perfections of *Camilla*'s Goodness and Beauty, which might have overcome a marble Statue, much more a Heart of Flesh. *Lothaire* gaz'd on her, whilst he had the opportunity of talking, and consider'd how worthy she was to be lov'd, and this thought began by little and little to weigh down the respect he ow'd to *Anselm*, and he had it in his Head a Thousand times to leave the City and be gone where *Anselm* might never see him more, nor he *Camilla*; but the pleasure he took in gazing on her already, prevented him. He struggl'd with himself and labour'd to reject and not receive the pleasure that led him to look on *Camilla*. He condemn'd himself when alone for his Madness, and call'd himself false Friend, and ill Christian. He fram'd Dialogues and made comparisons betwixt himself and *Anselm*, and still he concluded, saying, That *Anselm*'s Madness and Presumption exceeded his breach of Faith, and that he would fear no punishment for his Crime, were it as excusable before God as it was before Man. In short, *Camilla*'s beauty and perfection, together with the opportunity the foolish Husband had given him, overthrew *Lothaire*'s Fidelity, and without regarding any thing but his Pleasure, after *Anselm* had been three Days absent, during which time he was in a continual combat to oppose his Affections, he began to make Love to *Camilla*, with such confusion; but in such amorous Terms, that *Camilla* was astonish'd, and did nothing but rise from the place where she sat, and go away into her Chamber without answering him a word. Yet this repulse did not cause *Lothaire* to cast away all hope, which always attends Love; but he rather valu'd her the more. She having seen that in

Lothaire which she could never have imagin'd; knew not what to do, and thinking it was not safe, or convenient to give him another opportunity of talking to her, she resolv'd to send a Servant of hers that very Night, as she did, with a Note to *Anselm*, which was to this effect.

CHAP. VII.

The Continuation of the Novel of the Curious Impertinent.

AS an Army, they say, is not safe without its General, or a Castle without its Constable; so, say I, a young Marry'd Woman is not as she ought to be without her Husband, when most urgent occasions do not call him away. I find my self so uneasie without you, and so unable to endure this absence, that if you don't come speedily, I shall be forc'd to go to divert my self at my Fathers, who I leave your House without any Keeper; for he you left me, if he was left as such, I think minds his own Pleasure more than your Business, and since you are wise, I need say no more, nor is it fit I should.

Anselm receiv'd this Letter, and by it understood that *Lothaire* had entr'd upon the Business, and that *Camilla* had made a return as he could have wish'd. Being overjoy'd at this News, he answer'd *Camilla* by word of Mouth, That she should make no alteration in her House upon any account, for he would be at Home very speedily. *Camilla* was surpriz'd at *Anselm's* Answer, which put her into more confusion than she was in before; because she durst not stay at Home, nor go to her Father's; for by staying she endanger'd her Honour, and in going she disobey'd her Husband's Commands. At length she resolv'd upon what prov'd worst, which was to stay, designing not to shun *Lothaire* lest the Servants should take notice of it; and now she repented for having written to her Husband as she did, fearing lest he should think *Lothaire* had seen some lightness in her, which had mov'd him not to pay her the respect that was due. But being satisfy'd of her own Honour, she put her confidence in God, and in her good Resolution, which was to oppose silence against all that *Lothaire* could say to her, without acquainting her Husband with it any more, for fear of bringing of him into some Quarrel or danger; nay, she was contriving how to excuse *Lothaire* to *Anselm*, when he should ask

ask her the cause of writing that Note. With this rather honourable, than wise or advantageous Resolution, she the next Day heard *Lothaire*, who press'd her so hard, that her Resolution began to faulter, and her Modesty had much ado to have recourse to her Eyes, that they might not discover some amorous compassion, which *Lothaire's* Words and Tears had stirr'd up in her Breast. All this *Lothaire* observ'd, and it enflam'd him the more. To be brief, he was of opinion, That he ought to push on the Siege he had lay'd to that Fortrefs with the utmost vigour whilst he had the advantage of *Anselm's* absence, and so he attack'd her Pride with the praises of her Beauty, for nothing so soon conquers and subdues the towering high vanity of beautiful Women, as Vanity it self convey'd on the Tongue of Flattery. To conclude, he so cunningly undermin'd the rock of her Honour, that tho' *Camilla* had been made of Brass, she must have fallen to the ground. He wept, beg'd, offer'd, flatter'd, urg'd, and counterfeit'd so much to the life, That *Camilla's* Modesty was overthrown, and he triumph'd where he least expected, and most cover'd. *Camilla* yielded, *Camilla* surrender'd; but what wonder if *Lothaire's* Friendship could not stand the shock! An Example which plainly shews us, That the passion of Love, is only to be overcome by flying from it, and that no Body must presume to encounter with so powerful an Enemy; for it requires Divine strength to overcome his tho' Human. Only *Leonela* was privy to her Mistress's frailty, because it could not be conceal'd from her by the two false Friends and new Lovers. *Lothaire* thought not fit to acquaint *Camilla* with *Anselm's* design, nor that he had given him the opportunity of advancing so far; lest he should value his affection the less, and imagine that he made Love to her merely by chance, and not designedly. *Anselm* return'd home in a few Days, and did not miss what was wanting in it, which was, what he most expos'd, and yet most valu'd. He went away immediately to see *Lothaire*, and found him in his House, they embrac'd one another, and the one enquir'd News concerning his Life or Death. The News I can tell you, Friend *Anselm*, said *Lothaire*, is that you have such a Wife, as may justly be accounted the honour and glory of Women. The words I have said to her vanish'd into Air, my offers have been unvalu'd, the Gifts have been refus'd, and some counterfeit Tears have been made a jest of. In fine, as *Camilla* is the perfection of Beauty, so she is the very residence of Honour, Civility, Modesty, and all other Virtues that can make an honest Woman commendable and happy. Take back your Mony Friend, for here it is, and I have

have had no need to meddle with it, for *Camilla's* Virtue is not subdu'd by such mean things as Gifts, or Promises. Be satisfy'd *Anselm* and make no further Tryals than have been made already. And since without wetting your Feet you have overpass'd an Ocean of doubts and jealousies which may be had of Women, do not lanch again into the Deep-Sea of new inconveniences, nor do not put any other Pilote to make Tryal of the goodness and strength of the Ship Heaven has given you to Sail in through the Sea of this World. But reckon your self in a safe Harbour, moor your self with Anchors of solid consideration, and stir not till that Debt is demanded of you, from the payment of which no Nobility or Priviledge exempts. *Anselm* was overjoy'd at *Lothaire's* words, and believ'd them, as if they had been deliver'd from an Oracle. However he desir'd him, not to dissist tho' it were but for Curiosity and Pastime, but that he need not for the future use such pressing Instances as he had done before, and that he only would have him write Verses in praise of her under the name of *Chloris*, for he would inform *Camilla*, that he was in Love with a Lady to whom he had given that Name, that he might Celebrate her with the respects due to her Honour, and that in case *Lothaire* would not take the pains to Compose the Verses, he would write them for him. There is no need of that, quoth *Lothaire*, for the Muses are not so much my enemies, but that they Visit me at times. Do you tell *Camilla* what you say concerning my pretended Love, I'll make the Verses, if not so good as the Subject deserves, yet at least the best I can. This the Impertinent and the False Friend concluded upon. *Anselm* returning home, ask'd *Camilla*, what she admir'd he had not ask'd before, which was; That she should tell him, what mov'd her to write the Note she sent him. *Camilla* answer'd, she had Fancy'd that he look'd upon her more confidently than he did when *Anselm* was at home, but that she was undeceiv'd, and believ'd it had only been a Fancy of hers; for *Lothaire* now fled from her sight and from being alone with her. *Anselm* told her she need mistrust no such thing, for he knew *Lothaire* was in Love with a young Lady of Quality, whom he Celebrated under the Name of *Chloris*, and that tho' he were not, yet there was no cause to suspect *Lothaire's* honour, or be jealous of their freindship. Had not *Camilla* been forewarn'd by *Lothaire*, that the Love of *Chloris* was counterfeit, and that he told *Anselm* he was in love that he might employ himself at times in the praises of *Camilla*, she would certainly have been in-

intangled in the desperate Snares of Jealousie, but being prepar'd it was no surprize to her. The next Day they three sitting together after dinner, *Anselm* pray'd *Lothaire* to repeat to them some of the Verses he had compos'd for his lov'd *Chloris*, because *Camilla* not knowing of her he might freely discover his mind. Tho' she knew her, reply'd *Lothaire*, I should not make any Secret of it; for when a Lover commends his Mistress's Beauty, and reflects upon her Cruelty; he does no wrong to her Reputation. But be it as it will yesterday I made a Song upon *Chloris's* unkindness, which is this.

SONG.

I.

* In deep Night, when Care forsaking
Others Breasts, admits Repose,
Love and Cloris hold me waking
To relate to Heav'n my Woes.

II.

At the Dawn, when Phœbus rising
Paints with Red the Eastern Skies;
Daylight with new Grief surprizing,
I redouble then my Sighs.

III.

When the Noon-tide Sun is shining
With the Day my Torment grows;
When he's to the West declining
Yet Despair no Rest allows.

IV.

Death approaching, Pleasure flying,
Still I languish, but in vain;
Heav'n and Cloris still denying
Pity to a wretched Swain.

Camilla lik'd the Sonnet well, but *Anselm* better; for he commended it, and said the Lady was too cruel, since she did not make some return to such sincerity. To which *Camilla* said, Then all that amorous Poets say is true? As Poets, reply'd *Lothaire* they do not always speak truth, but as Lovers they never fall short of it. There is no doubt of that, said *Anselm*, still to gain *Lothaire* credit with *Camilla* who was as Regardless of *Anselm's* contrivance, as she was in love with *Lothaire*. Thus being pleas'd with any thing that was his, and being perswaded that his Thoughts and Verses were directed

rected to her; and that she was the true *Chloris*, she desir'd him, if he could remember any other Verses to repeat them. I have another Sonnet, answer'd *Lothaire*, but I believe it is not so good as the First, or rather worse, which you may judge of, for it is this.

SONG.

I

* I dye : And if you disbelieve
My Passion, 'tis a double Death :
For rather than I'll always grieve,
For certain I'll resign my Breath.

II.

But tho' to *Lethe's* shades I fly
Depriv'd of Life, and thy sweet grace,
Remembrance there shall feed mine Eye
With the dear Image of thy Face :

III.

For that's a Relick I design
With my sad Soul shall always stay :
I'll hugg it as for ever mine,
'Tis lively and can ne'er decay.

IV.

O doubly wretched is the Wight !
Who by fierce Storms and Tempests tost'd
On dangerous Seas, unknown, by Night,
Both Starr and Harbour too has lost.

Anselm prais'd this Second Sonnet as he had done the First, and thus he added links to the chain which knit and drew on his dishonour; for when *Lothaire* most abus'd him, it was then he told him his Honour was safest. Thus every step *Camilla* gave to become Contemptible, rais'd her in the esteem of her Husband toward the highest pitch of Virtue and a good Name. It happen'd that *Camilla* being once alone, as she us'd to be with her Maid, said to her. I am asham'd of my self, dear *Leonela*, to think how little I have valu'd my self, in not making *Lothaire* purchase his Enjoyment of me by length of Time, but surrendering my self up to him of my own accord. I fear he will condemn my Speedy Compliance, without reflecting on the Violence he us'd to take from me the power of resisting. Let not that trouble you Madam, answer'd *Leonela*, for the value or contempt of a thing do's not consist in its being soon given, if the thing

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be good it self and worth esteeming. Nay it is a common Saying, *That he who gives Immediately gives Double*. But there is another Saying answer'd *Camilla*. *That what is cheap is of no value*. That does not at all concern you, said *Leonela*, for Love, as I have been told, sometimes creeps and sometimes flies; with some he runs, and with others he walks; some it warms and some it burns, some it wounds, others it kills. In one and the same Moment it sets out and reaches to the end of its Desires. It sometimes lays Siege to a Fortress in the Morning, and is in Possession of it by Night, because no Force is able to withstand it. And if so, what do you wonder at, or what do you fear? For 'tis likely the same has happen'd to *Lothaire*, Love having lay'd hold of my Master's absence, as the proper means to reduce you both. And it was requisite, what Love had decreed, should be concluded during that absence, without dallying away Time, that so *Anselm* might return, and the Work be left imperfect. For Love has no better Officer to put his designs in Execution than Opportunity, which it makes use of upon all occasions, especially in the first Beginning of Affairs. All this I know rather by experience, than by hearsay, and some day I will give you an Account of all, for I too am made of Flesh and Young Blood. Besides, Madam, you did not yeild so soon neither, but that you had first seen all *Lothaire's* Spoul through his Eyes, his Sighs, his Words, Promises and Presents, and in it and his Vertues you saw how worthy *Lothaire* was to be belov'd. If this be so, let not those nice coy thoughts trouble your Mind, but be assur'd *Lothaire* values you as you do him, and rejoyce and be satisfy'd, that since you are fallen into the Snare of Love, yet that which holds you is of such worth and value, that not only the four S S which they say belong to a true Lover, but the whole Alphabet may be apply'd to him. If you doubt of it, mind me, and you'll see I run it all over by heart. He is by what I see, and in my Opinion, Ardent, Beautiful, Courteous, Discreet, Easy, Faithful, Gallant, Handsome, Judicious, Kind, Loving, Modish, Noble, Obliging, Pleasant, Quick, Rich, Secret, Trusty, Valuable, Witty. X will not suit him, because it is a harsh letter, Y is Young, Z, Zealous, for your Honour: *Camilla* laugh'd at her Maids Alphabet, and concluded her better vers'd in the Affairs of Love than she had yet express'd. But she soon own'd it, declaring to *Camilla* that she had a Love Intrigue with a Youth well Born in the City, at which *Camilla* was troubled, fearing her Honour might suffer by that means. She examin'd her

whether it went beyond Words. She freely and impudently enough own'd it did. For it is certain the Oversight of Mistress's make Maids Confident; for when they see their Mistress trip, they are not afraid to be seen to tumble. *Camilla* could do no more, but only desire *Leonela* not to let her Lover know any thing of her Affairs and to be private in her own, that neither *Anselm* nor *Lothaire* might discover any thing. *Leonela* answer'd she would, but perform'd it so ill; that she verifi'd *Camilla*'s fear that she should lose her Honour by her means. For the Lewd and Confident *Leonela*, when she once saw her Mistress was not so reserv'd, as before, grew so bold as to admit her Lover into the House, being assur'd that tho' her Mistress saw him, she durst not discover him. For this is one of the many ill consequences of Ladies Crimes, that they become Slaves to their own Maids, and are oblig'd to conceal their lewd and base Practices, as it hapned to *Camilla*. For tho' she several times perceiv'd that *Leonela* was with her Gallant in a Chamber in the House, she was so far from daring to chide, that she gave her the Opportunity of shutting of him up; and us'd all possible means that he might not be seen by her Husband. Yet she could not prevent *Lothaire*'s seeing of him go out of the House one Morning at break of Day, who at first not knowing him, thought it had been some Fantome; but when he saw him make away, muffle up and conceal himself carefully, he recall'd that Foolish thought, and stumbld upon another, which must have been the Ruin of them all, had not *Camilla* prevented it. *Lothaire* did not imagine that the Person he saw go out of *Anselm*'s House at that unseasonable hour, had gon thither on *Leonela*'s account, nor did he so much as think of her, but concluded that as *Camilla* had been complying with him, she had been so to another: For this is the consequence of an unchast Woman's crime; that she loses her Reputation even to whom she yeilded, tho' courted and intreated; and he believes she bestows herself upon others at a cheaper rate, and easily credits the least suspicion he has of this Nature. And it looks as if *Lothaire* this Moment had forfeited all his Judgment, and forgot all his elaborate Projects; for without making any reflection, or considering, without any more ado, before *Anselm* was up, (the jealous Rage that tormented his Heart blinding him, and overpowering his Patience, in haste to be reveng'd on *Camilla* who had done him no wrong,) he went to him and said. Know *Anselm*, that I have long struggled with myself, Labouring to conceal that from you, which I neither

can

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can nor ought in justice longer to make a secret of. Know then that *Camilla*'s Fort is Surrender'd, and has submitted to my Will, and if I have delay'd discovering the truth, it was to try whether it was any light Fancy of hers, or whether she did it to try me, and see whether the Love I have by your leave pretended to her was Real. I also believ'd that she, (had been so good as she ought to be, and as we both believ'd,) would have acquainted you with my importunity; but finding she delay's it, I perceive the promises she has made me are Real, to wit, that the next time you are from home, she will talk with me in the Wardrobe, where your spare Goods lye (and that was the place where *Camilla* us'd to meet him) and I would not have you run rashly to Revenge, since as yet there is no Crime committed any further than in thought, and perhaps betwixt this and the time of Acting *Camilla* may change her mind, and repent of her ill Design. Therefore since you have always in some measure taken my advice, follow this I now intend to give you, that you may provide as shall be most to your own Satisfaction without being deceiv'd, but cautiously weighing all Circumstances. Do you pretend to be out of the way for two or three Days, as you use to do at other times; and contrive to lye hid in the Wardrobe, which you may easily do among the Hangings and other things that are there, and then you shall see with your own Eyes, and I with mine what *Camilla* aims at. And if she prove as Wicked as may be fear'd, tho' we hope the contrary, then may you privately with Discretion and Prudence, be the Executioner of your wrongs. *Anselm* was amaz'd, surpris'd, and stun'd at *Lothaire*'s Words, because they took him at a Time when he least expected to hear them; for he now look'd upon *Camilla* as Victorious over the counterfeit attempts of *Lothaire*, and began to enjoy the Glory of her Victory. He stood silent a long while, looking down without moving his Eyes, and at last said, you have perform'd what I expected from your Friendship, *Lothaire*, I will take your Advice in all things; do as you think fit, and be as Secret as you see is requisite in a Business of this Consequence. *Lothaire* promis'd to do so, and as soon as he was gone from him repented of all he had said to him, seeing what a Folly he had committed, since he might have been Reveng'd on *Camilla* without taking such a Barbarous and Dishonourable method. He curs'd his Understanding, he condemn'd his precipitate Resolution, and knew not which way to take to undo what was done, or find some tolerable means to

get out of it. At length he bethought himself to acquaint *Camilla* with the whole matter, and there being no want of opportunity to do it, that very Day he found her alone, and she as soon as she saw she might Speak her Mind said, Know Friend *Lothaire*, that there is one thing that troubles me so much, that I am afraid it will break my Heart. For *Leonela* is grown so Impudent that every Night she shuts up a Gallant she has in the House, and is with him till Day, to the great detriment of my Honour, as any Man will judge that sees him go out of the House at such unseasonable Hours; and what troubles me most is, that I cannot Punish nor Chide her, for her being privy to our Intrigues obliges me to conceal hers, and I dread this will be the cause of some Distresses. At first when *Camilla* began to talk after this manner, *Lothaire* believ'd it had been a Contrivance to persuade him that the Man he saw go out had been with *Leonela* and not with her; but seeing her weep, afflict her self, and ask his advice, he gave credit to the truth, and having believ'd it, was altogether confounded, and repented of what he had done. Howsoever, he answer'd *Camilla*, That she should not trouble her self, for he would take a course to curb the Insolence of *Leonela*. He also told her what he had said to *Anselm*, being mov'd to it by the furious rage of Jealousie, and how it was agreed, he should hide himself in the Wardrobe, that he might there see how false she was to him. He beg'd her pardon for this extravagancy, and ask'd her advice how to mend it, and to get out of that confus'd Labyrinth into which his want of Sense had run him. *Camilla* was astonish'd to hear what *Lothaire* said, and chid him severely, condemning his rash Judgment, and the ill course he had taken upon it. But as commonly Woman has a readier Wit than Man either for good, or mischief, tho' it fails her when she comes to reason the case, *Camilla* in a moment contriv'd how to come off of that, to appearance, desperate business, and bid *Lothaire*, to order *Anselm* to hide himself next Day in the place he had spoken of, for she did not question, but he being hid would for the future give them the conveniency of enjoying one another without the least apprehension of danger: And without discovering her whole design, she bid him, as soon as *Anselm* was hid, to come away to her upon the first call of *Leonela*, and that he should answer all she said, as he would answer if he did not know that *Anselm* heard him. *Lothaire* contented that she should discover her Design to him, That he might the more exactly observe all that was necessary in that Case. I tell you, said *Camilla*, there is no more to be observ'd, but

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to answer to what I shall ask. *Camilla* would not acquaint him with her design before-hand, for fear he would refuse to follow the method she so much approv'd of, and should seek some other that was not so good. With this *Lothaire* went away, and *Anselm* the next Day upon pretence of going to the Village where his Friend liv'd, set out, and return'd to hide himself without any difficulty; for *Camilla* and *Leonela* gave him a fair opportunity. *Anselm* being now hid in such disorder as may easily be imagin'd of one that expected with his own Eyes to see his Honour torn in pieces, and himself depriv'd of the greatest bliss he thought he enjoy'd in his lov'd *Camilla*. *Camilla* and *Leonela* being now sure that *Anselm* was hid, they went into the Wardrobe, and *Camilla* had no sooner set her Feet in it, when fetching a deep sigh she said, Alas, my dear *Leonela*, were it not better, that before I put that in practice which I wont have you know of, left you endeavour to hinder it, you should take *Anselm's* Dagger and pierce my vile Breast? But do it not, for it is not reasonable, that I should suffer the Punishment due to another's Guilt. I will first know what the bold and lewd Eyes of *Lothaire* saw in mine, that should encourage him to discover to me so wicked an Inclination as he has presum'd to make known to me, in contempt of his Friend, and to my dishonour. Go to the Window *Leonela*, and call him, for without doubt, he is in the Street waiting to accomplish his wicked Design; but mine, as Cruel as it is Honourable, shall first take effect. O Lord Madam, answer'd the cunning and well-instructed *Leonela*, and what is it you mean to do with that Dagger? Do you design to Kill your self, or *Lothaire*? For if you do either it will redound to the loss of your Honour and Reputation. It is better you should put up this Wrong, and not give this base Man an opportunity to come into the House and find us two alone. Consider Madam, we are weak Women, and he is a Man and desperate, and if he comes full of that wicked Design, perhaps, before you can put yours in execution, he will do that which will be worse than if he Kill'd you. A Curse on my Master, who has made this impudent Varlet so free in his House. And in case Madam, that you should Kill him, as I suppose you design, what shall we do with him when he is Dead? What, dear Girl, we'll leave him for *Anselm* to Bury him; for it is reasonable he should be pleas'd with the trouble he shall take in burying his own shame. Have done, call him, for methinks all the while I delay taking the Revenge due to my Wrong, I wrong the Faith I owe to my Husband. *Anselm* heard all this, and his mind chang'd at every Word *Camilla* spoke.

spoke. But when he understood she was resolv'd to Kill *Lothaire*, he was about to come forth, and discover himself, to prevent it; but was stopp'd by the desire of seeing what would be the end of so much Bravery, and so honourable a Resolution, resolving to shew himself time enough to prevent mischief. By this *Camilla* fell into a fainting Fit, and casting her self upon a Bed that was in the Room, *Leonela* began to weep bitterly, and to say, O wretched Creature that I am, if I should be so unhappy, that the flower of worldly Vertue, the mirror of Modest Women, the pattern of Chastity should die here in my Arms! To these she added many other expressions so well feign'd, that no body could have heard her, but would have thought her the most afflicted, and most faithful Servant in the World, and her Mistress a second persecuted *Penelope*. It was not long before *Camilla* came to her self, and as soon as she did, said, Why dont you go *Leonela* and call the falsest Friend that ever the Sun shin'd upon, or the Night conceal'd! Have done, run, make haste, away, let not the fire of indignation I have in my Breast cool by delay, and so the just Revenge I expect, pass away in Threats and Curses. I go to call him, Madam, said *Leonela*, but you must first give me that Dagger, that you may not do any thing in my absence, which may give all that Love you cause to lament as long as they live. Go, fear nothing *Leonela*, for I shall not, answer'd *Camilla*; for tho' I be bold and silly, as you imagine, in maintaining my Honour; yet I will not be so Mad as that *Lucretia*, who they say, Kill'd her self without having committed any fault, and without having first Kill'd him that was the cause of her Misfortune; if I die, it shall be after I am reveng'd, and have had full satisfaction of him that has brought me to this place to lament his boldness, which I have given no manner of occasion for. *Leonela* would be long entreated before she went to call *Lothaire*, but at last she did: And whilst she was gone, *Camilla* said, as if she had talk'd to her self, God bless me, Had it not been better to have turn'd away *Lothaire*, as I have done many times before, than to give him cause to take me for an immodest lewd Woman, at least so long as till I shall undeceive him? It were better without doubt; but then I should not be Reveng'd, nor my Husband's Honour satisfy'd, if he should go off so easily from the place his wicked designs had carry'd him to. Let the false Man's Life atone for his Lascivious intention. Let the World know, if it should be publish'd, That *Camilla* was not only true to her Husband; but that the reveng'd him of the Man that would have wrong'd him. Yet I believe, it had been better

to have acquainted *Anselm*, but I gave him a hint of it in the Letter I sent him into the Country, and I believe, his not coming then to prevent the Mischief I there pointed out to him, was because he was so good and sincere, that he neither would, nor could believe that so constant a Friend could be guilty of the least thought that might be to his dishonour; nor did I believe it many Days after, nor should I ever have believ'd it, if his Insolence had not gone so far, that his open Presents, large Promises, and continual Tears, made it beyond all dispute. But to what purpose are all these Reflections? do's a gallant Resolution stand in need of any advice? No truly, Away thou Traytor, Revenge; let the Villain come, let him draw near, let him die and perish, and let what will come of it. Unspotted I came to him Heaven made mine, and un-failly'd will I leave him, and at worst I'll go off discolour'd with my chaste Blood, and stain'd with the filthy gore of this falsest of Friends: Speaking these Words she walk'd about the Room with the naked Dagger, stepping so wildly, and with such disorderly motions and actions, that she look'd as if she had been Mad, and not like a tender Woman, but rather a desperate Russian. *Anselm* saw it all from behind some Hangings that conceal'd him, and admir'd what he saw; and now he thought what he had seen and heard was enough to have overthrown a stronger cause of suspicion than his was, and he could wish the Tryal of *Lothaire's* coming would fail, as fearing some ill Accident; and being just ready to discover himself, and come out to embrace and undeceive his Wife, he stopp'd seeing *Leonela* leading in *Lothaire*, and as soon as *Camilla* saw him, drawing a Line on the Ground with the Dagger before her, she said, *Lothaire* take notice of what I say to you, if you dare to pass this Line you see, or so much as come near it, the Moment I see you attempt it I'll bury this Dagger you see in my Breast; and before you make any answer to what I have said, I will have you give me your attention; for when I have done, you shall answer as you think fit. The first thing I would have you tell me *Lothaire*, is, whether you know my Husband *Anselm*, and what esteem the World has of him? And in the next place I would know whether you know me? Answer to this, and be not in confusion, nor do not take much time to consider on the Answer; for there's is no difficulty in what I ask. *Lothaire* was not so dull, but he had from the Moment *Camilla* bid him cause *Anselm* to hide himself, guess'd at what she design'd to do, so he answer'd her Design with such judgment and so pat, that betwixt them they made that Fiction look more real than Truth it self, and therefore

he answer'd *Camilla* in this manner; I did not think beautiful *Camilla*, that you had sent to call me, to ask such Questions so little pertinent to the Design I came upon; if you do it to delay the promis'd Favour, you might have done that at a greater distance, for the nearer the hope of possessing is, so much the more impatient is the expectation of bliss; but that you may not say, I do not answer your Questions, I say, I know your Husband *Anselm*, and we have been acquainted from our Infancy, and I will not say what you so well know concerning our Friendship, that I may not be my self a Witness of the wrong I do him, tho' forc'd to it by Love, which is an excuse for greater Crimes than this. I know you, and make the same account of you that he does, for did I not, I would not for a purchase of less Value so far wrong my self, and the laws of true Friendship, which now are broken and dissolv'd by their powerful Enemy Love. If you own that, answer'd *Camilla*, you mortal Enemy of all that deserves to be belov'd, with what Face do you appear before her who is the mirror in which he sees himself, who ought to be the same to you, that you might see how little cause you have to wrong him? But now, unhappy Wretch that I am, I have hit upon the occasion that has made you forget your Duty, which perhaps has been some miscarriage of mine; for I will not call it immodesty, as not being design'd, but proceeding from some neglect, such as Women use to be guilty of who think they have no body against whom they have need to stand upon their Guard. For tell me now, false Man, When did you see any Action, or hear a Word in answer to your Courtship, that might give you the least shadow of hopes of compassing your infamous Design? When was it that your amorous Expressions were not dash'd and repuls'd by me with rigor and severity? When did your Presents and Promises find credit, or admittance with me? But because, I believe, none can continue long a Love-Intrigue, unless supported by some sort of hope, I will blame my self for your imperitency; for doubtless some oversight of mine has so long fed your desire; and therefore I will punish my self, and take upon me the punishment due to your Crime. And that you might see, I could not be compassionate to you, who was so cruel to my self, I resolv'd to bring you to be a Witness to the Sacrifice I design to offer up to the Honour of my worthy Husband, who has been most deliberately wrong'd by you, and by me in not avoiding the occasion, if I gave you any to encourage, and authorize your wicked Intention. I say again, That the jealousy I have, lest some oversight of mine have

have bred in you such extravagant Thoughts, is the thing that troubles me most, and which I most desire to chastise with my own Hands; for if another Executioner did it, perhaps my Crime would be more known; but before I do it I will Kill at my Death, and carry One with me that may fill up the measure of the Revenge I expect, when I shall see wherever I go the Punishment that unbiass'd and inflexible Justice inflicts on him that has brought me into this desperate Condition.

Having spoken these Words, she ran at *Lothaire* with incredible force and activity, and the naked Dagger in her Hand, counterfeiting she would stab him to the Heart so lively, that he was almost in doubt whether her Actions were real, or feign'd, and was forc'd to use art and strength to hinder *Camilla* from striking him; and she acted her part so naturally, that the more to set it off she resolv'd to seal it with her own Blood: For seeing she could not Wound *Lothaire*, or at least pretending so, she said, Since Fate will not gratify my desire in all Points, it shall not hinder me from performing some part of it; and struggling to get loose the Hand that held the Dagger, which *Lothaire* had secur'd, she wrested it from him, and directing the Point where the Wound might not pierce deep, she ran it in betwixt her Breast and left Shoulder, and then fell upon the Ground as if she had fainted. *Leonela* and *Lothaire* were surpriz'd and astonish'd at this Accident, and still doubted whether that business were real or feign'd, seeing *Camilla* stretch'd out on the Ground, and wallowing in her Blood. *Lothaire* ran presently in a consternation to draw out the Dagger, and seeing the smallness of the Wound, was deliver'd of the fright he had been in, and again admir'd the beautiful *Camilla*'s Cunning and Discretion. And that he might not be wanting in his part, he began a long and sorrowful Lamentation, over the Body of *Camilla*, as if she had been dead, Cursing not only himself, but him that was the cause of bringing him into that trouble. And knowing that his Friend *Anselm* heard him, he spoke such Words as would move any body that had heard him, to have more compassion for him, than for *Camilla*, tho' he had believ'd her dead. *Leonela* took her up in her Arms and laid her on the Bed, desiring *Lothaire* that he would go and fetch a Surgeon that would Cure her with privacy. She also ask'd his advice, and opinion concerning what Account they should give her Master of that Wound, in case he return'd before her Mistress was well. He answer'd, They might say what they would, for he was in no condition to give any advice worth the taking; he only bid her endeavour to stop the Blood, for he was going away where he might never be seen more. And thus

thus as if he had been full of trouble; he went out of the House, and when he found himself alone and that no body saw him, he did nothing but bless himself, admiring *Camilla's* Ingenuity, and *Leonela's* natural counterfeiting. He consider'd how fully *Anselm* would be convinc'd, that he had to Wife a second *Porcia*; and he long'd to see him, that they might both together applaud the best disguis'd Falshood and most resembling Truth that could be imagin'd. *Leonela*, as has been said, stench'd her Mistress's bleeding, which was no more than serv'd to give countenance to her Cheat, and washing the Wound with a little Wine, bound it up the best she could, speaking such Words whilst she dress'd her, that tho' there had no others been spoken before, they might have suffic'd to make *Anselm* believe, he had in *Camilla* the very Goddess of Chastity. To *Leonela's* expressions, *Camilla* added others, calling her self faint-hearted, and timorous, since she had wanted Courage at a time when she stood in most need of it, to deprive her self of Life, which was so hateful to her. She ask'd her Maid's advice, Whether she should give her Husband an account of all that Affair, or not; and she bid her say nothing of it, because it would lay an Obligation on him of Revenging himself on *Lothaire*, which could not be done without hazard to himself, and that a good Wife ought to be so far from bringing her Husband into any Quarrel, That it was her Duty to use all possible means to prevent any. *Camilla* answer'd, She approv'd of her advice and would follow it; but that they must by all means have something ready to say to her Husband concerning that Wound, which he could not chuse but see: To which, *Leonela* reply'd, That she knew not how to tell a Lye, tho' it were but in jest. Then what can I know, dear Girl, said *Camilla*, who dare not invent and stand in a Lye, tho' it were to cost me my Life? And if we don't come off of it well, it is better to tell him the nak'd Truth, than to be taken in a Lye. Do not trouble your self Madam, answer'd *Leonela*, for betwixt this and to Morrow, I will consider what we shall say to him, and perhaps the Wound being in that place, you may conceal it from his sight, and Heaven will doubtless prosper our just and honourable Designs. Settle your Mind, Madam; endeavour to quiet your Breast, that my Master may not find you in disorder, and leave the rest to me, and to God who always favours those that mean well. *Anselm* had been most attentive to hear and see the Tragedy of the death of his Honour Acted; which was perform'd by the Actors so very passionately, and to the Life, that they seem'd to be real in all their

their Parts, and not to counterfeit. He wish'd for Night and an opportunity to slip out of the House, that he might go meet his good Friend *Lothaire*, and congratulate with him for the Jewel he had found in the clearing the Honour of his Wife. The two Women took care to give him a fair opportunity to get out, and he let it not slip; but went away immediately to seek *Lothaire*, and having found him, it is not easie to tell how lovingly he embrac'd him, how much he signify'd his satisfaction, and the Commendation he bestow'd on *Camilla*. All which, *Lothaire* gave ear to without expressing the least satisfaction, because he revolv'd in his Memory how much his Friend was abus'd, and how unjustly he wrong'd him. And tho' *Anselm* saw that *Lothaire* did not rejoyce, he believ'd it was because he had left *Camilla* wounded, and had himself been the occasion of it; and therefore among other things, bid him not be troubled for the Accident that had happen'd to *Camilla*, for without doubt the Wound was but slight, since they had agreed to conceal it from him, and therefore there was nothing to fear, but that for the future he should rejoyce and be merry with him, since by his means and good management he was rais'd to the highest pitch of felicity he could have wish'd himself; and now he would only employ himself in writing Verses in Commendation of *Camilla*, which might make her Memory everlasting in future Ages. *Lothaire* commended his resolution, and said, he would be assisting in Erecting so noble a Fabrick. Thus *Anselm* was the most contented deceiv'd Man in the World, and he himself led home by the Hand the utter ruine of his Honour, believing he had carry'd the instrument of his Glory. *Camilla* receiv'd him to outward appearance with Frowns, but with inward joy. This Imposture lasted some time, till a few Months after, and then the Wheel of Fortune turn'd, the Wickedness till then so artificially conceal'd, was laid open, and *Anselm's* Impertinent Curiosity cost him his Life.

C H A P. VIII.

*The End of the Novel of the Curious Impertinent,
with other Notable Accidents*

Here remain'd but little of the Novel to Read, when *Sancho* came running out of the wild Room where *Don Quixote* lay in great Consternation, crying out, Help Gentlemen quickly, Assist my Master, who is Engag'd in the most terrible and doubtful Battle my Eyes ever beheld. By the Lord he has given the Gyant, my Lady the Princess *Micomicona* her Enemy, such a cut that he has slic'd off his Head as cleverly as if it had been a Turnep. What do you talk of Friend, quoth the Curate, leaving off just where he was; are you in your senses *Sancho*? How the Devil can that be, when the Gyant is Two thousand Leagues off? By this they heard a great Noise in the Room, and *Don Quixote* crying out, Stand Thief, Scoundrel, Varlet, for here I have you, and your Cimiter shall not avail you. And it seem'd he slash'd the Walls. And *Sancho* said, There is no need of standing to listen, but go in and part them, or help my Master; tho' by this time there is no need of it, for without all doubt the Gyant is Dead, and is answering before God for his past wicked life; for I saw the Blood run about the Ground, and the Head cut off and lying on one-side, and it was as big as a great Skin of Wine. I'll be hang'd said the Innkeeper, if *Don Quixote* or *Don Devil* has not cut some of the Skins of Red-wine that lay at his Beds-head, and the Wine that run about is what this honest Fellow takes for Blood. With that he went into the Room and all the rest after him, where they found *Don Quixote* in the strangest Posture in the world. He was in his Shirt, which was not so long as to cover all his Thighs before, and behind it was Six fingers breadth shorter, his Legs were long and lank, very Hairy, but not very Clean. He had on his Head a little greasy red Cap that belong'd to the Inn-keeper. About his left Arm there was roul'd the Blanket of the Bed, which *Sancho* ow'd a grudge to, and he knew the reason why, and in his right Hand his naked Sword, with which he lay'd about him, speaking such words as if he had been really Engag'd with some Gyant; and the best on't was, that his Eyes were open, for he was asleep and dreaming that he was Combating with the Gyant.

For

For the conceit of the Adventure which he was going to finish was so intense, that it made him Dream he was come already to the Kingdom of *Micomicon*, and that he was already engag'd with the enemy, and he had to slash'd the Skins, imagining he lay'd on the Gyant, that all the Room floated with Wine, which the Inn-keeper perceiving, he was so inrag'd, that he fell upon *Don Quixote*, and with his double Fist began so to belabour him, that if *Cardenio* and the Curate had not interpos'd, he would have put and end to the War with the Gyant; and yet for all that the poor Gentleman did not wake, till the Barber brought a great brass Bucket of cold Water from the Well, and threw it all over him at once, with which *Don Quixote* awak'd, but yet not so thoroughly come to himself, as to reflect upon the posture he was in. *Dorothy* observing how short and thin he was clad, would not go in to see the Battle betwixt her Champion and her Adversary. *Sancho* went looking all about the ground for the Gyants Head, and not finding of it said, I know all that is done in this House is by way of Enchantment, for the last time in this very place where I now am, I was beaten and bang'd and could never tell by whom, nor could I ever see any body; and now this Head is not to be found which I saw cut off with my own Eyes, and the Blood ran about the Body as if it had been a Fountain. What Blood or what Fountain do you talk of, you Enemy to God and his Saints, said the Inn-keeper? Don't you see Thief, that the Blood and the Fountain are no other than these Skins that are cut and the Red-wine that swims about the Room? and may I see his Soul swimming in Hell that cut them. I know nothing of the matter, reply'd *Sancho*, but I am sure I shall be so unhappy, that for want of finding of this Head my Earldom will melt away like Salt in Water. *Sancho* was Madder awake, than his Master asleep, such a condition had his Master's promises put him into. The Inn-keeper was Distracted to see the Squire's calmness and the mischief of the Master, and Swore it should not be like the last Time when they went away without paying, and that now the privileges of his Knighthood should not save him from answering both Recknings, even to the patches that were to be put upon the torn Skins.

The Curate held *Don Quixote* by the Hand, who believing he had already finish'd the Adventure, and was in the Presence of the Princess *Micomicona*, kneel'd before the Curate saying, Well may your Greatness, High and Renowned Lady live without apprehension of receiving any damage from this ill Born Creature, and I from this Day am discharg'd of the

the Promise I made you, for by the Help of God, and the Assistance of Her by whom I Live and Breathe, I have Perform'd it. Why did not I say so, quoth *Sancho*, hearing this; and I was not drunk neither. Look ye there whether my Master has not Salted the Gyant. The day is our own, my Earldom is Cock-sure. Who could forbear laughing at the folly of the Master and the Man? All laugh'd but the Inn-keeper, who curs'd himself to the Pit of Hell. But at length the Barber, the Curate and *Cardenio* with much ado got *Dona Quixote* to Bed, who fell asleep, seeming to be quite tir'd. They let him sleep and went out to the Porch to comfort *Sancho Pança* for the loss of the Gyants Head; but they had more difficulty in pacifying the Inn-keeper, who was Stark-mad for the sudden death of his Skins; and the Hostess cry'd and roar'd, In an unlucky hour came this Knight Errant into my House, would I had never seen him with my Eyes, since I pay so dear for it. The last time he went away with the whole expence of the Night, for Supper, Bed, Straw, and Barley, for Himself, his Squire, a Horse and an Ass, saying, He was a Knight Adventurer, (The curse of God light on him and all the Adventurers in the World,) and that therefore he was not oblig'd to pay anything, for so it was written in the Ordinances of Knight Errantry; and now on his account came the other Gentleman and carry'd away my Tail, and has brought it to me again half a Royal worse than it was, all the Hair torn of, so that it is not fit for my Husband's business: And now over and above to tare my Skins and spill my Wine; God grant I may see his Blood spilt as that is. Well, don't believe it, for by my Father's Bones and by the Soul of my Mother, it shall be paid to the last Farthing, or I'll forswear my Name, and disown my Father and Mother. In this manner the Hostess ran on, and her good Maid *Martines* seconded her. The Daughter said nothing, but now and then smil'd. The Curate pacify'd them, promising to make the best Satisfaction he could for her Loss as well in the Skins as the Wine; and particularly the damage done to the Tail, which she made such account of. *Dorothy* comforted *Sancho Pança*, telling him, that whensoever it should be made out that his Master had Beheaded the Gyant, she promis'd as soon as she was peaceably Settled in her Kingdom, she would give him the best Earldom in it. *Sancho* took Comfort at this, and assur'd the Princess she might take it for granted that he had seen the Head of the Gyant, and that by a good token he had a Beard that reach'd down to his Middle, and that if it could not be found, the reason was be-

cause

cause all that happen'd in that House was done by Enchantment, as he had experienc'd when he lay there before. *Dorothy* said the believ'd it, and that he need not trouble himself, for all would be well, and as he could wish. All being quiet again, the Curate had a mind to make an End of the Novel, because he saw there wanted not much. *Cardenio*, *Dorothy* and the rest desir'd him to make an End of it. He being willing to please them all, and being himself pleas'd with it went on with the Story in this manner.

Now it happen'd that *Anselm* being thoroughly satisfy'd of *Camilla's* Virtue he liv'd a pleasant and easy Life, and *Camilla* purposely show'd *Lothaire* an ill countenance, that *Anselm* might not guess at her Kindness to him, and the more to confirm him in it, *Lothaire* ask'd *Anselm's* leave to forbear coming to his House, since it plainly appear'd *Camilla* was disturb'd at his coming; but the poor abus'd *Anselm* bid him not do so by any means. Thus *Anselm* a Thousand ways contriv'd his own dishonour, believing he Plotted his Satisfaction. Mean while *Leonela* pleas'd to see her self thus enabled to follow her Love, ran so loosely after it, that without regarding any thing else, she wholly devoted her self to it, being satisfy'd her Mistress kept her Council, and even instructed her how she might carry on her Intrigue with most freedom. At length *Anselm* heard some treading in *Leonela's* Chamber, and being about to go in to see who it was, found the Door was held against him, which made him the more earnest to open it, and he struggl'd so long till he did, and got in just at the time as he saw a Man leap out at the Window into the Street, and running down to overtake or see the Man he was disappointed, for *Leonela* laid fast hold of him, saying, Pray Sir be pacify'd and do not disturb your self, nor follow him that leap'd out here, for he belongs to me, and that in so special a manner that he is my Husband. *Anselm* would not believe it, but being quite besides himself with Passion drew out his Dagger, and offer'd to stab *Leonela*, bidding her tell the truth or he would Kill her. She not knowing what she said with the fright, spoke to him thus. Do not Kill me Sir, and I'll tell you things of greater moment than you imagine. Tell me presently, quoth *Anselm*, or you are a dead Woman. It will be impossible to do it just now, I am in such a Consternation, but let me alone till to-morrow, and then I will tell you such things as will amaze you; and be assur'd that he who leap'd out at this Window is a young Man that has promis'd me Marriage. With this *Anselm* was something appeas'd, and willing to

to wait the time she desir'd, not imagining to hear any thing against *Camilla*, as being thoroughly satisfi'd of her Vertue. So he went out of the Room leaving *Leonela* lock'd up, and telling her she should not come out till she had say'd what she had to say. He went immediatly to *Camilla* and acquainted her with all that had pass'd betwixt him and her Maid; and how she had promis'd to discover great Matters to him. It is needless to say whether *Camilla* was start'd or nor; certain it is her fear was so great, undoubtedly believing, as she had good reason, that *Leonela* would discover all she knew of her Falshood to *Anselm*, that she had not the Courage to stay till she were satisfy'd whether her Suspicion prov'd true or no. That very Night, when she thought *Anselm* was asleep, she put up the best Jewels she had, and some Money, and without being discover'd left the House and went to *Lothaire's*, whom she acquainted with what had happen'd, and desir'd to secure her, or that they should both go away to some place where they might be safe from *Anselm*. *Camilla* put *Lothaire* into such Confusion, that he knew not how to answer her a Word; much less could he resolve what to do. At last he bethought himself to carry *Camilla* to a Monastery, where a Sister of his was Priorefs. *Camilla* consented to it, and *Lothaire* with as much expedition as the business requir'd, carry'd, and left her in the Monastery, and he in like manner left the City without acquainting any body with it. As soon as it was Day, *Anselm* without ever missing *Camilla*, so eager was he to know what *Leonela* would say to him, got up, and went to the place where he had left her Lock'd up. He open'd the Door and went into the Room, but found not *Leonela* in it, but saw the Sheets ty'd together hanging at the Window; a plain Demonstration that she had let her self down that way. He went back very much troubled to acquaint *Camilla* with it, and not finding her in the Bed, nor in the House, was amaz'd. He ask'd the Servants for her, but no body could give him any account of what he sought for. As he went about seeking *Camilla*, he found her Trunks were open, and most of his Jewels wanting; by this he hit upon his Misfortune, and that *Leonela* was not the cause of it. With this, in the same posture as he was, without making an end of Dressing himself, he went away to acquaint his Friend *Lothaire* with his Disaster; but not finding him, and being told by his Servants, That he had left his House that very Night, he was like to have run Mad, and to compleat his Misery, when he return'd home, he found not one of all his Servants; but the House solitary and desert. He knew not what to think, say, or do, and

and by degrees became Distracted. He consider'd himself in one Moment depriv'd of his Wife, his Friend, and his Servants, forsaken, as he thought by Heaven, and above all rob'd of his Honour; for he perceiv'd his Ruin in *Camilla's* absence. At length he resolv'd to go away to his Friend's Country House, where he had been when he gave the opportunity to contrive his Ruin. He shut up his Doors, took Horse, and set forward with a faint Heart. He had scarce gone half way, when his distracted Thoughts overcoming him, he was forc'd to alight, and tie his Horse to a Tree, at the Foot of which he threw himself down fetching many sad and dismal Sighs. There he stay'd till Night drew on, at which time he saw a Man a Horse-back coming from the City, and after saluting him ask'd, What News there was at Florence? The Citizen answer'd, The strangest that have been heard this long time, for it is publicly reported, That *Lothaire*, the great Friend of Rich *Anselm*, who liv'd in the Quarter of St. John, stole away *Camilla*, the Wife of *Anselm*, last Night, and neither is he to be found. All this has been divulg'd by one of *Camilla's* Maids, whom the Governor took last Night, as she was letting her self down with the Sheets from a Window of *Anselm's* House. The particular Circumstances I cannot tell, but this I can say, That all the City is astonish'd at this Accident; because no body could have imagin'd any such thing, their Friendship and Familiarity being so remarkable, that, as they say, they were call'd, *The two Friends*. Is it known, said *Anselm*, which way *Lothaire* and *Camilla* are gone? Not a Word of it, quoth the Citizen, tho' the Governor has us'd his utmost endeavours to find them. God prosper you Sir, said *Anselm*. God be with you, answer'd the Citizen, and away he went. *Anselm* hearing such unhappy News, was like not only to run Distracted, but even to sink down dead. He got up the best he could, and came to his Friend's House, who as yet had not heard of his Misfortune; but seeing him come in pale and disconsolate, looking gaskly, guess'd he had some grievous Trouble upon him. *Anselm* desir'd they would put him presently to Bed, and give him Pen, Ink and Paper, which was done, and they left him in his Bed alone; for so he desir'd them to do, and to shut his Door. Being alone, the imagination of his Misfortune so violently oppress'd his Spirits, that he perceiv'd the end of his Life was at hand, and therefore resolv'd to leave some account of the cause of his Death, and beginning to write, before he could express all he design'd, his Heart fail'd him and he fell a Sacrifice to the sorrow caus'd by his Impertinent Curiosity. The Master of the

the House perceiving it grew late, and *Anselm* did not call, thought fit to go in and see whether he continu'd indispos'd, and found him lying on his Face with half his Body in the Bed and the other half on the Table, on which lay the written Paper open, and he still held the Pen in his Hand. The Gentleman drew near, and after calling to him and taking him by the Hand, seeing he did not answer and finding him cold, perceiv'd he was Dead. He was astonish'd and much troubled, and call'd all the Family to see the Misfortune that had befallen *Anselm*. Lastly he read the Paper which he knew to be Writ with his Hand, and the Contents of it were these,

A Foolish and Impertinent Fancy took away my Life. If the News of my Death shall happen to reach Camilla's Ears, let her know, that I forgive her, for she was not oblig'd to work Miracles, nor was there any need I should expect it from her; and since I was the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no—

Thus far *Anselm* had written, by which it appear'd, That he expir'd that very Moment before he could finish the Sentence. The next Day *Anselm's* Friend sent word of his Death to his Kindred, who had heard of his Misfortune, and what Monastery *Camilla* was in, almost ready to follow her Husband, not for grief of his Death, but for the absence of his Friend. It was reported, that tho' she was now a Widow, she would not quit the Monastery, nor yet take the Habit of a Nun; till not long after News was brought her, that *Lorraine* had been kill'd in a Battle fought betwixt *Monsieur Lautrecque* and the great Captain *Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordova* in the Kingdom of Naples, whither the too late repenting Friend directed his Course, which *Camilla* understanding, she protest; and in a short time ended her Life, being spent with Sorrow, and Affliction. This was the End they all had, being the consequence of so bad a beginning.

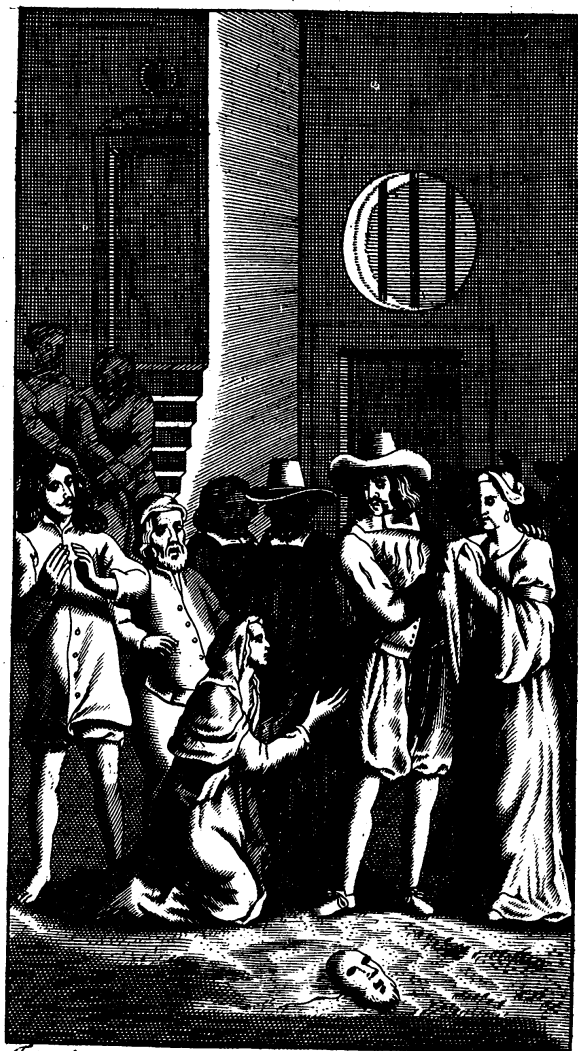
I like this Novel well enough, quoth the Curate; but I can't conceive it is true; and if it is feign'd, the Author did not counterfeit artificially, for it can never be imagin'd any Husband can be so foolish, as to make such a costly Experiment as *Anselm* did. If this were lay'd betwixt a Gallant and his Mistress, it were tolerable, but betwixt a Man and his Wife it is somewhat impossible: But the manner of relating it I don't dislike.

CHAP. IX.

Containing many wonderful things that happen'd in the Inn.

AT this time the Inn-keeper who was at the Door, said, here comes a fine parcel of Guests; if they take up here we may sing *Gaudeamus*. What are they, quoth *Cardenio*? They are, answer'd the Host, Four Men a Horse-back, who ride short; with Lances and Targets, and all of them Black-cloths before their Faces to keep off the Dust. With them is a Woman in White Cloaths on a Side-Saddle, and her Face Veil'd, and two Men afoot. Are they near ask'd the Curate? So near, reply'd the Inn-keeper, that they are at the Door. *Dorothy* hearing this Veil'd her self, and *Cardenio* slip't into *Don Quixote's* Chamber, and they had no sooner done so, but all those the Inn-keeper had mention'd came to the Inn, and the four Horse-men, who were very graceful gentle Persons, alighting went to take down the Woman that Rode on the Side-Saddle, and one of them taking her in his Arms, set her down in a Chair that was at the Door of the Room where *Cardenio* had hid himself. All this while neither she, nor they took off their Face-cloaths, nor spoke a word, but only as the Woman was seated in the Chair she fetch'd a deep Sigh, and her Arms fell, like one that was Sick and Faint. The Footmen carry'd the Horses to the Stable, which the Curate perceiving, and longing to know who those were that Travell'd in such a Garb, and observ'd such silence; he went to the Footmen and ask'd one of them, what he desir'd to know; who answer'd him, I faith Sir, I can give you no account who these People are; all I know is, they seem to be of good Quality, especially he that took the Lady you saw in his Arms; which I say, because all the rest pay him a great deal of respect, and nothing is done but by his Order and Command. And who is the Lady, ask'd the Curate? I can't tell that neither, answer'd the Fellow, for in all her Journey I have never seen her Face, but have often heard her Sigh, and fetch such Groans, as if every one of them had been her last: And it is no wonder we know no more than what we have told you, because my Companion and I have waited on them but two Days; for they meeting us on the Road, pray'd and perswaded us to go along with them into *Andaluzia* and they would pay us very well for our pains. Have you heard any of them call'd by their Names, said the Curate? No truly,

ly, answer'd the Man, for they all ride so silent that it is wonderful; and nothing is heard among them but the Sighs and Sobs of the poor Lady; which move us to Compassion, and we conclude she is carry'd away against her Will, wheresoever it is she is a going, and as may be guess'd by her Dress she is a Nun, or is going to be one, which is likeliest; and perhaps she is so sad because she has no Nuns Flesh about her. Likely enough, quoth the Curate; and leaving them he return'd where *Dorothy* was, who having heard the Veil'd Woman Sigh, being mov'd to Compassion, drew near to her and said, What is it troubles you Madam? If it be any Distemper Women are subject to and can be cur'd, I am ready to serve you? The Disconsolate Lady continu'd still silent, and tho' *Dorothy* repeated her tenders of Service, yet spoke not a Word, till the Gentleman with the Face-cloth, whom the Footman said the rest respected, came up, and said to *Dorothy*: Do not trouble your self Madam, in offering this Woman any thing, for it is her Custom not to be grateful for any Service is done her, nor expect any answer from her, unless you would have a Lye out of her. I never told any (said she that till then had been silent) but on the contrary am now reduc'd to this Misery by being sincere and void of all false Contrivances; and I call you to witness it; for my perfect Sincerity proves you false and a Lyar. *Cardenio* heard these words distinctly, as being so near her that spoke them, that only *Don Quixot's* Door parted them, and as soon as he heard them, he cry'd out, Good God what is this I hear? What Voice is this has reach'd my Ears? At these words the Lady look'd about in a Fright, and not seeing him that spoke them, stood up, and was going into the Room; which the Gentleman perceiving, he stop't her and would not let her move a step. In the confusion and bustle the Silk that cover'd her Face dropt off, and discover'd an incomparable Beauty and wonderful Face, tho' Pale and Frighted; for her Eyes roul'd about as far as they could reach, so eagerly, that she look'd like a Person Distracted, which Symptoms mov'd *Dorothy* and all that beheld her to Compassion. The Gentleman held her fast about the Back, and being imploy'd in securing of her, could not have leasure to mind the Cloath that cover'd her Face, and was falling off; as at last it did. *Dorothy*, who held the Lady, looking up, saw that he who held her on the other side was her Husband *Don Ferdinand*; and as soon as she knew him, fetch'ing a deep Sigh from the Bottom of her Heart she fell down backwards in a Swoon, and had not the Barber been by, who receiv'd her in his Arms, she



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had dropt on the Ground. The Curate came with speed to unveil her, in order to throw Water in her Face, and as soon as he had uncover'd her, *Don Ferdinand* knew her, for it was he that held the other, and look'd as if he had been half Dead at the sight of her, but yet he did not let go *Luscinda*, who endeavour'd to break loose from him; and knew *Cardenio* by his Tongue, and he knew her. *Cardenio* also heard the Groan *Dorothy* gave when she Fainted, and believing it was his *Luscinda*, he ran out of the Chamber in a Consternation, and the first thing he saw was *Don Ferdinand* holding *Luscinda*. *Don Ferdinand* immediately knew *Cardenio*, and all Three of them, *Luscinda*, *Cardenio*, and *Dorothy* where struck Dumb with Astonishment, not knowing what to think of themselves. They were all silent and gaz'd at one another, *Dorothy* on *Don Ferdinand*, *Don Ferdinand* on *Cardenio*, and *Cardenio* on *Luscinda*. But the First that broke Silence was *Luscinda*, directing her Discourse to *Don Ferdinand* in this manner: 'Let me go *Don Ferdinand* for your own sake, if you will nor do it on any other account, let me go to him to whom I properly belong, to him from whom neither your Importunities, your Threats, your Gifts, nor your Promises could ever make me swerve. Observe how Heaven has by unusual and unexpected Means brought my true Husband into my Sight. You know by dear bought Experience, that only Death could blot him out of my Memory. Let this conviction so far prevail upon you, (if you can do no otherwise) as to turn your Love into Rage, your Kindness into Fury, and put an end to it and my Life at once; for I shall think it well lost, so I resign it to before my worthy Husband. Perhaps my Death will satisfy him that I was Faithful to him till the last Moment of my Breath. In this interval of time *Dorothy* was come to her self, and had heard all that *Luscinda* said, by which she understood who she was. She perceiving that *Don Ferdinand* did not yet let her go out of his Arms, nor answer her; taking courage the best she could, rais'd her self, knelt down before him, and shedding a bundance of Tears, said:

My Lord, if the Rays of that bright Sun, which you have in your Arms, tho' now under an Eclipse, have not Daz'd your Eyes, you have ere this time discover'd that she who Kneels before you, is the unhappy, and (till you please to make her otherwise) most Unfortunate *Dorothy*. I am that mean Country Girl, whom you out of your Goodness or for your Pleasure, were pleas'd to raise to that Pitch that she might call her self yours. I am she that led a most contented Life within the Bounds of Modesty, till overcome by

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by your importunity and in appearance lawful and loving Defires, she broke her Enclosure, and resign'd her self up to you, a Gift you have so ill requir'd, as is now visible by your finding me in this Place, and my Beholding you in that Posture. Yet I would not have it enter into your Thoughts that I am come hither by the way of Dishonour, whereas I have only been conduct'd by the Sorrow and Affliction of being forsaken by you. It was your Will I should be yours, and you carry'd it on so far, that tho' now you would not have me to be so, yet you can never cease being mine. Consider, my Lord, that the great Love I have for you may make amends for the Birth and Beauty of her, for whom you leave me. You cannot be the Beautiful *Luscinda's* because you are mine, nor can she be yours because she is *Cardenio's*. And you will find it easier, if you take it right, to persuade your self to Love her that Adores you, than to prevail upon her that hates to Love you. It was you that follow'd me, when I least thought of you; It was you that made Sure to me, when I valued no Man. You were not ignorant of my Birth, you very well know after what manner I resign'd my self up to your Will; you have no pretence to plead you were impos'd upon. If this be true, as indeed it is; and if you are as much a Christian as you are a Gentleman, why do you go so much about to delay making me as Happy in the End, as you did in the Beginning? And if you do not Love me as what I am, that is, your true and lawful Wife, Love me at least and receive me as your Slave, for so I be yours I shall account my self Fortunate and Happy. Do not suffer my Dishonour to become a common Town-talk by your forsaking and abandoning me. Do not make my Parents Old Age so miserable; for their faithful Service as Vassals to yours has not deserv'd it at your hands. And if you think you disparage your Nobility in the World that has not been temper'd with the same Alloy; and that the Descent from the Woman is not look'd upon in Noble Families: Besides, true Nobility consists in Vertue, and if you forfeit yours by denying me my due, I shall become more Noble than you. To conclude, my Lord, the last thing I have to say to you is, that whether you will or no I am your Wife, your own words shall witness for me, and they cannot be false: If you value your self on that account on which you despise me, your Hand shall bear Witness, and so shall Heaven which you call'd upon to testify to what you Promis'd. And if all this should fail, your own Conscience can.

cannot, but shall silently call upon you in the height of your Jollity justifying the truth I have told you, and disturbing your Pleasure and Delights. These and other words the Afflicted *Dorothy* spoke with such Anguish of Mind and Floods of Tears, that even they that attended *Don Ferdinand* and all that were present could not refrain bearing her Company in them. *Don Ferdinand* heard her without speaking a word till she had ended her Discourse, and began to pour forth so many Sobs and Sighs, that it must have been a Heart of Brass that had not relented at such Sorrow. *Luscinda* Gaz'd on her, with no less Concern for her Trouble than Astonishment at her Beauty and Discretion, and tho' she would have drawn near to her, and spoke some Words of Comfort, she was hindred by *Don Ferdinand's* Arms which clasp'd her fast. He being full of Confusion and Surprise, after he had stood a considerable Time, looking upon *Dorothy*, open'd his Arms, and letting *Luscinda* go, said, Thou hast overcome, *Dorothy*, thou hast overcome; for it is impossible to have the Face to deny so much truth. *Luscinda* through Faintness, when *Don Ferdinand* let her go, was falling down; but *Cardenio*, who stood behind *Don Ferdinand*, that he might not know him, being at hand, laying aside all Fear, and ventring all Hazards, ran to Support *Luscinda*, and catching her in his Arms, said, If it be the will and pleasure of merciful Heaven, my Faithful, Constant, and Beautiful Lady, that you should have any Repose, I believe you will no where find it more secure than in my Arms, which now do, and formerly did receive you when Fate allow'd me to call you mine. As he spoke these Words, *Luscinda* cast her Eyes upon *Cardenio*, and having before begun to know him by his Voice, and now convinc'd by the sight, that it was he, being almost distracted, and laying aside all bashfulness she cast her Arms about his Neck, & clapping her Face to *Cardenio's*, said, It is you, my dear Sir, that are the true owner of this your Slave, in spite of adverse Fortune, and of all the Threats that are levell'd against this Life which depends on yours! This was an odd sight for *Don Ferdinand*, and all the Spectators, who admir'd at so unexpected an Accident. *Dorothy* fancy'd *Don Ferdinand* had chang'd colour and made shew of attempting to be reveng'd on *Cardenio*, for she saw him put his Hand towards his Sword, and as soon as she imagin'd it, with wonderful swiftness, she embrac'd his Knees, kissing them and holding so fast, that he could not stir, and without intermitting her Tears, said to him, What is it you design to do, my only refuge upon this unexpected occasion? Your Wife lies at your Feet, and she you would have be so, is in the

Arms of her Husband; consider whether it will befit, or possible for you to undo what Heaven has done, or whether it will be proper for you to raise her up to be equal to you, who regardless of all reflection, and confiding in her constancy and fidelity, has before your Eyes bath'd the Face and Breast of her Lawful Husband with the streams that flow from hers. For the love of God, I beseech you, and for your own sake I entreat you, that you will not suffer this publick demonstration to kindle your wrath, but rather so to quench it, as quietly to suffer these two Lovers to live in peace without any disturbance from you, as long as it shall please Heaven to preserve them together. In so doing, you will give a Testimony of your high Birth and Generosity, and the World will see your Reason is predominant over your Pleasure. Whilst *Dorothy*, spoke these Words, tho' *Cardenio* held *Luscinda* in his Arms, yet he took not his Eyes off of *Don Ferdinand*, being resolv'd if he saw him make the least motion to annoy him, to stand upon his defence, and do all the mischief he could to those that should go about to wrong him, tho' it cost him his Life. But now *Don Ferdinand's* Friends interpos'd, as did the Curate, the Barber, and all that were present, and *Sancho Pança* amongst them; they all stood about *Don Ferdinand*, beseeching him to have regard to *Dorothy's* Tears; and since all was true, as they did believe it was, which she had allerdg'd, that he would not suffer her to be deceiv'd in her reasonable hopes. That he should consider, They had not all met there in that place where there was least ground to expect it, by chance, but by a special Providence of Heaven. The Curate bid him reflect, That nothing but Death could sever *Luscinda* from *Cardenio*, and tho' the Point of a Sword should part them, they would account their Death happy. That in case, of absolute necessity it was the greatest Prudence to overcome one's self and shew a Generous Soul, permitting them freely to enjoy the Blessing Heaven had bestow'd on them. That he should look back upon *Dorothy's* Beauty, which was scarce to be paralleld, much less outdone; and to her Beauty should add her Humility, and the great Love she bore him. But above all, he should consider, That if he valu'd himself upon being a Gentleman and a Christian, he could not but perform his Promise to her; and that in so doing, he would do his Duty to God, and would satisfy all wise People, who know, That it is the special privilege of Beauty, tho' it be in a mean Person, so it be attended with Vertue, as to be capable of raising it self and becoming equal with any Greatness, without the least reflection on, or lessening of the Person that raises it; and when

when the Dictates of the Will and Pleasure are follow'd, provided there be no Sin in the Action, there is no blaming of him that follows them. To be short, They all added so many and so powerful Arguments to these already deliver'd, That *Don Ferdinand's* Heart as being warm'd with generous Blood, relented, and suffer'd itself to be overcome by that Truth, which if he would he could not have deny'd; and the token he gave of complying with the good advice that had been given him, was, that he stoop'd and embrac'd *Dorothy*, saying, Rise Madam, for it is not fit that she who is enthron'd in my Soul should Kneel at my Feet; and if hitherto I have not by any outward tokens made good what I say, perhaps it has been so decreed by Heaven, that I seeing how sincerely you love me, may value you as you deserve. What I beg of you is, That you will not upbraid me with my fault and neglect, since the very same cause that mov'd me at first to accept of you as mine, put me upon endeavouring to be none of yours; and for a proof of what I say, do but turn your Head and behold the Eyes of the now satisfy'd *Luscinda*, and in them you will find an excuse for all my Faults; and since she has found and obtain'd what she desir'd, and I in you have got that which I ought to have, may the live safe and satisfy'd many and happy Years with her *Cardenio*; for I will pray to Heaven to allow me the like with my *Dorothy*. This said, he again embrac'd her, and laid his Face to hers with so tender an Affection, that he was forc'd to use all his Manhood to prevent the Tears from giving undoubted proof of his Love and Repentance. It was not so with *Luscinda* and *Cardenio*, and most of those that were present; for they all began to shed so many Tears, some for joy of their own, and the rest of the others Happyness, that it look'd as if some great Misfortune had befallen them all. Even *Sancho Pança* wept, tho' afterwards he said, it was, to see that *Dorothy* was not Queen *Micomicona*, as he imagin'd, and from whom he expected such mighty Matters. They all stood some while weeping and in admiration, and then *Cardenio* and *Luscinda* went and Kneel down before *Don Ferdinand*, thanking him for the favour he had done them, with such courteous Expressions, that he knew not what to say to them, and so he rais'd them up and embrac'd them in a very loving and civil manner. Then he ask'd *Dorothy*, How she came to that place so far distant from her Home? She briefly repeated all she had before told to *Cardenio*; at which *Don Ferdinand* and those that came with him were so pleas'd, that they could have wish'd it had lasted longer, so gracefully did *Dorothy* deliver the account of her Misfortunes. When she

she had done, *Don Ferdinand* told what had happen'd to him in the City after he found the Paper in *Luscinda's* Bosom, in which she declar'd, she was Wife to *Cardenio*, and could not be his. He said, he design'd to have kill'd her, and had done it, but that he was prevented by her Parents, and that so he went out of their House asham'd and inrag'd, resolving to be reveng'd when he had a better opportunity, and that the next Day he understood *Luscinda* was gone from her Fathers, and no body could tell whither. That at last, some Months after he understood she was in a Monastery, designing there to end her Days; if she could not live with *Cardenio*. That as soon as he knew it, having taken those three Gentlemen to assist him, he went to the place where she was, and had not spoken to her, fearing that when she knew he was there, the Monastery would be the more streightly guarded; and waiting one Day till the Door was open, he left two Gentlemen to keep the Door, and went in himself with the other to look for *Luscinda*, whom he found in the Cloysters talking with a Nun; and forcing her away before she could help herself, they came away to a Town where they were furnish'd with all things necessary for carrying her farther. All which they could easily perform, because the Monastery stood abroad a good distance from the Town. He also said, that when *Luscinda* saw her self in his Hands, she fainted away, and that after she came to her self, she never ceas'd Weeping and Sighing, without speaking a Word, and that so attended with Silence and Tears they came to that Inn, which to him was like coming to Heaven, where all the Miseries of this World have an end.

CHAP. X.

The Continuation of the History of the Famous Princess Micomicona, with other pleasant Adventures.

Sancho heard this with no small grief, seeing the hopes of his Preferment vanish'd away in smoke, the beautiful Princess *Micomicona* was turn'd plain *Dorothy*, and the Gyant into *Don Ferdinand*, and his Master slept on, little thinking what had happen'd. *Dorothy* could not be thoroughly satisfy'd whether all her happiness were not a Dream, *Cardenio* was almost of the same mind, and *Luscinda* was not far from it. *Don Ferdinand*

Chap. 10. Don QUIXOTE.

Ferdinand return'd thanks to Heaven for this particular Grace receiv'd, and for having drawn him out of that confuse Labyrinth where he was in such danger of losing both his Honour and his Soul; and in short all that were in the Inn rejoyc'd at the happy end of those intricate and desperate Affairs. The Curate being a Man of Sense, made all things easy, and wish'd every one joy of their share in that good Fortune. But none was so jocund and merry as the Hostess, because *Cardenio* and the Curate had promis'd to make good all the losses she had sustain'd through *Don Quixote's* means. Only *Sancho*, as has been said was sad, disconsolate, and afflicted, so with a dismal Countenance he went in to his Master, who just then awak'd and said to him. You may very well Sleep on, Sir *Sorrowful Aspect*, as long as you please, without troubling your self about killing any Gyant, or restoring the Princess to her Kingdom, for it is all done and concluded. I verily believe it, answer'd *Don Quixote*, for I have had the most woundy Battle with the Gyant that I believe I shall ever have as long as I live, and at one Back-stroke-slap I threw his Head to the Ground, and he Shed so much Blood, that the Streams ran about the ground like Water. You had better have said like Red-Wine, reply'd *Sancho*, for I would have you to know Sir, if you dont know it already, that the Slain Gyant is a Skin that is torn, and the Blood, are Six Arrobas of Red-wine it had in its Belly, and the Head cut off is, the Whore that bore me, and the Devil take it all. What do'st thou talk Mad-man, quoth *Don Quixote*, art thou in thy Senses? Rise Sir, said *Sancho*, and you shall see what a fine spot of work you have made on't, and what a Reckning we have to pay, and you will see the Queen converted into a private Lady call'd *Dorothy*, with other accidents, which if you observe them, will astonish you. I should wonder at none of all that, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for if you Remember I told you, the last time we were here, that every thing in this House was done by way of Enchantment and it would be no wonder if the same should happen now. I should believe it too, said *Sancho*; if my tossing in the Blanket were any thing of that nature, but it was no such thing but true and real, and I plainly saw the Inn-keeper who is still here held at one end of the Blanket, and thrust me towards Heaven very briskly and pleasantly, and laugh'd and rosd lustily; and where the Persons are known, I am of opinion, tho' a Fool and a Sinner, that there is no Enchantment, but a great deal of hardship and ill luck. Well, quoth *Don Quixote*, God will mend it, give me my Cloaths and let me go out,

out, for I long to see those Accidents and Metamorphoses you talk of. *Sancho* dress'd him, and the mean while, the Curate acquainted *Don Ferdinand* and the rest with *Don Quixote's* Madness, and the trick they had us'd to draw him from the poor Rock, where he fancy'd he was on account of his Lady's Disdain. He also told them most of the Adventures *Sancho* had related, which they admir'd and could not but laugh heartily at, being of the same mind as all others were, that it was the strangest sort of Madnes that mortal Man could fall into. The Curate added, that since the Lady *Dorothy's* good Fortune, hindred their carrying on their design, they must invent and find out some other method to go through with it. *Cardenio* offer'd to finish what was begun, and that *Luscinda* should act the part of *Dorothy*. No, no, answer'd *Don Ferdinand*, it shall not be so, for I will have *Dorothy* go on with her invention, for provided this honest Gentleman's Village be not very far off, I shall be glad to contribute any thing to his cure. It is but two days Journey off, said the Curate. If it were farther, answer'd *Don Ferdinand*, I should be satisfy'd with the journey that I might do so good an action. By this time *Don Quixote* came out Arm'd at all his Points, with *Mambrino's* Helmet, tho' it was batter'd on his head; his Target on his Arm, and leaning on his Pole or Lance. *Don Ferdinand* and the rest were surpris'd at his strange Figure, seeing his Countenance half a league in length wither'd and yellow, the disproportion of his Armour, and his grave meen, and they all were silent to hear what he would say, who with a great deal of State and Calmness, fixing his Eyes on the Beautiful *Dorothy*, said:

I am inform'd, Beautiful Lady, by this Squire of mine, that your Greatness is annihilated, and your being dissolv'd; for from a Queen and Great Lady, as you were wont to be, you are converted into a private young Maiden. If this has been contriv'd by the Magical King your Father, for fear I should not give you the necessary and due assistance, I say, he neither does, nor did know which side his bread was butter'd on, and was little vers'd in Knightly Histories; for if he had study'd and read them over with so much attention and leisure as I did, he would find it at every turn, that Knights of less Renown than I have obtain'd, had done greater Actions, it being no such business, to Kill a pitiful Gyant, tho' he be never so arrogant; for it's not long since I was engag'd with him, but I will hold my Tongue, that I may not be told I Lye; but Time, which discovers all things, will prove it when we least expect it. You had to do with two Wine-skins, and not
with

with a Gyant, said the Inn-keeper, whom *Don Ferdinand* commanded to hold his peace, and by no means to interrupt *Don Quixote's* speech, who went on, saying, I say then most high and disinherit'd Lady, That if your Father, has on the account I have mention'd, made this Metamorphosis in your Person, you need not give any credit to him, for there is no danger upon Earth, that my Sword will not cut through, and striking with it your Enemy's Head to the Ground, I will in a short time place your Royal Crown upon yours. *Don Quixote*, said no more, but waited the Princess's answer, who knowing what *Don Ferdinand* design'd, which was to carry on the Cheat till they had got *Don Quixote* home, answer'd him very pleasantly and gravely in this manner. Whosoever worthy Knight of the sorrowful Aspect, told you I was chang'd and alter'd from what I was, told you a wrong Story, for I am to day the same I was yesterday. True it is, certain fortunate Accidents, which have been so good as I could wish have made some alteration in me, but yet I have not ceas'd to be the same I was, or alter'd the design I ever had, of being support'd by your valiant and invincible Arm. So that Sir, you ought to restore my Father's Honour, and look upon him as a wife and discreet Man, since by his Knowledge he found out so safe and easy a method to retrieve my Misfortune; for I believe Sir, that but for you, I should never have hit upon the good Fortune that attends me, and that this is true, most of these Gentlemen can witness. What remains is, that we set out to Morrow, for to Day we cannot Travel far, and the rest of my good Luck I will leave to God, and to the valour of your Arm. Thus spoke the discreet *Dorothy*, and as soon as she had done, *Don Quixote* turning very angrily to *Sancho*, said, I tell you now little *Sancho*, you are the greatest little Rascal in Spain. Say Thief, Vagabond, did not you tell me just now, That this Princess was converted into a Maiden call'd *Dorothy*? And that the Gyant's Head, I think I cut off, was the Whore that bore you, with other Extravagances, which put me into the greatest confusion I ever was in since I was Born? I Swear (and then he look'd up to Heaven, and gnash'd his Teeth) I have a good mind to make such an example of you, as may be a Terror to all the Lying Squires of Knights Errant that shall ever be in the World. Pray Sir be quiet, reply'd *Sancho*, for it is possible, I might be deceiv'd in what relates to the change of the Lady Princess *Micomicona*; but as to the Gyant's Head, or at least to the tearing of the Wine-skins, and the Blood being red Wine, I am not deceiv'd, by the Living God, for the Skins lie there wounded at your Bed's Head, and the

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Red-wine flows about the Room; and if you won't believe me, *The proof of the Pudding is in the eating of it.* I mean, you'll find it when Mr. Inn-keeper here brings in his Reckoning. As for the rest, I rejoyce at my Heart, that the Lady Queen is as she was, for I am as much concern'd in that Businels, as any of my Neighbours. Well, I tell thee *Sancho*, quoth *D. Quixote*, thou art a Block-head, and I forgive thee and that's enough. 'Tis enough, quoth *D. Ferdinand*, and since the Lady Princess orders that we should Travel to Morrow, because it is too late too Day, so let it be done, and we may spend this Night in pleasant Discourse, till Day, when we will all of us bear *Don Quixote* company, because we will be Witnesses of his valiant and unheard of Exploits, which he is to perform in this great Undertaking he has in Hand. It is I that will wait upon and bear you company, said *Don Quixote*; and I return thanks for the favour you do me, and the good opinion you have of me, which I will endeavour to deserve, or it shall cost me my Life, or more, if there be more to be lost. Great Civilities and Complements pass'd betwixt *Don Quixote* and *Don Ferdinand*, but a Traveller that then came to the Inn put an end to this Discourse. He seem'd by his Garb to be a Christian newly come from among the Moors, for he had on a blew short skirted Coat with half Sleeves, and no Collar; his Breeches were of Blew Linnen, and a Cap of the same colour; He had a large pair of Buskins, and a Turkish Cimeter hanging by a Shoulder Belt. After him came a Woman on an Ass, Clad after the Moorish Fashion, her Face cover'd with a Veil that hung down from her Head; she had on a little Cap of Cloath of Gold, and a Moorish Garment which cover'd her from the Shoulders to the Feet. The Man was Portly and well Shap'd, somewhat above Forty Years of age, Swarthy of Complexion, with long Whiskers, and his Beard in good order. In short, he shew'd by his Meen, that if he were well clad he might be taken for a Man of Birth and Quality. As soon as he came in he ask'd for a Room, and being told there was none to be had, he seem'd to be troubled, and going to her who by her dress seem'd to be a Moorish Woman, took her down in his Arms. *Luscinda*, *Dorothy*, the Hostess, her Daughter, and *Maritornes* admiring the strange Habit never before seen by them, gather'd about the Moorish Woman, and *Dorothy* who was ever Pleasant, Courteous and Discreet, thinking that both she and he that brought her were concern'd for the want of a Room, said to her, Do not be much troubled at the want of Conveniences you meet with in this place, for Inns seldom afford much; but however if

you

you please to take up with us, pointing to *Luscinda*, perhaps you will find you have met with worse Entertainment in your Travels. The Veil'd Woman made no answer, and only rose up from the place where she was Sitting, and crossing her Hands upon her Breast bow'd her Head and Body as if she thank'd them. By her silence they concluded she was a Moor, and could not speak the Christian Language. By this time the Captive came to them, having been otherwise employ'd till then, and seeing they all stood about her that came with him, and she made no answer to all they spoke, he said, Ladys, this Maid scarce understands my Language, nor can she speak any but her native Tongue, and that is the reason she does not answer to what has been ask'd her. Nothing is ask'd her, said *Luscinda*, only we offer her our Company to Night, and part of the Room we shall have to lodge in, where she shall be the best treated the place will afford, with such good will as is due to Strangers, especially Women. Madam, reply'd the Captive, I return you thanks for her and my self, and acknowledge the favour you offer is very great at this time, and being done by such Persons as you seem to be. Tell me Sir, quoth *Dorothy*, is this Lady a Christian, or a Moor, for her Garb and Silence make us conceit she is what we would not wish her to be? She is a Moor in Habit and in Body, answer'd the Captive, but she is much a Christian in her mind, for she has an earnest desire to be so. Then she is not Baptiz'd quoth *Luscinda*? We have had no leisure to do it, said the Captive, since she left *Argier* her native Country; and as yet she has not been in such imminent danger of Death, as should require her to be Baptiz'd till she were instructed as the Church requires. But it will please God that she may, be soon Baptiz'd with the decency due to her Birth, which is more honourable than her Apparel and mine seem to promise. These words rais'd the curiosity of all those that heard them, to desire to know who the Moorish Woman and the Captive were, but no body would ask it, at that time, because it was fitter for them to take their Rest than to give an account of their Lives. *Dorothy* took her by the Hand and led her to sit down, desiring she would unveil her self. She look'd upon the Captive, as if she had ask'd what they said, and what she should do. He told her in Arabick that they ask'd her to unveil, and that she might do so; which she did, and discover'd such a Beautiful Face that *Luscinda* thought she exceeded *Dorothy*, and *Dorothy* concluded she surpass'd *Luscinda*, and all that were by concluded that if any could equal them both it was the Moorish Woman, and some there

there were that prefer'd her before them both. And as it is the nature and quality of Beauty to gain the affections and attract the good will of others, so here they were desirous to serve and make much of the Beautiful Moor. *Don Ferdinand* ask'd the Captive, what was the Moor's Name? And he answer'd *Lela Zorayda*, which as soon as she heard, she understood what the Christian had ask'd, and with some concern, tho' very gently said hastily. No, no *Zorayda*, *Mary*, *Mary*, to signify her name was *Mary* and not *Zorayda*. These words and the eagerness with which the Moor deliver'd them, made some Tears drop from those that heard them, especially the Women who naturally are tender hearted and compassionate. *Luscinda* Embrac'd her very lovingly saying, Yes, yes, *Mary*, *Mary*. And the Moor answer'd, Yes, yes, *Mary Zorayda Macange*, which is, not *Zorayda*. By this time Night drew on, and the Inn-keeper having been so order'd by those that came with *Don Ferdinand* had taken care to provide the best Supper he could. The time being come, they all sat down at a long Table, because there was never a square nor round one. They made *Don Quixote*, tho' he refus'd it, sit at the upper end, and he would have the Lady *Micomicona* sit by him, as he was her Champion. Next to her sat *Luscinda* and *Zorayda*, and opposite to them *Don Ferdinand* and *Cardenio*, then the Captive and the other Gentlemen, and next to the Ladies the Curate and the Barber. Thus they Supp'd with great Satisfaction, which was the greater because *Don Quixote* forbearing to eat, and inspir'd by the like Spirit as mov'd him when he made the long Speech to the Goat-herds, began now in this manner; Truly if we rightly consider it, Gentlemen and Ladies, those that profess the Order of Knight Errantry are Spectators of very great and surprizing Accidents. For what Man is in the World, that should now come into this Castle and see us in this manner, would Judge, that we are the same we are? Who can say that this Lady next me is the great Queen we all know her to be, and that I am that *Knight of the Sorowful Aspect*, so well known by Fame? Now it is not to be question'd but this Art and Exercise, surpasses all others that have been invented by Men, and it is to be so much the more valued, by how much it is expos'd to danger. Away with them that say Letters are beyond Arms, for I'll tell them, whosoever they are; they know not what they say. For the reason those Men give, and they most insist upon, is that the labour of the Mind exceeds that of the Body; that Arms are the exercise of the Body only, as if it were an Employment for Porters, which

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requires nothing but a great deal of strength; or as if in this we that profess it, call Arms, the Acts of Fortitude were not included, which require much Understanding for performing of them. Or, as if the Mind of the Warriour did not labour, who has the charge of an Army, or a City besieg'd, as well as his Body. For pray consider, whether it is possible by corporal Strength to find out, or guess at the Enemy's Designs. All Contrivances and Stratagems, the overcoming of Difficulties, and preventing of Mischiefs that threaten, are Acts of the Understanding, in which the Body has no share. Now since it is so, that Arms require Spirits as well as Letters, let us now see, whose Mind it is that labours most, whether the Scholar's, or the Souldier's. This will appear by the end each of them tends to; for that Intention is most to be honour'd, which makes the noblest End it's Object. The end and object of Learning is (not to speak of Divinity, whose aim is to conduct and carry Souls to Heaven, for no End can be compar'd to one so admirable as this) I mean Human Learning, whose End is to give distributive Justice its due perfection, to give every Man what belongs to him, and to cause good Laws to be observ'd; an End truly Generous, Great, and worthy of extraordinary Commendation; but yet not so much as is due to him that follows Arms, whose Object and End is Peace, which is the greatest good Men can cover in this World. Thus the first good News the World receiv'd, and Men heard, were those the Angels brought, that Night which was the beginning of our Day, when they Sang in the Air, *Glory be to God on high, and on Earth peace to Men of good-will*. And the Salutation the best Master upon Earth, or in Heaven, Taught his Friends and Favourites, was, bidding them when they entr'd into any House, to say, *Peace be in this House*. And at other times he often said to them, *My peace I give you, my peace I leave you, Peace be with you*. A Token and Jewel worthy such a Donor; a Jewel without which there can be no Happiness either on Earth, or in Heaven. This Peace is the true End of War; for to speak of Arms or War is the same thing. Now allowing this Truth, That the End of War is Peace, and that in this it surpasses the End of Letters; Let us now take a view of the bodily Labours of the Scholar, and of the Soldier, and see which are greatest. *Don Quixote* went on with his Speech so orderly, and with such proper Expressions, that none of those that heard him for the present, could look upon him as a Mad-man; but rather, being most of them Gentlemen, to whom Arms peculiarly appertain, they were pleas'd to hear him; and he went on, thus I say then, that

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the sufferings of a Scholar, are these : In the first place Poverty (not that they are all poor, but to make the very worst of their Case) and in saying he endures Poverty, methinks there needed not to say any more of his Misfortunes. For he that is Poor has nothing that is good, and endures this Poverty in all its parts, in Hunger, in Cold, in Nakedness, and sometimes in all together. Yet his want is not so great, but still he Eats, tho' it be something later than usual, tho' it be of the scraps of the Rich ; for the greatest misery a Scholar endures is to live by Mumping ; and they can't miss of some other bodies Stove, or Chimney, which if it does not quite heat, at least it moderates their Cold, and at last they sleep away the Night under a Roof. I will not come to particularize other smaller inconveniencies, such as the want of Shirts, the scarcity of Shoes, the thinness of Apparel, nor their pleasant forfeiting when their good Fortune throws a good Feast in their way. Through this harsh and difficult way I have describ'd, stumbling and falling, then rising and tumbling again, they advance till they come to the Post they desire, which once obtain'd, we have seen many (who being carry'd, as it were at one flight by good Fortune, through all these Rocks and Sands) I say, we have seen them from a Chair Govern, and Lord it o'er the World, their Hunger being chang'd into Fulness, their Cold into comfortable Warmth, their Nakedness into rich Apparel, and their lying upon a Matt, to taking their repose in Holland-sheets and Damask-beds. A just Reward of their Vertue. But their Sufferings compar'd with those of the Warlike Soldier's, fall very short, as I shall show in the next place.

CHAP. XI.

Containing Don Quixote's farther Discourse upon Arms, and Letters.

*D*On Quixote continuing his Discourse, said, Since we began with the Scholar's Poverty, and all its parts, Let us see if the Soldier be any thing richer ; and we shall find that he is the very Emblem of Poverty itself ; for he is confin'd to his wretch'd Pay, which he receives late, or never, or else what he picks up a Marauding with great hazard of his Life, and more to his Conscience. And sometimes he is so naked, that a slash'd

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Buff-coat is all the Holy-day Garment and Shirt he has ; and in the midst of Winter he has nothing to defend him against the rigorous Season in the open Field, but the breath of his Mouth, which coming from an empty place I am perswaded, tho' it be against Nature, is already cold. Then mind what a Bed he meets with at Night to ease him after all the Toils of the Day, and to be sure unless it be his own fault it will not be scanty, for he may measure out as many feet as he pleases on the Ground, and tumble at his will without any danger of missing the Sheets. Now after all this, when the Day and Hour shall come for him to take the Degree due to his profession, when the Day of Battle shall come ; then instead of a Doctor's Cap, shall his Head be adorn'd with a Tent, Plasters and Ligatures, to heal a Shell that perhaps has pierc'd both his Temples, or else he comes off Maim'd in an Arm or Leg. And if this does not happen, but that Propitious Heaven keeps and preserves him safe and sound, perhaps he continues in the same State of Poverty he was in before ; and he must run through many Encounters, and many Battles, and be always Victorious, to get some little Preferment. But these Miracles are rarely seen : And pray Gentlemen tell me, if ever you took notice of it ; how much less is the number of those that obtain the Reward of War, than of those that Perish in it ? Doubtless you will answer there is no comparison betwixt them, that the Dead are not to be number'd, and that Three Figures will express a Number that all those who have been Rewarded, may be contain'd under : It is quite otherwise with Scholars, for by hook or by crook they all find a Maintenance. So that tho' the Souldiers Sufferings are much the greater, yet their Reward is considerably less. But to this it may be answer'd, that it is easier to reward Two thousand Scholars than Thirty thousand Souldiers, because the First are Rewarded by giving them Employments, which must of necessity be bestow'd on Men of their Profession ; and the latter cannot be Recompenc'd but with the treasure of the Master they serve. Now this Difficulty still makes for my Argument. But let us lay this aside, as a most intricate Affair, most difficult to be Handled ; and let us return to the Excellency of Arms above Letters. It is a question hitherto undecided, there are so many Arguments urg'd on each side, and among the rest I have spoken of, Letters alledge that Arms could not subsist without them ; for War itself has its Laws and is subject to them, and Laws are included under the denomination of Letters and Scholars. To this Arms answer. That without them Letters

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ters cannot subsist; for it is by Arms that Common-wealths are maintain'd, Kingdoms supported, Cities defended, the Roads made safe, and the Seas clear'd of Pyrates. And in short, if it were not for them, Common-wealths, Kingdoms, Monarchies, Cities, the Land and Sea would be expos'd to the Terror and Confusion that attends War, whilst it lasts and can use its Power and Prerogative. And it is a Case decided, That the thing which costs dearest, is and ought to be most valu'd. For a Man to attain to any eminent Degree in Learning, it must cost him Time, Watching, Hunger, Nakedness, Dizziness in the Head, and weakness of Stomack; besides other such like Accidents, I have partly spoken of already. But for a Man to rise gradually to be a good Soldier, it must cost him all that the Scholar undergoes, in a manner so far exceeding it, that there is no comparison betwixt them; for he is every Moment in danger of his Life. Now, what fear of Poverty, or want can attend, or perplex a Scholar, like to that a Soldier endures, who being Besieg'd in some strong Hold, and being at his Post and upon Duty in some Ravelin, or Bastion, perceives the Enemy Undermining the place where he stands, and yet can upon no account stir from thence, or shun the danger which threatens him so near. All he can do, is to acquaint his Commander with what is doing, that he may oppose some Countermine, and he must stand still dreading and expecting, when on a sudden he shall mount up to the Clouds without Wings, and sink down to the bottom against his will. And if this seems to be but a small danger, let us see whether that be equal to it, or greater when two Gallies shock one another with their Stems in the spacious Sea, which having once grappl'd, the Soldier has no more room to stir himself, but a two Foot Plank at the Beak of the Gally. And yet tho' he sees before him so many Messengers of Death threatening him, as there are Pieces of Cannon levell'd on the other side, which are not a Pike's length from his Body, and being sensible that the first slip of his Feet sends him to visit Neptune's deep Mansions; yet for all that, with an undaunted Heart, led on by Honour which inspires him, he stands as it were the Mark of so much small Shot, and endeavours to go over that narrow passage into the Enemy's Vessel. And what is most to be admir'd is, that as soon as one falls where he can never rise till the End of the World, another takes his place, and if he too drop into the Sea, which, like an Enemy waits to catch him, another, and after him another still succeeds without any intermission betwixt the times of their Deaths; a Boldness and Bravery not to be outdone in any Warlike Expedition. Blessed

Blessed be those happy Ages, that knew not the terrible Fury of these Devilish Instruments of Artillery, whose Inventer, I verily believe is in Hell receiving the reward of his Curst Invention, which is the cause that a base and cowardly Slave may be the Death of a valiant Knight, and that in the height of that Boldness and Vigor, which inflames brave Souls, a random Ball (perhaps shot by one that fled and was frighted at the very flash in the Pan the curst Piece gave when it was fir'd) in a Moment cuts off and disappoints the Designs and Life of one who deserv'd to enjoy it many Ages. And upon this Consideration, I am almost in the mind to say, I am heartily sorry for having taken upon me this Profession of a Knight Errant, in such a detestable Age, as this is we live in; for tho' no Danger terrifies me, yet it is some trouble for me to think, Whether Gunpowder and Lead shall deprive me of the opportunity of making my self Famous and Renown'd by the valour of my Arm, and dint of my Sword, throughout all the known Parts of the Earth. But let Heaven do as it pleases, for if I compass my Ends, I shall be so much the more valu'd, by how much the Dangers I shall expose my self to, are greater than those the Knights Errant of former Ages underwent.

All this long Harangue *Don Quixote* made, whilst the rest Supp'd, without minding to eat one mouthful, tho' *Sancho* sometimes spoke to him to eat, telling him, there would be time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleas'd. Those that heard him were afresh touch'd with compassion, to see that a Man who seem'd to have a good sound Judgment and Understanding upon all other occasions, should be so absolutely Distracted when they talk'd to him of his wretched vile Chivalry. The Curate told him, he was in the right in all he had said in commendation of Arms, and that he tho' a Scholar, and one who had taken his Degree, was of the same opinion. Supper was ended and the Cloth taken away, and whilst the Hostess, her Daughter, and *Maritornes* made ready *Don Quixote's* wild Room, where they had order'd the Women should be by themselves that Night, *Don Ferdinand* desir'd the Captive to tell the Story of his Life, which could not chuse but be strange, and diverting, as appear'd by his coming with *Zorayda*. To which the Captive answer'd, he would freely do as he was commanded, and only fear'd, the Story should not be so pleasing to them as he could wish. But however, rather than disobey him, he would relate it. The Curate and all the Company thank'd him, and made fresh instances to him. He seeing himself courted by so many, said, There was no need of intreaty, where commands were of such force. Therefore

Gentlemen, give your attention, and you shall hear a true Story, perhaps not to be equall'd by those that are false and invented with much art and contrivance. These his Words caus'd them all to settle themselves and observe strict silence, and he perceiving they were all hush'd and expected to hear what he had to say, began in an agreeable and easy manner to deliver himself thus.

CHAP. XII.

In which the Captive gives an Account of his Life, and strange Adventures.

MY Family had its Original in a Town on the Mountains of the Kingdom of *Leon*, and was more beholding to Nature for its Quality, than to Fortune for any Bounty of her's. And yet in this poor Country, my Father was counted rich, and had really been so, had he taken as much care to save, as he did to squander his Fortune. This inclination to liberality and profusion, he got by having been a Soldier in his Youth, for the Army is a School where the Miser becomes liberal, and the generous Man prodigal; and tho' there are some niggardly Soldiers, they are like Monsters, rarely to be seen. My Father went beyond the bounds of Generosity, and border'd upon Prodigality, a thing very prejudicial to a Marry'd-Man, who has Children to inherit his Name and Quality. He had three Sons all at Age to choose what course of Life they would follow. Now my Father perceiving, as he himself own'd, that he could not master his Inclination, resolv'd to deprive himself of the means of being profuse, by disposing of his Estate, without which, *Alexander* the Great himself would have seem'd a Niggard. And so calling us all Three one Day into his Chamber, without any other Witness, he spoke to us to this purpose. My Sons it is enough to declare I love you, to say, you are my Children; and to know I do not take care to preserve your Estate, is enough to show I hate you. Now that you may understand for the future that I love you, as a Father, and will not ruin you like a Father-in-Law, I am resolv'd to do that which I have long design'd and seriously consider'd. You are now at Age to settle your selves in the World, or at least to make choice of such course of Life as may be honourable and advantageous to you. What I have thought on, is to

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divide my Estate into Four Parts. Three I will deliver to you giving every one his due, without wronging any, and the Fourth I will keep to live upon my self, as long as it shall please Heaven to keep me. But I would have every one of you, when you have receiv'd what comes to your share of my Estate, to chuse one of the three Courses I shall propose. There is a Spanish Proverb, which in my opinion is very true, as all of them are, being short Sentences taken from long and wise Experience, and that which I now speak of, is this, *The Church, or the Sea, or the Royal Family*, which in plain Terms, is as much as to say, That he who would Thrive and be Rich, must either take to the Church, or by Sea to Trading, or serve the King. For there is another Proverb which tells us, *That the King's crumbs are better than a Lord's favours*. This I say, because I desire, and it is my Will, that one of you take to Learning, the other to Merchandize, and the other serve the King in his Wars; for it is a hard matter to get in to serve him in his Household; and War tho' it does not afford much Riches, yet it gains Esteem and Fame. Within these eight Days I will give you your Shares in Money, without wronging you of a croix, as you shall find by experience. Tell me now whether you will follow my Counsel and Advice in what I have propos'd. Then he bid me as being the Eldest to Answer. After desiring him not to part with his Estate, but to spend as he thought fit, because we were Young enough to get our Living, I concluded, telling him, I would do his will, and that mine was to take to the Army, there to serve God and my King. The second Brother made him the same offers I had done, and chose to go away to the *West-Indies* and carry all his Stock in Merchandize. The Youngest, and as I think, the wisest, said, he would take to the Church, or at least, go to finish his Course he had began at *Salamanca*. When we had all agreed and chosen our course of Life, my Father embrac'd us, and perform'd all he had propos'd as speedily as he said; and giving every one his Share, which as I remember, came to Three thousand Ducats apiece in Money, for an Uncle of ours bought the Estate, that it might not go away from the Family, we all Three took leave the same Day of our good Father, and I thinking it unhuman to leave an Old Man with so small a subsistence, prevail'd with him to take Two of my Three thousand Ducats, the rest being enough for me to fit my self out for a Soldier. My Two Brothers following my example gave him each of them a Thousand Ducats. So that my Father had Four thousand in Money, and Three thousand the Land was worth which fell to his Share, which he would not

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sell;

fell; but kept it to live on. In short, we took leave of him, and of that Uncle I have mention'd, with a great deal of concern, and many Tears, he charging us to omit no opportunity of acquainting him with our good, or bad Fortune. We promis'd so to do, and he having embrac'd, and given us his Blessing, one set out to *Salamanca*, the other for *Sevil*, and I for *Alicant*, where I understood there was a *Genoese* Ship Loading Wooll for *Genoa*. It is now Two and twenty Years since I left my Father's House, and during all this while, tho' I have writ to them some times, I never heard any News from him, nor my Brothers, and I will briefly relate what has befallen me in this interval. I went a-board at *Alicant*, and had a good Voyage to *Genoa*, thence I went to *Milan* where I furnish'd my self as was fit for a Soldier, and then resolv'd to go List my self in *Piemont*, and being on the way to *Alexandria de la Palla*, I understood the Famous Duke of *Aloa* was going over to *Flanders*. I chang'd my mind, went along with him, and serv'd under him in all his Enterprizes; I was present at the Death of the Counts *Egmont* and *Horn*, and came to be Ensign to a Famous Captain of *Guadalajara*, whose Name was *Jamés de Urbina*. After I had been some time in *Flanders*, the News came that the Pope *Pius* the Vth, had concluded a League with *Spain* and *Venice* against the *Turk*, who at that time had taken the renowned Island of *Cyprus*, which was subject to the *Venetians*, a dismal and sad loss. It was publickly known, that *Don John* of *Austria*, Brother to our King *Philip* was General of the League, and we heard of the great Preparations were made for that War. All this mov'd and stir'd me up to desire to be in that Service; and tho' I had some reason to believe, and even some firm Promises that I should have the first Company that fell, yet I resolv'd to leave all, and go away to *Italy*, as I did. And good luck so order'd it, that *Don John* of *Austria* was just come to *Genoa* in his way to *Naples*, whither he was going to join the *Venetian* Fleet, which afterwards he did at *Mecina*. In short, I was in that fortunate Battel, in the Quality of a Captain of Foot, to which Honour my good Fortune, rather than Merit advanc'd me. And that Day which was so happy to *Christendom*, because all the World that thought the *Turk* invincible at Sea, was undeceiv'd, that Day the *Ottoman* Pride was humbled, among so many fortunate Thousands as were there, for they who dy'd were happier than those that liv'd and were Victorious, I alone was unfortunate; for, whereas had it been in the time of the *Romans*, I might have expected a Naval Crown, I was the Night following that happy Day put into Irons. The manner was

was thus: *Uchali* King of *Argiers*, a bold and fortunate Pirate, having boarded and taken the Admiral Galley of *Malta*, there being only Three Knights left alive in it, and they much wounded: *John Andrea's* Ship, in which I was with my Company, bore up to rescue the *Maltese*; there I doing as behov'd me, leap'd into the Enemy's Galley, which shearing off from the other that had lay'd her on board, prevented my Men from following me, and so I was left alone amidst my Enemies, who were too numerous to be withstood: So in short, I was taken very much wounded. And as you have heard before Gentlemen, *Uchali* escap'd with his whole Squadron, and by that means I remain'd a Captive, and was the only sad Person among so many that rejoyc'd, and the Slave among so many that were deliver'd, for 15000 *Christians* that Row'd in the Turkish Gallies, that Day obtain'd their Liberty. I was carry'd to *Constantinople*, where *Selim* the Great *Turk* made my Master Admiral of his Fleet, because he had behav'd himself so well in the Fight, having carry'd away as a Token of his Valour the Standard of *Malta*. The following Year, which was 1572, I was at *Navarino* Rowing in the Admiral of the *Three Lanthorns*. There I saw and took notice how the opportunity was lost of destroying the whole Turkish Fleet in the Harbour, for all the *Janizaries* and other Soldiers in it, concluded they should be attack'd in the Port, and had their Baggage and Shoes ready to run a-shore without expecting the Shock, such was the dread they had conceiv'd of our Fleet. But Heaven had ordain'd otherwise, not through any fault or neglect of the Christian Commander, but to punish the Sins of *Christendom*, and because God always permits Executioners to be ready to punish us. In short, *Uchali* made his way to *Modon*, which is not far from *Navarino*, and Landing his Men, Fortify'd the Entrance into the Port, and lay there till *Don John* return'd Home. This Year was taken the Galley call'd *The Prize*, Commanded by the Son of that Famous Pirate *Barbarossa*; it was taken by the Admiral of *Naples*, call'd *The She Wolf*, Commanded by that Thunderbolt of War, the Father of the Soldiers, the fortunate and never Defeated Captain *Don Alvaro Bagan* Marques of *Santa Cruz*. I will not omit to mention what happen'd in taking the Prize. *Barbarossa's* Son was so cruel, and us'd his Slaves so barbarously, that as soon as they that were at the Oar perceiv'd the *She Wolf* gain'd Ground of them, they all at once let go their Oars, and lay'd hold of their Captain as he stood upon the aftmost Gangboard, calling out to them to pull away, and handing him from one Hand to another, they grip'd him so that by that

that time he was before the Mast, his Soul was in Hell. Such had been his cruelty to them, and such their hatred to him. We return'd to *Constantinople*, and the next Year, which was Seventy three, the News came that *Don John* had taken *Tunez* from the *Turks*, and put *Muley Hamet* into Possession of it, to the great disappointment of *Muley Hamida*, the cruellest and bravest Moor in the World. The *Turk* was much concern'd at this loss, and having recourse to the Craft which is natural to his Family, he concluded a Peace with the *Venetians*, who were as eager for it as he. The following Year Seventy four, he Attack'd *Goleta* and the Fort which *Don John* had left but half Built near *Tunez*. All this while I was at the Oar without the least hopes of getting my Liberty, at least I did not expect to be Ransom'd, for I was resolv'd not to send my Father the News of my misfortune. † *Goleta* was taken, and so was the Fort, there being at the Siege of them 75000 Turkish Soldiers in Pay, and above 400000 Moors and Arabs with prodigious quantities of Ammunition, and all manner of Warlike Engines, and such a multitude of Pioneers, that they might with Handfuls of Earth have bury'd *Goleta* and the Fort. *Goleta* was taken first, being till then reputed impregnable; and it was not lost through any fault of the Defendants, who behaved themselves as bravely as Men could do; but because experience prov'd that was easy, which before was look'd upon impracticable; for it was thought, there was no casting up Trenches in that barren Sand, because they said, they met with Water when they had dug half a Yard; but the *Turks* sunk two Yards and found none, and so with Sacks of Sand they rais'd their Works till they over-top'd the Walls of the Place, and having got the command of them, there was no Man could stand at his Post. It was generally thought that our Men ought not to have shut themselves up in *Goleta*, but have Guarded the place of Landing; but they that talk so talk at random, and like Men that are not skill'd in such Affairs: for there being scarce 7000 Men in *Goleta* and the Fort, how could so small a Number, tho' they had been never so Brave, take the Field and secure the Forts against such a multitude of Enemies? And how is it possible but a Fort should be lost, that is not reliev'd, when it is Besieg'd by a numerous resolute Enemy, and in his own Country? But many were of opinion, and so am I, That it was a great mercy of Hea-

† A long digression nothing to the purpose, to magnify those Actions, tho' with little truth in the Relation, and to flatter private Men.

ven to *Spain* to lose that wicked Place, and endless expence of Money it cost to no purpose, unless it were to preserve the Memory of the Invincible *Charles* the 5th. as if his Memory need-ed those Stones to Eternize it. The Fort was also lost, but the *Turks* won it Inch by Inch, for the Garrisons behav'd themselves so bravely, that they kill'd above 25000 of the Enemy; in 22 general Assaults they gave the Place. They took not a Man unhurt of 300 that remain'd alive, a sure token of their Valour, and the brave Defence they had made. A small Fort, or Tower that was in the middle of the Lake where *Don John de Zanoaguera*, a Gentleman of *Valencia* and a notable Soldier Commanded, surrender'd upon Articles. *Don Peter Puertocarrero* General of *Goleta* was taken, having done as much as was possible in Defence of the Place, and he was so much concern'd for the loss of it, that he dy'd for grief in the way to *Constantinople*, whither they were carrying of him. The Commander of the Fort was also taken, his Name was *Gabrio Cerbellon*, a Gentleman of *Milan*, a great Engineer, and brave Soldier. In both Places there were many Persons of Note kill'd, and among them *Pagan d' Oria*, a Knight of *Malta*, a generous Man, as appear'd by the great Liberality he us'd towards his Brother the renown'd *John Andreea d' Oria*; and what made his Death the more lamented, was, that he was slain by some *Arabs*, whom he entrusted when he saw the Fort was lost, and who offer'd to carry him disguiz'd in the Habit of a Moor to *Tabarca*, which is a little Port, or House the *Genoeses* are possess'd of on that Coast, where they take Coral. These *Arabs* cut off his Head and presented it to the Turkish Admiral, who verif'd the Spanish Proverb, *That we love Treasou, but hate the Traytor*. For it is reported, he commanded them to be Hang'd that brought the Present, because they had not brought him alive. Among the *Christians* lost in the Fort was one *Don Peter de Aguilar*, born in some Town of *Andaluzia*, who had been Ensign in the Fort, and was a good Soldier, and an excellent Wit, especially he had a singular Genius for Poetry. I speak of him because his ill Fate brought him to the Galley I was in and to the same Oar, and to be a Slave to my Master; and before we left that Port this Gentleman made two Odes, in the nature of Epitaphs, upon *Goleta* and the Fort, and I design to repeat them, for I have them by heart, and I believe they will rather be pleasing than offensive.

As soon as ever the Captive Nam'd *Don Peter de Aguilar*, *Don Ferdinand* look'd upon his Companions, and they all Three smil'd, and when he came to speak of the Odes, one

one of them said; Before you go any further, Sir, I beseech you tell me what became of that *Don Peter de Aguilar* you have mention'd? All I can tell, answer'd the Captive, is, that when he had been two Years at *Constantinople*, he fled in the Habit of an *Arhant*, with a Greek Spy, and I know not whether he made his escape; but I believe he did, for a Year after I saw the Greek at *Constantinople*, but had not the opportunity to ask him how their Journey prosper'd. It prosper'd well, quoth the Gentleman, for that *Don Peter* is my Brother, and is now in our Town in Health, Rich, and Marry'd, and has Three Children. God be thank'd, said the Captive, for the mercy he has shewn him, for in my opinion, there is no happiness upon Earth like recovering lost Liberty. Besides, said the Gentleman, I know the Odes my Brother made. Then Sir, do you repeat them, for perhaps you can do it better than I. With all my Heart, answer'd the Gentleman, That upon *Goleta*, ran thus.

CHAP. XIII.

The Continuation of the Captive's Story.

An Ode on the Defenders of *Goleta*.

I.

Bless'd Souls, who bravely rent in twain
The Vails of dull Mortality,
And from your Earthly Prisons free,
To Heaven your glorious flights have ta'en!
Born on the Wings of noble Deeds you rose,
And took your Stations in the Skies,
Where Vertue meets no Storms nor Foes;
But all the Tempests of the World defy's.

II.

Let the dy'd Strand and neighbouring Ocean tell
What colour were their Sands and Waves that Day,
When such prodigious Numbers fell,
And on the slippery Ground in gashing Horror lay;
When all inflam'd with Martial Ire
You stain'd the blushing Shores with Moorish Blood:
Then lavish of your own, did last expire,
And swell'd the pamp'ring Seas with a rich Crimson flood.

III.

Your Lives before your noble Ardour fled:
In your tir'd fainting Arms they sunk away:
But fresh and with erect Head,
Still with you did your Courage stay:
Fierce was your Visage ev'n in Death,
And furious looks Surviv'd your Breath,
Impress'd with all the signs of wrathful thought
They rag'd, they threat'ned, and they fought;
And while bright Vict'ry doubtful Stands,
You seiz'd and clasp'd her tho' with dying Hands.

IV.

Thrice happy Lives! So nobly to be Spill'd
Near your own Walls for glorious Liberty!
And lost in that illustrious Field
Where Friends as well as Foes your Deeds did see!
O happy Loss! O grateful Soil!
Which ever shining Crowns above bestow,
And recompence your warlike toil!
With lasting Monuments of Fame below,

That is just as I have it, said the Captive. Then that of the Fort, said the Gentleman, to the best of my remembrance, is thus.

On the Defenders of the Fort.

I.

From this illustrious Spot of Earth,
Inrich'd with Show'rs of Purple Dew,
That give the pregnant Clods a fruitful Birth,
Three thousand gallant Souls to Heaven triumphant Flew:
To Heav'n unmov'd, their towering flights address'd,
And left the toils of Life below:
To Heav'n, where Heroes are at rest,
And with a Smile look down on Fortune's Ebb and Flow.

II.

Here Troops of Foes were forc'd to yeild,
And with thick Scatter'd Lives the Plain to strow:
Large was the Vermeil Harvest of the Field,
And swelling Crops, their Swords did mow;
'Twas here, transported with the Glorious thought
Of Beauteous Liberty, they fought:
Ten thousand Deaths, enrag'd, they deal'd around,
Ten thousand Deaths their Arms with Scarlet Triumphs crown'd.

III.

*Gloriously Smeas'd with sordid Dust and Gore,
Through all the traver's'd Field their Foes they chas'd,
Till tir'd with Slaughter, and the toils they bore,
Down dropp'd their blunted Arms at last:
And while thus weary'd, Most resign'd their Breath,
Faint only, with the Labours of the Day,
By the dead weight of Numbers crush'd to Death,
A brave, but little Remnant lay.*

IV.

*This thirsty Plot, whose Fame shall always last,
Of Wars and Bloody Fights ha's often been
The Stage for numerous Ages past'd:
But never from the Tragick Scene
Souls braver than the last to Heav'n arose,
(For whom the Heroes there make room)
Nor did the Earth within its Spacious Womb
More Valiant Bodies e're enclōse.*

THE Odes were well lik'd, and the Captive was glad to hear news of his Comrade, and continuing his Story he said, *Goleta* and the Fort being taken, the Turks took care to demolish *Goleta*, for the Fort was in such a condition there was nothing left to throw down, and to finish their Work with the more Expedition they undermin'd it in Three several places; yet the Old Walls were left standing; but all the New works were overthrown: In short, the Fleet return'd to *Constantinople*, and soon after dy'd my Master *Uchali*, who was call'd *Uchali Fartax*; which in the Turkish Language signifies the Scald-head Renegado, for he was so; and among the Turks it is usual to take Name either from their Imperfections, or Vertues; and the reason is, because they have among them but Four Sir-names of as many Families which are Branches of the Ottoman Line, and the rest as I have said, take their Sir-names either from Corporal defects, or Perfections of the Mind: This Scald-head was at the Oar in the Grand Signior's service Fourteen Years, and when he was above 34 Years of Age he renounc'd the Faith, only for Madness, because as he was at the Oar a Turk gave him a cuff; and he to be reveng'd forsook the Faith, and so brave he was, that without using the base methods by which commonly the Turkish Favourites rise, he came to be King of *Argiers*, and then Admiral, which is the Third great Post in that Empire. He was by Birth of *Calabria*, a good moral Man and treated his Slaves well, and he had 3000 of his own, which

which after his Death, according as he had order'd in his Will, were divided betwixt the Grand Signor, who is Heir in part to all that Dye, and his Renegados: I fell to the lot of a Venetian Renegado, taken when he was a Cabbini Boy by *Uchali*, who lov'd him beyond all his other Boys, and he came to be the Cruellest Renegado in the World: His Name was *Aranaga*; he grew very Rich and rose to be King of *Argier*. With him I went from *Constantinople* being well pleas'd to be so near *Spain*; not that I intended to give an account of my Disaster to any body, but to try whether Fortune were more favourable to me at *Argier*, than at *Constantinople*; where I had try'd a Thousand ways to make my escape, and none came to any thing; and I thought at *Argier* to use some other means, for I never despair'd of getting my Liberty; and when my contrivances fail'd me I presently fancy'd some other Prospect tho' never so unlikely, to build my Hopes upon. Thus I pass'd my life shut up in a Prison or House, the Turks call a Bath; where they shut up the Christian Slaves that belong to the King, and to some private Persons; and those they call of the Stores, which is the same as Slaves of the Council, which serve the City in its publick works, and upon other occasions. It is very difficult for these Slaves to get their Liberty, because being they have no particular Master, there is no body to discourse about their Ransom, tho' they have it ready. In these Baths, as I have said, some persons keep their Slaves, especially when they are upon being Ransom'd; for there they have them, safe and at their ease, till the Ransom comes. So the Kings Slaves, that are upon Ransom, do not go out to work with the rest of the Crew, unless their Ransom be long a coming, for then they make them work and fetch Wood with the rest to oblige them to be more pressing with their Friends to get them off. Now I was one of them upon Ransom, for when it was known that I had been a Captain, tho' I told them I had no Fortune nor Estate to buy me off, yet they would put me among the Gentlemen and People that were upon Ransom. They put a Chain upon me, rather as a token that I was to be Ransom'd, than to secure me, and so I led my life in that Bath among many other Gentlemen, and persons of Note, who were appointed for Ransom. And tho' very often, or rather for the most part Hunger and Nakedness might afflict us, yet nothing was so great a Terror as to see at every foot the unparallel'd Cruelty my Master us'd towards the Christians. Every day he hang'd or empal'd, or cut off the Ears of one or other, and this upon

upon so small an occasion, or upon none at all, that the Turks themselves were sensible he did it for Humour, and because he was naturally Cruel to all Mankind. None far'd well with him, but a Spanish Souldier, whose Name was *Saavedra*, who tho' he had done several things, those People will remember these many Years, and all to get his Liberty, yet he never struck him, nor gave him any ill words; and yet he and we fear'd he would have been Impaled for the least of his unlucky tricks; and if I were not streighten'd in time I would tell some of that Souldier's actions, which would be more Diverting than my Story. Into the Court of our Prison look'd the Windows of a Rich Moor of good quality, and as it was usual among them, they were rather Holes than Windows; besides they were cover'd with close Lattices. It happen'd that as I was one Day on the top of our Prison, with Three of my Companions, trying to leap with our Chances to pass away the time, all the other Christians being gon out to work; I look'd up and saw a Cane out at one of those little close Windows, and at the end of it a Handkerchief ry'd up, and the Cane was shaking to and fro, as if it made Signs for us to come take it: We observ'd it, and one of those that were with me, went and stood under the Cane, to see if they would let it go, or what they would do; but as soon as he came near, they took up the Cane, and mov'd it both ways like the shaking of a Head to exprefs a dissent: The Christian came away, and they let it down again, and shook it as before. Another of my Companions went, and the same thing was done as when the First drew near; at last the third went and far'd like the other two: When I saw that, I would not omit to try my Fortune, and as soon as I came near they let the Cane fall, and it dropt at my feet within the Bath: I presently made hast to unty the Handkerchief, in which there was a Knot, and in it were ten Zianis, which is a sort of base Gold Coin the Moors have; worth about ten Royals apiece: It is needless to say I was glad to find it, but in short, I did not rejoyce more than I admir'd whence that good turn should come to us, but especially to me; for refusing to let go the Cane to any other, plainly shew'd it was design'd for me. I took the Money, broke the Cane, went back to the Walk, look'd at the Window, and saw a very White Hand that open'd and shut it very quick: By this we discover'd, or guess'd, that some Woman who liv'd in that House had done us the favour, and to shew our thankfulness we bow'd our Heads and Bodies with our Hands across our Breasts, after the manner of the Moors. Soon after she put a
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little Cross made of Cane out at the Window, and presently took it in again. This Sign perswaded us there was some Christian Woman Slave in that House, and it was she that reliev'd us; but the Whiteness of the Hand and the Bracelets we saw upon it, soon put us by this thought; yet we conceiv'd she was some Renegado Christian Woman, whom very often their Masters take for there Wives, and look upon as a happiness, because they value them above their own Country Women. As all our conceits were far from hitting the right mark, so all our Pastime for the future was to Gaze at the Window where the Bright Star of the Cane had appear'd to us; but at least a Fortnight pass'd in which we neither saw Cane, nor Hand, nor any other Sign: And tho' during all that time, we us'd our utmost endeavours to know who liv'd in that House, and whether there was in it any Renegado Woman, yet we could never learn any more, but that there liv'd a Rich Moor of quality, whose Name was *Agimorat*, who had been Alcayde of *Pata*, an Employment in great Esteem among them. But when we least imagin'd any more Zianis would shower down there, we unexpectedly saw the Cane appear, with another Handkerchief, and a bigger Knot in it than the last, and this was at a time when the Bath was clear, as it had been the time before. We made the same Tryal; all the three went before me, but the Cane came down to none, but me; and as soon as I approach'd it dropt at my feet: I undid the Knot, and found Forty Spanish Crowns, and a paper in Arabick with a great Cross at the bottom: I Kiss'd the Cross, took the Crowns, return'd to the Terrais. We all made our obeysance, the Hand appear'd, I made Signs I would read the Paper, and they shut the Window. We were all astonish'd and rejoyc'd at what had happen'd, and none of us understanding Arabick we long'd to know the Contents of the Paper; but it was a difficult matter to get one to read it. At length I resolv'd to trust a Renegado of the Kingdom of *Murcia*, who had profess'd himself my great Friend, and given me such Earnest of his Fidelity as oblig'd him to keep the Secret: For some Renegadoes when they design to return to Christian Countries use to carry about them Certificates from the chief Christian Captives, signifying that such a Renegado is an honest Man, has been always a Friend to Christians, and designs upon the First opportunity that offers to make his Escape: Some there are who endeavour to get these Certificates with a sincere intention; others make use of them as occasion serves; for if they are taken, or cast away upon the Chris-
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tian Shore, they produce them, and say they came out with the Turks only in order to get an opportunity of escaping. Thus they save themselves, are reconcil'd to the Church, and as soon as occasion offers they return into *Barbary*, and are as they were. Others make the true use of these Papers and stay among Christians. One of these Renegadoes was my Friend, and he had Certificates under all our hands, very much to his Advantage, and if the Moors had found those Papers about him, he had been Burnt alive. I found he understood Arabick very well, and could not only speak but write it. Before I discover'd the whole Secret to him, I bid him read that Paper which I had found in a hole of my Cabin. He open'd it, and stood a good while perusing and construing it, muttering to himself. I ask'd whether he understood it: He said very well, and if I would have him expound it word for word, I should give him Pen, Ink and Paper, and he could do it the better. We gave him all he desir'd, and he Translated it, and when he had done, said: This you have here in Spanish, is the content of this Moorish Paper to a title, and you must observe that where you meet with *Lela Marien*, it signifies our Lady the *Virgin Mary*. We read the Paper, which we found was to this effect.

When I was a Child, my Father had a Woman-Slave, who taught me the Christian Prayers in my Language; and told me many things of Lela Marien: The Christian dy'd, and I know she did not go to the Fire, but to Alla; for I saw her twice afterwards, and she bid me go to the Christian Country to see Lela Marien, who had a great love for me. I do not know how to go: I have seen many Christians at this Window, and none of them look'd like a Gentleman but you. I am very Beautiful, and Young; and have a great deal of Money to carry with me: See if you can contrive how we may get away, and you shall be my Husband there, if you will; and if you will not, I shall not care; for Lela Marien will Provide me a Husband. I writ this my self; have a care who you get to read it; do not trust any Moor, for they are all Villains. This troubles me very much, for I would not have you discover it to any body; for if my Father should know it, he will throw me into a Well, and bury me with Stones. I will tie a thread to the Cane; do you fasten your answer to it, and if you have no body to write Arabick for you, speak your Mind by Signs, for Lela Marien will make me understand you. She and Alla preserve you, and that Cross which I often Kiss, for the Captive Woman bid me to do so.

Consider, Gentlemen, whether we had not cause to admire and rejoyce at this Letter: And indeed we shew'd such

Signs

Chap. 13. Don QUIXOTE

Signs of both, that the Renegado perceiv'd that Paper was not found by chance, but had been designedly writ to one of us; and therefore he begg'd of us, that if what he imagin'd was true, we would trust him, and let him know it; and he would venture his Life to Procure our Liberty. This said, he took out of his Bosom a Crucifix of Metal, and shedding many Tears, Swore to us by the God it Represented, in whom he, tho' a wicked Sinner, really and truly believ'd, to be faithful and secret in all we should entrust him with; for he was of Opinion, and almost foresaw, that through the means of her who had Writ that Paper we should all get our Liberty, and he obtain what he so earnestly desir'd, which was to be restor'd to the Bosom of his holy Mother the Church; from which he was through his Folly and Wickedness cut off like a rotten Member. The Renegado spoke these words with so many Tears and Signs of Repentance, that we all unanimously agreed to discover the whole truth to him, and so we acquainted him with it, not concealing the least circumstance: We shew'd him the little Window at which the Cane appear'd, and he took notice of the House, and agreed to enquire carefully who liv'd in it: We also concluded it was fit to answer the Letter; and being provided of one that could do it, the Renegado immediatly writ what I dictated, which was what I will repeat exactly, for I have not, nor ever shall forget any particular of this Affair, and in short my answer to the Moorish Lady was this.

The true Alla keep you, dear Lady, and that blessed Marien, who is the true Mother of God, and is she that has put it into your Heart to go away into the Country of the Christians, because she loves you. Do you pray to her, that she will be pleas'd to give you to understand, how you may put in practice, what she commands you to do, for she is so good, she will grant your request. I offer in my own, and the Name of all the Christians that are with me; that we will do all that shall lie in our Power to serve you, even with the loss of our lives. Do not omit to Write to me, and let me know what you design to do, and I will always answer you, for the great Alla, has provided a Christian Captive, who can speak and write your Language, as you may judge by this Paper: So that you may acquaint us with what you please, without apprehending any thing. As to what you say, that when you go to the Country of the Christians, you will be my Wife, I give you my Word upon it, as a good Christian; and be assur'd the Christians keep their word better than the Moors. Alla and Marien his Mother keep you my dear Lady.

This Paper being Written and Seal'd, I waited two Days till the

Y 2

Bath

Bath was empty, as it us'd to be; and then went out to the usual Walk, to see whether the Cane appear'd; and it was not long before it did: As soon as I saw it, tho' I could not see who held it, I shew'd the Paper, as it were to signifie they should hang the Thread at it, but it was already fastned to the Cane, and I ty'd the Paper to it; and presently after our Star appear'd again with the white Flag of Peace of the knotted Handkerchief; it was dropt, and I took it up, and found above 50 Crowns in Silver and Gold, which redoubled our joy and confirm'd our hopes of obtaining our Liberty. The same Night our Renegado came again, and told us he had learnt that the same Moor we had been told of liv'd in that House, that his Name was *Agimorat*, that he was excessive Rich, and had but one only Daughter, who was Heiress to all he had, and it was the general opinion of the whole Town that she was the Beautifullest Woman in *Barbary*: That several Viceroy's had made Suit to have her for their Wife; but she never would Marry, and that he had been inform'd she had once a Christian Woman-Slave, who was since Dead: All which agreed with what was written in her Paper. We sat in Council with the Renegado to advise how we should get away the Lady, and make our escape into Christendom; and at last it was resolv'd for that time that we should expect *Zoraida's* next Letter, for that was her Name, who will now be call'd *Mary*: For we plainly saw it was she and no other that must facilitate all those difficulties. When we had agreed upon this, the Renegado bid us not trouble our selves, for he would set us at Liberty, or it should cost him his Life. There was company in the Bath for four Days following, which was the reason the Cane did not appear; after which time it shew'd it self with the Handkerchief so big that it promis'd a happy Delivery: The Cane and Handkerchief came down to me, and I found another Paper and an Hundred Crowns in Gold, besides some other Mony. The Renegado was there, we gave him the Paper to read in our little Cell and he Interpreted it thus.

I do not know, dear Sir, how to contrive our going to Spain, nor has Lela Marien told me, tho' I have ask'd it of her: Yet this may be done; I will give you out at this Window abundance of Gold, do you Ransom your self and your Friend; and let one go into the Country of the Christians and buy a Boat, and come for the rest, and he shall find me in my Father's Garden which is at the Gate of Babazon, near the Shore; where I shall be all this Summer with my Father and Servants: You may take me away

away from them without any danger, and carry me to the Boat; and take notice you must be my Husband, or I will beg of Marien to punish you. If you can trust no body to go for the Boat, do you ransom your self and go, for I know you will be more sure to come back than another, since you are a Gentleman and a Christian: Endeavour to know the Garden, and when you walk in that place I shall understand the Bath is empty, and will give you a great deal of Mony. Alla keep you, dear Sir.

These were the Contents of the Second Paper, upon which every one offer'd to be he that should be Ransom'd, and promis'd to go and return without fail, which I also offer'd to do. All this the Renegado oppos'd, saying, he could never agree that any one should go away free till all went together, because Experience had taught him how ill Men once at Liberty, perform the promises they made in Captivity; for some Captives of note had often made use of that method, ransoming one that was to go to *Valenica*, or *Majorca*, with Mony to fit out a Bark to return for those that had ransom'd him, but never any return'd, for the Liberty they had obtain'd, and the fear of losing it again cancell'd the memory of all Obligations: And to confirm the truth of what he said, he told us in a few words an accident that had newly happen'd to certain Christian Gentlemen, which was the strangest that had been known in those parts, where there are daily strange and surprising things to be seen. In short he told us that what might and could be done, was that the Mony which was to be given to ransom the Christian, should be given to him to buy a Bark there at *Argier*, on pretence of Trading to *Tetuan*, and along that Coast; and that when once he had the Bark, it would be easy to get us all out of the Bath and run us aboard: Besides, that if the Moorish Lady, as she promis'd, gave Mony enough to Ransom us all, it was easy to Ship us when we were free, at Noon-day, and that the greatest difficulty lay in that the Moors do not permit any Renegado to buy or have a small Bark, but only great Vessels for Piracy; because they fear that he who buys a Bark, especially if he be a *Spaniard*, only designs to get away into Christendom; but that he would remove this Obstacle, by taking a *Tagarine* Moor to his Partner in the Boat, and Trade, and under this Colour he should come to be Master of the Bark, and he did not doubt of the rest: Now tho' my Comrades and my self better approv'd of sending for the Bark to *Majorca*, as the Moorish Lady had contriv'd, yet we durst not contradict him, fearing lest if we did not do as he would have us, he might discover us and endanger our

lives, if he reveal'd our correspondence with *Zorayda*, to save whose Life we were willing to lose our own; so we resolv'd to trust in God and the Renegado: At the same time we answer'd *Zorayda*, telling her we would do as she advis'd, for it was as well contriv'd, as if it had come from *Lela Marien*; and that the delay and speedy execution of that Affair depended on her: I again promis'd to be her Husband, and so the next Day when the Bath was empty, at several times she let down to us with the Cane and the Cloath 2000 Crowns in Gold, and a Note; in which she acquainted us that she was to go away the next Juma or Fryday to her Father's Country Houfe, but that before she went she would give us more Mony; and if that were not enough we should let her know it, for she would give all we should ask for, because her Father had so much he would never miss it, and she kept the Keys of every thing. We gave the Renegado 500 Crowns immediatly to buy the Bark; I Ransom'd my self for 800 more, putting them into the hands of a Merchant of *Valencia*; who was then at *Argier*; who Bought me of the King, taking me out upon his Promise given that he would pay my Ransom, the First Vessel that came from *Valencia*, for had he paid down the Mony immediatly, the King had suspected that my Ransom had been long in *Argier*, and he had kept it to make his Advantage of it. In short my Master was so captious that I durst not by any means suffer the Mony to be paid down presently. The Thursday before the Fryday, when *Zorayda* was to go out of Town, she gave us 1000 Crowns more, and told us she was going, desiring me if I Ransom'd my self to seek her Father's Garden, and by all means to find out some pretence to go thither to see her: I answer'd in short I would do so; and bid her be careful to recommend our Affairs to *Lela Marien*, with all the Prayers the Christian Woman Slave had taught her. This done it was contriv'd that my Three Companions should Ransom themselves, that they might get out of the Bath, for fear lest when they saw me Ransom'd the Devil should put it into their heads to practise any thing against *Zorayda*, because they were not Bought off, when there was Mony enough; for tho' their quality might have secur'd me against any such apprehension, yet I was resolv'd to run no Hazard, and therefore caus'd them to be Ransom'd in the same manner as I had been; delivering all the Mony to the Merchant, that he might answer for us with security to himself: Yet we never discover'd our Secret and Contrivance to him, because of the danger there was in it.

C H A P. XIV.

A further continuation of the Captives Relation.

BEFORE Fifteen days were past the Renegado had Bought a very good Bark, that would carry above 30 Men, and the better to Colour his design, he made a Voyage to a Town they call *Sargel*, 30 Leagues from *Argier*, towards *Oran*; where there was a great Trade for Figs. He made two or three Voyages thither with the *Tagarine* he had told us of. In *Barbary* they call the *Aragonian* Moors *Tagarines*, and those of *Granada* *Mudajares*; and in the Kingdom of *Fex*, they call the *Mudajares* *Elibes*, and they are the People those Kings make most use of in their Wars. Every time he pass'd by he would come to an Anker in a small Creek, which was not above two Bow shoots from *Zorayda's* Garden, there the Renegado would either pretend to make the *Zala*, that is, Pray with the Moors that were at the Oar; or practise in jest what he design'd to do in Earnest; and so would go to *Zorayda's* Garden, and ask for Fruit; which her Father would give him, tho' he knew him not; and tho' as he afterwards said, he would fain have spoken to *Zorayda*, and have told her it was he that was to carry her into the Country of the Christians; yet he never could find an opportunity, because the Moorish Women never suffer any Moor or Turk to see them unless their Father or Husband command them. They suffer Christian Slaves to talk and converse with them, more than is proper; and I had been sorry he had spoken to her, for perhaps it would have frighted her to see a Renegado concern'd in her Business. But God who directed it after another manner, did not permit our Renegado's honest design to take effect. He perceiv'ing now how Securely he went to and return'd from *Sargel*, that he came to an Anker when and where he pleas'd, that the *Tagarine* his Companion was wholly at his disposal, that I was Ransom'd, and now there wanted nothing, but to provide some Christians to Row, he bid me seek out for such as I would take along with me besides those that were Ransom'd, and to have them in a readiness against the next Fryday, when he had resolv'd we should depart. With this I spoke to twelve *Spaniards*, all good Men at the Oar, and such as could best get out of the City; and it was no small wonder to meet with so many at that time, for there were Twenty Vessels out abroad, and they had carry'd out with them most of the Men that work'd at the Oar, and these

had not been in Town, but that their Master did not go out that Summer, being employ'd in Building a Galiot he had upon the Stocks. I said no more to them, but bid them the next Fry-day in the Afternoon to slip away one after another, towards *Agimorat's* Garden, and expect me there till I came: I gave these instructions to every one apart, bidding them, tho' they saw other Christians there, not to say any thing but that I had directed them to wait there. This done, there remain'd one thing more to do, which was the most material point; and was to give notice to *Zorayda* how Affairs stood, that she might be in readiness, and not surpris'd if we did assault her sooner than she could imagine the Christian Bark could come. Therefore I resolv'd to go to the Garden, and try whether I could speak with her, and upon pretence of gathering some Herbs I went thither, and the first I met with was her Father, who speaking to me in *Lingua Franca*, which is a mixture of all Languages that is understood generally, not only in *Barbary* but even at *Constantinople*; he ask'd me what I wanted in his Garden, and who I belong'd to: I told him I was Slave to *Arnaute Mami* (who I knew was his great Friend) and was come for all sorts of Herbs for a Salade. He ask'd me in the next place, whether I was upon Ransom, and how much my Master ask'd for me: Whilst we were in this discourse, the Beautiful *Zorayda* came out of the House, having seen me before; and because, as I have said, the Moorish Women are not shy, nor make any difficulty of being seen by Christians, she was not afraid to come where her Father was talking with me, but her Father seeing her come on but slowly, call'd her to draw near. It were too tedious now to describe how Beautiful, and Graceful, and how Richly Apparell'd my dear *Zorayda* appear'd before me; I shall only say she had more Pearles hanging about her than Hairs on her Head. About her Ankles, which according to their Fashion were uncover'd, she wore two Carcaxes (for so they call those Ornaments like Bracelets belonging to the Feet in the Moorish Language) of pure Gold, set with so many Diamonds, that she afterward told me her Father valu'd them at 10000 Doubles, and the Bracelets on her Wrists were worth as much more: The Pearls she had on were very numerous, and fine; for the Moorish Women look upon it as the greatest Ornament to set themselves off with abundance of Pearls of all sorts; and therefore there are more Pearls among the Moors than in all other Nations, and *Zorayda's* Father was reported to have abundance, and of the best in *Argier*, and to be worth above 200000 Spanish Crowns

Crowns, of all which she was Mistress who is now mine. By what still remains after so many misfortunes may be guess'd how Beautiful she was when she wore all these Ornaments: For it is well known the Beauty of some Women has its proper season and times, and rises and falls according to the accidents that attend it; and it is natural for the Passions of the Mind either to encrease or diminish it, and very often they utterly destroy it. In short she was then, or appear'd to me to be the most beautiful and best dress'd Woman I had ever seen; and considering how much I was oblig'd to her, methought I saw some Heavenly Deity that was come down upon Earth for my Comfort and Delivery. As soon as she came to us, her Father told her I was *Arnaute Mami's* Slave, and came for a Sallade. She then spoke and ask'd me in that mixture of Languages I have spoken of, whether I was a Gentleman, and why I did not ransom my self? I answer'd I was ransom'd, and that she might find by the price how much my Master valu'd me, for he had 1500 Sultanis. To which she answer'd. In truth if you were my Fathers, I would take care he should not part with you for twice the Money, for you Christians always lye in the account you give us, and pretend to be poor, to cheat us Moors. That may be, Madam, said I, but upon my word I have told my Master the truth, and do and will deal fairly with all People I am concern'd with. And when do you go away, said *Zorayda*? To morrow I believe, said I. For here is a French Ship that Sails to morrow and I design to go off in it. Is it not better to stay for some Spanish Vessel than to go with French, who are none of your Friends? No, quoth I, but yet if it be True, as is reported that a Spanish Ship is expected, I may stay for it, but it is likeliest I shall go to morrow, for I have such a longing to be in my Country among those I love, that I cannot persuade my self to stay for any other conveniency tho' never so good. Doubtless you are Marry'd in your Country, and therefore, answer'd *Zorayda*, you desire to be with your Wife. I am not Marry'd said I, but have promis'd to be so as soon as I come there. And is the Lady you have promis'd handsome, reply'd *Zorayda*? She is so Beautiful, quoth I, that I know not how to express it better than by telling you she is like you. Her Father laugh'd heartily at this, and said, On my word Christian she is very Beautiful, if she is like my Daughter, who is the greatest Beauty in this Kingdom: And do you look upon her, and you will say I am in the right on't. *Zorayda's* Father was our Interpreter in most of this discourse, as being the best at that Language; for tho' she spoke it

in some measure, she was better to be understood by Signs than by Words: Whilst we were thus talking, a Moor came running; and cry'd out, that four Turks had leap'd the Garden-Pales or Wall, and were gathering the Fruit tho' it was not ripe. The old Man was surpris'd, and so was *Zorayda*, for it is common and natural for the Moors to dread the Turks, especially the Souldiers, who are so intolerant and treat the Moors that are Subject to them with such Haughtiness as if they were their Slaves. So *Zorayda's* Father said to her, Daughter, retire into the House, and Lock your self up, whilst I go talk to these Dogs; and do you Christian look for your Herbs, and go about your business, and God send you well home to your Country. I bow'd, and he went to seek the Turks, leaving me alone with *Zorayda*, who made as if she would have gone where her Father had bid her: But no sooner had we lost sight of him, among the Trees of the Garden, than she came back to me, her Eyes full of Tears, and said, *Amexi Christiano, Amexi*, that is, are you going away Christian, are you going? I answer'd, Yes Madam, but not without you by no means; expect me the next Juma (Fryday) and be not surpris'd when you see us, for we shall certainly go to the Christian country: This I spoke so that she understood every Word that pass'd betwixt us; and throwing her Arm about my Neck began to walk faintly towards the House; and it fell out, which might have been Fatal if Heaven had not protect'd us, that as we were going together in this posture, as I have told, with her Arm about my Neck, her Father was return'd from the Turks, who saw us, and we perceiv'd he had seen us: But *Zorayda* very discreetly still held her Arm about my Neck, and coming closer to me lean'd her Head against my Breast, bowing her Knees, as if she was swooning away, and I made as if I held her against my Will. Her Father came running to us, and seeing his Daughter in that condition ask'd her what she ail'd? But she not answering, he said, with out doubt she is Fainted away with the Fright of those Dogs coming in, and taking her from mine, he set her against his own Breast, and she fetching a Sigh, the Tears still standing in her Eyes, said again; *Amexi Christiano, Amexi*: Be gone Christian, be gone. To which the Father answer'd. It is no matter Child for the Christian's going, for he has done thee no harm, and the Turks are gone; do not be frighted at any thing, for there is nothing to offend you; for as I have told you, at my request the Turks went out the same way they came in. It was they Sir, quoth I, that frighted her; but

but since she bids me be gone I will not disturb her: God be with you, and with your leave I will come again for Herbs to this Garden if I want them, for my Master says there are no Sallades so good to be found. You may come as often as you will, answer'd *Agimorad*, for my Daughter did not speak those words because you or any of the Christians had offended her, but instead of bidding the Turks she bid you be gone, or else because she thought it was time for you to gather your Herbs. I took leave of them both, and she went away with her Father as if her Heart would Break. Upon pretence of looking for Herbs I walk'd about, and took my full view of the Garden: I consider'd all the Avenues, the strength of the House; and how our business might be brought about. This done, I came away, and gave the Renegado and my Comrades an account of all I had done; and now I thought every Minute an Age, till I securely enjoy'd the Blessing Fortune offer'd me in the Beautiful *Zorayda*: In fine, the time pass'd, and the Day and Hour by us so much wish'd for came, and all of us punctually observing the method that had been agreed upon mature deliberation, we had the success we desired: For the Fryday after the day when I spoke with *Zorayda* in the Garden, the Renegado came to an Anker just against the place where the Beautiful *Zorayda* was. The Christians who were to labour at the Oar were all ready and hid in several places thereabouts: They were all in expectation, and full of joy, waiting for me and eager to fall upon the Vessel they had before them, for they knew not the Renegado's agreement, but thought they were to get their Liberty by Force of Arms, killing the Moors that were in the Bark. It hapned that as soon as I and my Companions appear'd, all that were hid seeing us, began to draw near. This was when the City was shut, and not a Soul to be seen all about there. Being all together, we made it a question whether we should first fetch *Zorayda*, or secure the Moors that row'd in the Bark: Whilst we were in this Dilemma our Renegado came up to us, asking, what it was that stay'd us since it was now time, and all his Moors were unprovided and most of them asleep? We told him what it was we hesitated at, and he said, the main business was to secure the Vessel first, which might be easily done without any danger, and that afterwards we might go for *Zorayda*. We all approv'd of what he said, and so without any further delay, he leading we came to the Vessel, and he leaping into it first drew a Scimiter, and said in the Moorish tongue: Let none of ye stir, for whoever does it shall cost him his life. By this time the Christians

Christians were got in : The Moors who were faint-hearted hearing their Commander talk after that rate, were frighted, and without ever handling those few Arms they had, suffer'd themselves without speaking a word to be Bound by the Christians, who did it in a Moment, threatening them that if they durst offer to cry out, they would immediatly put them all to the Sword. After this leaving half our company to guard the Moors, the rest of us under the conduct of the Renegado, went to *Agimorat's* Garden, and by good luck when we came to open the Door, it gave way with as much ease, as if it had not been shut ; so we got to the House without being discover'd. The Beautiful *Zorayda* was at a Window waiting for us, and as soon as she heard a noise of People, she ask'd in a low voice whether we were *Nizarani*, that is, whether we were Christians ; I answer'd we were, and bid her come down. Knowing me by my voice, she made no stay, but immediatly came down without answering a word. She open'd the Door, and appear'd so Beautiful, and so richly Apparell'd, that I know not how to express it : As soon as I saw her, I took her by the Hand and began to kiss it, and the Renegado and my two Companions did the same ; the rest who knew not the meaning of it, did what they saw us do, as if we had thank'd and acknowledg'd her for our Deliverer. The Renegado ask'd her in the Moorish Tongue whether her Father was there ? She answer'd, he was asleep. Then reply'd the Renegado, it will be requisite to wake him and take him along with us, and all that he has here of any value. No, said she ; my Father shall not be touch'd upon any account, and there is nothing in this House but what I carry with me, which is enough to enrich and satisfy you all ; stay but a Moment and you shall see it. Having spoke these words she went in again, telling us she would soon return, and bidding us stand still and make no noise. I ask'd the Renegado what they had said, who told me, and I assur'd him nothing should be done against *Zorayda's* consent. She was now coming back with a little Trunk full of Crowns in Gold, so heavy she could hardly carry it. As ill luck would have it, her Father wak'd in the mean while, and heard a noise in the Garden, and looking out of a Window perceiv'd that all those who were in it were Christians, and cry'd out as loud as he could, repeating these Words in Arabick, Christians, Christians, Thieves, Thieves. Which cries put us all in a great Consternation ; but the Renegado seeing the danger we were in, and how much it concern'd him to finish that undertaking before we were discover'd, ran up with great

great speed to the Roome where *Agimorat* was, and with him some of our Company, for I durst not quit *Zorayda*, who fell down as it were in a Swoon in my Arms. In short, they that went up order'd their business so well, that in a Moment they brought down *Agimorat*, with his Hands ty'd, and a Handkerchief upon his Mouth to hinder him from speaking, threatening, that the least Word should cost him his Life. When his Daughter beheld him, she cover'd her Eyes that she might not see him, and her Father was astonish'd, not knowing how willingly she had put herself into our Hands. But then the only business being to fly, we soon got into the Bark, where our Companions expected us, apprehending some disaster might befall us. It was scarce two Hours in the Night when we were all got into the Bark, where *Zorayda's* Father was unbound, and the Handkerchief taken from his Mouth ; but the Renegado again bid him not speak a Word, for they would kill him, if he did. He seeing his Daughter there, began to sigh bitterly, and especially when he saw one embracing her closely, and that she stood still without resisting, complaining, or shewing the least unwillingness ; but for all that he held his Tongue, lest the Renegado's Threats should be put in execution. Now *Zorayda* seeing herself in the Bark, and that we were about to ply the Oars, and seeing her Father there and the other Moors bound, she bid the Renegado, desire me to do her the favour to discharge those Moors, and give her Father his liberty, for she would rather throw herself into the Sea, than suffer her Father that so dearly had lov'd her, to be carry'd away to Captivity before her Eyes and on her account. The Renegado told me what she said, and I answer'd, I was satisfy'd it should be so ; but he reply'd, It was not convenient to do it, because if they were left there they would raise the Country, alarm the City, and cause some nimble Frigots to put to Sea, and so lie in wait that it would be impossible to escape them ; that the best we could do, would be to give them their liberty as soon as we came to the Christian Shore. This advice we all approv'd of, and so *Zorayda*, who was acquainted with it, and with the Reasons why we did not immediately fulfil her desires. Then every one of our Rowers quietly and with joyful Hearts lay'd hold of their Oars, and recommending ourselves to God with all our hearts, we began to stand over for the Island of *Majorca*, which is the nearest Christian Shore. But the Wind being somewhat Northerly, and the Sea rough, we could by no means keep that Course, and were forc'd to Coast it along towards *Oran*, to our no small trouble, for fear of being discover'd from *Sargel*, which lyes

on that Coast Sixty Miles from *Argier*. And we were no less afraid of meeting that Way with some of the Galliot's which usually Trade to *Tetuan*, tho' we all concluded, That if we met a Trading Galliot, provided it were not of Rovers, that instead of being ourselves in danger of being lost, we should take a Vessel in which we might perform our Voyage with more safety. This while *Zorayda* lay with her Head between my Hands, that she might not see her Father, and I could hear her call upon *Lela Marien* to assist us. We had advanc'd about 30 Miles when Day appear'd, and we were about Three Musket shots from Land, which we saw was all Desert and that nobody could discover us. However by main strength of Arms we stood out to Sea, which was now somewhat smoother, and being about Two Leagues to Sea, it was order'd that the Men should Row by spils, whilst the others refresh'd and eat, for the Bark was well Victual'd, tho' they that Row'd, said, it was no time to rest; that those who did not Row, might make their Messes for them, because they were resolv'd not to stir from their Oars. This was done accordingly, and presently the Wind began to blow so fresh, that we were forc'd to hoist Sail and lay aside the Oars, and stand for *Oran*, because we could not possibly lye any other Course. In this manner we ran above 8 Miles an Hour, and only fear'd meeting with some Vessel of Rovers. We gave the Moors that had Row'd before, to eat, and the Renegado comforted them, telling them, they were not carry'd away Captives, but should be set at liberty upon the first opportunity: The same was said to *Zorayda's* Father, who answer'd, Your courtesie and liberality, Christians, might perswade me to believe and hope for any thing but that from you; but don't you take me to be such a Fool, as to imagine you will give me my liberty, for you never expos'd yourselves to such danger in depriving me of it, only to restore me to it again so freely, especially knowing who I am, and what advantage you can make of me, which if you will put any Rate to, I here promise to Pay whatsoever you shall ask for me and that my unhappy Daughter, or else for her alone, who is the better part of my Soul. Having said these Words, he began to Weep so bitterly, that he mov'd us all to compassion, and made *Zorayda* look at him. She seeing him Weep was so mov'd, that she arose from my Feet, and went and embrac'd her Father, and laying her Face to his, they began to Weep so bitterly, that many of us could not forbear bearing them company; but when her Father saw her Dress, and with so many Jewels about her, he said to her in their Language, What is the meaning of this, Child?

Child? for Yesterday about Evening, before this great Misfortune befell us, I saw you in your ordinary un-dress, and now tho' you have not had leisure to Dress you, and without having heard News that might occasion you to set your self off, I see you in the best Apparel I could provide you, when Fortune was most propitious to us? Answer me, for this does more surprize and astonish me, than even our Misfortune itself. The Renegado told us all that the Moor said to his Daughter, and she answer'd not a Word; but when he saw the little Casket in which she us'd to keep her Jewels, which he expected and thought had been left at *Argier*, and not carry'd to the Country-house, he was still more amaz'd, and ask'd her, How she came by that Casket, and what was in it? To which, the Renegado without staying for her Answer, reply'd, Sir, do not trouble yourself to put so many Questions to *Zorayda*, for I shall give you one Answer in full of all, and therefore, I would have you to understand, that she is a Christian, and it was she that knock'd off our Chains, and deliver'd us from Slavery; she is here by her own consent, and as well pleas'd, I suppose, to be in this condition, as one is that came out of Darkness into Light, from Death to Life, and from Suffering to Glory. Is this true Child, that this Man says? quoth the Moor? It is so, reply'd *Zorayda*. Then it seems you are a Christian, quoth the Old Man, and have deliver'd up your Father into the Hands of his Enemies. To this, *Zorayda* answer'd, A Christian I am, but it was not I that brought you to this pass, for I never design'd to do, or suffer any hurt to be done to you, but only to do my self good. And what good have you done your self, Child? said the Old Man. You may ask *Lela Marien*, for she can inform you better than I. No sooner had the Moor heard these Words, but he cast himself headlong into the Sea, where he had infallibly been Drownd, had not his long wide Garment kept him some time above Water. *Zorayda* cry'd out to have him taken up, so we all ran, and catching hold of his upper Garment drew him up, half Drownd, and Senseless; at which *Zorayda* was so troubled that she lamented over him, as if he had been Dead. We turn'd his Head down, and he threw up a great deal of Water. After lying two Hours he came to himself, in which Time the Wind changing, we were forc'd towards the Shoar and labour'd hard at the Oar to keep clear of it. By good luck we got into a Creek under a small Cape, or Promontory, which the Moors call the Cape of the *Cava Rumia*, which signifies, *The Wicked Christian Woman*; and there is a Tradition among the Moors, That

Count Julian's Daughter call'd *Rumia Cava*, who was the cause of the Infidels overrunning *Spain*, is bury'd in that Place; for in their Language, *Cava*, signifies an ill Woman, and *Rumia*, a Christian, and they look upon it as an ill Omen, to come to an Anchor there, when they are forc'd to it by stress of Weather, for else they never do it. But to us it prov'd not the protection of an ill Woman, but a sure Harbour, where we found safety, when the Sea was so rough. We plac'd Sentinels a-shore, and never laid down the Oars. We eat of what the Renegado had provided, and heartily pray'd to God, and to our Blessed Lady, to give us a happy conclusion to what we had fortunately begun. Order was taken at the request of *Zorayda*, about putting her Father and all the other Moors ashore, for she could not endure to see her Father, and Country-men bound before her Eyes. We promis'd to do it when we left that place, since no danger could come to us by leaving them in that Desert. Our Prayers were not so vain, but that Heaven heard them, the Wind turn'd and the Sea grew calm, inviting us to continue our Voyage. Upon which, we unbound the Moors, and set them ashore one by one, which they admir'd at; but when we came to Land *Zorayda's* Father, who was now quite come to himself, he said, Why do you think, Christians, this wicked Woman would have you give me my Liberty? D'ye think it is out of compassion to me? No truly, but she does it, because she thinks that my presence will hinder her from executing her ill Designs. And do not think, that she changes her Religion because she thinks yours better than ours, but because she knows Lewdness is more freely practis'd in your Country than in ours. Then turning to *Zorayda*, I and another Christian holding him all the while by the Arms, left he should do some extravagant Action: He said to her, Infamous Young Woman, ill advis'd Girl, whither is it you go thus blindly in the custody of these Dogs our Natural Enemies? Cursed be the Hour in which I begot you, and cursed the Tenderness and Plenty wherein I bred you. But I seeing he would not have done soon, made haste to set him a-shore, and there he continu'd his Curses and Lamentations, praying to *Mahomet*, to beg of *Alla* to destroy, confound, and annihilate us. And when being under Sail we could no longer hear his Words, we saw his Actions, which were tearing of his Beard and Hair, and dragging himself along the Ground; but once he lifted up his Voice so loud, that we could hear him say, Return dear Child, return to shore, for I forgive you all; deliver that Money, which is theirs already, to those Men, and return to comfort this poor disconsolate

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late Father, who will end his Life on this barren Sand if you forsake him. All this *Zorayda* heard, and it went to her Heart, so that she wept, and could make no other answer but this. God grant, dear Father, that *Lela Marien*, who has been the cause of my being a Christian, may comfort thee in thy Affliction: *Alla* knows I could do no less than I have done, and that these Christians are not beholding to me for my good will: For tho' I would not have come away with them, but have stay'd at home; I could not have done it, my Soul was so eager to perform this Action, which I think so good; tho' to you it seems so bad. This she said, when neither her Father heard her, nor could we any longer see him, so I comforted *Zorayda*, and we all minded our Voyage, which the Wind seem'd so much to Favour, that we doubted not but we should be the next Morning upon the *Spanish* Shore. But as it seldom happens that good fortune is compleat without some cross or disaster to allay and disturb it, our ill Fate, or perhaps the Curses the Moor had vented upon his Daughter, (for the Curses of any Father are to be dreaded,) our ill Fate, I say, order'd that when we were far out at Sea, it being near Three Hours in the Night, and we making all the Sail we could, the Oars being lash'd too, because the Wind favouring we had no use for them; by the light of the Moon which shin'd very bright we saw close by us a Vessel with a round Stern, which having all its Sails abroad, and steering with the Wind, was coming athwart us, and so near that we were forc'd to strike our Sails to avoid being foul of her, and they put the Helm hard up to let us get clear of them. They stood upon the side to hale us, and know what we were, and whither we were bound? But they asking it in French, our Renegado said, Let none Answer, for these are certainly French Pyrates, who spare no body. Being thus warn'd, no body answer'd a Word, and when we had made some way from them, and left them to the Leeward on a sudden they fir'd Two Guns, both, as it seem'd, loaden with Chain-shot, for one of them carry'd our Mast by the Board, so that it fell clear with Sail and all into the Sea, and immediatly the next fell just in the Midship, and sprung a Leak, without killing any body; but seeing her sink, we all began to cry aloud for help, and to desire those in the other Vessel to take us up, for we were Drowning. They lay by, and lanching their Pinnace, or Barge, about a Dozen French Men with their Muskets and lighted Matches, leap'd into it, and in that manner they Boarded us, and seeing how few we were, and that the Vessel was sinking, they took us in, saying,

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That

That Misfortune had befallen us for our ill breeding in not answering them. Our Renegado took the Casket with *Zorayda's* Riches; and dropt it into the Sea, without being observ'd by any body. In short, we were all carry'd a-board the French Ship, where after they had known all they could expect from us, they strip'd us of all we had, as if they had been our mortal Enemies, and from *Zorayda* they took the very Jewels she had about her Legs; but what troubled me above all, was, the fear left after all the rest, they should proceed to rob her of the most precious Jewel she most valu'd. But these People covet nothing but Money, and of that they have never enough; for such was their Coverousness, that they would have strip'd us of our Captives Cloaths had they been worth any thing. It was propos'd among them, to cast us all into the Sea wrapp'd up in a Sail, because they intended to Trade in some part of *Spain*, pretending to be *Bretons*, and if they carry'd us alive they would be punish'd, when it was known they had Rob'd us. But the Captain who had strip'd my dear *Zorayda*, said, he was satisfy'd with the Booty he had gotten, and would not touch any part of *Spain*, but make his way through the Streights of *Gibraltar* by Night, or as he found an opportunity, and return to *Rochel*, from whence they came; so they resolv'd to give us their Pinnace, and what else was necessary for so short a Way as we had to shore, and accordingly they did so next Day, being in sight of the Spanish Coast, which sight banish'd all the remembrance of our Poverty and past Miseries; so pleasant a thing it is to recover lost Liberty. It was about Noon when they put us into the Boat, giving us two Casks of Water and some Biskets, and the Captain, I know not how, mov'd to compassion, as the beautiful *Zorayda* was going off, gave her about Forty Crowns in Gold, and would not suffer his Men to strip her of these Cloaths she has on now. We went into the Boat, and thank'd them for their kindness, appearing rather grateful than dissatisfy'd. They stood off towards the Streight. We without looking at any thing but the Land before us, labour'd at the Oar so heartily, that by Sun-set, we thought ourselves so near the Shore that we might make it before Night were far advanc'd. Yet because the Moon did not then shine out, and it was Cloudy, as also because we knew not what Shore we were upon, we thought it not safe to venture to Land, as many would have done, saying, We ought to run a-shore tho' it were upon a Rock, and far from any Town; for so doing, we should secure ourselves from the danger we ought to apprehend from the Rovers of *Tethan* lying upon the Coast, who us'd to be at

Night

Night in *Barbary*, and the next Morning on the Coasts of *Spain*, and having taken their Booty, were at home again the next Night. In this variety of opinions, it was at last agreed, That we should make up to the Shore gently, and if the Sea were calm enough Land at the first conveniency. We did so, and a little before Mid-night we came to the Foot of a vast high Mountain, which lay not out so close to the Sea, but there was a convenient distance for us to Land. We run the Boat a-ground on the Sand, got ashore, and kiss'd the Ground, and shedding Tears for joy, gave thanks to God for having brought us safe. We took the Provision there was out of the Boat, which we drag'd a-shore, and went a great way up the Mountain; for tho' we were there, we could hardly persuade ourselves, or be satisfy'd it was a Christian Country we were upon. Day broke, later in my opinion, than we wish'd for; we got to the Top of the Mountain to see if from thence we could discover any Town, or some Shepherds Cottages; but tho' we strain'd our Eyes we could see neither Town, nor Road, nor Path, nor any living Creature. However, we resolv'd to Travel up into the Country, for it was impossible but that we must soon find somebody to acquaint us where we were. What troubled me most, was to see *Zorayda* Travel a-foot in those uncouth Ways; for tho' I took her upon my Shoulders, yet she was more troubled at my weariness than she benefited by resting, and therefore she would not permit me to do it any more; but Travell'd very patiently, and seem'd to be well pleas'd, for I always led her by the Hand. We had not Travell'd a quarter of a League, when we heard a little Bell, which betoken'd there was Cattel thereabouts; and all of us looking about to see if we could discover any, we spy'd a Young Shepherd sitting at the Foot of a Cork-Tree, at his ease curting a Stick with his Knife; we call'd out and he lifting his Head stood up immediately, and as we afterwards understood, the first he saw was the Renegado and *Zorayda*, and seeing them in the Moorish Habit, he thought all the Moors in *Barbary* were coming upon him, and running swiftly into the Wood, he began to roar out furiously, Moors, the Moors are Landed. Moors, Moors, to Arms, to Arms. His Cries confounded us, and we knew not what to do; but considering his roaring would alarm the Country, and that the Troops which Guard the Coast would come to see what was the matter, we bethought ourselves that the Renegado should put off his Turkish Apparel, and put on a Captive's Coat, which one of the Company gave him, tho' he was left in his Shirt. So offering ourselves up to God,

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we held on the same Way we saw the Shepherd go; still expecting when the Troops that Guard the Coast would come down upon us; and we were not deceiv'd in our thoughts; for within less than two Hours, when we were got out of that Mountain into a Plain, we discover'd about 50 Horse, coming towards us upon three Quarters speed, and as soon as we saw them we stood still to expect them. When they came up, and instead of Moors, saw so many poor Christian Captives, they were amaz'd, and one of them ask'd us, Whether we were the cause that a Shepherd had given the Alarm. Yes, said I, and being about to tell him what had happen'd to us, who we were, and whence we came, one of our Company knew the Horse-Man who had ask'd the Question, and without suffering me to proceed, said, Thanks be to God, Gentlemen, for that he has brought us to so good a Place; for if I be not deceiv'd the Ground we stand upon is the Territory of *Velez Malaga*, unless my many Years Captivity makes my Memory deceive me, which tells me, that you Sir, who ask who we are, are yourself *Peter de Bustamante* my Uncle. No sooner had the Christian Captive spoke these Words, but the Horse-Man threw himself off his Horse and came to embrace the Young Man, saying, My dear Nephew, I know you, and I have bewail'd your Death, and so has my Sister your Mother, and all your Friends who are still living, and God has been pleas'd to preserve their Lives, that they may have the pleasure of seeing you. We heard you was in *Argier*, and by yours, and all the Companies Cloaths, I guess your escape has been miraculous. It is so, said the Young Man, and we shall have leisure to tell you all. As soon as the Horse-Men perceiv'd we were Christian Captives, they alighted off their Horses, and every one of them offer'd us his, to carry us to the City *Velez Malaga*, which was a League and half off. Some of them went to carry the Boat to the City, when we had told them where it lay, others took us up behind them, and *Zorayda* rid behind the Captive's Uncle. All the People of the Town came out to receive us, having heard of our coming from some of the Troopers who had gone before. They did not admire to see Captives deliver'd, or Moors made Slaves; for all the People along that Coast are us'd to such fights, but they admir'd *Zorayda's* Beauty, which was then at its height; the weariness of Travelling, and the pleasure of being in a Christian Country out of Danger, having brought such a Colour into her Cheeks, that, if it were not that Love deceiv'd me, I durst affirm there was not such a Beautiful Creature in the World; at least I had not seen such a one.

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We went straight to Church to give Thanks to Almighty God for his Mercy towards us, and as soon as *Zorayda* came into it, she said, there were Faces like *Lela Marien*. We told her they were her Pictures, and the Renegado explain'd to her the best he could the signification of them, that she might Honour them, as she would the same *Lela Marien* who had spoke to her. She, who had a clear Understanding and good natural Capacity, presently comprehended all that was said to her concerning the Images: Thence they carry'd and distributed us into several Houses in the Town; but the Christian that came with us carry'd the Renegado, *Zorayda* and me, to his Parents House, who were pretty good House-keepers; and made as much of us as they did of their own Son: We stay'd Six Days at *Velez*, after which time the Renegado having inform'd himself in all that was needful for him, went away to *Granada*, there through the means of the Holy Inquisition, to return to the most Holy Bolom of the Church. All the other Christians that had got their Liberty, went away where they thought fit: Only *Zorayda* and I remain'd with only those Crowns the French Captain in courtesie bestow'd on *Zorayda*; out of which I bought this Beast she rides on. We are now going to see whether my Father is living, or whether any of my Brothers have been more Fortunate than I, who in the mean while am to her instead of a Father and a Servant; but not as a Husband. And since Heaven has made me *Zorayda's* Companion, I think no other happiness could have attended me that I should have valued more. *Zorayda's* Patience in bearing with the inconveniences that attend Poverty, and her earnest desire to become a Christian, are so great, that I cannot but admire both; and they encline me to serve her, as long as I live. Yet the satisfaction I receive in being hers, and possessing her as mine, is abated and disturbed by not knowing, whether I shall find in my own Country, any small Cottage to receive her, and whether Time and Death have not so dispos'd of my Father and Brothers Lives and Fortunes, that I may find any body that knows me, if they are gone. I have no more to tell you Gentlemen, of my Story; do you Judge whether it is pleasant and strange; this I can say for my self, that I would willingly have told it you more succinctly; and the fear of tiring you, has made me omit several Circumstances that were at my Tongues end.

CHAP. XV.

Of other things that happen'd in the Inn, and many other Passages worthy to be known.

HERE the Captive ended his Story, to whom *Don Ferdinand* said, Truly, Captain the method you have observ'd in telling your Story, is not inferior, to its rarity and strangeness: It is all extraordinary and surprizing and full of such exquisite Accidents, as cannot but cause Admiration in those that hear it: And we have receiv'd such Satisfaction in it, that we could be pleas'd it were to begin again, tho' it held us till to Morrow. Then *Cardenio*, and all the rest offer'd him their service, as far as they were able; and that in such loving and sincere Terms, that the Captain was convinc'd of their good Wills. Particular *Don Ferdinand* offer'd him, that if he would Return with him, he would cause his Brother the Marques to stand God-father to *Zorayda*, and he himself would furnish him, so as he might appear in his Country with that Port and Decency he deserv'd. The Captive return'd Thanks in a very obliging manner, but would accept of none of their kind offers. Night was now drawing on, and just in the close of it there came to the Inn a Coach, with some Men a Horse-back: They ask'd for Rooms, and the Hostels answer'd, there was not a Hole in the Inn for a body to put their Head in. Be it as it will, said one of the Horse-men that were come in, there must be room for my Lord Judge. At that Word the Hostels was disturb'd, and said, Sir the Case is, I have no Beds, if my Lord Judge brings one, as I suppose he does, let him come in a God's Name, for my Husband and I will resign our Room to serve him. So let it be, said the Servant. But by this time there was a Man come out of the Coach, and his Apparel shew'd what his Employment was, for his long Gown and his Sleeves rould up, declar'd he was a Judge; as his Servant had said. He led a Maiden Gentlewoman, that seem'd to be about 16 Years of Age, in a Travelling Dress, so Fine, Beautiful, and Gay, that they all admir'd to see her; so that if they had not seen *Luscinda*, *Zorayda*, and *Dorothy*, they would have thought there was scarce any Beauty like her. *Don Quixote* was present, when the Judge came in with the Maiden Lady, and when he saw him, said, You may safely come in Sir, and take your ease in this Castle; for tho' it be but Small and ill Furnish'd, there is no place so small and inconvenient in the World, but will entertain Arms and

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Letters, particularly if they are attended and conducted by Beauty; as your Learning is by this Beautiful Maid, before whom not only Castles ought to be lay'd open, but the very Rocks to be cleft and divided, and the Mountains to stoop to Entertain her: Come in Sir, I lay into this Paradise, for here you will find Suns and Stars to adorn the Heaven you bring along with you: Here you will find Arms in their exaltation, and Beauty in perfection. The Judge was amaz'd at *Don Quixote's* harangue, and set himself to look at him very earnestly, admiring his Person no less than he did his Words; and not knowing what answer to make him, he was more astonish'd when he saw *Luscinda*, *Dorothy* and *Zorayda*, who were come out to receive the Maiden Lady, upon the Hostels giving them an account of the New Guest, and of her Beauty. *Don Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, and the Curate made the Judge a better Compliment than *Don Quixote* had done. In short, the Judge went in much surpris'd, as well at what he saw as what he heard; and the Beauties of the Inn welcom'd the Beautiful Maiden. The Judge perceiv'd all there were Persons of Note; but *Don Quixote's* meen Countenance and Garb confounded him. When they had Complimented one another, and consider'd what conveniency the Inn could afford, they agreed as had been done before, that all the Women should take up in the great back Room, we have spoken of, and the Men stay without as it were to Guard them; and so the Judge was satisfy'd, that the young Maiden his Daughter should go with those Ladies, which she was very willing to do; and what with the Inn-keepers Bed, and part of that the Judge brought with him, they made themselves better accommodation than they expected. The Captive who from the Moment he saw the Judge, felt his Heart leap, and guess'd it was his Brother; ask'd one of his Servants his Name, and if he knew what Country-man he was. The Servants told him he was call'd the Licentiate *John Perez de Viedma*, and that he had heard he was Born in a Town on the Mountains of *Leon*. This account and what he had seen, quite convinc'd him that he was his Brother, who took to the Law by his Father's advice. Overjoy'd at this, he call'd aside *Don Ferdinand*, *Cardenio* and the Curate, and told them how the case stood, assuring them that Judge was his Brother. The Servants had also inform'd him that he was going to the *West-Indies*, being appointed one of the Judges of the Court at *Mexico*. He understood too, that the young Maiden was his Daughter; that her Mother dy'd in Child-bed of her; and her Father was Enrich'd with his Wife's Portion, which upon the Birth of

the Daughter, fell all to him. He ask'd their advice how he should discover himself, or find out first whether his Brother seeing him in that mean condition, would be asham'd, or receive him lovingly. Leave it to me, said the Curate, to make that Tryal; tho' there is no reason to think but you will be well receiv'd, Captain, for your Brother seems to be a Man of Worth and Discretion, and not at all Proud, or Conceited; or a Stranger to the Changes of Fortune. For all that, said the Captain, I would willingly make my self known by degrees, and not upon a surprize. I tell you, said the Curate, I will contrive it, so as we shall be all satisfy'd. By this time Supper was ready, and they all sat down to Table, except the Captive and the Ladies, who Supp'd by themselves in their Chamber. About the middle of the Supper, the Curate said, I had a Comrade of your Name, my Lord Judge, at *Constantinople*, where I was a Slave some Years; and he was as brave a Soldier and Officer, as any was in the Spanish-Foort; but he was as unfortunate, as he was brave and resolute. What was that Captain's Name, good Sir, ask'd the Judge. His Name was, said the Curate, *Ruy Perez de Viedma*, and he was Born in a Town on the Mountains of *Leon*, who told me a passage that happen'd betwixt his Father and his Brothers, which if so sincere a Man as he had not told me, I should have look'd upon like an old Womans Tale; for he told me his Father had divided his Estate among his Three Sons, and given them some Documents, better than *Cato's*. He chose to follow the War; and I know tho' he had no other interest but his Valour, he came to be a Captain of Foot, and was in a fair way to have been a Colonel: But Fortune prov'd unkind to him, for where he might have expected to be Advanc'd, there he was lost, by losing his Liberty at the most Fortunate Battle of *Lepanto*, where so many others gain'd theirs. I was made Prisoner at *Golera*; and afterwards through several Accidents we came at last to be Comrades at *Constantinople*. Thence he went to *Argier*, where the strangest Accidents in the World happen'd to him. Then the Curate went on briefly, relating all that had befallen the Captain, with *Zorayda*. To all this the Judge gave such attention, as if he had been sitting upon some important Tryal. The Curate went no farther than to the Passage, when the French stript the Christians, that were in the Bark; and told to what Poverty his Comrade and the Beautiful *Zorayda* were reduc'd; but that he knew not what became of them afterwards, whether they came to *Spain*, or had been carry'd away to *France*. The Captain stood at some distance

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listening to all the Curate said; and carefully observ'd all his Brother's motions, who seeing the Curate had ended his Story, fetching a great Sigh, and the Tears standing in his Eyes, said, Alas! If you did but know how nearly the New you have told concerns me, since they make these Tears gush out in spite of all my struggling to conceal them: That brave Captain you speak of is my Elder Brother, who being braver and aspiring higher than I, or another Brother of mine; chose to follow the more honourable Profession of a Souldier, which was one of the Three courses my Father propos'd to us, as your Comrade told you; that you thought look'd like an invented Tale. I took to the Law, which with God's assistance, and my own industry, has rais'd me to the Post you see me in. My younger Brother is in *Peru*, and so Rich that what he has sent my Father and me, has fully repay'd the Quota he receiv'd, and furnish'd my Father with substance to exercise his natural Generosity, and enable me the better to go through with my Studies, and obtain this employment. My Father lives, tho' in Pain; because he cannot hear from his Eldest Son, and continually prays to God, that Death may not close his Eyes, till he has seen him alive. And I wonder at him, being a Man of so much sense, that in all his prosperity and adversity, he has neglected to write to his Father; for if he or either of us had known his condition, he need not to have expected the Miracle of the Cane, to obtain his Ransom; but what I now apprehend is whether those French Men have set him at Liberty, or perhaps Murder'd him to conceal their Robbery. This will make me continue my Journey with a great deal of Affliction, being, depriv'd of the satisfaction I had when first I set out. O that I knew, dear Brother, where you are, I would go seek you out and deliver you from your Troubles tho' it cost me never so many. O that the News were carry'd to my Father that you are alive, tho' it were in the most hidden Dungeons of *Barbary*, for thence His, and my Brothers, and my Riches should fetch you out. O Beautiful and Generous *Zorayda*! Who could be able to require the good you did my Brother, who could be present at the regeneration of thy Soul, and at the Wedding, which would be so pleasing to us all? These and such like expressions the Judge us'd, and was so mightily mov'd at the News he had receiv'd of his Brother, that all those who heard him, could not but be concern'd at his Sorrow. The Curate perceiving he had so luckily compass'd what he undertook, and the Captain desir'd, would not continue their Sorrow any longer, but

rising

IV.

*She's too Scrupulous and Nice,
that's the Cloud obstructs her Light,
And her Caution bars my Eyes
From their only chearing Sight!*

*Bright and Soul-reviving Star!
Who my Faithful Love thus try,
If your Beams from me You bar,
Quick I sink, I drown, I dye,*

When he that Sang was come to these words, *Dorothy* thought not proper that *Clare* should miss of hearing so good a Voice, and therefore jogging her, she wak'd her, and said, Excuse me for waking of you Child, for I do it that you may reap the satisfaction of hearing the best Voice perhaps, you ever heard in all your Life. *Clare* wak'd very drowzy, and at first understood not what *Dorothy* said to her: But asking what it was, she repeated it, and so *Clare* listen'd. But she had scarce heard two Verses of the Song as it went on, when she was seiz'd with such a trembling, as if she had been troubled with a violent Ague-Fit, and hugging *Dorothy* close, she said to her, Alas, my dear Lady, why did you wake me? Since the greatest Happiness, Fortune could shew me at present, was to have my Eyes and Ears stopp'd, that I might neither see nor hear this unhappy Songster. What is it you talk of Child? said *Dorothy*. Why they say, he that Sings, is a Fellow that follows the Mules. He is no such thing, but a Lord of many Mannors, answer'd *Clare*, and he so Lords it over my Soul, that unless he will quit it, it can never be taken from him. *Dorothy* was amaz'd at the Girl's sensible Expressions, thinking she spoke too knowingly for her Age, and therefore, said to her, You talk after such a manner, Madam, that I don't understand you, speak plainer, and tell me, What is that you say of Mannors, of your Soul, and of this Songster, whose Voice so much disturbs you? But say nothing at present, for I will not lose the satisfaction of hearing him, for your fright; and methinks he begins again a new Song, and a fresh Tune. Do a God's Name, answer'd *Clare*, and stopp'd her Ears with both her Hands, that she might not hear him, which made *Dorothy* admire the more; but she listening to what was sung, heard these following Lines.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

*O constant and refreshing Hope!
That break'st through all the Clouds that cross thy sight,
To reach of thy desires the Scope,
And seize the lovely White:
Be not dismay'd to see
Thy self, sweet Hope, near Death so often be.*

II.

*No Coward gains the Victor's Meed;
But those alone succeed,
Who bravely stem
Their Fortune's Tide, and to receive the Crown,
Unweary'd swim against the stream:
While others sink and drown.*

III.

*Great Love his blisses
May justly value at a costly price;
Not bless'd Arabia's Gums, nor Spice
So sweet are as his Kisses;
And Nothing's thought
Worth our esteem, but what is dearly bought.*

IV.

*Love persevering oft obtains
Unlook'd for Blessings of Success,
And tho' at present I have no redress
Ease may at last perhaps be giv'n
To my Soul-racking pains;
And I from this mean Earth may reach her glorious Heav'n.*

Here the Voice ceas'd, and *Clare* began to sigh anew, which the more heighten'd *Dorothy's* Curiosity to know the cause of that sweet Song and doleful Lamentation; so she ask'd her again, what it was she would have told her before. Then *Clare* fearing lest *Luscinda* should hear her, closely embracing *Dorothy*, clapt her Mouth so close to her Ear, that she might speak securely without being heard by any other, and said to her. He that sings Madam, is Son to a Gentleman of the Kingdom of Aragon, who is Lord of two Towns, and liv'd just overagainst my Father's House at Madrid. Now tho' my Father had always * Canvass Windows in Winter and Let-

* Glass Windows are not us'd in Spain, at least they are not common, and formerly there were none. tices

tices in Summer. I know not how it came about, but this Gentleman, who then went to School saw me, either at Church, or at some other place; and in short, He fell in Love with me, and signify'd as much to me from his own Windows, by so many signs and Tears, that I was forc'd to believe, and love him, without knowing what it was I lov'd. Among the other signs he us'd to make one, was, that he would join his Hands to express he would Marry me, and tho' I should have been glad it had been so, having no Mother, I knew not who to propose it to, and so I let it alone, without giving him any other encouragement, but only when his Father and mine were both abroad, I would a little lift up the Canvas, or lattice Window, and let him have a full view of me, at which he was so overjoy'd, as if he would have run Mad. The time of my Father's departure came, and he had notice of it, not from me, for I never had an opportunity to tell it him. He fell Sick, as I suppose, with Vexation, and so the Day we came away, I could not see him, to take my Leave, tho' it had been but with my Eyes. But when we were come two days journey, as we were going into an Inn, at a Town, one days journey from hence, I saw him at the Inn Door, dress'd like a Muletier, so exactly to the life, that I should never have known him, had not his Picture been imprinted in my Heart: I knew him, was amaz'd and rejoyc'd; he stole a look at me, unperceiv'd by my Father, from whom he always conceals himself, when he comes athwart me on the Road, or at the Inns, where we lye: And being I know who he is, and consider that it is for my sake he Travels a Foot and endures such Hard-ship, it grieves me to the Heart, and every step he gives pierces me to the Soul. I don't know, what he designs by coming along, or how he has been able to give his Father the Slip, who loves him Passionately, because he is Sole Heir, and because he deserves it, as you will say your self when you see him. And I can tell you that all he Sings, is of his own Head; for I have been told he is a great Scholar and a Poet. And every time I see him, or hear him Sing, I fall a trembling, and am in a consternation, for fear my Father should know him, and discover our Love. I never spoke one word to him in my life, and yet I Love him so Passionately, I shall never be able to live without him. This Madam is all I can say to you concerning this Songster, whose voice you are so well pleas'd with, and by that alone you may discern that he is not a Mule-driver, as you said; but Lord of Souls and Mannors, as I told you. Say no more, Madam, said *Dorothy*; kissing her a Thousand times, say no more I tell you, but lye still till it be Day, for I hope in God, I shall



shall so order your business, that the event may be as happy as your modest beginning deserves. Alas! Madam, what Event can be expected, when his Father is of so great Quality, and so Rich, that he won't think me worthy to be his Son's Maid, much less his Wife; and I would not for all the World Marry without my Father's consent. I desire nothing, but that this Young Man should go home, and let me alone, for the great distance will be betwixt us, and not seeing of him, may ease the Pain I now endure; tho' I fancy this Remedy I prescribe my self, will avail but little. I don't know what the Devil is the meaning of it, or which way this Love I have for him has crept into me, being both so Young; for I believe we are of an age, and I am not full Sixteen Years Old, and my Father tells me I shall be so next Michaelmas Day. *Dorothy* could not forbear laughing, to hear how childishly *Clare* spoke, and so she said to her, Madam, let us take our rest the short time we have, and to morrow is a new Day; and if we don't Thrive it shall be my fault. With this they lay still, and all the Inn was hush'd, only the Inn-keeper's Daughter and *Maritornes* were not asleep, for they having found *Don Quixote's* blind side, and knowing he was without the Inn, in his Armour; and upon Guard, agreed together to play him a Trick, or at least to divert themselves a little with his nonsense. Now so it is, that the Inn had never a Window towards the Fields, but only a Hole left to throw out the Straw. The two Demi-Maidens plac'd themselves at the Hole, and saw *Don Quixote* sat a Horse-back, leaning upon his Lance fetching every now and then such deep and doleful Sighs, as if his Heart would have broke at every one of them: They heard him say in an amorous, soothing and kind Tone; O, my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, ultimate perfection of Beauty, supream pitch of Discretion, treasure of Graces, store-house of Vertue, and model of all that is Profitable, Good, and Pleasing in the World; what is it your Ladiship is doing at this Time? Does your Head run now upon your Captive Knight, who has of his own accord expos'd himself to so many dangers only for your service? Tell me bright Goddess with three Faces, what she is now doing, for perhaps you enviously gaze on her Sweet Face, or she walks in some Gallery of her stately Palace, or leaning over a Balcony, stands considering, how she may without offence to her Honour and Greatness, lay the Storm, that for her sake rages in this my wretched Heart, or what reward she shall give to my Sufferings, what ease to my Troubles, what life to my Death,

Death, and what return she shall make for my faithful Services: And thou O Sun, who by this time art Harnesseing thy Horses, to come abroad betimes and see my Lady, I beseech thee, as soon as thou seest her to Salute her in my Name, but have a care that when thou seest and Salutest, thou do not kiss her Cheek, for I shall be more jealous of thee, than thou wast of that nimble Ingrate, who made thee swet and run in the Plains of *Thessaly*, or along the Banks of *Peneus*; for now I do not well Remember, where it was you then ran in that Jealous and Amorous Fit. Thus far had *Don Quixote* advanc'd in his doleful Harangue, when the Inn-keeper's Daughter began to Hem to him, and said, Good Sir, pray draw near if you please. *Don Quixote* hearing the Hem, and the Words, look'd about, and by the light of the Moon, which then shone in its full Brightness, perceiv'd he was call'd from the Hole, which to him seem'd a Window, with Iron bars guilt, as is proper for such Rich Castles as he imagin'd the Inn to be; and immediatly it came into his mad Fancy that the Beauteous Damzel, Daughter to the Lord of that Castle, being desperatly in Love with him, was now again preferring her Suit, as she had done the time before, when he was there. And having this Notion in his Head, because he would not be Unmannerly or Ingrateful, he turn'd about *Rosinante*, and coming near to the Hole, when he saw two Wenches, he said, I pity you, Beautiful Lady, for having plac'd your Love where there is no possibility of obtaining a return suitable to your Worth and Merit; for which you ought not to blame this wretched Knight Errant, whom Love has made incapable of resigning himself up to any other but to her, whom from the first Moment he saw her, he made absolute Lady of his Soul. Pardon me sweet Lady, and retire to your Chamber, and do not, by telling me more of your mind, make me appear the more Ungrateful; and if you can think of any thing that will content your Love to me, except a return of Love, ask it, for I swear to you by that my sweet absent Enemy, to give it you immediatly, tho' you should ask me for a lock of *Medusa's* Hair, which was all Snakes, or the Sun Beams shut up in a Viol. My Lady has no occasion for any of those things, said *Maritornes*. What then is it discreet Old Gentlewoman, quoth *Don Quixote*, that your Lady wants? Only one of your beautiful Hands, answer'd *Maritornes*, that she may vent upon it the mighty Passion that brought her to this Hole, with such Hazard of her Honour, that if her Father had heard her, the least Slash he would have given her, would have hew'd off an Ear. I should

should be glad to see that, quoth *Don Quixote*, but he will have a care how he does it, unless he designs to come to the most disastrous end that ever Father did, for having dar'd to lay Hands on the delicate Limbs of his lawful Daughter. *Maritornes* concluded *Don Quixote* would certainly give his Hand, as they desir'd, and having resolv'd what to do, she went down from the Hole, and going into the Stable, took *Sancho's* Als's Halter, and return'd with speed to the Hole at such time as *Don Quixote* was got upon his Feet on *Rosinante's* Saddle, that he might reach to the Bars of the Window, where he imagin'd the wounded Damzel stood, and giving her his Hand, said, There Lady, take that Hand, or rather, that Executioner of the Malefactors of this World. Take that Hand, I say, which no other Woman has touch'd, but even she, that has entire possession of all my Body. I do not give it you to kiss, but that you may observe the contexture of its Sinews, the union of its Muscles, the breadth and largeness of the Veins, by which you may guess at the strength of the Arm; that has such a Hand. We shall soon see that, said *Maritornes*, and making a slip knot on the Halter, she clapp'd it about his Wrist, and getting down from the Hole, ty'd the other end fast to the Bolt of the Door of the Loft. *Don Quixote* feeling the harshness of the Rope about his Wrist, said, Madam, you seem rather to grate than to stroke my Hand; do not use it so ill, for it is not to blame for the harm my want of affection does you, nor is it fit you should revenge yourself upon so small a part; consider, that none that loves truly, takes such harsh revenge. But now, no body heard these Words of *Don Quixote's*, for as soon as *Maritornes* had ty'd him, she and the other went away laughing till they were ready to burst, and left him so fast that there was no getting loose. He stood, as has been said, upon *Rosinante's* Saddle, with all his Arm in at the Hole, and ty'd by the Wrist to the Bolt of the Door, in a terrible fear lest *Rosinante* should stir either way, for then he would be left hanging by the Arm, and therefore he durst not move the least, tho' *Rosinante* was so quiet and patient, it might well be expected he would not stir in an Age. In short, *Don Quixote* finding himself bound, and that the Ladies were gone, he presently imagin'd that all was done by Enchantment, as had happen'd the last time when that Enchanted Moor the Carrier, bang'd him in the same Castle. He Curs'd in his Heart his own over-sight and ignorance for venturing a second time into the Castle, where he had far'd so ill the first. Whereas it is a Rule among Knights Errant, That when they have try'd an Ad-

venture and come off ill; it is a sign it was not design'd for them, but for others; and therefore they need not attempt it a second time. However, he drew his Arm to try whether he could get loose; but it was so well fasten'd, that all his endeavours prov'd in vain. 'Tis true, he pull'd cautiously, lest *Rozinante* should stir; and tho' he would fain have sat down in the Saddle, there was no doing of it, but he must stand up, or pull his Hand off. There it was he wish'd for *Amadus's* Sword, against which no Enchantments were of any force. There he Curs'd his Fortune. There he ponder'd the want there would be of him in the World, as long as he should continue there Enchanted, for he certainly believ'd he was so. There he again remember'd his dear *Dulcinea del Toboso*. There he call'd upon his good Squire *Sancho Pança*, who bury'd in sleep, and stretch'd out upon his Ass's Pack-Saddle, did not think on the Mother that bore him. There he cry'd out to the wife Men *Lirgandeo* and *Alquife* to assist him. There he invok'd his good Friend *Organda* to relieve him. And in short, there the Morning found him, so enrag'd and desperate, that he bellow'd like a Bull, because he did not expect the Day would end his misery, for he look'd upon it as everlasting, believing himself Enchanted; and he was the more apt to believe it, because he saw *Rozinante* did not offer to stir a jot, and he fancy'd his Horse and he would continue in that posture without eating, drinking, or sleeping, till that bad influence of the Stars was over, or some other wiser Magician Disenchanted him. But he was much deceiv'd in his belief, for as soon as ever it began to be break of Day, there came to the Inn four Horse-Men well mounted and accourer'd, with Fire-locks before them. They knock'd at the Inn Door, (which was shut as yet) and that very loud, which *Don Quixote* perceiving, not forgetting, tho' in that posture the duty of a Centinel he call'd out in a Haughty Tone, saying. You Knights or Squires, or whatsoever you are, it is in vain for you to knock at this Castle Gate, for it is a thing well known, that at such unseasonable Hours, either those within are asleep, or they do not use to open the Gates of strong Holds till the Sun is all abroad. Stand off, and stay till it be broad Day, and then we shall see whether it is fit you should be let in. What the Devil of a Fort or Castle is this, said one of the Four that we should be oblig'd to observe all those Ceremonies? If you are the Inn-keeper, bid them open the Doors, for we only design to give our Cattle some Barley and go on, because we are in haste. D'ye think Gentlemen that I look like an Inn-keeper, answer'd *Don Quixote*? I don't know what

what you look like, reply'd the other; but I know you talk Nonfence, in calling this Inn a Castle. It is a Castle, said *Don Quixote*, and one of the best in this Country, and there are People within it that have worn a Crown on their Head, and held a Scepter in their Hand. You had better have spoke by contraries, quoth the Traveller, and plac'd the Scepter on the Head, and the Crown in the Hand, and it is likely, the Quibble is, that in the Inn there are some strowling Players, who use to have those Crowns and Scepters you talk of, for I cannot think any body deserving a Crown and Scepter, is lodg'd in such a little Inn, where all things are so hush'd. You don't understand the World, answer'd *Don Quixote*, since you don't know what accidents happen to Knights Errant. They that came with this talkative Companion, were weary of his Dialogue with *Don Quixote*, and began to knock again furiously, so that the Inn-keeper wak'd, as did all that were in the Inn, and he rose to ask who was at the Door. It happen'd in the mean while, that one of the Beasts the four Men Rode upon, went to smell to *Rozinante*, who in a melancholy sad posture with his Ears hanging, supported his extended Master; and being as he was of Flesh and Bone, tho' he seem'd to be a mere stock, he could not but be sensible, and turn about to smell him that made much of him, and so he had not made the least motion before *Don Quixote's* Feet slipt off the Saddle, and he had tumbld to the Ground, but that he hung by the Arm, which put him to such pain, that he fancy'd either his Wrist was cutting off, or his Arm torn away, for he was so near the Ground that the very tips of his Toes touch'd it, which was the worse for him, because he perceiving how small a distance was wanting for him to settle his Feet on the Ground, labour'd and stretch'd himself all he could to reach it, like those that are hanging on the Rack within reach of the Earth, who increase their own pain, by their earnest struggling to extend themselves, being deceiv'd by the vain hope, that by stretching themselves never so little more, they shall come to the Ground.

C H A P. XVII.

A Continuation of the wonderful Adventures of the Inn.

IN short, so terribly did *Don Quixote* roar, that the Inn-keeper opening the Inn-Door, ran out in a consternation, to see who made such a noise, and they that were without did the same. *Maritornes* being awak'd by his cries, guessing at the meaning of them, went to the Loft, and without being observ'd by any body, untied the Halter that *Don Quixote* hung by, with which he presently fell to the Ground, before the Inn-keeper and Travellers, who coming to him, ask'd, What ail'd him to cry out so? He without answering a Word, slip'd the Rope off his Wrist, and getting up mounted *Rozinante*, clapt his Arm into his Target, and his Lance into the Rest, and then having taken his distance in the Field, came back upon half speed, saying, Whosoever shall say, I have been justly Enchanted, provided my Lady the Princess *Micomicona*, will give me leave so to do, I give him the Lye, and do desie and Challenge him to single Combat. The Travellers were amaz'd at *Don Quixote's* Words; but the Inn-keeper made their admiration cease, telling them what *Don Quixote* was, and that they must take no notice of him because he was distracted. They ask'd the Inn-keeper, Whether there had happen'd to come to his Inn a Boy of about Fifteen Years of Age, clad like a Muletier, describing him in the same manner as the Young Lady *Clare's* Lover was Drest. The Inn-keeper answer'd, There were so many People in the Inn, that he had not taken notice of him they enquir'd after. But one of them spying the Coach the Judg came in, said, He is here without doubt, for this is the Coach, they say, he follows; let one of us stay at the Door, and the rest go in and look for him, and it were not amiss that one of us should watch the outside of the Inn, lest he should make his escape over the Pales of the Yard. It shall be so, answer'd another of them, and two of them going in, one stay'd at the Door, and the other went to walk about the Inn, which the Inn-keeper observ'd, and could not imagine what all that search was for, tho' he guess'd it was for that Youth they had describ'd to him. By this time it was broad Day, and as well for that reason, as because of the noise *Don Quixote* had made, all the

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Chap. 17.

Don QUIXOTE.

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People were awake and rising, particularly *Clare* and *Dorothy*, who had slept but little that Night, the one with the thoughts that her Lover was so near her, and the other through the Earnest desire she had to see him. *Don Quixote* seeing none of the four Travellers took notice of him, or answer'd his Challenge, was ready to run Mad with Passion and Rage; and could he have found that according to the Statutes and Ordinances of Knight Errantry, a Knight Errant might lawfully take in hand another Enterprize, when he had Engag'd his Word and promise, not to undertake any, till he had Concluded that which he had Promis'd, he would have attack'd them all and made them answer in spight of them. But thinking it was not convenient, or proper for him, to go upon any new Undertaking, till he had restor'd *Micomicona* to her Kingdom, he was forc'd to hold his Tongue, and be quiet, waiting to see what would be the Event of those Travellers search. One of them found the Youth they sought for, sleeping by a Mule-driver, little thinking any body would look for, much less find him. The Man took him by the Arm, and said, Upon my Word *Don Luis*, this Habit becomes your Quality very well, and the Bed I find you in is very suitable to the tenderness your Mother Bred you with. The Lad wip'd his drowsy Eyes, and gaz'd upon him that held him, and presently knew that it was his Father's Servant, at which he was so surpriz'd, that he knew not how, and could not speak a Word for a good while, and the Servant went on, saying, There's nothing to be done *Don Luis*, but to be patient, and return home, unless you would have your Father and my Master break his Heart, for he is in such trouble that nothing else can be expected. Why how did my Father know, quoth *Don Luis*, that I was come this way? A Scholar, quoth the Servant, whom you trusted with your Secrets discover'd it, being mov'd to compassion to see your Father in such trouble as soon as he miss'd you: and so he sent some of his Servants after you, and we are all here at your service, very joyful for being so successful as to carry you back to him that so dearly loves you. That shall be as I please, or as Heaven shall ordain, answer'd *Don Luis*. What should you please, or what should Heaven ordain, said the Man, but that you consent to return, for there's no avoiding of it? The Muletier that was next to *Don Luis* heard all this Discourse that pass'd berwixt these two; and rising went to acquaint *Don Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, and the rest with it, and told them, how that Man call'd the Lad *Don*, and what they said, and that he would carry him home to his Father, and the Youth would not go. This and

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his sweet Voice, which they had heard, made them all cover to know who he was, and willing to assist him if any violence was offer'd him; so they went to the place where he was still talking and contending with his Servant. At this time *Dorothy* came out of her Chamber, and with her *Clare*, in a great consternation, and *Dorothy* calling aside *Cardenio*, told him in few Words, the story of the Singer, and the Young Lady *Clare*; and he told her, how his Father's Servants were come for him, and spoke it not so low, but that *Clare* heard it, at which she was so mightily surpriz'd, that if *Dorothy* had not ran to hold her, she had fallen down. *Cardenio* bid *Dorothy* return to her Chamber, for he would take care of that Affair, and so they did. By this time all the four Men that came to look for *Don Luis* were in the Inn, and stood about him, perswading him to return immediately, without losing any time to comfort his Father. He answer'd, he could not possibly do it, till he had accomplish'd an Affair, on which his Life, his Honour, and his very Soul depended. The Servants press'd him, affirming, they would never go home without him, but would carry him whether he would, or no. That you shall not do, answer'd *Don Luis*, unless you carry me dead; but whatsoever way you carry me, I shall leave my Life behind me. And now almost all the Company in the Inn were come to hear the Dispute, particularly *Cardenio*, *Don Ferdinand* and his Companions, the Judge, the Curate, the Barber, and *Don Quixote*, who thought there was no occasion of guarding the Castle any longer. *Cardenio*, who had already heard all the Story of the Young Man, ask'd those that would carry him away, What mov'd them to endeavour to force away that Lad? Our motive is, answer'd one of the four, to save his Father's Life, who is in danger of it on account of this Gentleman's absenting himself. *Don Luis* said, There is no occasion to give an account of my Affairs here; I am free, and will return if I please, and if I do not, none of you shall force me. Reason Sir, said the Man, shall oblige you, and if that cannot prevail with you, it will with us, to do that we came for; and are bound to in Duty. Let us know the bottom of this Business, said the Judge. But the Man who knew him, as having been his near Neighbour, answer'd, Sir don't you know this Gentleman, who is your Neighbour's Son, and is come away from his Father's, in this Habit you see, so unbecoming his Birth and Quality. The Judge then look'd at him more earnestly, and knowing him, embrac'd him, and said, What childish Frolick is this *Don Luis*, or what mighty motives could induce you to come hither after this manner, and in this Habit, so disagree-

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able to your Quality? The Tears stood in the Lad's Eyes, and he could not answer the Judge one Word, who bid the four Servants be quiet, for all would be well, and leading *Don Luis* aside, ask'd him, What was the meaning of his coming? While he was putting several Questions to him, they heard a great noise and outcry at the Inn Gate, and the cause of it was, that two Guests who had lain there that Night, seeing all the People busie to enquire what the four Men look'd for, thought to have slip'd away without paying their Shot; but the Inn-keeper, who minded his own Business more than other Peoples, laid hold of them as they were going out, and demanded his Reckoning, giving them such Language for offering to go away so, as oblig'd them to answer him with their Fists, and began to lay it on so thick, that the poor Inn-keeper was glad to cry out for help. The Hostess and her Daughter found none so much at leisure to assist him, as *Don Quixote*, to whom the Inn-keeper's Daughter said, For the love of God Sir, relieve my poor Father, for two wicked Men are beating of him as if he were Hemp. To which *Don Quixote* answer'd very deliberately and gravely, Your Request, beautiful Damzel cannot take place at present, because I am incapacitated for meddling with any Adventure till such time as I have finish'd one that I have engag'd my Word in; but I will tell you, what I can do to serve you. Do you run and speak to your Father to maintain the Fight the best he can, and nor suffer himself to be overcome by any means, while I ask leave of the Princess *Micomicona* to assist him in his Distress, which if she grants, you may assure yourself I will deliver him out of it. God deliver me, said *Maritornes*, who was by, before you get the leave you talk of Sir, my Master will be in the other World. So I get the leave, I speak of Madam, answer'd *Don Quixote*, it's no great matter if he be in the other World, for I will fetch him from thence, tho' all the World should oppose it, or at least, you will see him so well reveng'd on those that sent him thither, that you shall have no cause to complain. This said, he went to kneel down before *Dorothy*, begging of her, in Knight Errant-like Terms, that her Greatness would be pleas'd to give him leave to aid and assist the Constable of the Castle, who was in desperate plight. The Princess graciously granted it, and he grasping his Target and laying Hand to his Sword, repair'd to the Gate of the Inn, where the two Guests were still handling the Inn-keeper very roughly; but as soon as he came near, he fell into a study, and stood stock still, for all *Maritornes* and the Hostess, ask'd him, What made him stand? And bid him as-

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sist their Master and Husband. I stop, quoth *Don Quixote*, because it is not Lawful for me to lay Hand to my Sword against Squire-like People; but call hither my Squire *Sancho*, for to him does this defence and revenge appertain and belong. This is what was doing at the Inn Gate, where was Kick and Cuff at a great rate, which fell heavy upon the Inn-keeper's Bones, and made *Maritornes*, the Hostess and her Daughter fret to see *Don Quixote's* Cowardise, and how hard it went with their Master, Husband, and Father. But here let us leave him, for somebody or other will relieve him; and if none does, let him take it for his pains, for undertaking what he was not able to go through with, and let us return Fifty Paces back to hear what it was *Don Luis* answer'd the Judge, whom we left gone aside from the Company, asking him the cause why he came a-foot, and in that base Garb? To which the Youth, grasping him hard by the Hands, to express something lay heavy at his Heart, and shedding abundance of Tears, made Answer; Sir, all I can tell you is, That from the Moment Heaven ordain'd our being Neighbours should bring me to the sight of Madam *Clare*, your Daughter and my Sovereign Lady, from that Moment, I gave her absolute Dominion over me, and unless you, my true Lord and Father obstruct, she shall be my Wife this very Day. For her sake I left my Father's House, and for her sake I put myself in this Dress, that I might follow her wherever she goes, as the Arrow tends to the Mark, or the Seaman looks to the North-Star. She knows no more of my Mind, but what she may have learn'd by seeing my Eyes sometimes full of Tears at a distance. You know Sir, how Rich, and well Born my Parents are, and that I am their only Heir; if you think that may qualify me so, as that you may venture to make me perfectly happy, receive me immediately for your Son, and if my Father having bent his designs otherways, should not approve of the happiness I procur'd myself, Time has more power to alter and change worldly Affairs than the Will of Man. Having spoken these Words, the Amorous Youth was silent. And the Judge was surpris'd, confounded and astonish'd, both at the manner of *D. Luis's* relating his Story with so much Discretion, as because he was taken unprovided and did not know what to answer to so unexpected an Affair; so he bid him be quiet for the present, and endeavour to keep his Men in hand, that they might not carry him away that Day, and he might have time to consider what would be most expedient for them all. *Don Luis* kiss'd his Hands by force, and bath'd them with Tears, which might have melted a Heart of Flint, much more

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the Judge's, who was wise enough to understand how advantageous that Match was for his Daughter; tho' if it could be possible to be done, he would have *Don Luis* Father's consent, who he knew intended to make his Son a Noble-man. By this time, the Inn-keeper and his Guests were at peace, for at the perswasion of *Don Quixote*, and because he gave them good Words, rather than Threats, they paid what he demanded, and *Don Luis's* Servants expect'd the event of the Judge's Discourse with him, and their Master's Resolution. But the Devil, who never sleeps, contriv'd that just then the Barber came into the Inn, from whom *Don Quixote* had taken the Helmet of *Mambrino*, and *Sancho*, the Ass's Furniture, which he chang'd for his own. This Barber carrying his Beast to the Stable, saw *Sancho* mending something about the Pack-saddle, and as soon as ever he spy'd it, he knew it again, and had the boldness to fall upon *Sancho*, saying, O good Sir Thief, have I caught you, give me my Bason, and my Pack-saddle with all the other Accouterments you Robb'd me of. *Sancho* seeing himself so suddenly Attack'd, and hearing so much bad Language given him, with one Hand laid hold of the Pack-saddle, and with the other gave the Barber such a Cuff, that he set all his Teeth a bleeding. Yet the Barber did not let go his hold of the Pack-saddle for all that, but lifted up his Voice and cry'd out so loud, that all the People in the Inn came to see what Noise and Quarrel that was, and he said, I charge all in the King's Name to aid and assist me, for this Thief and Highway-man will kill me, because I strive to recover my own Goods. You lye, answer'd *Sancho*, I am no Highway-man, for my Master *Don Quixote* took this Booty in lawful War. *Don Quixote* was now in place, and very well pleas'd to see how bravely his Squire defended himself, and offended his Adversary, and from that time forward he look'd upon him as a Man of Metal, and resolv'd to Dub him a Knight the first opportunity that offer'd, thinking the Order of Knighthood would be well bestow'd on him. Among other things the Barber urg'd during the Quarrel, he said; Gentlemen, this Pack-saddle is as surely mine as I shall die, and I know it as well as if it had come out of my Belly; and there is my Ass in the Stable, who will justify what I say; for you may try it upon him, and if it does not fit him to a Hair, then call me Rogue; and besides, the same Day this was taken from me, they took a new Brass Bason, that had not been handse'd, and cost a Crown. *Don Quixote*, could no longer forbear answering, but getting between and parting them, laying the Pack-saddle on the Ground, there to stand

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Tryal and have Judgment given, he said, Now Gentlemen, you shall plainly see how much this honest Squire is mistaken, for he calls that a Bason, which is, was, and ever will be *Mambrino's* Helmet, and which I took from him in Lawful War, and took rightful and lawful Possession of it. As for the Pack-saddle, I do not concern my self with that, all I can say concerning it, is, that my Squire *Sancho* ask'd me leave to take the Furniture from this overthrown Coward's Horse, and put it upon his own. I granted it, and he took it. And I can give no other reason for its being converted from a Horse Furniture into a Pack-saddle, but the usual one, which is, That such Transmutations are often seen in the Affairs of Chivalry, and the better to prove it, run Son *Sancho*, and bring hither the Helmet this honest Man calls a Bason. By the Lord, said *Sancho*, if we have nothing to clear us, but what you say, the Helmet is as much a Bason, as this honest Man's Furniture is a Pack-saddle. Do what I bid you, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for sure all things done in this Castle are not govern'd by Inchantment. *Sancho* went where the Bason, or *Mambrino's* Helmet as his Master call'd it, was, and brought it, and as soon as *Don Quixote* saw it, he took it in his hands and said, Do you judge Gentlemen with what Face this Squire can say this is a Bason and not the Helmet I have spoken of, and I swear by the Order of Knighthood I profess, that this is the very same Helmet I took from him, without adding or diminishing any thing from it. There is no doubt of that, said *Sancho*, for ever since my Master won it till now, he has Fought but one Battle in it, which was when he deliver'd the Wretches that were in the Chain, and were it not for this Bason-Helmet, he had not come off very well then, for the Stones flew thick upon that occasion.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVIII.

In which the Controversie concerning Mambrino's Helmet and the Pack-Saddle is decided, with other very true Adventures.

What do you think, quoth the Barber, Gentlemen, of what these Sparks affirm, since they insist upon it, that this is no Bason but a Helmet. And whosoever shall say to the contrary, cry'd *Don Quixote*, I'll make him know he lyes, if he be a Knight; and if he be a Squire, he lyes a Thousand times. Our Barber who was present all the while, being so well acquainted with *Don Quixote's* humour, resolv'd to give way to his Madnes, and carry on the Jest, to make the company laugh, and directing his Discourse to the Barber, said; Master Barber, or whosoever you are, I would have you to know that I am of your Trade, and have been Free above these Twenty Years, and am very well acquainted with all Instruments belonging to a Barber, even to the least of them; and was also in my Youth a Souldier for some time, and knew a Helmet, a Morrion, and a Close-Bever, and other things belonging to Souldiery, I mean of the Arms belonging to a Souldier; and I say, with submission to better Judgments, that this Piece here before us, which this worthy Gentleman has in his Hand, is as far from being a Barber's Bason as Black is from White, and Truth from Falsehood; but at the same time I say, that tho' this is a Helmet, yet it is not a whole Helmet. No truly, said *Don Quixote*, for it wants the one half, which is the lower part and Bever. That's true, said the Curate, who understood his Friend the Barber's design; *Cardenio*, *Don Ferdinand* and his Companions all vouch'd the same, and the Judge had he not been so thoughty on account of *Don Luis* his business had carry'd on the Jest, but the seriousness of his Thoughts, had so wholly taken him up, that he gave little or no attention to Rallieri. Lord have Mercy on me, said the Barber, that was put upon, that so many honest People should say this is no Bason but a Helmet; this is enough one would think to confound the wisest University: Well enough, then if this Bason is a Helmet, this Pack-Saddle it's likely is a Horse-Furniture, as this Gentleman has said, It seems to me to be a Pack-Saddle, quoth *Don Quixote*, but I have already said I will not concern my self whe-

whether it is a Pack-Saddle, or Horses Furniture. That depends upon what *Don Quixote* shall say, quoth the Curate; for I and all these Gentlemen do allow him the precedence in all business of Chivalry. By Heavens, Gentlemen, said *Don Quixote*, such Strange and unaccountable things have happen'd to me. Twice I have lodg'd in this Castle, that I dare not positively affirm any thing concerning what is in it, because I fancy all that happens in it is by way of Enchantment. The first time I was much perplex'd by an Enchanted Moor that is in it, and *Sancho* far'd not very well among some of his Followers; last Night I hung by this Arm near two Hours, without knowing which way that Misfortune came upon me: So that it would be a rashness in me now to give my opinion where there is such confusion: As concerning what they say, that this is a Bason, and no Helmet, I have answer'd already; but I dare not positively decide whether this is a Pannel or a Saddle; but leave it to your wise Judgments; perhaps you not being Dubb'd Knights, as I am, the Enchantments of this place may not affect you, and your Understandings may be clear, and you may judge of the Affairs of this Castle, as they are really and truly of themselves, and not as they appear to me. There is no doubt, answer'd *Don Ferdinand*, but that *Don Quixote* is much in the right in what he says, that it belongs to us to decide this Controversy, and that it may be done the more Formally, I will take these Gentlemens Opinions in private, and fully and truly report the Result. This to those that were acquainted with *Don Quixote's* humour, was the pleasantest Sport in the World; but to those that were Strangers to it, it appear'd the greatest Madness that could be imagin'd, particularly to *Don Luis* his four Servants, and so to *Don Luis* himself, and Three other Travellers that accidentally came to the Inn, who look'd like Officers of the *Holy Brotherhood*, and were so. But above all, the Barber was ready to run Mad, seeing his Bason before his Eyes converted into *Mambrino's* Helmet, and not doubting but his Pannel would be turn'd into a rich Horse Furniture; and all of them laugh'd to see how *Don Ferdinand* went about taking the Votes, whispering them in the Ear, that they might in private declare, whether that Jewel was a Pannel, or a Saddle, that had been so much contended about. When he had taken the Votes of those that knew *Don Quixote*, he said aloud, The Case stands thus honest Man, that I am weary of taking so many Votes; for I find there is not one of those I put the Question to, but tells me it is a Madness to say this is an Ass's Pannel, but

but a Horse-Furniture; and that of a Horse of Price, and therefore you must have Patience; for in spite of you and your Ass too, this is a Horse-Furniture, and no Pannel, and you have brought very ill Proofs for what you say. May I never see Heaven, quoth the Barber, if you are not all in the wrong Gentlemen, and so may my Soul appear before God, as this appears to be a Pannel and no Horse-Furniture: *But Might overcomes Right*, and I say no more; and upon my word I am not Drunk, for I have not broke my Fast; unless it be with Sin. The Barbers Follies were no less motives of laughter, than *Don Quixote's* Extravagances, who now said, Here is no more to be done, but let every Man take what's his own and much good may it do him with his Lor. One of the four Servants said, unless this be a Jest purposely contriv'd, I cannot be perswaded that such Discreet Men as all here present are, or seem to be, can say and maintain, That this is not a Bason, nor that a Pannel; but seeing they stand in it, I imagine there is some Mystery in urging a thing so contrary to Truth it self, and our daily Experience, for I Vow to—and he rapt it out roundly; that all the Men this Day in the World, shall not perswade me this is not a Barber's Bason, and this an Ass's Pannel. It may be a Shee-Ass's, said the Curate. That's all one, quoth the Servant, for the stress lyes not upon that; but whether it is, or is not a Pannel, as you Gentlemen say. One of the *Brotherhood* Troopers that were come in, and heard all the Quarrel and Dispute, in a Passion and Rage said. It is a Pack-Saddle as sure as a Gun, and whosoever has said, or says the contrary, must be as Drunk as an Ape. You lye like a Knavish Villain, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and lifting up his Lance, which he never let go out of his Hand, was going to discharge such a Bang upon his Head, that had not the Trooper step'd aside, he had laid him sprawling. The Lance flew in shivers, and the other Troopers seeing their Comrade abus'd, cry'd out to aid and assist the *Holy Brotherhood*. The Innkeeper who belong'd to the Troop, ran in to fetch his † Rod and his Sword, and stood by his Companions. *Don Luis* his Servants hemm'd him in that he might not give them the slip, in the hurliburly. The Barber seeing the House in confusion, layd hold on the Pannel again, and *Sancho* did the same. *Don Quixote* layd his Hand to his Sword

† All these Troops of the Holy Brotherhood carry Wands or Rods as a mark of their Office.

and fell upon the Troopers. *Don Luis* cry'd out to his Men to leave him, and take part with *Don Quixote*, *Cardenio*, *Don Ferdinand* and the rest who all favour'd *Don Quixote*. The Curate cry'd out, the Hostess roar'd, her Daughter fretted, *Maritornes* wept, *Dorothy* was in amaze, *Luscinda* surpriz'd, and Mistress *Clare* fainted. The Barber bang'd *Sancho*, *Sancho* thump'd the Barber. *Don Luis*, whom one of his Servants durst take by the Arm, that he might not make his Escape, gave him such a cuff as made his Teeth gush out a bleeding. The Judge Defended him, *Don Ferdinand* had got one of the Troopers under his Feet, and walked over his Body at his pleasure. The Inn-keeper again set up the cry to aid and assist the Holy Brotherhood. So that all the Inn was full of Weeping, Outcries, Shouts, Confusion, Fear, Apprehension, Misfortunes, Cutting and Slashing, Banging Cudgelling, Kicking and shedding of Blood, and in the midst of all this Chaos, Distraction and Hurly, It came into *Don Quixote's* Head, that he was up to the Ears in the Discord of *Agramante's* Camp, and so with a thundring Voice that made the Inn ring, he said, Stand all, put up your Swords all, be quiet all, hear me all of you, if you have a mind to live all. At these mighty Words they a" stood still, and he went on saying, Did not I tell you Gentlemen, that this Castle was Enchanted, and that surely a Legion of Devils lives in it? Now to make this out I would have you observe how the Discord of *Agramante's* Camp is fallen in here among us. See how they Fight there for the Sword, there for the Horse, yonder for the Eagle, and here for the Helmer; and we all Fight and don't understand our selves. Do you come my Lord Judge, and you Master Curate, and let one stand for King *Agramante*, and the other for King *Sobrino*, and make Peace among us; for by the Almighty God, it is a great shame, that so many Persons of Quality as are here of us, should kill one another for such Trifles. The Troopers, who did not understand *D. Quixote's* Cant, and saw themselves ill handled by *Cardenio*, *D. Ferdinand* and his Companions, had no mind to be quiet: The Barber had hard fortune in the Scuffle, his Beard, and the Pack-saddle were torn to pieces. *Sancho* obey'd the least word his Master spoke as became a good Servant. *D. Luis* his four Servants stood still too, seeing how little it concern'd them to stir. Only the Inn-keeper was earnest to punish the insolency of that Madman, who every turn put his Inn into an uproar. At length the disorder ceas'd for a time, the Pannel was left a Horse-furniture till Doomsday, and the Baron remain'd a Helmer, and the Inn continu'd a Castle in *D. Quixote's* Fancy. All being now pacify'd



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pacify'd, and made Friends, at the perswasion of the Judge and Curate, *Don Luis* his Servants began again to press him to go away with them immediately, and whilst they dealt with him, the Judge consulted *Cardenio*, *Don Ferdinand* and the Curate, about what he was to do in that Affair, repeating it to him word for word as *Don Luis* had deliver'd it. At length they agreed, that *Don Ferdinand* should tell *Don Luis* his Servants who he was, and that it was his will, *Don Luis* should go along with him into *Andaluzia*, where *Don Luis* should be entertain'd by the Marques his Brother according to his Quality, for they certainly knew *Don Luis* would not then go home to his Father, tho' he were torn in pieces for it. The four Servants being inform'd of *Don Ferdinand's* Quality, and *Don Luis* his Resolution, resolv'd among themselves, that three of them should return to acquaint his Father with what had happen'd, and the other should stay to wait upon *Don Luis*, and follow him, till they came again for him, or knew what his Father would order. Thus that world of Contention was pacify'd by the Authority of *Agramante* and Prudence of King *Sobrinio*. But the Enemy of Peace and disturber of Concord seeing himself disappointed and contemned, and how little he had gain'd by putting them all into such a confusion, resolv'd to try another touch, raising new Quarrels and Disturbances. The case is, that the Troopers were pacify'd, having heard some account of the Quality of those they had been engag'd with, and drew off from the Fray, imagining that whatsoever came on't they should have the worst of the Battle. But one of them, which was he that had been bang'd and kick'd by *Don Ferdinand*, be-thought himself that among other Warrants he had to Apprehend some Criminals, he had one against *Don Quixote*, whom the *Holy Brotherhood* order'd to be taken into Custody, for having set free the Gally-Slaves. Having this in his Head, he thought to make sure, whether the Description agreed perfectly with *Don Quixote*, and pulling a Parchment out of his Breast, he met what he look'd for, and setting himself to Read at leisure as being but a bad Reader; at every word he read he look'd upon *Don Quixote*, and compar'd the description in his Warrant with his Face, and found it was the Man mention'd in his Warrant: As soon as ever he was satisfy'd, he foulded up his Parchment, and holding the Warrant in his left Hand, with the right strongly Seiz'd *Don Quixote* by the Collar, so that he did not let him breath, and cry'd out mainly, Aid and Assist the *Holy Brotherhood*, and that it may appear I am in earnest, let this Warrant be read which, orders

this Highway-man to be apprehended. The Curate took the Warrant and found that all the Trooper had said was true, and how the description agreed with *Don Quixote*, who seeing himself abus'd by that villanous Scoundrel, his Passion being swoln to its height, and his very Bones fretting in his Skin, laid hold of the Trooper with both his Hands about his Neck the best he could, and had he not been reliev'd by his Companions, he had lost his Life, before *Don Quixote* had let go his hold. The Inn-keeper who was bound to assist his fellow Troopers, came immediately to his aid. The Hostess seeing her Husband Engag'd in a Quarrel again, roar'd out anew, and her Daughter and *Martines* joyn'd in the Comfort, calling upon Heaven and those that were present for assistance. *Sancho* seeing what happen'd said, By the Lord, all my Master says concerning the Enchantment of this Castle is true; for there is no living an Hour quietly in it. *Don Ferdinand* parted the Trooper and *Don Quixote*, and loos'd their Hands to the satisfaction of them both; for they still held fast one at the other's Collar of his Coat, and the other about his Adversary's Throat. Yet for all that the Troopers did not cease to demand their Prisoner, and to require the Company to deliver him to them to be bound, that they might mannage him at will, for so it was requisite for the King's and the *Holy Brotherhood's* Service, in whole Name they again Commanded them to aid and assist 'em, that they might secure that Robber, and common Highway-man. *Don Quixote* laugh'd at all their roaring, and very calmly said, Come hither, you rude and base born People, Dye call it Robbery upon the Highways, to give their Liberty to those that are Chain'd, to rescue Prisoners, to relieve the Distress'd, to raise those that are Oppress'd, and assist the Needy? You rascally People, so basely ignorant, that you don't deserve Heaven should acquaint you with the value of Knight Errantry, or make you sensible of the Ignorance and Sin you live in, in not reverencing the very Shadow, much more the Assistance of any Knight Errant. Come hither you Trooping Thieves, and not Officers of Justice, you Highway-men; With the good leave of the *Holy Brotherhood*, Who was the Blockhead that Sign'd a Warrant for apprehending such a Knight as I am? Who was it that could not tell that Knights Errant are not subject to any Court? That their Sword is their Law, their Courage their Charter, and their Will their Statutes? Who, I say again was the Blockhead, that does not know there is no Gentleman's Priviledges so large and of such extent, as are those a Knight

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Knight Errant is Entitled to the very Day he is Dubb'd Knight, and devotes himself to the rigid Exercise of Knighthood? What Knight Errant ever pay'd Tax, Impost, Queen-Gold, Custom, Toll, or Ferry? What Taylor ever took any thing for making his Cloaths? What Constable ever receiv'd him into his Castle and made him pay the Shot? What King ever refus'd to seat him at his Table? What Maid ever could chuse but fall in love with him, and resign herself up entirely to his will and pleasure? And in short, What Knight Errant was ever, is now, or will be, that has not the Spirit alone to give Four hundred Troopers that shall dare stand before him, Four hundred Bastinadoes?

C H A P. XIX.

The End of the Notable Adventure of the Troopers of the Holy Brotherhood, and mighty fierceness of our Worthy Knight Don Quixote.

WHilst *Don Quixote* spoke these Words, the Curate was perswading the Troopers, that *Don Quixote* was Mad, as appear'd by his Words and Actions; and therefore there was no occasion for insisting upon that Business; for tho' they should Apprehend and carry him away, he would presently be turn'd loose as being a Mad-man. To which, he that had the Warrant answer'd, That it did not belong to him to judge of *Don Quixote's* Madnesh, but to do as his Superior commanded; and that once he had Secur'd him, they might Discharge him Three hundred times if they pleas'd. For all that, said the Curate you shall not take him this bout, nor do I think he'll let you do it. In short, the Curate gave him such Reasons, and *Don Quixote* committed such Extravagancies, that the Troopers must have been madder than he, if they had not been sensible of his weakness, so they were forc'd to be quiet, nay, and interpos'd to make Peace betwixt the Barber and *Sancho Pança*, who still continu'd implacable in their Quarrel. At last, as being Officers of Justice, were Umpires, and so decided the Case, that both Parties remain'd, tho' not fully satisfy'd, yet in some measure pleas'd, for they chang'd Pannels, but not Girts, or Halters. And as for the Helmet of *Mambrino*, the Curate unknown to *Don Quixote* gave Eight Royals for the Bason, and the Barber gave him a Discharge

in full from the beginning of the World to the end thereof. These Two Quarrels being made up, which were the chiefest and of most consequence, it remain'd to bring *Don Luis's* Servants to consent that Three of them should return home, and one of them stay to wait upon him, wheresoever *Don Ferdinand* should please to carry him. And now Fortune beginning to smile, and remove all difficulties that obstructed the happiness of the Lovers, and brave Men that were in the Inn, they were resolv'd to go through stitch with it, and bring all things to a happy conclusion, for the Servants submitted to all *Don Luis* desir'd, which gave the Young Lady *Clare* such satisfaction, that no body could look upon her, but they must needs discover the joy of her Soul. *Zorayda*, tho' she did not well understand all she had seen, was sad and merry at a venture, according to the symptoms she discover'd in the countenance of the Company, but particularly of her Spaniard, on whom her Eyes were ever fix'd, and her Soul had plac'd its whole dependence. The Inn-keeper who had not fail'd of observing the Satisfaction the Curate made the Barber, demanded *Don Quixote's* Share and reparation for his Skins, and the Wine that was spilt, Swearing neither *Roxinante* nor *Sancho's* Ass should go out of the Stable, till he was pay'd to the utmost Cross. The Curate pacify'd all, and *Don Ferdinand* pay'd, tho' the Judge had very generously offer'd to lay down the Money, and they were all so pacify'd and reconcil'd, that now the Inn no longer resembl'd the Discord of *Agramante's* Camp, as *Don Quixote* had said of it, but was an Emblem of the Peace and Quiet of *Octavian's* Reign, all which, it was generally believ'd, was produc'd by Master Curate's great Elocution, and *Don Ferdinand's* incomparable Liberality. *Don Quixote* therefore seeing himself clear of so many Quarrels, as well of his Squire's, as his own, thought it would be convenient to prosecute his Journey he had undertaken, and finish that mighty Adventure, for which he had been call'd and chosen. So he boldly went and knelt down before *Dorothy*, who would not suffer him to speak a Word till he had got up, and he, in obedience to her, stood up, and said, It is a common Saying, beautiful Lady, that, *Diligence is the Mother of good Luck*; And Experience has taught us upon several and weighty Occasions, That the Client's Vigilancy brings a doubtful Suit to a happy issue. Yet this Truth is no where so visible, as in warlike Affairs, where Celerity and Expedition, prevents the Enemy's Designs, and obtains the Victory before the Enemy can put himself into a posture of Defence. All this I say, High and precious Lady, because methinks our longer stay

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in this Castle is needless, and might prove so prejudicial as, we may be sensible of it another Day; for who knows whether your Enemy the Gyant has not by this time receiv'd Intelligence from secret and quick Spies, That I am going to destroy him, and having sufficient leisure he may Fortifie himself in some impregnable Castle, or Fortrefs, against which all my endeavours may prove fruitless, and the strength of my indefatigable Arm be of no use. Therefore, dear Madam, let our Expeditionness, as I have said, prevent all his Designs, and let us set out immediately a God's Name, for your good Fortune is only delay'd till such time as I can meet your Adversary. Here *Don Quixote* was silent, and said no more, and very calmly expected the beautiful Princess's Answer. She with a stately Meen, suitable to *Don Quixote's* Style, answer'd him thus: I thank you Sir Knight, for the earnest desire you seem to have to assist me in my great Distress, like a true Knight, to whom it appertains and belongs to succour the Orphans and Needy, and Heaven grant that you and I may obtain our desires, that you may be convinc'd, there are grateful Women in the World. And as for setting forward, let it be done immediatly, for your Will is a Law to me, do you dispose of me at your pleasure; for she that has once committed the defence of her Person to you, and entrusted you with the recovery of her Dominions, must not gainsay what your Prudence shall ordain. In the Name of God, quoth *Don Quixote*, since it is so, that a Lady humbles her self to me, I will not lose the opportunity of raising and placing her on the Throne she is Born to. Let us set out immediatly, for my eager desire Spurs me on, and I long to be on the Way, for according to the saying, *Delays are dangerous*. And since Heaven has made no danger, nor Hell seen any that can Fright me, *Sancho*, Saddle *Roxinante*, and make ready your Ass, and the Queen's Palfrey, and let us take leave of the Constable, and these Gentlemen, and be gone immediatly. *Sancho* who was present all the while, shaking his Head said, Ah Master, Master, there's more Knavery in the Village than People imagine; with respect to the honest Pericoats be it spoken. What Knavery can there be in any Village, answer'd *Don Quixote*, or in all the Cities in the World, that can be divulg'd to my Discredit, thou Villain? If you are angry Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, I will hold my peace, and forbear saying what my Duty obliges me to, as an honest Squire, and faithful Servant to my Master. Say what you will, quoth *Don Quixote*, provided your Words do not tend to make me afraid; for if you are so, it is like you; and if I am not, I

am like my self. That's not the matter, as I am a Sinner to God, said *Sancho*, but that I am assur'd and satisfy'd, that this Lady who calls her self Queen of the Great Kingdom of *Micomicon*, is so, no more than my Mother; for were she what she pretends to, she would not at every turn and in every corner be slabbering the Chops of one in this Company, as she is. *Dorothy* blush'd at *Sancho's* words, for it was true, that *Don Ferdinand* had now and then, when the rest did not observe it stolen a kiss, in part of his wish'd for Happiness, which *Sancho* had observ'd, and thought it a freedom that look'd more like a Court Lady, than so Great a Queen. She had not any thing to say, nor would answer *Sancho* a word, but let him go on in his Discourse, and he proceeded saying: This I say Sir, because, if after we have Travell'd over Hills and Dales, and far'd ill by Night and worse by Day; he that is taking his ease in this Inn must reap the fruit of our Labours. There is no occasion to hasten me to Saddle *Rozinante*, Impannel the As's, and make ready the Palfrey; for it will be better for us to be quiet, and let every *Whore spin*, and let us eat. Good God, what a Passion was *Don Quixote* in when he heard his Squire's coarse Language! It was so great I say, that stammering out his words, and his Eyes spitting Fire, he said; O rascally Villain, unmannerly, rude, ignorant, blunt, ill tongu'd, bold, censorious, and backbiting Fellow, How did you dare to utter such Words in my presence and in the presence of these renowned Ladies, and to contrive such boldness and impudence in thy confuse Imagination? Be gone out of my presence, Monster of Nature, Treasure of Lyes, Store-house of Slanders, Magazine of Knavery, Inventor of Wickedness, Publisher of Follies, and Enemy of the respect that is due to Royal Persons. Be gone, do not appear before me upon pain of my Indignation. And so saying, he knit his Brows, puff'd out his Cheeks, look'd about, and with his right Foot gave a great Stamp; all Tokens of the great Anger that was in his Breast. These Words and furious Gestures so terrify'd and astonish'd *Sancho*, that he could have been satisfy'd the Earth had then open'd under his Feet and swallow'd him up; and he knew not what to do, but to turn his Back, and to get out of his angry Master's sight. But the discreet *Dorothy*, who was well acquainted with *Don Quixote's* Humour, to moderate his Passion said; Be not offended Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, at the Extravagancies your honest Squire has said; for perhaps he has not spoken without some Ground, nor is it to be imagin'd, that so understanding and consciencious a Person should

should slander any body, and therefore it is to be believ'd and not at all doubted, that since as you Sir Knight say, all things in this Castle are done by Enchantment, *Sancho* might by that Devilish means see what he says he saw to much to the prejudice of my Honour. I Swear by the Almighty God, said *Don Quixote*, your Greatness has hit the Nail on the Head, and some wicked Apparition has deceiv'd that Sinner *Sancho*, which made him see what was not otherwise to be seen, but by Enchantment; for I am satisfy'd in this Wretch's honesty and innocency, that he can not slander any body. It is and must be so, said *Don Ferdinand*, for which reason you are oblig'd good Sir *Don Quixote* to Pardon, and restore him to your Favour, *Sicut erat in principio*, before the Apparitions Distracted him. *D. Quixote* said, he forgave him, and the Curate went for him. He came in very humble manner, and kneeling down ask'd his Master to give him his Hand, which he did, and when he had suffer'd him to kiss it, he gave him his Blessing, saying, Now you will be convinc'd *Sancho*, that it is true, as I have told you before, that all things in this Castle are done by Enchantment. I believe it, said *Sancho*, excepting the business of the Blanket, which happen'd the usual way. Do not believe it, quoth *Don Quixote*, for if it were so, I would have reveng'd you then, or should do it now; but neither could I then, nor now, nor did I see any body on whom I might take revenge of the wrong done you. They all desir'd to know, what that business was about the Blanket, and the Inn-keeper told it to a hair, telling *Sancho's* flights; at which all the Company laugh'd heartily, and *Sancho* had been quite out of countenance, but that his Master assur'd him over again, that it was meer Inchantment, tho' *Sancho* was never such a Fool as to believe it was not real and true without the least mixture of deceit, that he had been rosb'd by People of Flesh and Bones; and not by imaginary, or fancy'd Hobgoblins, as his Master believ'd, and affirm'd. That honourable Company had now been Two Days in the Inn, and thinking it was time to be gone, they contriv'd to save *Dorothy* and *D. Ferdinand* the labour of going back with *D. Quixote* to his Village, and how the Curate and the Barber might get him home, as they desir'd, to endeavour to Cure him. Their Contrivance was, they agreed with a Driver of an Ox-wain who happen'd to pass by, to carry him home after this manner. They made a sort of a Wooden-Cage, large enough to hold *Don Quixote* at his ease, and then *Don Ferdinand*, and his Companions, with *Don Luis's* Servants, the Officers of the Holy Brotherhood and the Inn-keeper, by direction of the

Curate cover'd their Faces, and disguiz'd themselves every one after his manner, that so *Don Quixote* might imagine they were other People than what he had seen before in the Inn. This done, they altogether without the least noise, went in where he was sleeping and resting after his late Broils. They came to him as he lay sleeping, without apprehending any such Accident, and seizing him bound his Hands and Feet so fast, that when he awak'd in a fright, he could not stir, nor do any thing, but admire and be astonish'd at those strange Figures he saw before him. He presently hit upon the usual Conceit his extravagant and wild Fancy suggested, and believ'd all those Shapes were Hobgoblins that belong'd to the Castle, and that without all doubt he was already Enchanted, since he could not stir, nor defend himself. All fell out, as the Curate, who was the contriver of this Plot, had design'd. Of all the Company only *Sancho* was in his right Wits and his own Shape, and tho' he was not far from being troubled with his Master's Disease, yet he knew all those counterfeit Figures, but durst not open his Mouth, till he saw what was the end of that Assault made upon his Master, and his Imprisonment. Neither did he speak a Word, expecting the event of his Misfortune, which was, that the Cage being brought in, they shut him up in it, and nail'd it so fast, that it was not easie to be broke open. Then they lifted him up in it, and as he was going out of the Chamber, they heard a Voice as terrible as the Barber could frame, it was not the Barber of the Panel, but the other, who said, O thou *Knight of the sorrowful Aspect*, let not thy Imprisonment afflict thee, for it is of consequence for the speedy ending of the Adventure thy great Valor has engag'd thee in, which shall be finish'd, when the furious † spotted Lyon shall Yoke with the white Dove of *Toboso*, their lofty Necks being humbled to receive the soft * Matrimonial Yoke. Whole unheard of Conjunction, shall bring to the World the brave Whelps; that shall imitate the Rampant Claws of their Valiant Sire. And this shall be, before the follower of the fugitive Nymph shall take Two Rounds to visit the bright Constellations, in his usual rapid Motion. And thou the most Noble and Obedient Squire, that ever girt Sword, wore a Beard, or smelt with a Nose, be not dismay'd,

† The Word in Spanish is *Manchado*, which signifies spotted; but at the same time, alluding to the Name of his Country, *La Mancha*, which double meaning, the English does not allow of.

* A strain'd fantastical Word, as is the Spanish, which is *Matrimoniesco*.

or dissatisfy'd to see the Flower of Knight Errantry thus carry'd away before thy Eyes. For, if it please the Maker of the World, thou shalt soon see thyself so high and exalted, that thou wilt not know thy self, and the Promises thy good Master has made thee, shall not prove vain. And I do assure thee in the Name of the wise † *Mentironiana*, that thy Wages shall be pay'd, as thou shalt find by experience, and do thou follow the footsteps of the Valorous Enchanted Knight, for it is fit thou go where you may both rest; and because I am allow'd to say no more, God be with you, for I return, I know whither. Towards the end of the Prophecy he rais'd his Voice, and then sunk it to so soft a Tone, that the very Contrivers of the Jest, were like to have believ'd what they heard, was real. *Don Quixote* was much comforted hearing the Prophecy, for he immediately guess'd at the whole meaning of it, and found it promis'd that he should soon be join'd in holy Matrimony with his dear *Dulcinea del Toboso*, from whose happy Womb should proceed the Whelps, that is, his Children, who should be the Honour of *La Mancha*. And being thorowly satisfy'd in this belief, he rais'd his Voice, and fetching a deep Sigh, said, O thou, whosoever thou art, that hast foretold me so much Happiness, I beseech thee in my Name, to beg of the wise Inchanter, who takes care of my Affairs, that he will not suffer me to perish in this Prison, in which I am now carry'd away, till the pleasing and incomparable Promises now made me shall be fulfill'd; for so this come to pass, I shall look upon the trouble of my Imprisonment as a happiness, and the Chains that encompass me as an ease, and will esteem these hard Boards I am laid in as a soft Bridal-bed, and not as an unhappy Field of Battle. And as for the comfort of my Squire *Sancho Pança*, I trust in his goodness and honesty, that he will not leave me either in Prosperity, or Adversity; for if through his, or my misfortune, it should happen that I cannot give him the Island I have promis'd, or some equivalent, at least he cannot fail of his Salary; for in my Will, which is already made, I have declar'd what is to be allow'd him, not according to the value of his long and faithful Service, but proportionable to my small power. *Sancho Pança* bow'd to him very civilly, and kiss'd both his Hands, because he could not come at one, they being both ty'd together. Then those Fantomes took up the Cage upon their Shoulders, and plac'd it on the Oxewain.

† *Mentironiana* is a fram'd Word from *Mentira*, a Lye.

C H A P. XX.

The further Account of Don Quixote's strange manner of being Enchanted, with other famous Accidents.

WHEN *Don Quixote* saw himself Cag'd up in that manner and upon the Cart, he said, I have read many and very Authentick Histories of Knights Errant, but I never read, saw, or heard that a Knight Errant was carry'd after this manner, and so leisurely as must be expected from these slothful heavy Beasts; for they always use to carry them through the Air with wonderful swiftness, enclos'd in some black, or dark Cloud, or in a fiery Chariot, or else upon some Flying-Horse, or the like. But the carrying of me now upon an Oxe-Wain, by the Lord, confounds me. However perhaps, the Chivalry and Enchantments of our Times, are after a different method than the Ancient were; and perhaps, I being a new Knight in the World, and the first that has rais'd to Life the long forgotten Exercise of Adventurous Knighthood, there may be also other sorts of Enchantments, and other ways of carrying the Persons Enchanted, invented. What do you think of the business, Son *Sancho*? I don't know what I think on't, said *Sancho*, because I am not so well read in Errant History, as you are Sir; yet for all that, I dare be confident, and Swear, That these Fantomes that move here are not altogether Catholick. Catholick quoth'a, said *Don Quixote*, How should they be Catholick, when they are all Devils, that have taken Airy Bodies to do this Action, and put me into this Condition, and if you would be convinc'd of this Truth, touch and feel them, and you shall see they have nothing but Airy Bodies, and that it's only meer show. By the Lord, reply'd *Sancho*, I have touch'd them already, and this Devil that is so busie here, is very plump, and has a quality quite contrary to what I have heard say the Devils have, for, as they say, they all smell of Brimstone, and other Stinks, but this here, smells of Amber half a League off. *Sancho* meant *Don Ferdinand*, who being so great a Man it is likely, smelt as he said. Don't wonder at that, Friend *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, for you must understand, the Devils are very cunning, and tho' they carry Smells along with them, they themselves smell nothing, because they are Spirits, and if they do, they cannot smell good, but nasty stinking things; and the reason of it is, that wherever they are they

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they carry their Hell about them, and cannot receive the least abatement of their sufferings, and therefore a sweet smell being a pleasant and delightful thing, it is impossible they should smell any thing that is good. And if you fancy that Devil you talk of smells of Amber, either you are deceiv'd, or he strives to deceive you, making you believe he is no Devil. All this Dialogue pass'd betwixt the Master and the Man, and *Don Ferdinand* and *Cardenio* apprehending lest *Sancho* should discover all their Invention, being he was not far from it, they resolv'd to make sure work on't, and taking the Inn-keeper aside commanded him to Saddle *Roxinante*, and put the Pannel upon *Sancho's* Ass, which he did immediately. By this time, the Curate had agreed with the Officers of the *Holy Brotherhood*, to pay them so much a Day, for conducting him to his Village. *Cardenio* hung to the Pommel of *Roxinante's* Saddle, the Target on one side, and the Bason on the other, and made signs to *Sancho* to Mount his Ass, and lead *Roxinante*: On each side the Cart he placed One of the *Brotherhood* Troopers with their Fire-locks. But before the Cart budg'd, the Hostess, her Daughter, and *Maritornes* came out pretending to Weep for his Misfortune, to whom *Don Quixote* said, Do not Weep my good Ladies, for all these Misfortunes are incident to those that Exercise the Profession I do, and if these Distasters did not befall me, I should not look upon myself as a famous Knight Errant; for such things never happen to Knights of small Renown and Fame, because no body in the World thinks on them; but they are often the Lot of the Brave, whose Vertue and Valor, many Princes, and many other Knights envy, and they endeavour by wicked ways to destroy the good. Yet for all that, the power of Vertue is so great, that of itself alone inspight of all the Negromancy, its Inventaer *Zoroaster* understood, it will come off Victorious upon all Occasions, and will shine out as gloriously on Earth, as the Sun does in Heaven. Forgive me beautiful Ladies, if unwillingly I have offended you, for I never wrong any body maliciously and designedly, and I pray to God to deliver me from this Confinement, into which some evil minded Inchanter has put me; for if once I get out of it, I shall not be slack in gratifying, returning, and requiting the Favours you have done me in this Castle. Whilst these Complements pass'd betwixt the Ladies of the Castle and *Don Quixote*, the Curate and Barber took leave of *Don Ferdinand* and his Companions, of the Captain and his Brother, and of all those well pleas'd Ladies, particularly *Dorothy* and *Luscinda*. They all embrac'd, and promis'd to give one another an Account of their future Fortunes, *Don Ferdinand* tel-

telling the Curate how he might direct to him, to acquaint him what became of *D. Quixote*, assuring him that nothing could be more pleasing to him, and that he would not fail to let him hear of all he thought would be acceptable News to him, as well relating to his own Marriage, as the Christening of *Zorayda*, the event of *Don Luis's* business, and the return of *Luscinda* to her Parents. The Curate engag'd to do all that was requir'd of him to a tittle; they embrac'd again, and again renew'd their Complements. The Inn-keeper came to the Curate and gave him some Papers, telling him, he had found them in the Lining of a Portmanteau, where he met with *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent*; and since the right owner had never come back that way, he might take them; for he would not have them because he could not Read. The Curate thank'd him, and looking into them, found the Title of the Manuscript was, *The Novel of Rinconete and Cortadillo*, and so seeing it was a Novel, and guessing that since the other of the *Curious Impertinent* was good, this might be so too, because it was likely they were both the same Author's, he kept it with a resolution to read it, as soon as he had leisure. He Mounted a Horseback, as did his Friend the Barber, with their Faces cover'd, that they might not be known immediately by *Don Quixote*, and both follow'd the Cart, which was conducted in this order. First went the Cart drove by its owner, with the *Brotherhood* Troopers on both sides of it, as was said before, with their Firelocks; then follow'd *Sancho Pança* upon his Ass, leading *Roxinante* by the Bridle, and lastly came the Curate and Barber on their lusty Mules, their Faces cover'd, as has been noted, moving with gravity and state, and Travell'd no faster than did the slow Oxen. *Don Quixote* sat in the Cage, his Hands bound, his Legs stretch'd out, and his Body leaning against the Bars, as silent and patient, as if he had nor been made of Flesh and Blood, but a Statue of Stone. Thus slowly and husht they had Travell'd about Two Leagues, when they came to a Valley, which the Carter thought a convenient place to rest, and let his Oxen feed. Having told the Curate his design, the Barber advis'd to Travel a little further, because he knew that behind a Hillock that was in sight there was a Valley that had more Grass, and was pleasanter than that where they were about to stop. The Barber's advice was follow'd, and so they Travell'd on. Now the Curate looking behind him, saw Six or Seven Men a Horseback well Mounted and Accoutred coming after, who soon overtook them, because they did not Travel so leisurely as the Oxen, but like Men that rode on Canons Mules, and had a mind to go

spend

spend the heat of the Day at an Inn, that appear'd less than a League off. The hasty Travellers overtook the slow, and courteously saluted one another, and One of those that came up, who was no other but a Canon of *Toledo*, and Master of those that came along with him, seeing the orderly Procession of the Cart, *Brotherhood* Troopers, *Sancho*, *Roxinante*, the Curate, and the Barber, and above all, *Don Quixote* in a Cage and bound, could not forbear asking, what was the meaning of carrying that Man after that fashion? Tho' he guess'd seeing the Troopers Badges, that he was some Notable Highway-Man, or other Criminal whose Punishment belong'd to the *Holy Brotherhood*. One of the Troopers to whom the Question was put, answer'd thus, Sir, we cannot tell what is the meaning of this Gentleman's being carry'd after this manner, he may tell you himself. *Don Quixote* heard the Discourse, and said, Pray Gentlemen, are you vers'd, or acquainted with Knight Errantry? For if you are, I will make you acquainted with my Misfortunes; and if you are not, it is needless to trouble myself to tell them. By this time the Curate and the Barber perceiving the Travellers were talking with *Don Quixote*, came up, that they might answer in such sort, as their Artifice might not be discover'd. The Canon answer'd to what *Don Quixote* said; Truly Friend I am better acquainted with Books of Knight Errantry than with *Villalpando's* Divinity; so that if there be no other difficulty in the Case, you may safely Communicate what you will. In the Name of God then, reply'd *Don Quixote*, since it is so, I would have you to know Sir, that I am Incharmed in this Cage, through the Envy and Fraud of wicked Enchanters; for Vertue is more persecuted by evil Persons, than it is believ'd by the good. I am a Knight Errant; and not one of those, whose Names were never in the Books of Fame, to Eternize their Memory, but one of those who in spite and maugre Envy it self, and all the Magicians of *Persia*, the Brachmans of *India*, and Gymnosophists of *Ethiopia*, shall fix his Name in the Temple of Immortality; to stand as an Example and Pattern to future Ages, by which Knights Errant may see the Track they are to follow; if they would attain to the pitch of honourable warlike Renown. *Don Quixote de la Mancha* is in the right, quoth the Curate, in saying he is Encharmed in this Cage, and that nor for any fault or failure of his, but through the ill Practices of those, who are offended at Vertue, and repine at Valour. This Sir, is the *Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*, if ever you heard of his Name, whose valiant Feats and mighty Actions, shall be Engrav'd on solid Brass, and lasting Marble;

ble; tho' Envy strive to obscure, and Malice to conceal them. When the Canon heard the Prisoner, and him that was at Liberty, talk after this rate, he was so surprized he was ready to bless himself, and could not think what it was had befallen him; and all that came with him, were no less astonish'd. And now *Sancho Pança* who had drawn near to listen to their discourse, to mend the matter, said, Well Gentlemen, you may take what I am going to say, well, or ill, as you please; but in short the Case is, that my Master, *Don Quixote* is no more Enchanted than my Mother: He is in his right Senses and ears and drinks, and does what he has occasion as other Men do, and as he did yesterday before he was cag'd up: and since this is so, How would you persuade me that he is Enchanted? For I have heard several say, that Enchanted Persons, neither eat, sleep, nor talk; and my Master, if no body hinder him, will talk as much as Thirty Lawyers shall do. Then turning to the Curate, he proceeded saying; Ah Master Curate, Master Curate, perhaps you think I don't know you, and that I do not perceive and discern what these Enchantments tend to; let me tell you I know you, for all you hide your Face, and I would have you to know I understand you, tho' you take never so much Pains to cover your Cheats: In short, Virtue cannot live, where Envy reigns; nor Generosity among Misers. A curse on the Devil, for had it not been for your Reverence, my Master had by this time been Marry'd to the Princess *Micomicona*, and I had been an Earl at least, for nothing less could be expected from my Master the *Knight of the sorrowful Aspect's* bounty; or could be due to my great services. But I find the common saying is true, *That the Wheel of Fortune is more unsteady than the Wheel of a Mill; and that those who were yesterday at the top of it, are to day groveling upon the Ground.* I am sorry for my Wife and Children, for when they might have expected to see their Father come home, made a Governour, or Viceroy of some Island, or Kingdom; they will see me turn'd Groom. All I have said Master Curate, is only to move your Reverence to make a Conscience of using my Master so ill; and to take heed, that God does not call you to account in next World, for this Imprisonment; and that all the good my Master might do while he is confin'd, be not layd to your Charge. Do but mind what a Speech he has made, quoth the Barber. So then are you one of your Master's Gang *Sancho*? By the living God, I begin to perceive you are like to bear him Company in the Cage, and be as much Enchanted as he is; for as much as you share in his Humour,

and

and his Knighthood. In an ill Day did you grow big with his Promises; and in an evil Hour did that Island, you so earnestly wish for, come into your Head. I am not big by any body, quoth *Sancho*, nor am I one that would be big by the King himself; and tho' poor, I am an Old Christian, and am beholding to no body; and if I covet Islands, others covet worse things; and *Handsome is that Handsome does*; and being a Man I may come to be Pope, much more Governour of an Island; especially since my Master can gain so many, he may want People to bestow them on. Do you have a care how you Prate, Master Barber; *For there is more in this than lathering a Beard; and all are not Fellows at Football.* This I say, because we all know one another, and there is no putting false Dice upon me. And as for my Master's Enchantment, God knows the truth of it, and let's have no more on't; *For the more we stir the more it will Stink.* The Barber made *Sancho* no answer, lest he by his silly talk should discover, that which the Curate and he had took such Pains to conceal. For this same reason the Curate had already spoken to the Canon to ride on a little, and he would disclose to him the Mystery of the Man in the Cage, and several other things that would please him. The Canon did so, and rode forwards with his Servants, and gave ear to all the Curate told him, concerning *Don Quixote's* Madness, Life and Conversation; he in few words giving him an account of the original and cause of his Madness, and all the series of his Adventures till they had clapt him into that Cage, and their design of carrying him home to try if any Cure could be found for his Madness. The Canon and his Servants were astonish'd anew to hear the strange Story concerning *Don Quixote*, and as soon as the Curate had done, the Canon said; Truly, Master Curate, I am fully convinced that these they call Books of Chivalry are prejudicial to the Publick: And tho' I, led away by an idle and vain Pleasure, have read the beginning of almost all that are Printed; yet I could never persuade myself to read any one of them throughout, for they seem'd to me, within a very small matter, to be all the same thing, and there is no more in one than is in another, or in twenty of them. And in my opinion this sort of Composition is the same with that they call the *Milesian Fables*, which are extravagant Stories, tending only to please without instructing; whereas on the contrary the Fables they call *Apologues*, do at once delight and instruct. And tho' the principal aim of such Books be to delight, yet I don't see how they can perform it, when they are fill'd with so many and such absurd Extravagancies;

gancies, for the delight the Soul receives must proceed from the Beauty and Proportion it sees or conceives in those things which the Sight or Imagination lay before it, and nothing that is deform'd, or mishapen can be pleasing to us. Now what Beauty or what Proportion betwixt the parts and the whole, and the whole and its parts can there be in a Book, or Fable, where a Youth of Seventeen Years of Age, gives a Giant as big as a Tower a cut with a Sword, and divides him through the middle as if he were made of Sugar; or when they describe a Battle, and after telling us the Enemies are a whole Million of Combatants, provided the Hero of the Book be against them, we must whether we will or no conceive, that the said Knight obtain'd the Victory only by the force of his powerful Arm! What shall we say, of the easiness with which a Queen or Empress Heiress of a Monarchy commits herself to the Arms of an unknown Knight Errant? What Fancy, unless it be altogether barbarous and unpolish'd can be pleas'd to read, that a vast Tower full of Arm'd Knights scuds along the Sea, like a Ship before the Wind, and being this Evening in *Lombardy*, is to morrow by break of Day in *Prester John's* Country, or in some other unknown to *Ptolomey*, and never heard of by *Marcus Polus*. And if it be answer'd, that they who Compos'd such Books, write them as Lyes, and therefore they are not oblig'd to observe Niceties, or Truth; I shall answer, That Falsehood is so much the more pleasing, by how much it more nearly resembles Truth, and is so much the more diverting, by how much it is more doubtful and possible. Fabulous Stories ought to be wedded to the Understanding of him that reads them, by being so Compos'd, that removing all impossibilities, making easie all surprising Accidents, and taking up the Understanding, they may Astonish, Surprize, Delight and Divert in such a manner, that we may at once be pleas'd with and admire them. Now all this cannot be done, where there is not Probability and Imitation, wherein consists the Perfection of what is Written. I never saw any Book of Knight Errantry, that was a compleat Fable with all its Members proportionable to the Body, so that the middle answer'd the beginning, and the end was suitable to the middle; but they make them up of so many Limbs, that it rather looks as if it went about to frame a Chimera, or Monster, than to draw a regular Figure. Besides all this, their Style is uncouth, their Feats incredible; their Love lewd, and their Civility starch'd. The Battles are tedious; the Expressions foolish; the Voyages nonsensical; and in short, there is nothing of Contrivance in them,

them, and therefore they deserve to be bannish'd all Christian Countries, as Vagabonds and useles People are. The Curate gave great attention to him, and thought him a Man of Sense, and much in the right in all he said; and therefore told him, that he being of the same mind, and having an aversion to all Books of Chivalry, had burnt all *Don Quixotes's*, which were no small Number. Then he gave him an account of the scrutiny he had made among them, which he had condemn'd to the Flames, and which he had spar'd, at which the Canon laugh'd heartily, and said, That as ill as he lik'd those Books, still he found one good thing in them, which was the Subject they gave a solid Judgment to shew it self, because they furnish'd Copious Matter, for the Pen to dilate upon describing Shipwrecks, Storms, Rencontres and Battles; painting out a brave Commander, with all those Parts that are requisite to make him so, shewing himself provident in preventing the Enemy's Stratagems, an Orator in perswading, or dissuading his Soldiers, mature in Council, quick in Executing what is resolv'd on, and as Resolute in standing the Enemy's shock when Attack'd, as in giving the Onset. At one time laying before us a sad and dismal Accident; and at another, a pleasant and unexpected Adventure; here a most beautiful, vertuous, discreet and modest Lady, and there a brave Christian-like, and courteous Gentleman; in one place an inhuman barbarous Roister, and in another, a well-bred, couragious, and wise Prince. Representing Duty and Loyalty in Subjects, and Generosity and Worth in Sovereigns. One while he may shew himself an Astrologer, then an excellent Cosmographer, next a Musitian, and after that a Statesman; and if he will, he may find an opportunity to shew himself a Negromancer. He may set forth the Subtily of *Ulysses*, the Piety of *Eneas*, the Valour of *Achilles*, the Misfortunes of *Hector*, the Treachery of *Simon*, the Friendship of *Eurialus*, the Liberality of *Alexander*, the Bravery of *Cesar*, the Clemency and Sincerity of *Trajan*, the Fidelity of *Zopyrus*, the Prudence of *Cato*: And in short, all those Vertues that can accomplish a brave Man, either ascribing them all to one, or dividing them amongst many; and this being perform'd with a smooth Style and witty Invention, drawing as near as possible to Truth, he will doubtless weave a Webb of such beautiful Contexture, as when finish'd, will shew such perfection and grace as may attain the best End that Writing tends to; which is at once to Delight, and Instruct, as I have observ'd already. For the unconfin'd method of these Books gives an Author liberty to shew himself an Epick,

or Lyrick Poet, a Tragedian, or a Comedian, or to exert any other part of the most sweet and delightful Arts of Poetry and Rhetorick; for Epicks may be as well written in Prose as in Verse.

CHAP. XXI.

In which the Canon continues his Discourse upon Books of Knight Errantry, and other matters very pertinent to the purpose.

ALL you have said is very true, Master Canon, said the Curate, and therefore they are the more to blame, who have hitherto compos'd such Books, without any regard to good Sense, and Art, or to the Rules by which they might have govern'd themselves, and have become as Famous in Prose, as are the two Princes of Greek and Latin Poetry. I myself, answer'd the Canon, have been tempted to Compose a Book of Chivalry, observing in it all the Rules I have here mention'd; and to speak the truth, I have writ above a Hundred Leaves to try whether they are answerable to my own Judgment; I have imparted them to some Wise and Learned Men, who are fond of this sort of reading; and to others quite Unlearned, who mind nothing but the Pleasure of hearing extravagances, and I have had the Approbation of them all; yet for all that I would not proceed further in it, as well because I think it a thing misbecoming my Profession, as because I see there are more Fools than Wise Men; and tho' it is of more weight to be commended by the few that are Wise, than to be slighted by the multitude of Fools; yet I will not expose myself to the rash Censures, of the giddy multitude, who for the most part read such Books: But that which chiefly made me lay it aside and even think no more of finishing it, was an argument I made with myself, taken from the Plays that are now a-days Acted, saying; If these Plays that are now in vogue, as well those that are meer invention, as those that are taken out of History, are all, or the greatest part of them plain visible Popperies, and things without head or tale; and yet the multitude delights in and thinks them good, tho' they are so far from it; and if the Poets who write, and Players who Act them say, they must be such, because the multitude will have them so, and

and no otherwise; and that those which are regular and carry on the Plot according to Art, are only of use for a few wise Men, who understand them, and all the rest can make nothing of them; and that it is better for them to get their Bread by many, than to be look'd upon by few: If this be so I say, the same will be the Fate of my Book after I have crack'd my Brain, to observ'd the Rules I have spoken of, I shall lose my Labour: And tho' I have sometimes endeavour'd to perswade the Actors they are in the wrong, in following that opinion, and that they would draw more People and gain more Reputation by Acting Plays, that are according to the Rules of Art; than by those mad ones, they are so fond of their own Opinion that there is no beating them out of it. I remember, I once said to one of these obstinate Men, Tell me, don't you remember, that a few Years ago there were Three Plays Acted in Spain, written by a famous Poet of this Kingdom, which were so excellent, that they astonish'd, pleas'd and surpriz'd all that saw them, as well the Ignorant as the Wise, and the Multitude as the better sort, and they three alone yielded the Actors more Money than Thirty of the best that have been made since? Doubtless Sir, said the Poet I speak of, you mean the *Isabella*, *Philis*, and *Alexander*. I mean the same, quoth I, and see whether those did not observe the Rules of Art, and whether they were the less lik'd for observing them, and did not please all People. So that the fault is not in the Multitude who requires Follies, but in those who know not how to shew them any thing else. Nor was the Play of *Ingratitude Reveng'd* a poppery, nor was there any in that of *Numantia*, nor in the *Amorous Merchant*, much less in the *Favourable She Enemy*, nor in some others that have been written by Judicious Poets to their great Reputation and Renown, and to the Advantage of those that Acted them. Much more I urg'd, which in my Opinion confounded, but did not convince him so as to make him recede from his Erroneous Conceit. You have harp'd upon a String Master Canon, answer'd the Curate, that has stir'd up the old grudge I bear the Plays now in use, which is not inferior to my aversion to Books of Knight Errantry. For whereas *Drama* according to *Tully*, ought to be a Mirror of Human Life, a Pattern of Manners, and lively Image of Truth, those that are acted now-a-days, are Mirrors of Extravagances, Patterns of Follies, and lively Images of Leudness. For what greater Extravagancy can there be in this particular, than to bring in a Child in his Swadling-bands in the first Scene of the first Act, and in the second to have him walk in, grown up a

stay'd Man? And what greater Folly than to represent to us a Fighting old Fellow, a Cowardly young Man, an Haranguing Footman, a Page taking upon him to be a Privy-Counsellor, a King a meer Clown, and Princess an errant Cook-wench? What shall I say as to the time and place those Accidents may or might have happen'd in, for I have seen a Play whose first Act began in *Europe*, the second in *Asia*, and the third in *Africk* †, and if it had held out four Acts, the fourth would have ended in *America*, and so it would have been Acted in all four parts of the World. And if Imitation be the principal part of *Drama*, how is it possible that any tolerable Understanding should be pleas'd to see, that when they are Acting, a Passage that happen'd in the time of King *Pepin* or *Charlemaine*, the same Man who Acts the Hero of the Play, should be made the Emperor *Heraclius*, who carry'd the Crois into *Hierusalem*, and to recover the Holy Sepulchre as *Godfrey of Bullen* did, when there are many Years distance betwixt these Actions; or when the Play is grounded upon Fictions to apply to it Truths out of History, or patch it up with Accidents that happen'd to several Persons and at several times; and this not with any contrivance to make it appear probable, but with manifest Errors altogether inexcusable? And the worst of it is, there are some Blockheads who call this Perfection, and say all the rest is Notion and Pedantry. Now if we come to the Plays that are made upon Pious Subjects, what abundance of false Miracles do they invent in them; how many Apocryphal and Mistaken Stories do they pack together, attributing the Miracles of one Saint to another? Nay even in Prophane Plays they presume to counterfeit Miracles without looking or regarding any more, but that they judge such a Miracle or Machine, as they call it will suit well in that place, and will raise the Admiration of Ignorant People and make them resort to the Play? All this is an affront to Truth, a discredit to History, and a shame to the Spanish Wits; because Foreigners, who are very strict in observing the Laws of *Drama*, look upon us as Ignorant and Barbarous, when they see the absurdity and enormous Folly of those we write. And this is not excus'd by saying, that the chief design of well govern'd Commonwealths in permitting Plays to be Acted, as to divert the Commonalty with some lawful Recreation, and to disperse the ill humours Idleness often breeds, and that since this is done by any Play whether

† The Spanish Plays have but three Acts.

good or bad, there is no occasion to prescribe Laws, or confine those that Write or Act them, to make them such as they ought to be; for as I have said, any of them serve to compass the end design'd by them. To this I would answer, that this end would be infinitely better attain'd by good Plays than by those that are not so; for a Man after seeing a regular and well contriv'd Play, would go away pleas'd with the Comedy, instructed by the serious part, surpriz'd at the Plot, improv'd by the Language, warn'd by the Frauds, inform'd by the Examples, disgusted at Vice, and in love with Virtue; for a good Play must work all these effects upon him that sees it, tho' he be never so rude and unthinking. And it is absolutely impossible but that a Play which has all these qualifications must Please, Divert, Satisfie and Content, beyond that which wants them; as for the most part those do that are Acted. And the Poets that write them are not in the fault, for some of them are very sensible of the Errors they commit, and know what they ought to do, but Plays being become venal, they say, and are in the right on't, that the Actors would give nothing for them, if they were not of that stamp; and therefore the Poet endeavours to fute himself to what the Actor, who is to pay for't, requires. That this is true, appears by an infinite number of Plays that have been Compos'd by an Excellent Wit of this Kingdom, so sprightly and delightful, in such lofty Verse, and excellent Language, so sententious, and in short so full of Elocution and lofsiness of Style, that all the World is full of his Fame, and yet they have not attain'd that Perfection in general, which some of them did, because he would please the Actors. There are others who write them with so little regard to what they do, that after Acting them the Players are forced to fly and abscond, for fear of being punish'd as they have been several times, for having acted things Prejudicial to some Kings, and Dishonourable to some Families. All these, and many other inconveniencies I do not mention, would cease, if there were at Court an Understanding and Discreet Person appointed, to peruse all Plays before they were Acted, and not only those that were acted at Court, but all over *Spain*, without whose Approbation and Licence, no Officer of Justice should suffer a Play to be Acted within his Jurisdiction. And thus the Players would not omit to send their Plays to Court, and might Act them with safety, and they that write them, would take more care of what they did, as apprehending that their Works must pass the Censure of one that understood them. Thus good Plays

would be written, and the end of them would be happily attain'd, which is the Diversion of the People, the Reputation of the Spanish Wits, the Profit and Safety of the Players, and the saving of the trouble of punishing of them. And if another, or the same Person had the care of inspecting such Books of Knight Errantry as were Compos'd for the future, there might doubtless some be Publish'd as compleat as you have been pleas'd to mention, which would enrich our Language with the delightful and precious Treasure of Eloquence, and cause the old Books to be lay'd aside, being born down by the prevalent Beauty of the new that would be Publish'd for the lawful Diversion, not only of idle Persons, but even of those that had most business; for the Bow cannot always stand bent, nor can Human Frailty subsist without some innocent Recreation.

Thus far had the Curate and the Canon proceeded in their Dialogue, when the Barber advancing, came up to them, and said to the Curate, This is the Place Master Licenciat, I told you would be proper for us to pass the heat of the Day, and where the Oxen would find abundance of good Pasture. I think so too, said the Curate, and telling the Canon what they intended to do, he resolv'd to stay with them, being invited to it by the pleasantness of a beautiful Valley that appear'd before them; and therefore that he might enjoy the pleasure of the Place, and the Curate's good Company, to whom he had already taken a liking, and at the same time hear more particulars of *Don Quixote's* Exploits, he order'd some of his Servants to go to the Inn, which was not far off, and to bring thence what they could find to Eat, for the whole Company, for he resolv'd to stay there that Afternoon. To which one of the Servants answer'd, That there was enough in the Provision-sumpter to serve, without getting any thing at the Inn, but Barley for the Mules. And by this time the Mule that carry'd it was at the Inn. If so, quoth the Canon, let all the Mules be carry'd thither, and let the Sumptuer come back. Whilst these things were doing, *Sancho* perceiving that he might talk to his Master without being supervis'd by the Curate and Barber, whom he look'd upon as suspicious Persons, rode up to the Cage where he was, and said, Sir, that it may not lie as a burden upon my Conscience, I will tell you something relating to your Enchantment, which is, That those who Ride along by us with their Faces cover'd, are the Curate and Barber of our Town, and I fancy they have contriv'd to carry you away after this manner, out of meer envy they bear you because you outstrip them in famous Actions,

ons. Now allowing this to be so, it follows that you are not Enchanted, but gull'd and fool'd, and for a further proof of it, I will ask you One Question, and if you answer me, as I believe you will, then may you be convinc'd of this Error, and perceive you are not Enchanted, but Distracted. Ask what you will *Son Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, for I will satisfy you and answer to your content. And as to what you say, That those Persons there that bear us company, are the Curate and Barber our Country-men and Acquaintance, it may very well be, they seem to be so, but never believe they are really and truly the same. What you must believe and suppose, is, That if, as you say, they resemble them, it is because they that have Enchanted me, have taken that Shape and Figure, for it is easie for Inchanters to assume what Form they please, and perhaps, they have taken that of those Two Friends of ours, to make you believe as you do, and cast you into such a Labyrinth of confuse Thoughts, that you may not know how to find your way out of it tho' you had *Theseus's* Clew; and they may have done it perhaps to distract my Thoughts, and that I may not guess which way this mischief is come upon me. For if on the one side you tell me, that the Curate and Barber of our Town are in our Company, and on the other, I see myself Cag'd up, and know that no Human force, except it were supernatural, could shut me up in a Cage, what would you have me say, or think, but that the manner of my Enchantment is beyond all that I ever read in the History of Knights Errant, that speak of their being Enchanted? So that you may rest yourself satisfy'd, as for the believing they are those you speak of, for they are no more than I am a Turk. And for your asking me any Question, speak, for I will answer you, tho' you should ask till to Morrow. The Blessed Virgin assist me, answer'd *Sancho*, lifting his Voice, Why, is it possible Sir, you should be such a Num-skull, and so Rattle-brain'd, that you don't perceive what I say, is the very truth, and that Malice has much more to do in this Imprisonment of yours than Enchantment? But since it is so, I will prove it plainly, that you are not Enchanted. Tell me therefore, so God deliver you out of this Storm, and so may you find yourself in my Lady *Dulcinea's* Arms, when you least think on't. Have done conjuring of me, quoth *Don Quixote*, and ask what you will, for I have told you already, I will answer you exactly. That's it I desire, reply'd *Sancho*, and what I would know, is, That you tell me, without adding too, or diminishing any thing, but with all sincerity, as is expected from, and practis'd by all those that fol-

low the Profession of Arms, as you do, under the Title of Knights Errant? I say, I will not Lye in any particular, quoth *D. Quixote*. Make an end of putting your Question, for to say the truth, you tyre me with so many Preambles, Prayers, and Circumlocutions. I say, I am fully satisfy'd of my Master's sincerity and goodness, quoth *Sancho*, and therefore because it is material to our business, I ask with all respect be it spoken, Whether, since you have been Cag'd up Sir, and in your conceit Enchanted, in this Cage, you have had any mind or inclination to open the greater, or lesser flood-gates, as we use to say? I don't understand those Terms quoth *Don Quixote*, explain yourself, if you would have me answer to the purpose. Why is it possible, quoth *Sancho*, that you don't understand the greater and the lesser flood-gates? Why 'tis the first thing that Children learn at School, when they come from Nurse. Then you must understand it means, whether you have had any occasion to do your needs: Ay, ay, now I understand you, quoth *Don Quixote*, I have had a need several times, and I have now, prethee deliver me from this danger, for all is not clean.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the Excellent Discourse Sancho Pança had with his Master Don Quixote.

HA, quoth *Sancho*, now I have catch'd you; this is it I long'd to know, with all my Heart and Soul. Come now Sir, can you deny, that it is a common Saying, when any body is in an ill Humour; I don't know what such a one ails, for he neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose when he is spoke to, but looks as if he were Enchanted? from whence it is concluded, That they who do not eat, drink, or sleep, nor do these natural things, I speak of, are Enchanted; but not those that are in such need as you are, who drink when it is given you, eat when you have it, and answer to all that's ask'd you. You are in the right *Sancho*, answer'd *D. Quixote*, but I have already told you, there are several sorts of Enchantments; and perhaps, in process of time they are chang'd from what they were, and now it may be the fashion for Enchanted Persons to do all that I do, tho' formerly they did not; so that there's no arguing against the Customs of Ages, or deducing Inferences from them. I know, and am satisfy'd

fy'd I am Enchanted; and that is enough to quiet any scruples in Conscience, which would very much disturb me; and if I thought I was not Enchanted, and should suffer myself to lie idle, and cowardly in this Cage, wronging many needy and distress'd Persons, who at this time perhaps, stand in desperate and utmost want of my succour and assistance. Yet for all that, reply'd *Sancho*, I say, That for your abundant and full satisfaction, it were fit Sir, you should try to get out of this Prison, for I do promise to use all my power to facilitate it, nay, to fetch you out, and that you would again try to Mount your good *Rozinante*, who looks as if he were Enchanted too, he is so sad and melancholy. This done, I would have us again, try Fortune in seeking Adventures, and if it should not succeed, we shall have time enough to return to the Cage, into which I do promise as a good and faithful Squire to shut myself up with you, if you should be so unfortunate, and I so silly as not to perform what I say. I am satisfy'd to do as you say, Friend *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and when you see a fit opportunity to work my deliverance, I will obey you in all things, and to all intents and purposes, but you will find *Sancho*, how much you are deceiv'd in your opinion of my Misfortune. Thus the Knight Errant, and ill Errant Squire, entertain'd themselves in Discourse, till they came to the place where the Canon, the Curate, and the Barber expected them, being already alighted. The Driver Unyok'd the Oxen, and turn'd them loose in that green and pleasant place, whose coolness seem'd to invite not those that were Enchanted like *Don Quixote*, but considerate and wise Persons, like his Squire, who pray'd the Curate to let his Master come out of the Cage for a while, because unless he did, that Prison would not be so clean as became such a Knight as his Master. The Curate understood him, and said, He would willingly do what he desir'd, but that he fear'd, his Master as soon as he was loose would play his old Pranks, and be gone where they should never see him more. I'll be bound for him that he shall not fly, quoth *Sancho*. And so will I, said the Canon, especially if he promises upon the Word of a Knight, that he will not depart from us, without our consent. I do, said *Don Quixote*, who heard all they said; besides, he that is Enchanted, as I am, cannot dispose of himself as he pleases, for he that Enchanted him, can make him stand still in one place Three Ages, and if he should make an escape, can fetch him back in the twinkling of an Eye. And since it was so, they might let him loose, especially it being their common Interest so to do, and in

case they did not, he protested that they could not but be offended at the smell, unless they remov'd from thence. The Canon took him by the Hand, tho' he had them both bound, and upon his Word and Parole, they discag'd him, and he was very glad and rejoyc'd to see himself out of the Cage. The first thing he did, he stretch'd himself, and then went to *Requiescens*, and clapping him twice on the Buttocks, said, Still I hope in God, and in his Blessed Mother, O thou flower and mirror of Horses, that we shall both of us be in the Condition we wish ourselves, you with your Master on your Back, and I upon you, exercising that Employment for which God sent me into the World. This said, *Don Quixote* went aside with *Sancho* to a remote place, from whence he return'd, somewhat eas'd, and better inclin'd to execute whatsoever his Squire should direct. The Canon gaz'd at him, and admir'd his strange Madnes, and that he seem'd to have a very sound Judgment in all his Words and Answers, but only ran astray, as has been said before, when mention was made of Chivalry, and therefore being mov'd to compassion, after they had all seated themselves on the green Grass, he said to him.

Is it possible worthy Sir, that the unhappy and idle reading of Books of Chivalry should have had that effect on you, as to disturb your Brain to that degree as to make you believe you are Enchanted, and other things of that nature; which are as far from truth, as truth it self is from falsehood? How is it possible, that any Human Understanding should be perswaded, there ever was in the World such a multitude of *Amadis's*, such a croud of famous Knights, so many Emperors of *Trabifonde*, so many *Felixmarts* of *Hircania*, so many Palfreys, so many Errant Damzels, so many Serpents, so many Monsters, so many Giants, so many unheard of Adventures, so many sorts of Enchantments, so many Battles, so many terrible Encounters, so many sundry rich Habits, so many amorous Princesses, so many Squires Earls, so many witty Dwarfs, so many *Billet doux*, so much Courtship, so many valiant Women, and in short, so many, and so extravagant Accidents, as are contain'd in the Books of Knight Errantry? I can say this for my self, that when I read them, they please me in some measure, whilst I do not call to mind that they are all falsehood and folly; but as soon as I Reflect upon what they are, I fling the best of them, as far as I can from me, nay, I would throw him into the Fire, if I had it at hand, as well deserving that Punishment, because they are False and Deceitful; contrary to the common practice of Nature, and as Broachers of new Sects, and a new manner of Living; and

as those that give occasion to the ignorant multitude to believe and look upon the Follies they contain as Truth. Nay, they are so bold, as to affect the Understanding of discreet and well-born Gentlemen, as appears by the effect, they have had upon you, since they brought you into such a condition, that you must be shut up in a Cage, and carry'd on an Oxe-wain, as if they were carrying a Lion or Tyger from Town to Town to shew it: Rouze good Sir, and take pity on yourself, and return to the Bosom of Discretion, and make use of what Heaven has so plentifully bestow'd upon you, employing your most excellent Talent of Wit upon some other reading, that may redound to the benefit of your Conscience, and encrease of your Honour: And if still led away by your natural Inclination, you will read Books of great Fears, and Chivalry, read in the Scripture the Book of *Judges*, for there you will find mighty Truths, and Actions as real as they are brave. *Lusitania* has a *Viriatus*; *Rome* a *Cesar*; *Carthage* a *Hannibal*; *Greece* an *Alexander*; † *Castile* an *Earl Fernan Gonzalez*; *Valentia* a *Cid*; *Andaluzia* a *Gonçalo Fernandez*; *Estremadura* a *James Garcia de Paredes*; *Xeres* a *Garciperez de Vargas*; *Toledo* a *Gercilasso*; *Sevil* a *D. Emanuel de Leon*. The reading of whose Valorous Exploits, may divert, instruct, delight and surprize the greatest Wits that shall read them. This good Sir, is Reading worthy your Understanding, which will make you knowing in History, in love with Vertue; it will instruct you in Goodness, improve your Behaviour, and render you Brave without Rashness, and Bold without the least mixture of Cowardize, and all this will redound to God's Glory, your own Advantage and the Honour of *La Mancha*, whence, as I understand you deduce your Original.

Don Quixote listen'd attentively to the Canon's Words, and when he perceiv'd he had done, after gazing on him for a considerable time, he said, Methinks, Sir, all your Discourse has been directed to perswade me, there were never any Knights Errant in the World, and that all Books of Chivalry are false, lying, and useles, and hurtful to the Publick; and that I have done ill in Reading, worse in Believing, and worst of all in Imitating them, by taking upon me the most painful Profession of Knight Errantry, they teach us; denying that ever there

† Fernan Gonzales, Cid, and the rest there mention'd, were Spanish Commanders of Note, but as many Fables have been writ of them, as ever were of Knights Errant.

were *Amadis's*, either of *Gaul*, or *Greece*, or any of those other Knights the Books are full of. It is all just as you say, quoth the Canon. To which, *Don Quixote* answer'd, You also added, that those Books had done me much harm, since they had Distracted me, and brought me to be put into a Cage, and that it were better for me to take up, and change my Study, reading others that divert and instruct much better. 'Tis so, said the Canon. Then I find by my Hand, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that it is you Sir, that are Mad and Enchanted, since you have gone about to utter so many Blasphemies against a thing so generally receiv'd in the World, and look'd upon to be so true, that he who should deny it as you do, deserves the same punishment you inflict on the Books when you read them and they tyre you. For you had as good perswade any body that the Sun does not shine, the Frost cool, or the Earth produce nouriture, as that there never was an *Amadis* in the World, or any of the other Knights Adventurers Histories are full of. For what Man of Sense in the World can perswade another, that the Story of the Princess *Floripes* and *Guy* of *Burgundy* was not true? Or that of *Fierabras* at the Bridge of *Mantible* which happen'd in the time of *Charlemagne*, and I Vow to Heaven it's as true, as that it is now Day? And if that be a Lye, then it is a Lye too, that ever there was a *Hector*, or *Achilles*, or a Trojan War, or Twelve Peers of *France*, or King *Arthur* of *England*, who to this Day is converted into a Crow, and is daily expected in his Kingdom. You may also say, that the History of *Guarino Mesquino* is false, and that of the Attempt of *St. Grial*, and that the Amours of *D. Tristan* and Queen *Iseo*, and of *Ginever* and *Lancelote* are *Apocrypha*, whereas, there are People living, that can almost remember they have seen the Old Lady *Quintanmona*, who was the best Skinker of Wine that ever *Britain* bred; and this is so certain, that I remember my Grandmother by my Father's side, us'd to say to me, when she saw an Old Waiting-woman or Governant with a long white Veil, That Woman, Grandson is like the Old Lady *Quintanmona*; whence I infer, that she knew her, or at least had seen some Picture of hers. Then who can deny the truth of the History of *Pierres* and the Beautiful *Magalona*, since there is to this Day to be seen in the Royal-Armory the Peg with which he guided the Wooden-Horse that carry'd him through the Air, which is somewhat bigger than the Shaft of a Wain, and by the Peg is *Babieca's* Saddle. And at *Roncesvalles* is *Orlando's* Horn, as big as a great Beam, which makes it out, that there were *Pierres*, and other such Knights as People talk of,

of, that go about to seek Adventures. You may as well tell me, it is not true, that the Valiant Portuguese * *John de Merlo* was a Knight Errant, and went to *Burgundy*, where at the City *Ras* he Combated with the Lord of *Charni*, whose Name was *Mosen Pierres*, and afterwards in the City *Basil* with *Mosen Henry* of *Remestan*, coming off both times Victorious, and crown'd with Honour. You may also deny the Adventures and Challenges of the Valorous Spaniards, *Peter Barba*, and *Gutierre Quixada*, from whom I am Lineally descended, finish'd and Fought in *Burgundy*, overthrowing the Sons of Count *S. Paul*. You may deny too that ever *Don Ferdinand de Guevara*, went to seek Adventures in *Germany*, where he had a Combat with *Micer George*, a Knight of the Duke of *Austria's* Family. You may say the Tilting of *Suero de Quinones del Passo* was a Jest; and so the Achievements of *Mosen Luis de Falses* against *Don Gonzalo de Guzman* a Castilian Knight with many other Feats perform'd by Christian Knights, of these, and Foreign Kingdoms, so Authentick and certain, that I say again, he that denies them must be void of Sense and Reason.

The Canon was astonish'd at the Medley *Don Quixote* made of Truths and Falshoods, and to see how knowing he was in all things that related and appertain'd to the Feats of his Knight Errantry, and therefore answer'd him thus; I cannot deny Sir, but that some part of what you have said is true; especially, what relates to the Spanish † Knights Errant: And I will grant too, that there were Twelve Peers of *France*, but I will not believe they did all those Actions, Arch-Bishop *Turpin* writes of them; for the truth is, they were Knights chosen by the Kings of *France*, whom they call'd Peers, as being equal in Valour, Quality, and Courage, or at least if they were not, they ought to have been so; and it's like, one of the Orders now in use of *Santiago* or *Calatrava*, in which it's suppos'd, that those who Profess them are, or ought to be Brave, well Born, and Worthy Knights, and as we now call one a Knight of *Malta*, or of *Alcantara*, then, they call'd him Of the Twelve Peers, for they were not Twelve equals that

* Others of the same Stamp, tho' not so certain, that ever they liv'd, yet the Stories of them more Ridiculous; but generally believ'd by the ignorant People.

† The Author would impose the belief of those Fabulous Stories as far as there are Spaniards concern'd in them; but they are ridiculous, and he that allows of Spaniards, must allow Knights Errant of other Nations.

were chosen for that Military Order. That there was a *Cid*, and a † *Bernard del Carpio*, is not to be doubted; but there is much reason to question their doing those Feats that are ascrib'd to them. As for the Peg belonging to Count *Pierres*, which you say is in the Royal-Armory by *Babieca's* Saddle, I confess, I am so ignorant, or short-sighted, that tho' I saw the Saddle, I did not discover the Peg, which is much, being so big as you talk of. For all that it is there without all doubt, quoth *Don Quixote* and by the same token, they say, it is in a Leather-case that it may not grow rusty. All that may be, answer'd the Canon, but by the Orders I have receiv'd, I can't remember I saw it. But tho' I should grant it is there, yet that does not oblige me to believe the Stories of so many *Amadis's*, nor of such a multitude of Knights as are talk'd of. Nor is it reasonable that so honest, so well qualify'd, and so understanding a Man as you are Sir, should be perswaded, there is any truth in all those strange Follies, that are written in the mad Books of Knight Errantry.

CHAP. XXIII.

The Continuation of the Wise Contest, betwixt Don Quixote and the Canon, with other Accidents.

That's well enough, quoth *Don Quixote*; then all the Books that are printed with Licenses of Kings, and the Approbation of those that were to examine them, and are read with so general Satisfaction, and Applauded by Great and Small, Rich and Poor, Learned and Unlearned, Gentry and Commonalty; and in short by all sorts of People, of what State and Condition soever they are, must be Lyes, especially when they carry such a shew of Truth; since they tell us the Father, Mother, Country, Kindred, Age, Place, and Actions, to a Tittle, and Day by Day, which such a Knight or Knights perform'd. Hold your Tongue Sir, do not utter such a Blasphemy; and believe me I advise what you ought to do as a wise Man; and if you don't believe me, read them and you will see what Pleasure you take in them. Why tell me, is there any satisfaction like seeing, as we may

† It is a great question whether ever there were such a Man as *Bernard del Carpio*,

say;

say; here appears before us a Lake of boiling Pitch; and in it are many Serpents, Snakes, and Crocodils, besides many other fierce and terrible Creatures Swimming about, and from the midst of the Lake sounds a most doleful Voice, which says, *O thou Knight! whosoever thou art; who lookest on the dreadful Lake, if thou wilt obtain the blessing that is under these Black Waters, shew the Valor of thy undaunted Breast, and cast thyself into the middle of its black and burning Liquor; for unless thou doest so, thou shalt not be able to see the Wonders contain'd in the Castles of the seven Fates which lie under this blackness.* And no sooner has the Knight heard the Voice, but without making any reflection, or standing to consider the Danger he exposes himself to, and even without laying aside his heavy Armour, Recommending himself to God, and to his Lady, he Casts himself into the midst of the boiling Lake, and when he least thinks of it, nor can imagine where he shall light, he finds himself in pleasant Fields, with which the *Blisium's* are not to compare. There he fancies the Heaven is more Transparent, and the Sun shines with a new Splendor. There appears before him a pleasant Forest consisting of such green and shady Trees, that its Verdure pleases the Sight, and the sweet wild Note of many little panted Birds that Fly about the Boughs delight the Ears. He discovers a little Brook whose cool Stream, looking like liquid Crystal glides over fine Sand and white Pibbles, resembling finest sifted Gold and orient Pearls. There he sees an artificial Fountain, made of particolour'd Jasper Stone and smooth Marble. Here he spies another in Grotesque, where the Cockle-shells, with the wreath'd white and yellow Houses of the Snails, placed in disorderly order, and mix'd with pieces of shining Crystal, and counterfeit Emeralds make such a sightly Work, that Art imitating Nature, seems there to out-do her. Yonder on a sudden he descries a strong Castle, or sightly Palace, whose Walls are of beaten Gold, the Battlements of Diamonds, the Gates of Hyacinths: And in short, it is of such a wonderful Structure, that tho' the Materials of which it is made, are no less than Diamonds, Carbuncles, Rubies, Pearls, Gold, and Emeralds, yet the Workmanship is of greater value. And seeing this, what can be pleasanter than to see a number of Damzels issue at the Castle Gate, whose gay and sightly Garments, if I should go about to describe, as Histories do, I should never have done? And then she that seems to be the chief of them, takes the bold Knight that threw himself into the Lake, by the Hand, and leads him without speaking one Word, into the Rich Palace, or Castle, and causes him to be strip'd

strip'd as naked as he was born, to be bath'd in warm Water, then anointed all over with sweet Ointments, and a Shirt of the finest Lawn to be put on him sweet and perfum'd; and then another Damzel to come and cast over his Shoulders a Cloak, which at the very least, they say, is usually worth a City, or more? What a sight is it then, when they tell us, that after all this, they carry him into another Chamber, where he finds the Tables cover'd in such orderly manner, that he stands astonish'd? Then to see him wash his Hands in Water Distill'd from Amber, and sweet Flowers? To see him seated on an Ivory Chair? To see all the Damzels attend him with wonderful silence? To see such variety of Dishes serv'd up, and those so rarely Dress'd, that the Appetite does not know which to seize upon? To hear the Musick that sounds all the Dinner time, and yet no body sees who makes it, or whence it comes? And after Dinner is ended, and the Tables taken away, to see the Knight leaning back in his Chair, and perhaps picking his Teeth, as the Custom is, and then on a sudden a Damzel much more beautiful than any of the former, to come and sit down by the Knight, and begin to give him an account, what Castle that is, and how she is Enchanted in it, with other particulars, which surprize the Knight, and astonish those that read his History. I will not enlarge upon this matter, for from it may be inferr'd, that whatsoever part one reads of any History of Knights Errant, must be pleasant and astonishing to any that reads it. And do you believe me Sir, and as I told you before, Read these Books, and you will perceive they will banish Melancholy, and mend your Disposition, if it be bad. This I can say for myself, That since I am a Knight Errant, I am Valiant, Courteous, Bountiful, Well-bred, Generous, Civil, Bold, Easie, Patient, a sufferer of Labours, Imprisonment, and Enchantments. And tho' it is so small a time since I saw myself shut up in a Cage like a Mad-man, yet I expect by the Valour of my Arm, Heaven favouring me, and Fortune not opposing, in a short time to be King of some Kingdom, that may enable me to shew the Gratitude and Liberality of my Heart; for upon my Word Sir, a poor Man is in no capacity to make known his Liberality to any Man, tho' he be Master of it in the highest degree; and that Gratitude which consists only in Wishes, is dead, as Faith is dead without good Works. Therefore it is, I would have Fortune to furnish me speedily with some opportunity for me to become an Emperor, that I might shew my Natural Inclination, doing good to all my Friends, particularly to this poor *Sancho Pança* my Squire; who

is the best Fellow in the World, and I would willingly bestow an Earldom on him; for I have promis'd it him long since, but that I fear he will not have sense enough to govern his Estate. *Sancho* heard his Master speak these last words, and said to him; Do you endeavour Sir, to give me that Earldom you have so often promis'd, and I so long expected; for I'll warrant you I have Wit enough to manage it; and tho' I had not, I have heard say, there are Men that farm Lords Estates, and give them so much a Year, and they manage it; and the Lord lives at his ease upon his Revenue without any further trouble, and so will I without standing to haggle about it, but will resign up all immediately and enjoy my Revenue like a Duke; and let them look to it. That is, as to the Revenue, Friend *Sancho*, quoth the Canon; but the Lord must take care of the Administration of Justice; and here it is that a good Capacity and Judgment is requisite, and above all a sincere intention to do right; for if this be wanting in the beginnings, the consequences and ends will all prove bad; and God uses to Prosper the good Designs of the Innocent, as he Thwarts the ill ones of the Wise. I don't understand your Logick, said *Sancho Pança*, but this I know, that if I had the Earldom I could tell how to manage it, for I have a Soul as well as another, and as much Body as the best of 'em, and I should be as much a King in my Dominions as any one in his; and being so, I would do what I pleas'd, and doing what I pleas'd I should do my Will, and doing my Will I should be satisfy'd, and when a Man is satisfy'd he needs care for no more, and when he needs care for no more, there's an end on't; and let me but have the Estate, and farewell till we see one another, as one blind Man said to the other. That's no bad Logick, as you say *Sancho*, quoth the Canon, yet for all that there is much to be said upon that Subject of Earldoms. To which *Don Quixote* answer'd; I know no more there is to say, but am govern'd by the example set by the Great *Amadis de Gaule*, who made his Squire Earl of the *Firme Island*, and so may I without any scruple of Conscience make *Sancho Pança* an Earl, for he is one of the best Squires that ever Knight Errant had. The Canon admir'd at *Don Quixote's* formal Extravagances, at his manner of describing the Knight of the Lake, at the impression the grave Lyes he had read had made on him; and lastly, he admir'd *Sancho's* Folly, who so eagerly wish'd for the Earldom his Master had promis'd him. By this time the Canon's Servants were returning, having been at the Inn to fetch the Sumpter that carry'd the Provisions, and making a Carpet, and the green Grafs of the Field serve

serve instead of a Table, they sat down under the Shade of some Trees, and there Din'd, that the Waggoner might not lose his conveniency of that place, as was said before. Whilst they were eating, on a sudden they heard a shrill noise of a little Bell, which sounded behind some thick Bushes and Brambles that were by them, and immediately they saw a slightly She-Goat break out from among those Thickets, all mottled with white, black and brown spots. A Goat-herd following her calling out to her, and using many Words after their manner, to stay her, or make her return to her Herd. The runaway She-Goat all in a fright and panting made to the People, as 'twere for protection, and there stopp'd. The Goat-herd came up, and taking her by the Horns, as if she had been endu'd with Reason and Understanding, said, Ah, thou wanton spotted Fool, how unlucky thou art of late, the Wolves'll warran it will meet with thee. My pretty Child, won't you tell me what's the meaning of it? But what should it be, but that you are a Female and can't be steady; a Curse on your Nature, and all things whose example you follow. Come, come home my dear, for tho' you be not so well pleas'd, you will be safer in your Fold, or among your Fellows, for if you that are to keep together and guide them run astray thus, what will become of them? All that heard him were pleas'd at the Goat-herd's Expressions, especially the Canon, who said to him, Preethee Friend, rest yourself a little, and do not be so hasty to carry back that She-Goat to her Flock; for since as you say, she is a Female, she will take her own way whatever you can do to prevent her. Take this bit, and drink a Draught, which will mitigate your Passion, and in the mean while the Goat will rest. While he spoke these Words, he reach'd him the Chine of a cold Rabbit upon the point of a Knife. The Goat-herd took it, and thank'd him; he drank, and grew calm, and then he said, I would not have you Gentlemen, to take me for a Fool, because I talk'd so seriously to this poor Beast, for in good truth, there is something of a meaning in the Words I spoke to her: I am a Clown, tho' not so much, but that I can tell how to talk to Men, and how to Beasts. I verily believe you, said the Curate, for I know by Experience, that the Mountains breed Scholars, and that there are Philosophers in Shepherd's Cottages. At least, quoth the Goat-herd, they entertain Men improv'd by Experience, and that you may believe this Truth and be thorowly convinc'd of it, tho' I seem to offer myself without being courted to it, if it be no trouble to you, and you please Gentlemen to give ear to me a little while, I will tell you a true Story, which will make out

out what that Gentleman (pointing to the Curate) has said, and prove I am in the right. To this *Don Quixote* answer'd, Because I perceive this business has something of the Air of a Knightly Adventure, I for my part will give ear to you Friend with all my heart, and so will all these Gentlemen, as being Men of discretion and loving curious Novelties that may surprize, please, and divert the Senses, as I don't question but yours will do. Therefore begin Friend, for we will all listen to you. I am off of it, quoth *Sancho*, for I am going to yonder Brook with this Pye, and design to lay in provision for Three Days; for I have heard my Master *Don Quixote* say, that the Squires of Knights Errant must eat when they have it, as long as they are able, because sometimes it happens they get into such an intricate Wood, that they can't find the way out again in a Week, and then if a Man has not his Belly full, or his Waller well stor'd, there he may remain, as it often falls out, till he is turn'd into Mummy. You are in the right on't *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, go where you will, and eat as much as you can, for I am satisfy'd, and only want to give my Soul its nourishment, which I shall do by listening to this honest Man's Tale. We will give all ours the same, quoth the Canon, and then he desir'd the Goat-herd to begin what he had promis'd. The Goat-herd gave the Goat whom he held by the Horns Two claps with his Hand on the Back, saying, Lie down by me Spot, for there is time enough for us to return to our Flock. The Goat seem'd to understand him, for as soon as her Master sat down, she lay down by him very quietly, and looking up in his Face, was as if she had listen'd to what he said, and he began his Story thus.

CHAP. XXIV.

The Story the Goat-herd told all those that were with Don Quixote.

THree Leagues from this Valley is a Village, which tho' but small, is one of the richest in all the Country hereabouts. In it liv'd a Farmer of good Note; and tho' Riches always bring esteem with them, yet he was more respected for his Virtue than for what he was worth. But that which made his happiness the greater, as he said, was that he had a Daughter of such singular Beauty, and so rare for Discretion,

Carriage, and Vertue, that whosoever beheld her could not but admire to see with what excellent Qualities Heaven and Nature had enrich'd her. When a Child she was handsome, and still grew fairer and fairer, and at Sixteen Years of Age was a most accomplish'd Beauty. The fame of her Beauty began to spread through all the neighbouring Villages, but what do I talk of neighbouring, when it reach'd to the remotest Cities, and even pierc'd into the Palaces of Kings, and came to the Ears of all sorts of People, who flock'd from all Parts to see her as a Rarity, or as if she had been a miraculous Image. Her Father guarded her, and the watch'd over herself, for there are no Bolts, Walls, or Locks that can better secure a Maid, than her own Reserv'dness. The Father's Riches, and the Daughter's Beauty mov'd many, as well of the Townsmen, as Strangers, to ask her to Wife; but he whose business it was to dispose of so rich a Jewel was perplex'd, not knowing to which of her Suitors he should resign her. Among the many that pursu'd this good design, I was one, and much encourag'd to hope for success, because her Father knew me; I was his Townsman, well-born, in the prime of my Age, very and no less accomplish'd. Another of the Townsmen no less qualify'd, demanded her at the same time, which made her Father stand dubious and suspend his resolution, thinking either of us a fit Husband for his Daughter, and therefore to put an end to this perplexity, he resolv'd to acquaint *Leandra* with it, for that's the Name of the happy Creature that has made me miserable, considering, that since we were both equal, it was fit to leave it to his dear Daughter to choose as she thought fit; an Example worthy to be follow'd by all Parents that would dispose of their Children. I do not say, they should let them choose base and mean Objects, but that they propose good ones, and let them choose among them as they think fit. I cannot tell what *Leandra's* pleasure was, and only can tell, that the Father put us off with his Daughter's tender Years, and in general Terms, which neither laid any obligation upon him, nor disoblig'd us. My Rival's Name is *Anselm*, and mine *Eugenius*, that you may know how the Persons concern'd in this Tragedy are call'd, for the event is still depending, but it is plain enough it will be unhappy. At this time there came one *Vincent de Rosa*, Son to a poor Farmer of the same Town. This *Vincent* came from *Italy* and other Parts where he had been a Soldier. He was carry'd away from our Town at Twelve Years of Age by a Captain that happen'd to pass by that way with his Company, and Twelve Years after he return'd cloath'd like a Soldier, in several Co-

lours

lours, with a thousand Chrystal Toys, and fine Steel-Chains hanging about him. One Day he would put on one gay Suit, and the next Day another, but all slight gay things of small value. The Country People who are naturally malicious, and when they have idle time are Malice itself, observ'd it, and kept account of his change of Cloaths and gay Baubles, and found he had Three Suits of several Colours, with Garters and Stockings to them; but he did so chop and change them, that if he had not been watch'd, they would have Sworn he had above Ten Suits, and upwards of Twenty Feathers. And let not this I say concerning the Cloaths, be look'd upon as impertinent, for they are a considerable Part of this Story. He would sit down on a Bench that was under a Poplar-Tree in our Market-place, and there he would keep us all gaping about him, to hear the Exploits he would tell us of. There was no Country in the World but what he had seen, nor Battle but what he had been in. He had Kill'd more *Moors* than are in *Morocco*, and *Tunes*, and fought more Duels than ever **Gante*, *Luna*, *James Garcia de Paredes*, and a Thousand more he spoke of, had done, and always came off Victorious without losing the least drop of Blood. On the other side he shew'd us the signs of Wounds, which tho' not to be perceiv'd, yet he perswaded us, they were Musket-shots receiv'd in several Actions, and Fights. In short, he very boldly call'd his equals and those that knew him, Thou, and said, his Hand was his Father, his Actions his Kindred, and that as being a Soldier, he was as good a Man as the King. Besides this boasting he was something Musical, and could scrape a Guitar, so that some said, he made it speak; but these were not all his good Qualities, for he was a piece of a Poet, and so he would make a Ballad a League and half long upon every trivial Accident that happen'd in the Village. Now this Soldier I have describ'd, this *Vincent de Rosa*, this Bully, this Spark, this Musitian, this Poet, was often seen and taken notice of by *Leandra*, through a Window of her House that look'd into the Market-place. His Songs charm'd her, for he gave Twenty Copies of every one he writ; the Feats he told of himself came to her Ears. And in short, for so it is like the Devil had contriv'd it, she fell in love with him, before he could be so bold as to Court her: And as in Love affairs, none is so easily brought to pass, as that which the Woman contends for, so it was easie for *Leandra* and *Vincent* to agree,

* Spaniards famous for Duelling.

and before any of her many Suitors could discover her design, she had compass'd it, having left her dear Father's House, for she had no Mother, and gone away from the Village with the Soldier, who came off more gloriously from this Undertaking, than he had done from all those he pretend'd to. This Action astonish'd all the Village, nay, and all those that heard of it. I was surpriz'd, *Anselm* amaz'd, her Father cast down, her Kindred asham'd, the Magistrates were in care, and the Officers look'd out. They lay'd the Ways, and search'd the Woods, and all By-places, and at Three Days end found the Light-headed *Leandra* in a Den of a Mountain, naked to her Smock, and Robb'd of a great deal of Money and Jewels of value, she had carry'd from her Father's. They brought her back to her disconsolate Father; they ask'd her how that misfortune befel her, and she without much pressing, answer'd, that *Vincent de Rosa* had deceiv'd her, and promising to be her Husband perswaded her to go from her Father's, and he would carry her to the most Rich and most Delightful City in the World, which was *Naples*, and that she inconsiderate and rash Creature had given credit to him; and Robbing her Father, had put herself into his Hands the same Night she was first mist. That he carry'd her to a wild Mountain, and put her into that Cave where they found her. She also told how the Soldier without dishonouring her, stole all she had, and left her in that Cave, and went his way, a thing that renew'd the admiration of all Men. We had much ado to believe the Young Man's Continency, but she affirm'd it so positively, that the unhappy Father was something comforted, not valuing the Riches he had lost, since he left his Daughter that Jewel, which once lost can never hope to be retriev'd. The same Day *Leandra* was found, her Father remov'd her from our sight, and carry'd her away to be shut up in a Monastery at a Town near this Place, expecting time will wear off some of the Scandal his Daughter brought upon herself. *Leandra's* tender Years were some excuse for her fault, at least among those who cared not whether she was good, or nought; but those who were acquainted with her sense and discretion, did not attribute her Crime to Folly but to Lewdness, and to the natural inclination of Women, which for the most part is wild and disorderly. *Leandra* being shut up, *Anselm* was left blind, at least he had nothing to look at that pleas'd him. My Eyes were in darkness without light to discover any thing that was delightful when *Leandra* was gone. Our Sorrow increas'd our Patience wast'd, we cursed the Soldiers gay Cloaths, and we

abhorr'd

abhorr'd *Leandra's* Father's neglect of her. In short, *Anselm* and I agreed to leave the Village, and come away to this Plain, where he keeps a large Flock of Sheep of his own, and I another of Goats that are mine too, and so we spend our Lives among these Trees, giving vent to our Passions, or else singing together either Praises, or Reproaches of the beautiful *Leandra*, or fighting alone, and by ourselves tending our complaints to Heaven. Many other of *Leandra's* Suitors after our example, are come away to these Mountains, following the same Employment, and they are so numerous, that this Place seems to be converted into the Pastoral *Arcadia*, it is so full of Shepherds and their Flocks, and there is no part of it where the beautiful *Leandra's* Name does not resound. One Curses and calls her humourfome, changeable and unchaste; another blames her as light and forward. Some excuse and forgive, others blame and condemn her. One extols her Beauty, and another exclaims against her Temper. In short, all rail, and all adore her, and the madness of them all is so great, that some complain of disdain, tho' they never spoke to her; and others are inflam'd with the cruel disease of jealousy, tho' she never gave them an occasion; for as I have said, the Guilt was known before her Inclination. There is no Hollow, Cleft, or Bank of a Brook, or shade of Trees, where some Shepherd does not breath out his misfortunes to the Air. The Echo repeats the Name of *Leandra* wheresoever it can be fram'd. The Mountains resound *Leandra*. The Brooks murmur *Leandra*, and *Leandra* charms and astonishes us all, whilst we hope without knowing what, and fear without knowing why. Among these Mad-men, he that seems to have most and least Sense, is my Rival *Anselm*, who, tho' he has so much other matter to complain of, only complains of absence, and vents his complaints in Songs, which discover his Wit, to the Musick of his Rebeck, on which he plays to admiration. I take an easier, and in my opinion wiser method, which is to rail at Womens lightness, their inconstancy and double-dealing, their false promises and their infidelity; and lastly, of their want of Sense in placing their affections and making their choice. And this, Gentlemen, was the cause I us'd those Words to the She-Goat, when I came to this place, for I value her the less for being a Female, tho' she is the best in all my Flock. This is the Story I promis'd to tell you: If I have been tedious in relating it, I will not be sparing in serving you. My Lodge is hard by, in it I have new Milk, and most excellent relish'd Cheese, with several sorts of Fruit pleasing to the sight, and delightful to the taste.

CHAP. XXV.

Of the Quarrel betwixt Don Quixote and the Goatherd, with the rare Adventure of the Penitents, which he happily accomplish'd with the Sweat of his Brows.

THE Goatherd's Story was very pleasant to all that heard it, but especially to the Canon, who very curiously observ'd his manner of telling it; as remote from being a clownish Goatherd, as it came near to resemble a discreet Courtier, and therefore he declar'd, That the Curate had been much in the right, when he said the Mountains bred Scholars. They all offer'd *Eugenius* their service, but he that most signaliz'd himself in that particular, was *Don Quixote*; who said to him; Truly honest Goatherd, if I were in a condition to undertake any Adventure, I would set out immediately, that you might be Happy; for I would take *Leandra* out of the Monastery (where it is doubtless she is against her Will) in spite of the Abbess, and all that should go about to hinder it, and would deliver her up to you, that you might do your Will and Pleasure with her; still saving the Laws of Knight-hood, which ordain that no displeasure shall be done to any Maiden: Yet I hope in God the power of a malicious Enchanter shall not be of such force, but that the might of another whose designs are better, shall prevail, and then I promise you my Aid and Assistance, as I am oblig'd by my Profession, which is no other than to relieve those that are forsaken and in need. The Goatherd look'd upon him, and seeing his scurvy Garb and Aspect, stood in Admiration, and ask'd the Barber, who was next to him; Sir, who is this Man that has such a Meen, and talks after this manner? Who should it be answer'd the Barber, but the Famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, undoer of Injuries, righter of Wrongs, the defence of Maidens, the terror of Giants, and the gainer of Battles? That to me, reply'd the Goatherd, sounds like what we read in the Books of Knights Errant, who did all that you say of this Man, tho' I look upon't that either you jest, or else this Gentleman's Skull is empty. Thou art a great Rascal, said *Don Quixote*, and thou art empty Skull'd and Mad, for I am fuller than ever was the whorson Whore that bore thee: And laying about him as he talk'd, he catch'd up a Loaf that was by him, and hit the Goatherd on the full Face so furiously



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ously with it, that he layd his Nose flat. But the Goatherd who did not understand such jesting, seeing himself so abus'd in earnest, without regarding the Carpet, or Table-Cloth, or those that were Eating, leap'd atop of *Don Quixote*, and grasping him by the Throat with both his Hands, had certainly Choak'd him, but that *Sancho Pança* came up in the God-speed, and lay'd hold of him by the Back, tumbling him over the Table, breaking Dishes, cracking the Cups, overthrowing and scattering all that lay upon it. *Don Quixote* seeing himself loose, ran to get upon the Goatherd, who seeing his Face all over a gore of Blood, and being bruiz'd by *Sancho*, crept about upon all four looking for a Knife, with which he might take a bloody revenge; but the Curate and the Canon prevented him; yet the Barber so contriv'd it that the Goatherd got *Don Quixote* under him, and rung such a peal of Cuffs on his Jaws, that the poor Knight's Face ran Blood as fast as the Goatherd's. The Curate and the Canon broke their Sides with laughing; the *Brotherhood-Officers* Skipp'd for joy, all of 'em holloo'd them as they do Dogs, when they are together by the ears: Only *Sancho* fretted himself to Death, because he could not get from one of the Canon's Servants, who hinder'd him from assisting his Master. To conclude, whilst they were all thus overjoy'd and merry, except the two Boxers who rattled at one another, they heard such a dismal sound of a Trumpet, as made them look about towards the Place where the Sound came: But *Don Quixote* was the most surpriz'd at it. He, tho' he was under the Goatherd much against his Will, and sufficiently bang'd, said to him, Brother Devil, for it is impossible but you must be one, since you have had courage and strength to overcome mine, I beseech you, let us make a Truce, but for one Hour, because methinks the dismal Sound of that Trumpet, which reaches our Eares, calls me to some new Adventure. The Goatherd, who was weary of banging and being bang'd, quitted him immediatly, and *Don Quixote* stood up turning towards the place where the Sound came, and on a sudden saw many Men like those that whip themselves, in processions, coming down a Descent. The business was, that the Clouds had that Year fail'd to water the Earth, and there were Processions, Prayers, and Penances perform'd in all the Towns thereabouts, begging of God to shew his Mercy and send Rain. To this purpose the People of a Village hard by were going on Procession to an Hermitage of Devotion which lay on a rising Ground near that Valley. *Don Quixote* seeing the strange Habit of the Penitents, that whipp'd themselves, without ever

remembring how often he had seen it before, presently imagin'd it was an Adventure, and that it belong'd to him alone, as a Knight Errant to undertake it; and he was the more confirm'd in his conceit because he imagin'd that an Image of our blessed Lady which they brought all in Mourning, was some Lady of Note, that was carry'd forcibly by those Scoundrels and ill-manner'd Rake-hells; and as soon as this came into his Head, he run nimble to *Rozinante*, who was grazing about, and whipping off the Bridle that hung at the Pummel of his Saddle, and the Target, he Bridled him in a trice, and asking *Sancho* for his Sword mounted *Rozinante*, grasp'd his Target, and said with a loud Voice to all that were present; Now shall you see worthy Companions of what consequence it is that there be Knights in the World who profess the Order of Knight Errantry; now I say you shall see by the delivery of that Lady, who is there led away into Captivity, how much Knights Errant ought to be valued. Having spoken those words he squeeze'd *Rozinante* with his Thighs, for he had no Spurs on, and went at his full Gallop, (for there is no account in all this true History that ever *Rozinante* ran full speed,) to meet the Penitents, for all the Curate and the Canon and the Barber went to stop him, yet to no purpose; no more than was *Sancho's* words who cryed out after him saying; Whether are you going *Don Quixote*? What the Devil has possess'd you to oppose the Catholick Faith? Take notice, a Curse light on me, that it is a Procession of Whipping Penitents, and that the Lady they carry upon a Pedestal, is the Image of the most Blessed Immaculate Virgin: Have a care what you do Sir, for this bout it may be said you don't know what you are about; *Sancho* took all this Pains in vain, for his Master was so intent upon coming up to the White Men, and delivering the Mourning Lady; that he heard not a word, and tho' he had heard it, he had not come back if the King himself had Commanded him. In fine he came up to the Procession and stopp'd *Rozinante*, who had a great mind to stand still a little; and with a hoarse and quavering Voice said; You who because perhaps you are not good hide your Faces, listen and give ear to what I will say to you. The first that stopp'd were those that carry'd the Image; and one of the four Clergy-men that Sung the Litany, seeing *Don Quixote's* strange presence, the leanness of *Rozinante*, and other ridiculous Circumstances which he observ'd and took notice of in *Don Quixote* answer'd him saying; Honest Friend, if you would say any thing to us, say it presently, for these Brothers of ours are tearing their Flesh to Pieces, and we cannot, nor

is it reasonable we should stop to hear any thing, unless it be so short that it is done in two Words. I will tell you in one, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and this is it, that you immediately let go that beautiful Lady, whose Tears and sad Countenance evince that you carry her against her Will, and that you have done her some notable displeasure; and I who was born into the World to undo such Wrongs, will not suffer her to go one step further till I have restor'd her to her desir'd Liberty, as she deserves. By these words all that heard them, imagin'd that *Don Quixote* was some Mad-man; and they burst out a Laughing very heartily, which laughing was but adding Fuel to the Fire of *Don Quixote's* Passion; for without speaking one word more, drawing his Sword, he made at those that carry'd the Image, one of whom leaving the burden to his Companions, came forward to meet *Don Quixote*, waving over his Head a Fork, or Pole, on which the Beer the Image was upon, stood while he rested, and receiving on it a mighty stroke, *Don Quixote* made at him, which cut it in two; with the other part that was left in his Hand, he gave *Don Quixote* such a bang over the Shoulders, on the Sword side where the Target could not come to resist the villanous Force, that *Don Quixote* came to the Ground in bad Case. *Sancho Pança* who follow'd him Panting, seeing him down, cry'd out to him that bang'd him, not to strike him again, for he had never hurt any body in all his life time; but that which made the Clown hold his Hand, was not *Sancho's* bawling, but because he saw *Don Quixote*, stirr'd neither Hand nor Foot; and therefore believing him to be Dead, he tuck'd up his Cassock under his Girdle, and set a running over the Plain like a Stag. By this time all *Don Quixote's* Companions came up to the place where he was, and those of the Procession seeing them come running and the Holy Brotherhood-Officers with their Cross-bows along with them, were afraid of some disaster, and stood all of them in a Cluster round the Image, and lifting up their Cloths from before their Faces, grasping their Disciplines, and the Clergy-men their Candlesticks, they expected the Assault, resolving to defend themselves, and if they could, to offend those that should attack them. But Fortune order'd things better than they expected, for *Sancho* did nothing but cast himself upon his Master's Body, making the saddest and most ridiculous Lamentation in the World over him, believing he was Dead. The Curate was known by another Curate that came in the Procession, and their being acquainted dissipated the Fear both parties had conceiv'd. The first Curate in few Words gave the second an account who *Don Quixote* was;

was, he and with all the Throng of Penitents went to see whether the poor Knight were Dead, and heard *Sancho* with Tears in his Eyes say; O Flower of Knight-hood, who with only one bang of a Cudgel didst finish the Course of thy well-spent Years! O Honour of thy Family, Credit and Glory of *La Mancha*, and all the World; which when thou art gone will be full of Malefactors, who will not fear to be punish'd for their Misdeeds! O thou more bountiful than *Alexander*, who for only eight Months Service hadst given me the best Island the Sea compasses and hems in! O thou that wast humble with the Proud, haughty with the Humble, attempter of Dangers, sufferer of Affronts, amorous without Cause, follower of the Good, scourge of the Wicked, and enemy of the Base, in short, Knight Errant, which is as much as can be said. *Sancho's* cries brought *Don Quixote* to himself, and the first Word he said, was, He that is absent from thee most sweet *Dulcinea*, is subject to greater Misfortunes than these are; help me Friend *Sancho* to get upon the Enchanted Cart, for I am not in a Condition to fill *Roxinante's* Saddle, because this Shoulder is batter'd to Pieces. That I shall do with all my Heart, answer'd *Sancho*, and let us return to my Village with these Gentlemen, who wish you Well; and there we will contrive to make another Sally, which may redound more to our Benefit and Honour. You are in the right *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and it will be very prudent to suffer this bad Influence of the Stars that now Reigns, to pass over. The Canon, the Curate, and the Barber told him, it would be very well done of him, and being mightily delighted at *Sancho's* simplicity, they laid *Don Quixote* in the Cart as he was before. The Procession was again order'd, and went on its way. The Goatherd took his leave of them all; the Officers of the Holy Brotherhood would go no further, and the Curate pay'd them what was their due; the Canon desir'd the Curate to acquaint him what became of *Don Quixote*, and whether he recover'd of his Madness, or continu'd in it, and took leave to go on his Journey. In short, they all separated, only the Curate, the Barber, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Pança* remaining together with honest *Roxinante*, who, whatsoever happen'd was as patient as his Master. The Carter Yoak'd his Oxen, and laid *Don Quixote* upon a Truss of Hay, and with his usual leisure went on the Way the Curate would have him, and after Six Days came to *Don Quixote's* Village, and entred into it at Noon-day, which happen'd to be a Sunday, and all the People were in the Market-place through which *Don Quixote's* Cart pass'd, They

all

all flock'd to see what was in the Cart, and were astonish'd when they saw their Countryman. A Boy ran to carry the News to his Old Maid and Niece, and to acquaint them how their Uncle and Master, was brought lean and wan lying on a Truss of Hay on a Ox-wain. It was a pitiful thing to hear the shrieks of the Two good Women, how they thump'd their Faces, curs'd afresh the devilish Books of Chivalry, which was renew'd when they saw *Don Quixote*, come within their Doors. Upon the News of *Don Quixote's* coming, *Sancho Pança's* Wife repair'd thither, for she had understood that he went along with him as his Squire, and as soon as she saw *Sancho*, she ask'd him, Whether the Ass was well? *Sancho* answer'd, he was better than his Master? God be thank'd, reply'd she, for so great a mercy. But tell me now Friend, what have you got by your Squireship? Where is the Peticoat you have brought me? Where are the Shoes for your Children? I bring no such things Wife, said *Sancho*, but I have something of more value and moment. I am well pleas'd at that, answer'd the Wife, shew me those things of more value and moment Friend, for I want to see them to rejoice the cockles of my Heart, which has been so sad and disconsolate all these Ages you have been away? I will shew you them at home, quoth *Pança*, and rest you satisfy'd for the present; for if it should please God that we go out again to seek Adventures, you shall soon see me made an Earl, or Governor of an Island, and not of a paltry one, but the best we can meet with. Heaven grant it, quoth the Woman, for I am sure we have need of it. But tell me, what's the meaning of Islands? for I don't understand it. Honey is not for the Ass's Chops, reply'd *Sancho*; you shall see it in due season Wife, and you will wonder to hear all your Vassals call me, Your Lordship. What is it you talk *Sancho*, of Lordships, Islands and Vassals, quoth *Joan Pança*, for that was *Sancho Pança* Wife's Name, tho' they were not a-kin, but because it is the Custom of *La Mancha* for the Women to go by their Husband's Sir-name. Don't fret yourself *Joan*, quoth *Sancho*, to know all these things so quickly, 'tis enough I tell you the truth, and hold your Tongue. I can only tell you by the by, there's nothing in the World so pleasant, as for an honest Man to be Squire to a Knight Errant that seeks Adventures. 'Tis true, all one meets with don't fall out as well as a Man could wish; for among an Hundred he lights on, Ninety-nine are crofs and unlucky. I know it by experience; for in some I have been toss'd in a Blanket, and in others bang'd, but for all that, 'tis a brave thing to expect what will happen, crossing Mountains, searching Woods, going over

Rocks,

Rocks, visiting Castles, and lodging in Inns at discretion, without paying the Devil a Cross. All this Discourse pass'd betwixt Sancho Pança and his Wife Joan Pança, whilst Don Quixote's Maid and Niece undrest and laid him in his old Bed. He look'd askint upon them, and could not conceive where he was. The Curate charg'd the Niece she would be very careful to make much of her Uncle, and have a watchful Eye over him, that he might not give them the slip again, telling the trouble he had been at to bring him home. Here the Two set up the cry again; here they renew'd their Curses against Books of Knight Errantry. Here they pray'd to Heaven to confound the Authors of all Lyes and Follies. In fine, they remain'd full of trouble, and dreading they should lose their Uncle and Master, as soon as ever he recover'd, and it fell out as they imagin'd.

But tho' the Author of the History has us'd all possible care and industry to find out the Actions of Don Quixote after his Third Sally, he has not met with them, at least in Authentick Records, only Fame has preserv'd among the Antiquities of *La Mancha*, That Don Quixote the third time he departed from his House, went to *Zaragoza*, where he was at a most famous Tilting that was perform'd in that City, and there things happen'd to him worthy his Valour and Understanding. Nor could he find out any thing of his further Success, or End, nor should he ever have heard of it, had not good Luck brought him acquainted with an eminent Physician, who had in his custody a Leaden-box, which, as he said, was found under the Foundation of an Old Hermitage, that was then Re-building. In which Box were found some Skins of Parchment written in a Gothick Character, but in Spanish Verse, which contain'd many of his Exploits, and gave an account of the Beauty of *Dulcinea del Toboso*, of *Rozinante's* Shape, of *Sancho's* Fidelity, and of Don Quixote's place of Burial, with several Epitaphs, and Encomiums on his Life and Conversation. All that could be read and made out, are those here inserted by the faithful Author of this new and never before seen History. Which Author desires no other Reward from the Readers, for the vast pains he took in searching all the Records of *La Mancha* towards Publishing this Work, but that they will give the same credit to it, that Men of Discretion use to give those Books of Chivalry, which are so much priz'd in the World; for this will be full satisfaction to him, and an encouragement to seek and find out others, if not so true, at least as well contriv'd and diverting. The things written on the Parchment found in the Leaden-box, were as follows.

An Epitaph Written for Don Quixote's Tomb by
Monicongo an Academick of Argamasilla.

I.

The rumbling Thunder-bolt of War
Whose Arm lugg'd home huge Spoils from far:
And with more Fleeces Mancha fraught,
Than e'er to Crete bold Jason brought;
The Witt, whose Weather-cock was changing,
Now wise, anon as madly ranging,
Sage now, then straight would Fool display,
If Chivalry but cross'd his way;
The Arm, that like Smith Vulcan laid on
Huge Strokes, and drove his Bilboa blade on
To fam'd Cathaya, spite of distance,
Nay to Gaeta hurl'd his puissance;
The Best lung'd Poet, that did e're chaîne
Big-sounding praise of Heroes Errant,
Yer, when to sing of Love his Will is;
The Softest that e'er whin'd to Phyllis;
The He, who sheer outdid in cuffing
Bold Bully Galaor, then for buffing
Poor Amadis came after puffing:
Nay, since the Feats of this great Kill-Cow
Where bruited, Fame struck dumb, Lyes still now,
And in the Ear no more dares round 'ye
With great Don Belian to confound 'ye;
In short the Knight, who all a Flame
For Drabb's? Oh no, for Lady's Fame,
Bold Rozinante bore, (tho' lamely)
Here flat upon his Back lyes tamely.

Verses by Paniaguado an Academick, of Argamasilla,
in praise of Dulcinea del Toboso.

II.

She whom You see with Haunch like Gyant,
And Face so broad, that all cry fy on't,
High Chested, bigg, and loudly talking,
With Leggs, like bold Virago, stalking,

Is Dulcinea of Toboso,
 For whom to whine great Quixoté chose so:
 In honour of this Lady peerless
 Through thick and thin he sped it fearless.
 Hedge, Ditch, Hill, Valley too he budg'd o're;
 And with Toledo lugg'd out trudg'd o're
 First one, and then the other Side
 Of Montiel and Aran-juez wide;
 For the dead weight of mortal Iron
 Back, Breast, Head, Shoulders did environ.
 Yet (of true Brav'ry Love & Proof.)
 Our Knight did beat it on the Hoof:
 'Twas Rozinante's Fault; Pox on him;
 To put this Jadish trick upon him &c.

An Epitaph for Don Quixoté's Tomb-stone, by
 Cachidiablo, an Academick of Argamasilla.

III.

Here lies the peerless Knight confounded,
 For sake of Drabb well thras'd and pounded:
 Who trusty Rozinante bestraddled,
 And Arm'd, both this and that way rode
 To Fight, yet still came off but so so
 From cause of Virgin del Toboso:
 And Sancho Pança (rest his Soul)
 Lyes eke beside him, Cheek by Foul;
 Him promise of much Vittle hiring,
 With Quixote out he rode a Squireing:
 And still behav'd himself so Squire-like,
 That happy Knight did never hire like.

The most High and Mighty, Incomparable and
 Incomprehensible Rapture of Caprichioso, that
 Learned Academick of Argamasilla, in Praise of
 Don Quixote and his Steed.

Into the high erected Adamantine
 Which Mars with sanguine Spear so oft begor'd;
 Half Wood with Valour; the Manchegan daunting
 The Devil, Spight of Hell his Jav'lin bor'd.

And

And stuck his flaming Standard, and unfurl'd
 His Bilboa Blade, that bellow'd thro' the World.
 He hackt, abolish'd, lighten'd in a Storm
 Of Fiery Fame, and tore up Fate by th' Roots;
 Accomplish'd Deeds which Arm cou'd ne'er perform
 And whose Gygarick Growth the stoutest Stile out-shoots:
 Achilles, whose invulnerable Boots
 Illust'rd Greece, shall now be nam'd no more,
 Nor Amadis, tho' his Descendants o're
 The Globe, diffus'd such Mountains of Renown;
 Our Hero's shining Sword shew how those Molehills down;
 Don Quixote shall o'rewhelm the Sun of Gaul,
 In sable Shades his puny Laurels drown,
 And Reign chief Thunderbolt in Mars's Hall.
 Mancha shall echo forth his Fames loud Roar,
 And ev'n Oblivion register his Deeds,
 And Rozinante's Courage that exceeds
 High-mettl'd Bayard, and swift Briliadore,
 Ye Gods! Was ever such a Knight and Horse before?

* On Sancho Pança by Burlador an Academick
 of Argamasilla.

This Same Aughty Sancho Pança,
 Lacquey to the Don of Mancha,
 Stout of Heart, tho' Short of Stature,
 Is I'll swear, of th' easiest Nature,
 And the most unthinking Wight
 That e're trudg'd at Tail of Knight:
 Curse on all ill Luck and Malice!
 For as near as Thief to Gallows,
 Sin and Whoredom to young Wenches,
 Or as Susan's Curds to Green-Cheese,
 Was the prudent Squire a Marques;
 (Tho' some took him for a Stark Asi)
 Had not that same Humefome
 Fortune, into th' Churn convey'd
 Something-Pox upon the Fade!
 That the Butter wou'd not come.
 Yet he labour'd Day and Night
 Mounted on an Asi, I grant ye,
 At the heels of Rozinante,
 And the Devil of a Knight.

Fine

*Filting World! is this the Finis
Of your long expected Kindness,
To reward such true Desert
With no better than a Fart?*

*

*On Dulcinea del Toboso
Epitaph.*

*Here lyes th' Infant of Toboso;
For whom I Mancha's Knight did rest so;
Whose Beauty fir'd his martial Spirit,
Altho' he never once was near it.
Love's blind they say 'Twas much the same;
He saw not whence the Arrow came;
For Cupid lurk'd in Ambuscado
When he drew Bow at this Bravado;
He was a truly zealous Knight
And lov'd by Faith and not by Sight.
Yet had he seen her, by St. Jago
She was a buxome stout Virago,
Enrich'd with largest Gifts of Nature,
As Trumpet Cheeks, a Maypole Stature,
An Oven Mouth, and Owl-like Eyes,
A Porter's Back, Colossus Thigh,
A Waist than Elephant's more Slender,
And well-tann'd Hide, like Buff-Skin tender.
In short all o'er as Soft and Sweet
As were the Soles of her bright Feet.
Yet now in Earth it all lyes rotten;
Oh may She never be Forgotten!*

The End of the First Part of *Don Quixote*.

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M. Vander Sijck del.

THE HISTORY

Of the most

Ingenious Knight Don Quixote

De la *MANCHA*.

WRITTEN in *SPANISH* by
Michael de Cervantes Saavedra.

Formerly made *English* by *Thomas Shelton* ;
now Revis'd, Corrected, and partly new Tran-
slated from the Original.

By Captain *JOHN STEVENS.*

Illustrated with 33 Copper Plates, curiously
Engraved from the *Brussels* Edition.

Vol. II.

L O N D O N .

Printed for *R. Chiswell, R. Battersby, A. and J. Churchill,*
S. Smith, and B. Walford, M. Wotton, and G. Con-
yers, 1700.

The Delightful
HISTORY

Of the most Ingenious Knight
DON QUIXOTE

De la Mancha.

T O M E II.

C H A P. I.

Of the Discourse that pass'd betwixt the Curate, the Barber, and Don Quixote, during his Sickness.

C ID Hamet Benengeli tells us in the Second Part of this History, and *Don-Quixote's* Third Sally, that the Curate and Barber were almost a whole Month without seeing him, because they would not renew the Memory of things past and gone. However, they forbore not to visit his Neice, and the old Woman, charging them they should be careful to cherish him, and to give him nourishing Meats to eat, and such as were good for the Heart and Brain, whence in all likelihood his Distemper proceeded. They answered, That they did so, and would continue it with all possible Love and Care: For they perceived that their Master continually gave Signs of being in his perfect Senses; at which the Two were well-pleas'd, and thought

A a they

they had taken the right Course, when they brought him enchanted in the *Oxe-Wain* (as has been declared in the First Part of this as famous as exact History.) So they resolv'd to visit him, and make some Trial of his Amendment, tho they thought it impossible; and agreed, not to touch upon any Point of Knight-Errantry; because they would not endanger ripping up of a Sore that was not thoroughly heal'd. In fine, they visited, and found him sitting up in his Bed; he had on a Waistcoat of green Bays, on his Head a red *Tolledo* Bonnet, and he was as lean and withered as a Mommy. He welcom'd them, and they ask'd him concerning his Health; of it and himself he gave them a good Account, very sensibly, and in elegant Language. Among other things in Discourse, they fell upon State-Affairs, and Matters of Government, correcting this Abuse, and condemning that; reforming one Custom, and rejecting another; each of the Three taking upon him to be a new Lawmaker, a modern *Lycurgus*, and a reviv'd *Solon*; and they so refin'd the Commonwealth, as if they had clapp'd it into a Forge, and drawn it out in another Fashion than they had put it in. *Don Quixote* in all he said appear'd so discreet, that the Two Examiners undoubtedly believ'd he was quite well, and in his right Senses. The Neice and the old Woman were present at this Discourse, and could never give God Thanks enough, when they saw their Master so right in his Understanding: But the Vicar changing his first Design, which was, not to meddle in Matters of Chivalry, resolv'd to make a thorow Trial of *Don Quixote's* perfect Recovery; and so by degrees came to tell him News from Court; and amongst the rest, that it was reported for certain, that the Turk was come down with a powerful Army, that his Design was not known, nor where that Storm would fall; and that all *Christendome* had taken the Alarm, which he gives us almost every Year; that his Majesty had fortify'd the Coasts of *Naples*, *Sicily*, and *Malta*. To this, said *Don Quixote*, his Majesty has done like a most politick Warriour, in looking to his Dominions in time, lest the Enemy might take him at unawares; but if my Counsel were follow'd, I would advise him to make such Preparation as he I tle thinks on at present. As soon as the Curate heard this, he said to himself, God defend thee, poor *Don Quixote*; for methinks thou art tumbling headlong from the high top of thy Madness, into the profound bottom of thy Simplicity. But the Barber, who jump'd with the Curate in Thoughts, ask'd *Don Quixote* what Advice it was he would give? For perhaps (said he) it is such as may

may be inserted into the List of impertinent Counsels that are often given to Princes. Mine, Master Shaver, quoth *Don Quixote*, is not impertinent, but very proper. I don't mean so, reply'd the Barber, but that Experience teaches us, that all, or most of the Projects propos'd to his Majesty, are either impracticable, or Wild, or prejudicial to the King or Kingdom. Well, mine, quoth *Don Quixote*, is neither impracticable, nor frivolous; but the easiest, the justest, the most practicable, and the shortest that can be imagin'd by any Projector. You are long a telling us it, Master *Don Quixote*, said the Curate. I would not (reply'd he) tell it you here now, that it should be early to Morrow in the Ears of some Privy-Counsellor, and that another should reap the Praise and Reward of my Labour. For me (quoth the Barber) I pass my Word here, and before God, to tell neither King nor Keisar, nor any earthly Man what you say; an Oath I learnt out of the Ballad of the Vicar, in the Preface whereof he told the King of the Thief that robbed him of his Two hundred double Pistols, and his ambling Mule. I know none of your Stories, said *Don Quixote*, but I presume the Oath is good, because Master Barber is an honest Man. If he were not (said the Curate) I answer, and am bound for him, that in this Case he will speak no more than a dumb Man, upon Pain of paying such a Forfeiture as shall be adjudg'd. And who shall undertake for you, Master Curate, quoth *Don Quixote*, My Profession, (answered he) which is to keep Counsel. What a Pox needs any more, quoth *Don Quixote*, than that the King cause Proclamation to be made, commanding all the Knights-Errant that rove up and down *Spain*, to repair to Court, for tho only half a Dozen of them came, yet there might happen to be some one among them, who alone might be able to destroy the whole Turkish Power. Give ear, Sirs, and let me take you along with me. Pray, is it any strange thing for one Knight-Errant to conquer an Army of Two hundred thousand fighting Men, as if all together had but one Throat, or were made of *Marchpain Paste*? Tell me, how many Stories are full of these Marvels? You should have brave *Don Belianis* alive now, with a Pox to me, for I'll curse no other; or some one of the innumerable Race of *Amadis de Gaul*; for if any of these were living at this Day, and should meet the Turk, I faith I would not be in his Coat; but God will provide for his People, and send someone, if not so brave a Knight-Errant as those formerly, yet at least that shall not be inferior in Courage; and God knows my meaning, and I say no

more. Alas, (quoth the Neice at this Instant) hang me, if my Uncle do's not design to be a Knight Errant again. To which *Don-Quixote* said, I will die a Knight Errant, and let the Turk come down or up when he will, and as powerful as he can, I say again, God knows my meaning. Then said the Barber, Good Sirs, give me leave to tell you a short Tale that happen'd in *Sevil*, which because it falls out so pat, I cannot forbear relating. *Don-Quixote* was willing, the Vicar and the rest gave their Attention, and thus he began.

In the mad-House at *Sevil*, there was one put in by his Kindred, to recover his lost Wits, he was a Batchelor of Law, had taken his Degree at *Osuna*, and tho he had taken it at *Salamanca*, yet (as many are of Opinion) he would have been mad there too. This Batchelor, after some Years Confinement, imagin'd that he was well, and in his right Wits, and upon this Conceit writ to the Archbishop, desiring him earnestly, and with sensible Words, to deliver him from that Misery in which he lived, since by God's Mercy he had now recovered his lost Understanding; but that his Kindred, only for what he had, kept him there, and so intended to do till he dy'd. The Archbishop, induced by many sensible and discreet Letters of his, commanded one of his Chaplains to enquire into the Truth, of the Governor of the House; as also to speak with the mad Man, that if he perceived he was in his Wits, he should give him his Liberty. The Chaplain did so; and the Governor said the Party was still mad; tho at times he talk'd like a Man of Sense, yet at long-run he broke out into so many Follies, as our-did all the sensible things he had spoke before, which would appear by conversing with him. The Chaplain would needs make Trial; and coming to him, talked with him an Hour or more; and in all that time the mad Man never gave him a cros nor wild Answer, but rather spoke so judiciously, that the Chaplain could not but believe him to be sensible enough; and amongst the rest, he told him, the Governor had a Design against him, because he would not lose the Presents his Kindred sent him, that he might say he was still mad, and had only lucid Intervals. Withal, he said, that his Wealth was his greatest Enemy in his Misfortune; for that his Relations, to keep their Possession, misrepresented, and doubted of God's Mercy shown to him, in restoring him from a Beast to a Man again. In fine, he spoke so well, that he brought the Governor into Suspicion, prov'd his Kindred to be covetous and unjust, and made himself appear so sensible, that the Chaplain resolv'd to carry him away with him, that the Arch-

Archbishop might see him, and be satisfy'd of the truth of the Business. For this Reason the Chaplain required the Governor to give the Batchelor, the Cloaths he brought with him thither. Who reply'd, desiring him to consider what he did, for that the Party was still mad. But the Governor's Advice could not prevail with the Chaplain, so as to make him leave him; so he was forced to give way to the Archbishop's Order and to deliver him his Apparel, which was new and handsome. When the mad Man saw himself decently clad, and his mad Man's Weeds off; he requested the Chaplain, that in Charity he would let him take his leave of the mad Men his Companions. The Chaplain told him he would accompany him, and see the mad Men that were in the House. So up they went, and with them some others there present; and the Batchelor being come to a kind of Cage, where an outrageous mad Man lay (tho then still and quiet) he said, Brother, if you have any thing to command me, I am going to my House; for now it has pleas'd God, of his infinite Goodness and Mercy, without my Desert, to bring me to my right Reason. I am now well and sensible; for to God's Power nothing is impossible: Be of good Comfort; trust in him, that since he has restor'd me to my former State, he will do the like to you, if you trust in him. I will be careful to send you some Dainty to eat, and by all means eat it; for let me tell you what I know by Experience, that all our Mad-ness proceeds from the Emptiness of our Stomachs, which fills our Brains with Wind. Take Heart, take Heart; for this being dejected in Misery, destroys Health, and hastens Death: Another mad Man, in a Cage over-against them, heard all the Batchelors Discourse, and rising from an old Mat, on which he lay stark naked, asked aloud, who it was that was going away sound, and in his Wits. The Batchelor replied, It is I, Brother, that am going; for I have no need to stay here any longer; for which I render infinite Thanks to God, that has done me so great a favour. Take heed what you say, Batchelor, replied the Mad-man, let not the Devil deceive you: keep where you are, and be quiet here, and so you may save the trouble of being brought back again. I know (quoth the Batchelor) I am well, and shall need take no more Walks hither. You well! said the Mad-man; the Event will shew it. God be with you; but I swear to thee by *Jove*, whose Majesty I represent on earth, that for this days Offence which *Sevil* commits in delivering thee from hence, and saying thou art in thy Wits, I will inflict such a Punishment on this City as shall be remembered for

ever and ever, *Amen*. Don't you know, you crack-brain'd Batchelor, that I can do it, since (as I say) I am thundring *Jove*, that carry in my hands the scorching Bolts, with which I can, and use, to threaten and destroy the World? But in one thing only will I chastise this ignorant Town; which is, That for three years together there shall fall no Rain on it, nor in all its Liberties, reck'ning from this day and moment forward, when this Threat was made. Thou free? thou sound? thou wise? and I mad, I sick, I bound? I will rain no more than I will hang my self. The Standers by gave attention to the Mad-man: but our Batchelor turning to the Chaplain, and taking him by the hand, said, Be not concern'd Sir, nor mind this Mad-man's words; for if he be *Jupiter*, and will not rain, I, that am *Neptune*, the Father and God of the Waters, will rain as oft as I list, and need shall require. To which quoth the Chaplain, However Master *Neptune*, it is not good to anger Master *Jupiter*; I pray stay you here still, and some other time, at more leisure and a better opportunity, we will return for you again. The Governour and Standers by began to laugh, and the Chaplain was almost out of Countenance. The Batchelor was stripp'd, stay'd there; and there the Tale ends.

Well, is this the Tale, Master Barber (quoth *Don Quixote*) that because it fell out so pat you could not but relate it? Ah, Goodman Shavester, Goodman Shavester! How blind is he that can't see through a Cobweb? Is it possible you should be ignorant that all Comparisons of Wit, Valour, Beauty, or Birth, are odious and ungrateful? I am not *Neptune*, God of the Waters, Master Barber, nor do I care to be taken for a Wise-man, when I am not so: All I labour for is to let the World understand the Error it is in, in not renewing that most happy Age, in which the Order of *Knight Errantry* did flourish: But our depraved Times deserve not to enjoy so great a Happiness as former Ages, when Knights Errant undertook the Defence of Kingdoms, the Protection of Damsels, the succouring of Orphans, the chastising the Proud, the Reward of the Humble. Most of your Knights now-a-days are such as ruffle in their Silks, their Cloth of Gold and Silver; and such rich Stuffs as these they wear rather than Mail, with which they should arm themselves. You have no Knight now that will lie upon the bare ground subject to the rigor of the Air, armed Cap-a-pee: none now that without taking his Feet out of the Stirrups, only leaning on his Lance, endeavours to disappoint rather than indulge Sleep; as Knights Errant us'd to do. You have none now, that com-

ming

ming out of this Wood, enter into that Mountain, and from thence trample over a barren and desert shore of the Sea, most commonly stormy and unquiet; and finding at the brink of it some little Cock-boat, without Oars, Sail, Mast, or any kind of Tackling, casts himself into it with undaunted Courage, yields himself to the implacable Waves of the deep Main that now toss him as high as Heaven, and then let him fall as low as Hell, and he exposed to the inevitable Tempest when he least dreams of it, finds himself about three thousand Leagues from the place where he embarked; and leaping on a remote and unknown shore, lights upon Adventures worthy to be written in Brass, and not on Parchment. But now Sloth triumphs over Industry, Idleness over Labour, Vice over Virtue, Arrogancy over Valour, the Theory over the Practice of Arms, which only liv'd and flourish'd in those Golden Ages, and in those Knights Errant: If not, tell me who was more Virtuous and more Valiant than the Renowned *Amadis de Gaule*? who more Discreet than *Palmerin of England*? who more Affable and Free than *Tirante the White*? who more Gallant than *Lisuarte of Greece*? who a greater Hackster, or more hacked, than *Don Belianis*? who more Undaunted than *Perion of Gaul*? who a greater Undertaker of Dangers than *Felixmarte of Hyrcania*? who more Sincere than *Esplandian*? who more Courteous than *Don Cierongilio of Thracia*? who more Fierce than *Rodamant*? who Wiser than King *Sobrino*? who more Courageous than *Reinaldo*? who more Invincible than *Orlando*? who more Comely or more Courteous than *Rugero*? from whom the Dukes of *Ferrara* at this day are descended (according to *Turpin* in his *Cosmography*.) All these Knights, and many more (Master Curate) that I could tell you of, were Knights Errant, the very light and glory of Knighthood. Some of these, or others like them, are the Men I would have for my Project; for if they were such, his Majesty would save Charges, and the *Turk* might go shake his ears. And so I will stay in my House since the Chaplain does not come to fetch me out: And if *Jove*, as the Barber said, does not rain, here am I who will reign when I please. This I say, that Goodman *Bafon* may know I understand him.

Truly Sir *Don Quixote* (said the Barber) I spoke it not with any Design, and so help me God, as I mean well; and you ought not to resent it. I know well enough whether I ought or no Sir, replied *Don Quixote*. Well, quoth the Vicar, I have hardly spoken a word yet, and I would not willingly go away with a Scruple which grates and gnaws upon my

Conscience, arising from what *Don Quixote* has here told us. You may be free in greater matters, good Master Curate (said *Don Quixote*) and therefore tell your Scruple, for it is no Pleasure to have a burden upon ones Conscience. Under Correction, quoth the Curate, this is it. I can by no means be persuaded that all that multitude of Knights Errant which you named, were ever true and real persons of Flesh and Bone in this World: I rather imagine all is Fiction, Tales, and Lyes, or Dreams told by Men waking, or rather by Men half asleep. That's another Error, quoth *Don Quixot*, into which many have fall'n, who believe not that there have been such Knights in the World; and I my self many times, in divers Companies, and upon several Occasions, have laboured to clear this common Mistake, but sometimes have failed of my Design, and others not, supporting it upon the shoulders of Truth, which is so infallible, that I dare almost say, that with these very eyes I have seen *Amadis de Gaul*, who was a goodly tall Man, well complexioned, had a broad Beard, and black, an equal Countenance berwixt mild and stern, a Man of few words, slow to Anger, and soon appeased: and just as I have delineated *Amadis*, I might in my judgment paint and describe as many Knights Errant as are in all the Histories of the World; for by apprehending they were such as their Histories report them, by the Exploits they did, and their Qualities, their Features, Colours, and Statures, may Philosophically be guessed at. How big, dear Master *Don Quixote*, quoth the Barber, might Giant *Morgante* be? Touching Giants, quoth *Don Quixote*, there are different Opinions whether there have been any or no in the World: but the Holy Scripture, which cannot err a jot in point of Truth, shews us plainly that there were, telling us the Story of that huge Philistine *Goliath*, that was seven Cubits and a half high, which is an unmeasurable Greatness. Besides, in the Island of *Sicily* there have been found Shank-bones and Shoulder-bones so large, that their Bigness shewed the Owners of them were Giants, and as huge as high Towers, which Geometry will make good. But for all this, I cannot easily tell you how big *Morgante* was, tho I suppose he was not very tall; to which Opinion I incline, because I find in his History, where there is particular mention made of his Acts, that many times he lay under a Roof; and therefore, since he found a House that would hold him, 'tis plain he could not be of an extraordinary Bigness. 'Tis true, quoth the Vicar, who delighting to hear him talk so wildly, asked him what he thought of the Faces of *Reinaldo* of *Mont-alban*, *Don Or-*

lando,

lando, and the rest of the twelve Peers of *France*, who were all Knights Errant. For *Reinaldo*, quoth *Don Quixote*, I dare boldly say, he was broad faced, high-colour'd, quick and full ey'd, very captious, and extreme cholerick, a Lover of Thieves and debauch'd Company. Touching *Rolando*, or *Rotolando*, or *Orlando*, (for Histories afford him all these Names) I am of opinion, and affirm, that he was of a mean Stature, broad-shouldred, somewhat bow-legg'd, red bearded, his Body hairy, and his Looks threatening, sparing of Discourse, but affable and well behaved. If *Orlando*, said the Vicar, was so sweet a Youth as you describe him, no wonder the fair *Angelica* disdain'd and left him for the handsome, brisk, and pleasant beard-budding *Medoro*; and she was in the right in preferring his softness before the others Roughness. That *Angelica*, quoth *Don Quixote*, was a light Housewife, a Gadder, and a Wanton, and left the World as full of her Fopperies as of the fame of her Beauty: she despis'd a thousand Princes, a thousand valiant and discreet Men, and took up with a poor beardless Page, without more Wealth or Honour, than what her famous Songster *Ariosto* could bestow upon her, in token of his Thankfulness to his Friends Love, either because he durst not or would not chaunt what betel this Lady after her base Prostitution; for sure her Carriage was not very honest: So he left her when he said,

*Some better Poet may hereafter say,
How she Cataya's Princes at Will did sway.*

And undoubtedly this was a kind of Prophecy; for Poets are called *Vates*, that is, Soothsayers: And this Truth has been plainly seen; for since that time, a famous *Andaluzian* Poet wept, and sung her Tears: And another famous and rare Poet of *Castile* celebrated her Beauty. But tell me, Master *Don Quixote*, quoth the Barber, Was there ever any Poet that wrote a Satyr against this fair Lady, amongst those many that have written in her praise? I am persuaded, quoth *Don Quixote*, that if *Sacripant* or *Orlando* had been Poets, they had trounced the Damsel; for it is an ordinary thing amongst Poets once disdain'd, or not admitted by their feigned Mistresses (feign'd indeed, because they feign they love them) to revenge themselves with Satyrs and Lampoons; a Revenge truly unworthy noble Spirits: But hitherto I have not heard of any scurrilous Verse against the Lady *Angelica*, who has made such a hurly burly in the World. Strange, quoth the Vicar! With that they heard the Niece and the Old Woman (who

(who were before gone from them) keep a Noise without in the Court: so they went to see what was the matter.

CHAP. II.

Of the notable Dispute Sancho Pança had with Don Quixote's Neece and Old Woman: and other comical Passages.

THE Story says, That the Noise which *Don Quixote*, the Vicar, and the Barber heard, was made by the Neece and the Old Woman, that were rating *Sancho Pança*, who strove to get in to see *Don Quixote*; and they kept the door against him. What will this Blood-hound have here? said they. Get you home to your own house, for you are he, and none else, that distracts and leads away our Master, and carries him astray. To which quoth *Sancho*, Thou damn'd Old Woman, I am he that is distracted, led away and carried astray, and not your Master: 'twas he that led me up and down the World; and you deceive you selves, and misunderstand things: he drew me from my House with his Ledgermain, promising me an Island, which I still hope for. A plague of your Islands, replied the Neece, cursed *Sancho*. And what are your Islands? Is it any thing to eat, Goodman Glutton, you Cormorant, as you are? 'Tis not to eat, quoth *Sancho*, but to rule and govern, better than four Cities, or four of the King's Judges. For all that, said the Old Woman, you come not in here, you bundle of Iniquity and sack full of Mischief: get you home and govern there, and sow your Grain, and leave seeking after Islands or Dilands. The Curate and the Barber took great delight to hear this Dialogue between the three: but *Don Quixote* fearing lest *Sancho* should out with all, and let fly a Peal of malicious Fooleries, or touch upon Points that might not be for his Reputation, call'd him to him, and commanded the Women to be silent, and to let him in. *Sancho* came in, and the Curate and Barber took leave of *Don Quixote*, of whose Recovery they despaired, seeing how much he was bent upon his wild Thoughts, and how befottered with his damn'd Knights Errant. So, quoth the Curate to the Barber, you shall soon find, Gossip, when we least think of it, that our Spark takes his Flight again. No doubt of it, said the Barber; but I wonder not so much at the Knight's

Knight's Madnes as the Squire's Simplicity, who has such Faith in the Story of the Island, and I believe all the Art in the World cannot beat it out of his Noddle. God mend them, said the Curate, and let us expect the Event of this Knight and Squire's Absurdities; for it seems they were both cast in one Mould; for the Master's Madnes without the Servant's Folly is not worth a straw. 'Tis true, said the Barber, and I should be glad to know what they now talk of. I warrant, said the Curate, the Neece and Old Woman will tell us all when they have done, for they are not so mannerly as not to hearken. In the interim, *Don Quixote* locked in *Sancho*, and thus discoursed with him; I am very sorry, *Sancho*, you should say and avouch, that it was I that drew you from your dog-hole Cottage, knowing that I stay'd not behind in my House; together we set out, together we mov'd, and together we travell'd; we have both shar'd the same Fortune; if you were once toss'd in a Blanket, I have been thrash'd an hundred times, and this is all the Advantage I have of you. That is but reasonable, answer'd *Sancho*, for, as you say your self Sir, Misfortunes more properly appertain to Knights Errant than to their Squires. Thou art deceived *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for according to the Saying, *Quando caput dolet, &c.* I understand no other Language but my own, said *Sancho*. Why I mean, replied *Don Quixote*, that when the Head aches all the Body is out of tune: so that I being thy Lord and Master, am thy Head, and thou a part of me as thou art my Servant; in which respect, the Ill that touches me must concern and grieve thee, and so thine me. Indeed, quoth *Sancho*, it ought to be so; but when I was tossed in the Blanket, like a part, my Head stood aloof, beholding me fly in the Air, without any sense of my pain: and since the Members are bound to suffer for the Head, the Head, in requital, should also suffer for them. You mean, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, that I had no feeling of your being tossed? And if you mean so, do not so much as imagine any such thing; for at that time, I was more vex'd in Spirit than thou could'st be in Body: but leave we this for the present; for we shall have leisure to consider and rectifie it; and tell me, Friend *Sancho*, what do they say of me in Town? In what Esteem am I among the Commonalty, among the Better sort, and Gentry? What do they say of my Valour? What of my Exploits? What of my Affability? What Talk is there about my undertaking to revive, and restoring to the World, the long forgotten Order of Knight Errantry? To conclude, I would have thee tell me all thou hast heard; and you must tell

tell me, without adding to my Praise, or diminishing my Dispraise; for it is the part of faithful Servants, to tell the naked Truth to their Masters, in its native Colours, without increasing it by Flattery, or diminishing it for any other vain respect: and I would have thee, *Sancho*, learn by the way, that if the naked Truth should come to the ears of Princes without the apparel of Flattery, we should have another manner of World, and other Ages would be called Iron, and not ours, and this would be the Golden Age. And let me advise thee, *Sancho*, well and discreetly to tell me the truth of what thou knowest touching what I have ask'd. I shall with all my heart Sir, quoth *Sancho*, upon condition you shall not be angry at what I shall tell you, since you will have the naked Truth, without any other Clothing than what I have seen her with. By no means will I be angry, answered *Don Quixote*, thou may'st speak freely *Sancho*, and without any disguise. Why then, first of all I must tell you, the Common People look upon you as a notable Mad-man, and take me for as great a Coxcomb. The ordinary Gentlemen say, that not containing your self within the limits of Gentility, you will needs be a *Don*, and a Man of Honour, tho you have but three or four Acres of Land, and a few Rags to cover you. The Knights say, they would not have your poor Squires, who clout their own Shooes, and take up a stitch in their black Stockings with green Silk, be rank'd with them. That concerns not me, quoth *Don Quixote*, for thou see'st I go always well clad, and never patch'd; indeed a little torn sometimes, but more with my Armour than by long wearing.

Concerning your Valour, quoth *Sancho*, your Affability, your Exploits, and your Design, there are different Opinions; some say you are a Mad-man, but a merry one; others that you are valiant, but withal unfortunate; a third sort, that you are affable, but impertinent: and thus they descant upon us, so that they leave neither you nor me a sound bone in our Skins. Why look ye *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, where-soever Virtue is eminent it is persecuted. Few or none of those brave Heroes that lived of old escaped the malice of Calumny. *Julius Caesar*, that most courageous, most wise, most valiant Captain, was observ'd to be ambitious, and somewhat slovenly in his Apparel, and unclean in his Manners. *Alexander*, who for his Exploits obtained the Title of the Great, is said to have been given to Drunkenness. *Hercules*, he with his many Labours, is said to have been lascivious and wanton. *Don Galaor*, Brother to *Amadis de Gaul*, is censur'd for

for being quarrelsome, and his Brother for whining. So that *Sancho*, since so many worthy Men have been slander'd, I may well suffer my share, if it was no more than thou tellest me. Why there's the business, with a pox to it, quoth *Sancho*. Was there any more said then, quoth *Don Quixote*. There's more behind still, said *Sancho*; and all that has been said till now is nothing to it. But if you will know all concerning these Calumnies, I'll bring you one hither, by and by, that shall tell 'em you all without missing a scrap; for, last night *Bartholomew Carrasco's* Son came to Town from *Salamanca*, and has proceeded Batchelor, and as I went to bid him welcome home, he told me that your History was in print, under the Title of the most Ingenious Gentleman *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; and he says, that I am mention'd too, by my own Name of *Sancho Pança*, and *Dulcinea del Toboso* is in too, and other matters that passed betwixt us, at which I was amazed, and blessed my self to think how the Historian that wrote them could come to the knowledge of them. Assure thy self *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, the Author of our History is some sage Enchanter, for such are not ignorant of all Secrets they write. Sure enough, said *Sancho*, he is wise, and an Enchanter; and, as *Samson Carrasco*, for that's his Name I spoke of, tells me the Author of this History is one *Cid Hamet Berengena*. That is the Name of a Moor, said *Don Quixote*. It is very like, quoth *Sancho*, for your Moors are great Lovers of *Berengena's*. *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, you are out in the Moor's Surname, which is *Cid Hamet Benengeli*; and *Cid* in the Arabick signifies Lord. It may be so, quoth *Sancho*; but if you will have the Batchelor come to you, I'll bring him in a trice. Friend, quoth *Don Quixote*, thou wilt do me a special Pleasure, for I am surpriz'd at what thou hast told me, and will not eat a bit till I am informed of all. Well, I go for him, said *Sancho*: And leaving his Master as he was in suspense, went for the Batchelor, with whom in a very short time after he returned, and the three had a very pleasant Dialogue.

* *Berengena is a sort of Fruit which in Spain they boil with Flesh, or without. It was brought into Spain by the Moors; and Sancho, like one more us'd to this Fruit than hard Names of Authors, makes this Blunder here.*

The ridiculous Discourse that passed betwixt Don Quixote, Sancho Pança, and the Batchelor Sampson Carrasco.

DO N Quixote was monstrous pensive, expecting the Batchelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear the News of himself in Print (as Sancho had told him) and could not be perswaded that there was such a History, since yet the blood of Enemies, killed by him, was scarce dry upon his Sword-blade, and would they have his noble Acts of Chivalry already in the Press? However, he fancy'd that some wise Man, either Friend or Enemy, by way of Enchantment, had committed them to the Press; if a Friend, then to extol them as the most remarkable that were ever perform'd by Knight Errant; if an Enemy, to annihilate and debase them below the vilest and meanest that ever were mention'd of any inferiour Squire: tho' (thought he to himself) no Acts of Squire were ever divulged: but if there were any History, being of a Knight Errant, it must needs be lofty and great, famous, magnificent, and true. With this he comforted himself a little, but it troubled him to think that his Author must be a Moor, by reason of that Name of *Cid*: and from Moors there could be no truth expected, for all of them are Cheats, Impostors, and Lyars. He was no less apprehensive lest he should treat of his Love with some Indecency, that might redound to the lessening and prejudice of his Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso's* Honour; he wish'd he did declare his Constancy and the Decorum he had ever kept towards her, condemning Queens and Empresses, and Damfels of all sorts, and suppressing the Assaults of natural Motions, *Sancho* and *Carrasco* found him thus tossed and turmoiled with these and many such like Fancies, whom *Don Quixot* received with much courtesie.

This Batchelor, tho' his name was *Sampson*, was not very tall, but very arch, pale of complexion, but witty: he was about four and twenty years of age, round faced, flat-nosed, and wide-mouthed all signs of a malicious disposition, and much given to jest and banter, as appear'd when he saw *Don Quixote*; for he fell upon his knees before him, saying, Good Sir *Don Quixote* give me your Greatness's hand; for by the habit

bit of *St. Peter*, which I wear, you are, one of the most famous Knights Errant, that has been or shall be upon the face of the earth. Well fare *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, that has left the History of your Greatness to Posterity, and more than well may that curious Author fare, that had the care to cause it to be translated out of the Arabick into our vulgar Castilian, for the general diversion of all men. *Don Quixote* made him rise, and said, Then it seems my History is extant, and that he was a Moor and a wise man that compos'd it. So true it is, quoth *Sampson*, that to my knowledge, at this day there are above twelve thousand Copies of your History extant, witness *Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia*, where they have been printed; and it is reported, that they are now printing at *Antwerp*; and I have a fancy there is no Nation or Language into which they will not be translated. One of the things then, quoth *Don Quixote*, that a virtuous and eminent Man ought to delight in, is to see that whilst he is yet living, every body gives him a good Name, and he is in print. I say a good Name, for otherwise no Death would be equal to that Life. If you talk of a good Name and Reputation, said the Batchelor, your Worship carries the Prize from all Knights Errant: for the Moor in his Language, and the Christian in his, were most careful to express to the life your Gallantry, your great Courage in attempting of Dangers, your Patience in Adversities, and your Sufferance, as well in Misfortunes as in your Wounds, your Modesty and Constancy in the so *Platonick* Love that is betwixt you and my Lady *Donna Dulcinea del Toboso*. I never, replied *Sancho*, heard the Stile of *Don* apply'd to my Lady before now, and she is only call'd the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*: so that there the History is out already. That is no material Objection, said *Carrasco*. No truly, quoth *Don Quixote*. But tell me, Master Batchelor, which of my Exploits are most celebrated in that History. As to that, said the Batchelor, there are different Opinions, as there are different Tastes: Some delight in the Adventure of the Wind-mills, that you took to be *Briarius's* and Gyants; others in that of the Fulling-hammers; this Man in the Description of the two Armies, which afterwards prov'd to be two Flocks of Sheep; that Man extols your Adventure of the dead Man that was carried to be buried at *Segovia*: one says that of the freeing the Gally-slaves is beyond them all; another, that none comes near that of the Benedictine Gyants, with the Combat of the valorous Biscayner. Tell me, said *Sancho*, Master Batchelor, is not that of the *Yanguesian* Carriers, when our precious *Rozinante* longed for the forbid-

den Fruit? The wise Man, said *Sampson*, left out nothing; he sets down all most punctually, even to the very Capers that *Sancho* fetch'd in the Blanket. In the Blanket, replied *Sancho*, I fetch'd none, but in the Air more than I car'd for. I believe, said *Don Quixote*, there is no humane History in the World but what has its Ups and Downs, especially those that treat of Chivalry, which can never be altogether fill'd with fortunate Accidents. For all that, reply'd the Batchelor, there are those who have read the History, that would be glad the Author had omitted some of those infinite Drubbings *Don Quixote* receiv'd upon several Occasions. There lies, quoth *Sancho*, the Truth of the History. They might as well in justice have left them out, said *Don Quixote*, since those Actions that neither change nor alter the Truth of the Story are best left out, if they must redound to the discredit of the chief person of the History. *Aeneas* yfaith was ne'er so pitiful as *Virgil* represents him; nor *Ulysses* so crafty as *Homer* describes him. That's true, said *Sampson*, but it is one thing to write like a Poet, and another like an Historian: the Poet may say or sing things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been: And the Historian must write things, not as they ought to be, but as they have been, without adding or diminishing from the Truth. Well, said *Sancho*, if that honest Moor has got a knack of telling the Truth, there's no doubt but among my Master's Bastings we may find mine; for I am sure they never took measure of his Worship's Shoulders, but they took it of all my Body too: but no wonder, for, as my Master himself says, the Members must partake of the Pains of the Head. *Sancho*, You are unlucky, quoth *Don Quixote*; yfaith you want no Memory when you are willing to have it. If I were willing to forget those Bangs I have had, the bunches yet fresh on my Ribs would not permit me. Peace *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, and interrupt not the Batchelor, whom I request to proceed; and tell me what is said of me in the forementioned History. And of me too, said *Sancho*, for they say I am one of the principal Parsonages of it. Persons, and not Parsonages you mean *Sancho*, quoth *Sampson*. Have we got another Corrector of Words, quoth *Sancho*? If once you take to that, we shall ne'er have done. Hang me *Sancho*, said *Sampson*, if you be not the second person in the Story; and there are some that had as lieve hear you speak as the best there; tho others would not stick to say, you were too credulous, to believe that the Government of the Island offered by *Don Quixote*, here present, would prove true. There is no time lost yet, quoth *Don Quixote*; and when

when *Sancho* comes to riper years, Experience will make him more capable of being a Governour than he is now. By the Lord, Sir, said *Sancho*, if I be not fit to govern an Island at these Years, I shall never Govern, tho' I were as old as *Mahusalem*; the Mischief is, that the said Island is kept off I know not how, not that I want brains to govern it. Trust in God, *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, for all will be well, and perhaps better than you imagine; for the Leaves on the Tree move not without the Will of God. 'Tis true indeed, said *Sampson*; for if God pleases, *Sancho* shall not want a thousand Islands to govern, much less one. I have seen, said *Sancho*, of your Governours in the World, that are not worthy to wipe my Shoes, and for all this they call 'em *Your Honour*, and they are served in Plate. Those are not Governours of Islands, replied *Sampson*, but of other easier Governments; for they that govern Islands, must be at least Grammarians. For your *Gra* I care not, but your *Mare* I could like well enough; but leaving this Government to God, who may place me where he pleases, I say, Master Batchelor, *Sampson Carrasco*, I am infinitely glad that the Author of the History has spoken of me, so that the things he speaks of me do not cloy the Reader; for by the Faith of a Squire, if he had spoken any thing of me not befitting an old * Christian as I am, I should make deaf men hear on't. That were a Miracle, said *Sampson*. Miracle or no Miracle, quoth *Sancho*, let every one mind how he speaks or writes of Men, and not set down every thing that comes into his Noddle at a venture. One of the Faults that is found, said *Carrasco*, with that History, is this; that the Author put into it a certain Novel or Tale, intitled the *Curious Impertinent*; not that it was bad, or ill contrived, but that it was improper in that place, and had nothing to do with the History of *Don Quixote*. I'll hold a Wager, quoth *Sancho*, the Puppy-dog has made a Gallimawry on't. Let me tell you, said *Don Quixote*, the Author of my Story is not wise, but some ignorant prating Fellow, who undertook it by chance, without any good grounds to go upon; like *Orbaneja*, the Painter of *Ubeda*, who being ask'd what he Painted? answer'd, As it happens: Sometimes he would paint ye a Cock, but so unlike, that he was forced to write underneath it, in Gothish Letters, *This is a Cock*: and thus I believe it is with my History, that it has need of a Comment to make it intelligible. Not at all, reply'd *Sampson*.

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* The Spaniards by the name of old Christians distinguish themselves from those who are descended from Jews or Moors.

son, for it is so plain, there is no difficulty in it; Children hand it about, young Men read it, middle aged Persons understand, and old Fellows extol it; and, in short, it is so much in vogue, so much read, and so well known to all sorts of People, that as soon as they see a lean Jade, they cry there goes *Rozinante*; and none read it so much as Pages. There is scarce a great Man's Anti-Chamber without a *Don Quixote* in it; when one lays him down another takes him up; one asks for, another runs to catch him. In short, the said History is the pleasantest and most innocent diversion in the World; for from one end to the other of it, there is not the shadow of an immodest or profane word. Had he writ otherwise, said *Don Quixote*, he had not writ the Truth, but Lyes; and the Historians who make use of Falshood, ought to be burnt as * Coiners are: and I can't imagine what could move the Author to insert Novels or Stories of others, since there are enough of them of my own; but he was resolv'd to stuff out a bulk at any rate. But let me tell you, had he only set out my Thoughts, my Sighs, my Tears, my good Designs, and my Adventures, he might have made a Volume as big, if not bigger, than all † *Tostatus's* Works. In fine, if I understand it right, Master Batchelor, to write a History, or any other Work of what sort soever, a Man had need of a sound Judgment and a ripe Understanding. To speak pleasantly, and write pretty Conceits, belongs only to good Wits. The cunningest Part in a Play is the Fool's, because he must not be a Fool that acts it well. History is as it were a sacred thing, which ought to be true and real; and where Truth is, there God is in as much as concerns Truth: however, there are some that compose Books, and turn them loose into the World as if there were no more in't than in tossing of Fritters. There is no Book so bad, said the Batchelor, but it has something good in it. No doubt of that, said *Don Quixote*: but many times it falls out, that those who have worthily gain'd, and obtain'd great Fame by their Writings, when they commit them to the Press, either quite lose, or in some measure lessen it. The reason of it, quoth *Sampson*, is this; that as the printed works are viewed at leisure, their Faults are easily spied, and they are so much the more narrowly pried into, by how much the greater the Author's Fame is: Men famous for their Wits, great Poets, illustrious Historians, are always, or for the most

part

part, envied by them that take Pleasure and make it their Pastime to judge of other mens Writings, without publishing their own. That's not to be wonder'd at, cries *Don Quixote*, for there are many Divines that are not worth a rush in a Pulpit, and yet are excellent at finding the Faults in other Mens Sermons. All that is true, Sir *Quixote*, said *Carraasco*; but I could wish those Censurers were more merciful, and let's nice, and would not stop to carp at the Atomes they discover in the bright Sun of the Work they rail at; for if *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, let them consider how much he watched to shew the light of his Work, with as little shadow as might be; and perhaps, that which seems ill to them, is like Moles, that sometimes increase the beauty of the Face that has them. And thus I say, that he who prints a Book, puts himself into manifest danger, it being of all Impossibilities the most impossible so to contrive it, that it may please and satisfy all that read it. The Book that treats of me, quoth *Don Quixote*, will please very few. It is just the contrary, says *Sampson*; for as *Stultorum infinitus est numerus*, an infinite number have been delighted with this History, but some found fault, and craftily taxed the Author's Memory, * in that he forgot to tell who was the Thief that stole *Sancho's* Dapple; for there is no mention there, only it is inferred that he was stole, and not long after we see him mounted upon the same Ass, without knowing how he was found. They also say, he forgot to tell what *Sancho* did with the hundred Pistoles he found in the Portmantua in *Sierra Morena*, for he never mentions them more: and there are many that desire to know what became of them, and how he spent them, which is one of the essential points that is wanting in the Work. Master *Sampson*, said *Sancho*, I am not now fit for Reckonings, or long Stories, for my Stomach is faint; and if I fetch it not again with a Sup or two of the old Dog, it will make me as gaunt as a Grey-hound: I have it at home, and my Pigsneys stays for me. When I have dined I am for ye, and will satisfy you and all the World in any thing you will ask me, as well touching the loss of my Ass, as the Expence of the hundred Pistoles: and so, without expecting any Reply, or exchanging another word, home he went. *Don Quixote* intreated the Batchelor to stay and do Penance with him; the Batchelor

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accepted

* *Clippers and Coiners, in Spain, are burnt.*

† *Tostatus, a famous Spaniard, that writ many Volumes of Divinity.*

* Here is a Mistake in the Author; for in the first Part he tells who stole *Sancho's* Ass, tho' he does not relate the manner, as is done in the ensuing Chapter.

accepted of the Invitation, and so staid Dinner. Beside their ordinary Fare, they had a couple of Pigeons: At Table they discours'd of Chivalry; *Carrasco* humour'd him, the Banquet was ended, and they slept out the heat of the Day; *Sancho* returned, and the former Discourse was renewed.

CHAP. IV.

How Sancho Pança clears the Batchelor Sampson Carrasco's Doubts, and answers his Questions; with other Accidents worthy to be known and related.

Sancho came back to *Don Quixote's* house, and renewing his former Discourse, said, Touching what Master *Sampson* desired to know, who, how, and when my As was stol'n? by way of Answer I say, That the very same night we fled from the Hue and Cry, we entred *Sierra Morena*, after the unfortunate Adventure of the Gally-slaves and the dead Man that was carrying to *Segovia*, my Master and I got us into a Thicket; where he leaning upon his Lance, and I upon my Dapple, both of us well bruised and tired with the former Skirmishes, we fell asleep as soundly as if we had lain on Feather Beds; especially I, who was so fast asleep, that he, who so ever he was, might easily come and put me upon four Stakes, which he had fastned on both sides of my Pack-saddle, upon which he left me thus mounted, and without being discover'd, got my Dapple from under me. This is easie to be done, said *Don Quixote*, and no strange Accident; for we read that the same happened to *Sacripante*, when being at the Siege of *Albraca*, that famous Thief *Brunelo*, with the self-same slight, got his Horse from under his Legs. *Sancho* proceeded, It was light day, said he, when I had scarce stretch'd my self, but the Stakes failed, and I got a good squelch upon the ground: then I looked for my As, but not finding him, the Tears came into my eyes, and I made such strange moan, that if the Author of our History omitted it, he may be assured he forgot a worthy Passage. I know not how long after, coming with my Lady the Princess *Micomicona*, I knew my As, and that he who rode on him in the habit of a Gypsie was that *Gines de Passamonte*, that Cheat, that arrant Rake-hell,

hell, whom my Master and I freed from the Chain: The Mistake lay not there, said *Sampson*, but that before there was any news of your As, the Author still said, you were mounted upon the self-same Dapple. I know not what to say to that, quoth *Sancho*, but that either the Historian was deceived, or else it was the Carelessness of the Printer. Without doubt, saith *Sampson*, it is so. But what became of the Pistoles? Were they spent? I spent them upon my self, quoth *Sancho*, and on my Wife and Children, and they have been the cause that she has born with my Journies and the Rambles I have fetch'd in my Master *Don Quixote's* Service; for if I had returned empty, and without my As, I should have been welcomed with a pox to me. And if you will know any more of me, here I am who will answer the King himself in person; and let no body intermeddle to know whether I brought, or whether I brought not; whether I spent or spent not; for if the blows that I have had in these Journies were to be paid in Money, tho they were rated but at three Farthings a-piece, an hundred Pistoles more would not pay me for half of them; and let every Man look to himself, and not take white for black, and black for white; for every Man is as God has made him, and sometimes a great deal worse. Let me alone, quoth *Carrasco*, for minding the Author of the History, that if he Print it again, he shall not forget what honest *Sancho* has said, which will make it twice as good as it was. Is there any more, Master Batchelor, said *Don Quixote* to correct in this Legend? Yes marry is there, said he, but nothing so material as what has been mentioned. Perhaps the Author promises a second part, quoth *Don Quixote*? He does, said *Sampson*, but says he neither finds nor knows who has it, so that it is doubtful whether it will come out or no: and therefore for this reason, and because some hold that Second Parts were never good; and others, that there is enough written of *Don Quixote*, it is thought there will be no Second Part, tho some who are inclined to be more jovial than *Saturnine*, cry out; Let us have more *Quixotisme*: Let *Don Quixote* assault, and *Sancho* speak, and let what will come of it, for that pleases us. And how is the Author inclin'd, said *Don Quixote*. To which *Sampson* answer'd, as soon as ever he can find out the History, for finding of which he spares no labour, he will immediately put it into the Press, and that rather for what he shall get by it than for any honour he covers. To which *Sancho* reply'd. What, does the Author aim at money and profit? then it will be a wonder if he does any thing right. I doubt he will be like the Taylors, who sew with a hot Needle

and burnt Thred on Easter Eve : and hasty works are never finish'd as they ought to be. Let that Mr. *Moor* look to his business, for my Master and I will furnish him with so much rubbish of Adventures, and variety of Accidents, that he may compose not only a second part, but an hundred. The poor Fellow belike, thinks, we here sleep in an Hay-mow; but let him hold up our foot, and he'll see where the shoe wrings. This I know, that if my Master would take my Counsel, we should now be abroad in the Fields, redressing Grievances, and righting Wrongs, as good Knights Errant are wont to do.

No sooner had *Sancho* spoken these words, but the neighing of *Roxinante* came to his ears, which *Don Quixote* look'd upon as a good Omen, and resolved within three or four days to make another Sally; and telling his Mind to the Batchelor, asked his Advice to know which way he should begin his Journey: whole Opinion was; That he should go to the Kingdom of *Aragon*, and to the City of *Saragoga*, where, not long after, was to be a solemn Tilting in Honour of Saint *George*, where he might get more Fame than all the Knights of *Aragon*, which were above all other Knights. He praised his most noble and valiant Resolution, but withal desired him to be more wary in attempting of Dangers, since his Life was not his own, but all theirs who needed his Protection and Succour in their Distress.

That's it I am mad at, Master *Sampson*, said *Sancho*, for my Master will set upon an hundred armed Men, as a Boy would upon half a dozen of young Melons: odds my Life, Master Batchelor, there is a time to attack, and a time to retire; it must not be always * *St. James*, and *Hey for the Honour of Spain*. Besides, I have heard, and I believe from my Master himself (if I have not forgot) that Valour is a Mean between the two Extremes of a Coward and a rash Man: and if this be so, neither would I have him fly, nor follow, without there be reason for it: but above all, I wish if my Master carry me with him, it be upon condition that he fight for us both, and that I be tied to nothing but waiting upon him, to look to his Cloths and his Diet, for in this I will be as nimble as a Fairy; but to think that I will lay hand to my Sword, tho' it be but against base Fellows and poor

* The Spaniards, when they give Battel, cry, *Santiago Cierra Espana*, which is an Invocation of *St. James* their Patron, and encouraging one another to the Charge.

poor Rascals, is meer Nonsense. For my part, Master *Sampson*, I aim not at the honour of being thought valiant, but to be esteem'd the best and trustiest Squire that ever served Knight Errant: And if *Don Quixote* my Master, obliged to it by my many Services, will bestow on me any one of those many Islands his Worship says we shall light upon, I shall be much beholding to him; and if he give me none, I am born, and one Man must not live to rely on another, but on God; and perhaps I shall be as well with a piece of Bread at my Ease, as being a Governour: and what do I know, whether in this kind of Government the Devil has not laid a stumbling block before me, where I may stumble and fall, and dash out my Teeth? *Sancho* was I born, *Sancho* must I die. But for all that, if so and so, without any Care or Danger, fairly and squarely Heaven should provide some Island for me, or any such like thing; I am not so very an Ass, as to refuse it, according to the Proverb, *When the Cow is given thee, run and take her by the string; and when a fair opportunity is offer'd, lay hold of the Forelock.*

Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Carraasco*, you have spoken like an Oracle; however, trust in God and Master *Don Quixote*, that he will give you not only an Island, but a Kingdom. One as likely as the other, quoth *Sancho*; and let me tell you, Master *Sampson*, said *Sancho*, I think my Master's Kingdom would not be ill bestowed on me, for I have felt my own Pulse, and find my self able enough to rule Kingdoms and govern Islands; and I have told my Master as much several times. Look ye *Sancho*, quoth *Sampson*, Honours change Manners, and perhaps when you are once a Governour, you may scarce know your own Mother. That's to be understood, said *Sancho* of those that are basely born, and not of those † whose Souls cut four fingers thick in fat of the old Christian, as mine does. And then for my Disposition, it is likely indeed I should be ungrateful to any body. God grant it, quoth *Don Quixote*, and we shall see when the Government comes; for methinks I have it before my eyes. Which said, he asked the Batchelor whether he were a Poet, and that he would do him the favour to make him a Copy of Verses upon his Farewel to his Mistress *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and withal, that at the beginning of every Verse he should put a Letter of her Name, that so joining all the first Letters, they might make *Dulcinea del Toboso*. The Batchelor answer'd, that tho' he were none of the famous Poets of Spain, which they said were but three and

† A Spanish way of expressing he was not of Jewish or Moorish Race.

an half; yet he would not refuse to compose the said Meetre, tho' he found a great deal of Difficulty in the Composition, because there were Seventeen Letters in the Name; and if he made Four Staves, of each Four Verses, there would be a Letter too much; and if he made them of Five, there would be Three too little; but for all that he would see if he could drown a Letter; so that in Four Staves there might be read *Dulcinea del Toboso*. By all means, quoth *Don Quixote*, let it be so; for if the Name be not plain and conspicuous, there is no Woman will believe the Meetre was composed for her.

This they agreed upon, and that Eight Days after they should set out. *Don Quixote* enjoined the Batchelor to keep it secret, especially from the Vicar, and Master *Nicholas The Barber*, his Neice, and the old Woman, least they should obstruct his noble and valiant Resolution. *Carraasco* gave him his word, and so took leave, charging *Don Quixote* he should let him hear of his good or bad Fortune at his best leisure: So they took leave again, and *Sancho* went to provide for their Journey.

CHAP. V.

Of the wise and pleasant Discourse that passed betwixt Sancho Pança and his Wife Teresa Pança, and other Accidents worthy of happy Memory.

THE Translator of this History, when he came to write this Fifth Chapter, says, he holds it for Apocrypha, because *Sancho* talks in it after another manner than could be expected from his slender Understanding, and speaks things more acutely than was possible for him; yet he would translate it to discharge the Duty of his Place; and so goes on as follows.

Sancho came home so jocund and so merry, that his Wife perceived it a flight-shot off, insomuch that she needs would ask him; Friend *Sancho*, what's the matter that you are so joyful? To which he answered, Wife, I would to God I were not so glad as I make shew for. I understand you not, Husband, quoth she, and I know not what you mean; that if it pleased God, you would not be so merry, for tho' I be a Fool, yet I know not who would willingly be sad.

Look,

Look ye *Teresa* (said *Sancho*) I am merry, because I am resolv'd to serve my Master *Don Quixote* once more, who will now this third time fall out in pursuit of his Adventures, and I with him, for my Poverty will have it so, besides my hope that rejoices me, to think I may find another Hundred Pistoles like those that are spent: Yet I am sad again to leave thee and my Children; and if it pleased God that I might live quietly at home, without running my self into Desarts and cross Ways, which he might easily grant if he pleased and were willing, it is a plain case my Satisfaction would be more firm and solid, since the present joy I have is mingled with a sorrow to leave thee: So that I said well, I should be glad if it pleased God I were not so merry.

Fie *Sancho* (quoth *Teresa*) ever since thou hast been a Member of a Knight Errant thou speakest so round about the Bush that no body can understand thee. It is enough (quoth *Sancho*) that God understands me, who understands all things; and so much for that: But mark, Sister, I would have you for these Three Days look well to my Dapple that he may be fit for Service; double his allowance, seek out his Pack-saddle and the rest of his Tackling; for we don't go to a Wedding, but to compass the World, and to have to do with Gyants, Sprights, and Hobgoblins; to hear Hissing, Roaring, Bellowing, and Bawling; and all this were sweet Meat if we had not to do with * *Yangueses* and enchanted Moors:

I believe indeed (quoth *Teresa*) that your Squires Errant do not eat their Masters Bread for nothing: I shall therefore pray to our Lord, to deliver you speedily from this Misfortune. I'll tell you Wife (said *Sancho*) if I thought not e're long to be Governor of an Island, I should drop down dead upon the spot. Not so Husband, (quoth *Teresa*) Let the Hen live, tho' it be with her Pip; Live you, and the Devil take all the Governments in the World; without Government were you born, without Government have you lived hitherto, and without Government must you go or be carried to your Grave, when it shall please God. How many are there in the World that live without Governments, yet they live well enough, and are well look'd upon? Hunger is the best Sawce in the World, and when the Poor want not this, they eat contentedly. But hark *Sancho*, if you should chance to get a Government, pray don't forget me and your Children; little *Sancho* is now just Fifteen Years old, and 'tis fit he go to

School

* The *Yangueses*, were the Carriers that bent the Master and Man. Vide Vol. I.

School if his Uncle the Abbot mean to make him a Churchman; And look ye too, *Mary Sancho* our Daughter will not break her Heart if we marry her; for I have an Inkling she has as great a Mind to be marry'd, as you have to be a Governor, and indeed a Daughter is better ill married than well kept.

In good faith, quoth *Sancho*, if I have ought with my Government Wife, *Mary Sancho* shall be so highly married, that she shall be called Lady at least. Not so, *Sancho*, quoth *Teresa*, the best way is to marry her with her equal; for, if instead of her clouted Shooes, you set her upon high Heels; and instead of her course Petticoat, you put her into a Fardingale, and Silk Waistcoat; and instead of plain *Mol*, she be call'd my Lady What-de-call-her, the Girl will not know how to behave her self, and will every foot commit a Thousand Mistakes, making strange Discoveries of her Bumpkin Breeding.

Peace fool, said *Sancho*, all is but two or three Years practise, and then her Greatness will become her, and her State fit right: However, what matter is it? Let her be a Lady, and come what will on it. Measure your self by your Means, said *Teresa*, and seek not after Greatness, keep to the Proverb; *Let Neighbours Children hold together*: 'Twere pretty i'faith, to marry our *Mary* to a great Lord or Knight, that when the Toy takes him in the Head, should new mold her, calling her Country Bumpkin, Clod-beater, and Spinster's Daughter. Not while I live, Husband, I brought up my Daughter for that purpose, I'll warrant ye. Get you the Money, and for the marrying of her let me alone: Why there's *Lope Tocho*, *John Tocho*'s Son, a found chopping Lad, we know him well, and I know he casts a Sheep's-Eye upon the Wench, and 'tis good marrying her with this her equal, and we shall have him always with us, and we shall be all one, Parents, Children, Grand-Sons, and Son-in-Law, and God's Peace and Blessing will always be amongst us; and let not me have her married into your Courts and great Palaces, where they'll neither understand her, nor she them.

Hark ye Beast, quoth *Sancho*, damn'd Woman, why wilt thou, against all Reason, hinder me from marrying my Daughter where she may bring me Grand-Sons that may be call'd your Lordship? Look ye, *Teresa*, I have always heard my Elders say; *That he who will not when he may, when he will be shall have nay*: And it is not fit that whilst good Luck is knocking at our Door, we shut it: Let us therefore sail before this prosperous Wind; (these, and the following Words, that *Sancho* spoke, made the Author of the History say, he held this Chapter as *Apocrypha*.) Do not you think, Brute, said *Sancho*,

Sancho, that it would be convenient to light upon some beneficial Government, that might bring us out of Want: And to marry our Daughter *Sancho* to whom I please, and you shall see how they will call you *Donna Teresa Pança*, and you will fit in the Church with your Carpet and you Cushions, and your hanging Cloaths, in spite of the Gentlewomen of the Town? No, no, hold still as you are, in the same State, without rising or falling, like a Picture in Hangings; go too, let's have no more, little *Sancho* must be a Countess, say thou what thou wilt.

Well for all your talk, Husband, quoth *Teresa*, I fear this Earldom will be my Daughter's undoing, yet do what ye will, make her a Dutches or a Princess, it shall not be with my Consent. I ever lov'd plain Dealing, and cannot abide to see Folks take upon 'em without Grounds. I was Christned *Teresa*, without any flourish, ornament, or addition of *Don* or *Donna*, my Father's name was *Cascao*, and because I am your Wife, they call me *Teresa Pança*, tho' indeed they should have call'd me † *Teresa Cascao*: But great ones may do what they list, and I am well enough content with this name, without putting any *Don* upon it, to make it more troublesome, so that I shall not be able to endure it, and I will not have Folks laugh at me, as they see me walk in my Countesses Apparel, or my Governesses, you shall have them cry straight, *Look how stately the Hog-rubber goes, she that was but Yesterday at her Spindle, and went to Church with the Skirt of her Coat over her Head instead of a Veil, to Day is in her Farthingal and her fine Nicknacks, and so demure, as if we did not know her*. God keep me in my Seven Senses, or my Five, or as many as I have, and I'll not put my self to such Hazards; Get you gone, Friend, and be a Government or an Island, and take State as you please, for by my Father's Ghost, neither I nor my Daughter will stir a foot from our Village: *Better a broken Joynt than a bad Name, and the honest Maid, to be doing is her Trade*; go you with *Don Quixote* to your Adventures, and leave us to our ill Fortunes; for God will send better, if we are good, and I know not who made him a *Don*, a Title which neither his Father nor his Grand-father ever had.

Now I say, quoth *Sancho*, thou hast a Familiar in that Body of thine: Lord bless thee for a Woman, and what a deal

† The Custom of Spain, is ever to call Women tho' marry'd by their Maiden Names, which makes *Teresa* say she ought to have been call'd *Cascao*, and not *Pança*.

deal of Stuff hast thou trump'd up without head or tail? What has your *Cascajo*, your Nicknacks, your Proverbs, or your State to do with what I have said? Come hither Coxcomb, Fool, (for so I may call you, since you understand not my Meaning, and slight your own Happiness) If I should say, my Daughter should cast her self down some Tower, or she would rove up and down the World, as the Infanta * *Donna Urraca* did; you had reason not to consent: But if in the twinkling of an Eye, or the opening and shutting of an Oyster, I clap ye a *Don* and *Ladyship* upon her Shoulders, and bring her out of the Stubble, and place her under a Canopy, and set her in State, with more velvet Cushions than the † *Almohada's* of *Morocco* had Moors in their Families: Why should not you consent, and be pleas'd with what pleases me? Would you know why, Husband, answered *Teresa*? Because of the Proverb that says, *He that covers thee, discovers thee*: Every one passes his Eyes slightly over the Poor, and upon the rich Man they fix them; and if the said rich Man have at any time been Poor, there is your grumbling and cursing, and your Back-biters never leave, who are to be found about the Streets in heaps like swarms of Bees.

Mark *Teresa*, said *Sancho*, and give ear to what I now intend to say, perhaps you never heard it in your Days, neither do I speak any thing of my own, for all I design to say, are Sentences of our Preacher that preach'd all last Lent in this Town, who (as I remember) said, that all things we see present before our Eyes, do appear, hold, and stand in our Memories much better, and with more vehemency, than things past.

(All these Words now spoken by *Sancho*, are the Second Reason why the Translator of the History holds this Chapter for *Apocrypha*, as exceeding *Sancho's* Capacity, who went on, saying:)

Whence it proceeds, that when we see some Person well clad in rich Apparel, and with many Followers, it seems he moves and invites us by force to give him Respect; tho' our Memory at that very Instant represents to us some kind of mean Condition in which we have seen that same Person, which does vilifie him, be it either his Poverty or Birth, which being

being pass'd are not: And only that which we see present is: And if this Man (whom Fortune has rais'd above the former Deg ee of his Meanness, being brought up by his Father to that height of Prosperity) be well bred, bountiful, and courteous towards all Men, and contends not with such as are anciently Noble, assure thy self, *Teresa*, all Men will forget what he was, and respect him for what he is, except the envious, whom the greatest escape not. I understand you not Husband, replied *Teresa*, do what you will, and do not trouble me with your long Speeches, and your Rhetorick: And if you be revolved to do what you say. Resolved you must say Wife, quoth *Sancho*, and not revolved. I pray dispute not with me, Husband, said *Teresa*, I speak as God pleases, and trouble my self no farther; and I tell you, if you persist in having your Government, take your Son *Sancho* with you, and teach him from henceforth to govern; for it is fit that the Sons do inherit and learn their Father's Employments.

When I have my Government, quoth *Sancho*, I will send Post for him, and I will send thee Monies, for I shall want none, and there never want some that will lend Governors Money when they have none; but clothe him so, that he may not appear like what he is, and may seem what he must be: Send you Money, quoth *Teresa*, and I'll make him as fine as a Lord. So that now, said *Sancho*, we are agreed that our Daughter shall be a Countess.

The Day I see her a Countess, said *Teresa*, will be my last: But I tell you again, do what you will; for we Women are born with this Clog, to be obedient to our Husbands, tho' they be meer Dunces: And here she began to weep so heartily, as if her little Daughter *Sancho* had been dead and buried. *Sancho* comforted her, saying, that tho' she must be a Countess, yet he would defer it as long as he could. Here their Dialogue ended, and *Sancho* returned to see *Don Quixote*; to give order for their Departure.

* *Dona Urraca*, a Spanish Princess.

† *Almohada*, in Spanish, is a Cushion, and was also a great Family among the Moors, so that there is a sort of Allusion to the Name, and the Women in Spain sit all upon Cushions on the Ground; which is the Cause there is so much mention made of them.

C H A P. VI.

Containing what passed betwixt Don Quixote, his Neice, and the Old Woman; and it is one of the most material Chapters in all the History.

WHilst *Sancho* and his Wife were in this impertinent aforeſaid Diſcourſe; *Don Quixote's* Neice, and old Woman were not idle, and by a Thouſand Signs gueſſed that their Uncle and Maſter would break looſe the Third Time, and return to the Exercife of his, to them, unlucky Knight-Errantry. They fought by all means poſſible to divert him from ſo ill a Reſolution, but all was labour in vain, and they had as good ſtrive to waſh the Blackamore white. However, among many other words that paſſ'd between them, the old Woman ſaid to him, Truly Maſter, if you do not ſettle your Brains, and ſtay quietly at home, and leave rambling over Mountains and Valleys, like a Soul in Purgatory; ſeeking after thoſe they call Adventures, which I call Miſfortunes, I ſhall complain aloud, and cry out to God and the King, for Redreſs. To which *Don Quixote* answered, Woman, what God will answer to your Complaints I know not, nor what his Maſteſty will: Only I know, if I were a King, I would ſave a labour in answering ſuch an infinity of fooliſh Petitions as are given him daily; for one of the greateſt Toils, amongſt many other that Kings have, is this; To be bound to hearken to all, and to answer all; therefore I ſhould be loath, that any thing that concerns me ſhould trouble him. Then, quoth the old Woman, tell us, Sir, are there not Knights in his Maſteſty's Court? Yes, answered he, and many, and good reaſon, for the Ornament and Greatneſs of Princes, and for Oſtentation of the *Royal Maſteſty*. Why would not your Worſhip, replied ſhe, be one of them, that might quietly ſerve the King your Maſter at Court?

Look ye Friend, answered *Don Quixote*, all Knights cannot be Courtiers, nor all Courtiers neither can, nor ought to be Knights Errant; in the World there muſt be of all ſorts, and tho' we be all Knights, yet the one and the other differ much: For your Courtiers, without ſtirring out of their Chambers, or over the Court Threſholds, can travel all the World over, looking upon a Map, without ſpending a Mite, without ſuffering Heat, Cold, Hunger, or Thirſt. But we, the

the true Knights Errant, do meaſure the Compaſs of the World with our Feet, travelling Day and Night, a Horſeback and a Foot, expoſ'd to the ſcorching Sun, to the Cold, the Rain, and all the Changes of the Weather: And we not only ſee our Enemies painted, but in their real Perſons, and at all times, and upon every occaſion we ſet upon them, without minding Trifles or the Laws of *Duels*, as whether a Sword or Lance is longer or ſhorter, whether either of the Parties wears a Charm, or hidden Armour, whether the Sun be in our Face or on our Back, with other Ceremonies of this nature uſed in ſingle Combats betwixt Man and Man, which thou know'ſt not, but I do. Know further that a good Knight Errant (tho' he ſee Ten Giants who with their Heads, not only touch, but overtop the Clouds, and that each of them has Legs as big as two great Towers, and Arms like the Maſts of mighty Ships, and each Eye as big as a Mill-Stone, and blazing like a Glaſs-Houſe) muſt not be frighted in the leaſt, but rather with an unconcern'd Behaviour and undaunted Courage, he muſt ſet upon, cloſe with, and if poſſible, overcome and make them turn tail in an inſtant; nay, tho' they came armed with the Shells of a certain Fiſh, which, they ſay, are harder than Diamonds; and tho' inſtead of Swords they had cutting Cymitars of *Damaſcus* Steel, or Iron Clubs with Pikes of the ſame, as I have ſeen them ſeveral times. All this have I ſaid, honeſt Governneſs, that you may ſee the difference betwixt ſome Knights and others, and it were but reaſonable that Princes ſhould make moſt account of this Second, or to ſpeak more properly, this firſt ſort of Knights Errant, for, as we read in their Hiſtories, there has happen'd to be a Man among them that has ſav'd not only one but many Kingdoms. Ay but, Sir, quoth his Neice at this time, pray conſider, that all you ſay concerning Knights Errant is nothing but Fables and Lyes; and thoſe Hiſtories if they will not burn them, deſerve at leaſt that the Inquiſition ſhould brand and ſigmatize them as infamous and deſtructive to good Manners. By the God that keeps me, quoth *Don Quixote*, if thou wert not my lawful Neice, as being the Daughter of my Siſter, I would inſlict ſuch a Punishment upon thee for the Blaſphemy thou haſt ſpoken, as ſhould make the World ring. Is it poſſible that a young Jade, that ſcarce knows how to manage a dozen of Bobbins at Bone-lace, ſhould dare to talk of and cenſure the Hiſtories of Knights Errant? What would Sir *Amadis* have ſaid if he had heard this? But I warrant he would have forgiven thee, for he was the humbleſt and moſt courteous Knight

Knight of his time, and the greatest Protector of Damsels; but another might have happen'd to hear thee, that would have made thy Heart ake; for all are not courteous or pitiful, some are harsh and brutish. Neither are all that bear the Name of Knights, truly so; for some are of Gold, others of Alchimy, yet all seem to be Knights; but all cannot bear the Touchstone of Truth. There are some mean Fellows who would hang themselves to be thought Knights, and some great Knights who do all they can to appear little. The first either raise themselves by their Ambition or Vertue; the others fall, either by their Negligence or Vice; and a Man had need be Wise to distinguish betwixt these two sorts of Knights, so near in their Names, so distant in their Actions.

Bless me, quoth the Neice, that you should know so much Unkle, that in case of necessity, you might step into a Pulpit, and preach about the Streets; and for all that you go on so blindly and fall into so eminent a Madness, that you would have us think you Valiant now you are Old, that you are Strong being so sickly, that you are able to bend things that are strait, being your self bent with Age; and that you are a Knight when you are none? For tho' Gentlemen may be Knights, yet the Poor cannot.

You say well Neice, in that, quoth *Don Quixote*, and I could tell thee things concerning Families that should astonish thee, but because I will not mingle Divinity with Humanity, I say nothing: Mark ye, my Friends, all the Families in the World, mind what I say, may be reduc'd to four sorts, which are these. Some that from base Beginnings have arriv'd at the greatest Honours. Others that had great Beginnings and so continue them to the End. Others, that tho' they had great Beginnings, yet they end in a Point like a *Pyramid*, having lessened and annihilated their Beginning, till it Ends in nothing. Others there are, and these the most, that neither had any good Beginning, nor reasonable Middle, and so they pass away unobserv'd, as the Race of the common and ordinary sort of People. Of the first, that from a mean Beginning rais'd themselves to the Grandeur they still preserve; let the Ottoman Family be an Example, which taking its Original from a base mean Shepherd, is come to the Height in which we now see it. Many Princes may be an Instance of the Second sort, that began in Greatness, and was so preserved without Augmentation or Diminution, only kept their Inheritance, containing themselves within the Limits of their own Kingdoms peaceably. Thousands of Examples there are of such, as began in Greatness, and

and lessened towards their End. For all your *Pharaohs*, your *Ptolemies* of *Egypt*, your *Cæsars* of *Rome*, with all the Herd (if I may so term it) of your infinite Princes, Monarchs, Lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Barbarians; all these Families, all these Lordships ended in a Point, and came to nothing, as well they, as those that gave them beginning, for it is not possible to find any of their Successors, and if it were, he must be in a mean and base Condition. With the common sort I have nothing to do, since they only live and serve to encrease the number of Men, without deserving any more Fame or Elogy of their Greatness.

Thus much, my Fools, you may infer from all that has been said, that the Confusion of Families is very great; and that those are the most great and glorious that shew it by their Vertue, Wealth, and Liberality. Vertue, Wealth, and Liberality, I say, for the great Man that is Vicious, will be Vicious to excess: And the rich Man that is not Liberal, is but a covetous Beggar; for he that possesses Riches, is not happy in them, but in the spending of them; and not only in spending, but in well-spending them. The poor Knight has no way to shew he is a Knight, but by being Virtuous, Affable, Civil, Courteous, Well-behaved, and Obliging: Not Proud, not Arrogant, not a Slanderer; but above all, Charitable: For by a Half-penny (that he gives chearfully to the Poor) he shews himself as Liberal as he that for Ostentation gives an Alms before a Multitude: And there is no Man that sees him adorned with these Vertues, but tho' he know him not, will judge and think he is well descended; for if he were not, 'twere miraculous; and the Reward of Vertue has always been Praise, and the Vertuous must of necessity be commended.

There are two ways for Men to attain to be Wealthy and Noble, the one by Learning, the other by the Sword. I have more of a Soldier than a Scholar, and was born (as appears by my Inclination that way) under the Influence of the Planet *Mars*, so that I must of force follow his Steps, which I mean to do in spite of all the World, and it is in vain for you to strive to persuade me to oppose what Heaven decrees, Fortune ordains, and Reason exacts, and, what is more, my Inclination requires. Now knowing, as I do, the innumerable Troubles that attend Knight Errantry, at the same time I know the infinite Advantages that are obtain'd by it. And I know that the Path of Vertue is very narrow, and the Way of Vice large and spacious: And I know that their Ends and resting Places are different; for that of Vice, large

and spacious, ends in Death; and that of Virtue, narrow and cumbersome, ends in Life; and not in a Life that has an end, but is endless: and I know that as the great *Castilian* Poet says,

*Rough are the Paths and steep the Hills that lead
To Fame's high Seat, with wondrous pain we tread;
And those, who constant in the painful Race
Press forward, mount alone the glorious Place.*

Woe is me, said the Neice, my Master is a Poet too; he knows every thing: I'll hold a Wager, if he would be a Mason, he could build a House as easily as make a Cage. I promise thee Neece, said *Don Quixote*, if these Knightly Thoughts did not employ all my Senses, there is nothing I could not do, nor no Curiosity should escape me, especially Cages and Tooth-pickers. By this one knock'd at the door; and asking who was there, *Sancho* answer'd, 'Tis I. The Old Woman, as soon as she heard him, ran to hide her self, because she would not see him. The Neece let him in; and his Master *Don Quixote* went to receive him with open arms; and they both lock'd themselves in, where they had another Dialogue as good as the former.

C H A P. VII.

*What passed betwixt Don Quixote and his Squire;
with other most famous Accidents.*

THE Old Woman, as soon as she saw her Master and *Sancho* lock'd up together, began to smell their drift, and imagining that his third Sally would be the Result of that Consultation, full of Sorrow and trouble, she took her Veil, and went to seek the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, supposing, that as he was well spoken, and a late Acquaintance of *Don Quixote's*, he might persuade him to leave his mad purpose. She found him walking in the Court of his House, and seeing him, fell down in a cold Sweat (all troubled) at his feet. When *Carrasco* saw her so sorrowful and affrighted, he asked her, What's the matter? what Accident has befallen you; for you look as if you were giving up the Ghost? Nothing, said she, my dear Mr. *Sampson*, but that my Master runs, he runs without doubt. And whereabouts is it that he runs, quoth *Carrasco*? Is there ever a Hole or Crack in his Body?

He

He only runs, reply'd she, at the gap of his Madness. I mean, sweet Master Batchelor, that he intends now the third time to run abroad into the wide World to seek Ventures, but I don't know why he calls them so. The first time they brought him us lying athwart upon an Ass, beaten to pieces. The second time he came clapt upon an Ox-wain, and locked in a Cage, and he made us believe he was enchanted; and the poor Soul was so changed, that the Mother that bore him would not have known him; so lean, so wan, his eyes so sunk in his head, that I spent above six hundred Eggs to recover him, as God is my Witness, and all the World, and my Hens that will not let me lye. That I truly believe, quoth the Batchelor, for they are so good, and so fat, and so well fed, that they will not be ketch'd in a wrong Story tho' they were to be hang'd for't. But is that all, Mistress Governess? has no other Misfortune happen'd but that which it's fear'd *Don Quixote* will run himself into? No Sir, said she. Take no care, quoth he, but get you home a God's name, and get me something warm for Breakfast; and by the way as you go, say me the Prayer of St. *Apollonia* if you know it, and I'll go thither presently, and you shall see Wonders.

Alas for me, quoth the Old Woman! the Prayer of St. *Apollonia* do you bid me say? That were well if my Master's ailing were in his Teeth, but it is in his Skull. I know what I say, quoth he, and do not you dispute with me, since you know I have proceeded Batchelor at *Salamanca*; and so there's no more to be said. With that, away she pack'd; and he went presently to seek the Vicar, and communicate with him what shall be said hereafter.

At the time that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were locked up together, there passed a Discourse between them, which the History sets down very punctually and truly.

Sancho said to his Master, I have now reluc'd my Wife to let me go with you whithersoever you please. Reduc'd you mean *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*. I have desir'd you once or twice (if I mistake not) said *Sancho*, not to correct my Words if you understand my Meaning; and when you do not understand me, cry, *Sancho*, or Devil, I understand thee not: and if I do not explain my self, then you may correct me; for I am so focible.

I understand thee not, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for I know not the meaning of your focible. So focible is, said *Sancho*, I am so so. Less and less do I understand, said *Don Quixote*. Why, if you do not understand, said *Sancho*, I can't tell how to express it; I know no more, and God be with

me. Now, now I have hit upon it, answer'd *Don Quixote*, you mean, you are so docible, so ready, and quick, that you will apprehend what I shall say, and learn what I shall teach thee.

I'll lay a Wager (said *Sancho*) you took and understood me at first, but that you would put me out, and hear me make a hundred Blunders, It may be so, quoth *Don Quixote*, but what says *Teresa*? *Teresa* bids me make sure work with you, and that we may have less Saying and more Doing; for, Great Sayers are small Doers: A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush: And I say, a Womans Advice is but slender; yet he that refuseth it is a Mad-man. I say so too, quoth *Don Quixote*: But say, Friend *Sancho*, proceed; for to day thou speakest preciously.

The Business is, quoth *Sancho*, that, as you better know than I, we are all mortal, here to day, and gone to morrow; as soon goes the young Lamb to the Roast as the old Sheep; and no Man can promise himself more days than God has given him; for Death is deaf, and when she knocks at Life's door, she is in haste, neither Threats, nor Entreaties, nor Scepters, nor Mitres can stay her, as the common Report goes, and as they tell us in Pulpits.

All this is true, said *Don Quixote*; but I know not what you drive at. My Drift is, quoth *Sancho*, that your Worship allow me some certain Wages by the * Month, for the time I shall serve you, and that the said Wages be paid me out of your Substance; for I'll trust no longer to good turns, which come late or never. God give me joy of my own: in a word I must know what I am to trust to; for it is good to keep a Nest Egg, and many Littles make a Mickle; and whilst something is gotten nothing is lost: Indeed if it should so happen (which I neither believe nor hope for) that your Worship should give me the Island you promised, I am not so ungrateful, nor would I be so unreasonable, as not to have the Income of that Island prized, and so to discount for the Wages I received, Cantity for Cantity. Is not Quantity as good as Cantity, Friend *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*? I understand you now, said *Sancho*, and dare lay any thing I should have said Quantity, and not Cantity: but that's no matter, since you understood me. I understand you very well, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and have div'd into the utmost of your Thoughts, and know very well what Mark you aim at, with the innumerable Arrows of your Proverbs.

Look

* The Custom of Spain is, to pay Servants Wages by the Month.

Look ye, *Sancho*, I could willingly afford you Wages, if I had found in all the Histories of Knights Errant any Precedent that might give me the least inkling of any Wages given Monthly or Yearly: but I have perused all or most part of their Histories, and do not remember that I ever read, that any Knight Errant allowed any set Wages to his Squire: only I know that all lived upon Courtesy, and when they least dream'd of it, if their Masters had good luck, they were rewarded, either with an Island or some Equivalent, and at least they went off with Honour and a Title.

If you *Sancho*, upon these Hopes and Conditions, have a mind to return to my Service, a Gods Name; but to think that I will turn the old Custom of Knight-Errantry topsyturvy, or lift it off the Hinges, is meer Nonsense: So that *Sancho*, you may go home and tell your *Teresa* my Design; and if she and you will rely upon my Favour, *lene quidem*; and if not, there is no harm done; for, If my Pigeon-house have Vetches, it will want no Doves: and take this by the way, A good Expectation is better than a bad Possession, and good Trust better than bad Pay. I speak thus *Sancho*, to let you understand I can thunder out a peal of Proverbs as well as you can. Lastly, let me tell you, if you will not come along upon Courtesy, and share in my Fortunes, God keep you, and make you a Saint; for I shall not want Squires more obedient, more careful, and less familiar and talkative than you are.

When *Sancho* understood his Master's steady Resolution, he was Thunder-struck, and his Heart sunk into his Belly; for he verily thought he could not go without him for the World; and while he stood thus doubtful and pensive, in came *Sampson Carrasco* and the Niece, she being desirous to hear how he perswaded her Uncle not to return to his Adventures.

Sampson, that notable Wag, drew near, and embracing him, as he had done the first time, with a loud Voice said, O flower of Chivalry, bright light of Arms, Honour and Mirrour of our Spanish Nation; may it please Almighty God, that he or they that hinder or disturb this thy third Sally, may never see the Accomplishment of their wild Desires, or obtain the end of their wicked Wishes. And turning to the Old Woman, he said, You need no longer say the Prayer of St. *Apollonia*, for I know the Stars have absolutely decreed, that *Don Quixote* put in execution his lofty and new Designs; and I should much burden my Conscience, if I should not persuade and excite this Knight, no longer to withdraw and hold back the force of his valorous Arm, and the Courage of his undaunted Soul;

for Delay is an obstruction to the righting of Wrongs, the protecting of Orphans, the maintaining the Honour of Damfels, the defending of Widows, the supporting of married Women, and other things of this kind, which concern, appertain to, depend on, and are inherent to the Order of Knight Errantry. Go on then, my beautiful, my brave *Don Quixote*, rather to day than to morrow, let your Greatness be upon the way; and if any thing be wanting to your Journey, here am I to supply it with my Estate, with my Person, and if need were, to be thy Magnificence's Squire, which I shall hold as a most happy Fortune. Then, said *Don Quixote*, turning to *Sancho*, Did not I tell thee, *Sancho*, that I should want no Squires? See who offers himself to me; the most rare Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, the perpetual Darling and Delight of the *Salamanca* Schools, sound and active of Body, silent, patient of Heats and Colds, Hunger and Thirst, with all the Abilities that belong to the Squire of a Knight Errant: But Heaven forbid, that for my pleasure I beat and break down the Pillar of Learning, the Vessel of Sciences, and that I lop off the eminent branch of the Liberal Arts: Remain thou a new *Sampson* in thy Country, honour it, and those grey hairs of thy aged Parents; for I will be satisfied with any Squire, since *Sancho* vouchsafes not to attend me.

I vouchsafe, said *Sancho* melting, and the tears standing in his eyes; and went on: It shall not be said by me, Master, that *Eaten Bread is soon forgotten*; for I come not of an ungrateful Stock, and all the World knows, and especially my Town, who the *Pangas* were, from whom I descend: besides, I know and have found, by many good Actions, and more good Words, how much your Worship desires to do me a Kindness; and if I have been to blame to meddle in Reckonings concerning my Wages, it was to please my Wife, who when she once falls into a vein of perswading, she sticks as close to a Man as the shirt to his Back, till she has had her Will; but however, the Husband must be a Husband, and the Wife a Wife; and since I am a Man every where (for I can't deny it) I will be so at home, in spite of any: so that there's no more to be done, but that you make your Will, and affix your Codicil, so that it may not be Revoked; and let's strait to our Journey, that Master *Sampson's* Soul may not suffer; for he says, his Conscience is unquiet till he has perswaded you to your third Sally through the World; and I afresh offer my Service faithfully and honestly, as well and better than any Squire that ever served Knight Errant in former Times or in these present.

The

The Batchelor wondred to hear *Sancho's* Manner and Method of speaking: for tho' he had read the first History of his Master, he never thought *Sancho* had been so witty as they there make him, but hearing him now mention Will and Codicil, Revolving instead of Revoking, he believed all he had read of him, and concluded him to be one of the most egregious Coxcombs of our Age; and said to himself, that two such Mad-men as Master and Man were not in all the World again.

Now *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* embraced and were Friends; and with the Grand *Carrasco's* Approbation and Good-liking (he being then their Oracle) it was decreed. That within three days they should set out, that being a sufficient time to provide all things necessary for their Journey, and to get a Helmet, which *Don Quixote* said he must by all means carry. *Sampson* offer'd him one, for he knew a Friend of his would not deny it him, tho' the Mold and Rust had fully'd the Brightness of the Steel.

The Neice and Old Woman curst the Batchelor unmercifully, they tore their Hair, scratch'd their Faces, and, as your Funeral Mourners use, they howled at their Master's Departure, as if he had been a dead Man. The Design that *Sampson* had in perswading him to this third Sally, was, to do what the History tells us hereafter, all by the Advice of the Curate and the Barber, to whom he had before communicated it. To conclude, in those three days *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* fitted themselves with what they thought necessary; and *Sancho* having appeas'd his Wife, and *Don Quixote* his Neice and the Old Woman, at night-fall, without being seen by any body but the Batchelor, who would needs bring them half a League from the Town, they took their way towards *Toboso*. *Don Quixote* upon his good *Rozinante*, and *Sancho* on his old Dapple, his Wallets were stuffed with Provant, and his Purse with Money that *Don Quixote* gave him for their Expences. *Sampson* embraced him, and desired he would send him Tidings of his good or ill Fortune, to rejoyce at the one, or be sorry for the other, as the Law of Friendship requir'd: *Don Quixote* promis'd so to do. *Sampson* return'd home, and the two went on towards the famous City of *Toboso*.

C H A P. VIII.

What befell Don Quixote, going to see his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

Blessed be the powerful * *Alla* (says *Hamet Benengeli*) at the beginning of this 8th Chapter: Blessed be *Alla*, which he thrice repeats; and says, he pours out these Blessings to see that now *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were upon their March, and that the Readers of their delightful History may reckon, that the Exploits and merry Conceits of *Don Quixote* and his Squire begin this moiment. He perswades them to forget the past Chivalry of the Ingenious Knight, and fix their Eyes upon his Acts to come, which begin now in his way towards *Toboso*, as the former did in the Fields of *Montiel*; and it is a small Request, considering what he promises: so he proceeds, saying,

Don Quixote and *Sancho* were now all alone, and *Sampson* was scarce gone from them, when *Rozinante* began to neigh, and Dapple to sigh, which both the Knight and Squire look'd upon as good Omens and happy Presages; tho', if the truth were told; Dapple's Sighs and Braying were more than the Horse's Neighing; whence *Sancho* inferr'd, that his Fortune should exceed and over-top his Master's; building, I know not whether it was upon Judicial Astrology, which he understood, tho' the History says nothing of it, only that he would often say, when he fell down or stumbled, he wish'd he had not gone abroad, for of stumbling or falling came nothing but tearing his Shoes, or breaking a Rib; and tho' he were a Fool, yet he was not out in this.

Don Quixote said to him, Friend *Sancho*, the Night comes on us apace, and it will grow too dark for us to reach *Toboso* ere it be day, whither I have determined to go before I undertake any Adventure, and there I mean to receive a Benediction, and take Leave of the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*; after which I know and am assured, I shall end and finish every dangerous Adventure: for nothing makes Knights Errant more hardy, than to see themselves favoured by their Mistresses. I believe it, quoth *Sancho*; but I doubt you will not speak with her, at least not see her where you may receive her Blessing,

Blessing, unless she give it you from the Mud-walls of the Yard where I saw her the first time, when I carried the Letter and News of your mad Pranks which you were playing in the heart of *Sierra Morena*.

Were those Mud-walls of a Yard in thy Fancy *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, over which thou saw'st that never sufficiently praised Perfection and Beauty? They were not so, but Galleries, Walks, or goodly stone Pavements, or how call ye them? of rich and royal Palaces. All this might be, answered *Sancho*; but to me they seem'd no better, as I remember. Yet let's go thither, quoth *Don Quixote*; for so I see her, I care not whether it be over Mud-walls, or at Windows, or thorough chinks, or Garden pales; for each ray that comes from the Sun of her brightness to my eyes, will enlighten my understanding, strengthen my heart, and make me singular, and not to be equal'd in wisdom and valour.

Truly Sir (said *Sancho*) when I saw that Sun, it was not so bright as to cast any rays from it; and belike 'twas, that as she was winnowing the Wheat I told you of, the dust that came from it was like a cloud upon her face, and dimm'd it. Still do'st thou *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) believe, and persist obstinately in the conceit that my Mistress *Dulcinea* was winowing, it being a labour so unfit for persons of quality that use other sorts of exercises and recreation, which shew a slight shot off their Nobility. Thou dost ill remember those Verses of our Poet, where he describes to us, the exercises which those four Nymphs us'd in their crysall habitations, when they advanc'd their heads above the lov'd *Tagus*, and fate in the green fields working those rich embroideries which the ingenious Poet there represents to us, all which were of Gold, Silk and Pearls mixt and interwoven: Such was the work of my Mistress when thou sawest her; but that the envy which some base Inchanter bears my affairs, turns all that should give me delight into different shapes; and this makes me fear that in the History of my exploits which is in print (if so be some Wise man my enemy was the Author, he has deliver'd many things otherwise than they were, mixing a hundred lyes with one truth, diverting himself in telling such Tales, as do not belong to the continuation of a true History. Oh envy! thou root of infinite evils, thou worm of Virtues. All Vices, *Sancho*, bring a kind of pleasure with them; only envy has nothing but distaste, rancour, and rage. I am of that mind too (said *Sancho*;) and I think in the History or Legend *Carrasco* told us he had seen of us, my Reputation is turn'd topsyturvy, and (as they say) goes a begging. Well,

* The Moors call God *Alla*.

Well, as I am an honest Man, I never spoke ill of any Inchanter; neither am I so happy as to be envied: True it is, I am somewhat malicious, and have certain knavish Tricks: But all is covered and hid under the large Cloak of my Simplicity, ever natural to me, but never artificial: And if there were nothing else in me but my Belief (for I firmly believe in God, and in all that the Roman Church believes and holds, and am a mortal Enemy to the Jews) the Historians ought to pity me and use me well in their Writings: But let 'em say what they will, *Naked was I born, naked I am; I neither win nor lose*; and so my Name be in Print, and handed about, I care not a Fig, let 'em say what they will.

That, *Sancho*, is just like (quoth *Don Quixote*) what happened to a famous Poet of our Times, who having made a malicious Satyr against the Court Ladies, left out one of them, as doubting whether she were one or no, who seeing she was not in the scrowl among the rest, took it unkindly of the Poet, asking him what he had seen in her, that he should not put her among the rest, and desired him to lengthen out his Satyr, and put her into the Supplement, or else he must look to it: The Poet did so, and set her down with a vengeance; and she was satisfied to see her self famous, tho' infamous. Besides, this agrees with the Tale of the Shepherd, that set *Diana's* Temple on fire, which was one of the Seven Wonders of the World, because he would be talked of for it; and tho' there were an Edict, that no Man should mention his Name in speaking or writing, that he might not attain to his Desire; yet it was known to be *Erostratus*. It also alludes to an Accident that befel the great Emperor *Charles* the Fifth with a Knight at *Rome*. The Emperor was desirous to see the Famous Church of the *Rotunda*, which in ancient Times was called *The Temple of all the Gods*, and now by a better Name, *Of all Saints*, and it is the only entire Structure that has remained of all the Gentiles erected in *Rome*, and that which does most preserve the Glory and Magnificence of its Founders: 'Tis made in the Shape of an half Orange, exceeding large, and very lightsome, tho' it has no other Light but what comes in at one Window, or rather a round Lanthorn that is on the top of it. In which, as the Emperor stood looking down upon the Fabrick, there stood by him a Roman Knight, shewing him the particular Graces and Beauties of that vast Building, and renowned Piece of Architecture, and when they were gone from the Lanthorn, he said to the Emperor; It came into my Head a Thousand times, most Sacred Sir, to lay hold of your Majesty,

Majesty, and cast my self with you down that Lanthorn, that I might eternize my Name in the World. I thank you, said the Emperor, for not performing it; and henceforward I will give you no such Occasion to try your Loyalty; and therefore I command you, never to speak to me, nor come into my Presence; and having spoken these Words, bestow'd some great Favour upon him.

I mean, *Sancho*, that this Desire of Honour is a bewitching thing: What dost thou think cast *Horatius* from the Bridge all armed into the deep *Tyber*? What egged *Curtius* to throw himself into the gaping Earth? What made *Mutius* burn his Hand? What forced *Cesar*, against all the Sooth-sayers Advice, to pass the *Rubicon*? And to give you more modern Examples; What was it bored those Ships and left those valorous Spaniards on Ground, guided by the most courteous *Cortez* in the New World? All these, and other great and various Exploits, are, have been, and shall be the Works of Fame, which mortals desire as a Reward and part of the Immortality which their famous Acts deserve; tho' we that are Christian Catholick Knights Errant, must look more to the Happiness of another World (which is Eternal in the Ethereal and Celestial Regions) than to the Vanity of Fame, which is gotten in this present frail Age, and which, let it last as long as it will, must have an end with this World which has its limited time: So that, *Sancho*, our Actions must not exceed the Bounds which the Christian Religion, we profess, has assign'd us.

In Giants we are to kill Pride; Envy we must destroy by Generosity; Anger by Sedateness; Gluttony and Sleep by our little eating and much watching; Lust and Lasciviousness by our Fidelity to those we have made Ladies of our Affections; and Sloath by wandering up and down the World; seeking such Adventures as may make us Famous, as well as Christian Knights. These, *Sancho*, are the means by which the mighty Honours of a good Name are acquir'd.

All that you have hitherto said, quoth *Sancho*, I understand very well: But I would fain have you absolve me of one doubt, which just now comes into my Head. Resolve, thou meanest *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, speak a God's Name, for I'll answer thee, as well as I can. Tell me, Sir, said *Sancho*, these *Julies* or *Augusts*, and all these famous Knights you talk of, that are dead, where are they now? The Gentiles, said he, undoubtedly are in Hell: The Christians, if they were good Christians, either in Purgatory, or in Heaven. 'Tis very well, but the Sepulchres where the Bodies of these

these great Lordings lie interred, have they Silver Lamps burning before them, or are their Chapel Walls decked with * Crutches, Winding-sheets, Periwigs, Legs, and Wax-eyes? And if not with these, with what? The Sepulchres of the Gentiles, said *Don Quixote*, were for the most part, sumptuous Temples. The Ashes of *Julius Caesar's* Body were put upon a huge Pyramid of Stone, which at this time is called *St. Peter's* Needle. The Emperor *Adrian's* Sepulchre was a great Cattle as big as a good Village, it was called *Moles Adriani*, and now the Cattle of *St. Angelo in Rome*: *Queen Artemisia* buried her Husband *Mausolus* in a Sepulchre, which was held to be one of the Seven Wonders of the World: But none of all these, nor many others the Gentiles had, were adorn'd with Winding-sheets, nor any other Offerings or Signs that testified they were Saints that were buried in them.

That's right, said *Sancho*, now tell me which is greatest, to raise a dead Man, or to kill a Gyant? That's a plain Case, said *Don Quixote*, to raise a dead Man. There I caught you, quoth *Sancho*, then, the Fame of him that raises the Dead, gives Sight to the Blind, makes the Lame walk, restores Health to the Sick, who has Lamps burning before his Sepulchre, whose Chapel is full of Devout People, who on their Knees worship his Reliques, is greater in this World, and in the next, than ever any of your Heathen Emperors, or Knights Errant left behind them.

I grant you that, quoth *Don Quixote*. Well, answered *Sancho*, this Fame, these Gifts, these Prerogatives, how call ye 'em? Have the Bodies and Reliques of Saints, that, by the Approbation and Consent of our Holy Mother the Church, have their Lamps, their Lights, their Winding-sheets, their Crutches, their Pictures, their Heads of Hair, their Eyes, and Legs, by which they heighten Mens Devotion, and encrease their Christian Fame; Kings carry the Bodies of Saints, or their Reliques on their Shoulders, they kiss the pieces of their Bones, and adorn, and enrich their Chapels, and their most precious Altars with them.

What will you have me infer from all this, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*? I mean, said *Sancho*, that we endeavour to be Saints, and we shall the sooner obtain that Fame we look after: And let me tell you, Sir, that Yesterday or t'other Day, for so I may say, (it being not long since) there were two

poor

* These things hang in Chapels, where miraculous Cures are said to have been perform'd.

poor barefooted Friars canonized or beatified, and now many think themselves happy, to kiss or touch those Iron Chains with which they girt and tormented their Bodies, and they are more revered, than is, as I said, *Orlando's* Sword in the Armory of our Sovereign Lord the King, God save him: So that, Master of mine, it is better to be a poor Friar, of what Order soever, than a valiant Knight Errant: A Dozen or two of Lashes are more pleasing to God, than two thousand Thrusts with the Launce, whether they be given to Giants, to Spirits, or Hobgoblins.

All this is true, answered *Don Quixote*, but all cannot be Friars, and God Almighty has many ways, by which he carries his Elect to Heaven: Knighthood is a religious Order, and there are many Knights Saints in Heaven. That may be, said *Sancho*, but I have heard, there are more Friars there, than Knights Errant. That is, quoth *Don Quixote*, because the Religious are more numerous than the Knights. But are there many Knights Errant, said *Sancho*. Many indeed, quoth *Don Quixote*, but few that deserve the Name.

In these and such like Discourses they spent the whole Night, and the next Day, without lighting upon any thing, worth relating, at which, *Don Quixote* was not a little concern'd: At last, the next Day toward Night they discovered the goodly City of *Toboso*, at which Sight *Don Quixote's* Spirits were reviv'd, but *Sancho's* cast down, because he knew not *Dulcinea's* House or ever saw her in his Life, any more than his Master had done, so that they were both in Confusion, the one desiring to see her, and the other because he had never seen her, and *Sancho* knew not how to do, if his Master should send him to *Toboso*: But *Don Quixote* resolving to enter the City in the Night, till the time came they staid among some Oaks that were near *Toboso*; and the prefixed Moment being come, they entered the City, where they lighted upon things indeed.

C H A P. IX.

Which relates what you'll see when you read it.

IT was just about Midnight when *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* left the Wood and entered *Toboso*: The Town was hush'd, for all the Inhabitants were asleep, and took their rest stretch'd out in their Beds. The Night was somewhat bright,

the

tho' *Sancho* wish'd it had been quite Dark, that the Darkneſs might excuſe his Folly. Nothing was heard in the whole Town but the barking of Dogs, which thunder'd in *Don Quixote's* Ears, and perplex'd *Sancho* to the Heart. Now and then an Aſs bray'd, Hogs grunted, and Cats mew'd, which different Sounds were increas'd by the ſtillneſs of the Night; and by the enamour'd Knight look'd upon as ill Omens: however he ſaid to *Sancho*, Son *Sancho*, Guide to *Dulcinea's* Palace; it may be we ſhall find her awake. Body of the Sun, quoth *Sancho*, to what Palace ſhall I guide? For when I ſaw her Highneſs it was in a little Houſe. Belike, quoth *Don Quixote*, ſhe was retired into ſome corner of her Palace to ſolace her ſelf in private with her Damſels, as great Ladies and Princeſſes uſe to do. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, ſince, whether I will or no, you will have my Miſtreſs *Dulcinea's* Houſe to be a Palace; Do you think this to be a fit time of Night to find the Door open? Do you think it fit that we bounce that they may hear and let us in, to diſquiet the whole Town? Are we going to a Bawdy-Houſe think ye, like your Whore-Maſters that come and call, and enter at what Hour they pleaſe, tho' it be never ſo late? Firſt of all, to make one thing ſure, let's find the Palace, replied *Don Quixote*, and then *Sancho* I'll tell thee what's fit to be done: and look, *Sancho*, either my Sight fails me, or that great Bulk and Shadow we ſee is *Dulcinea's* Palace.

Then lead on Sir, ſaid *Sancho*, perhaps it is ſo, tho' if I ſee it with my Eyes, and feel it with my Hands, I ſhall believe it as much as I believe it is now Day. *Don Quixote* led on, and having gone about Two Hundred Paces lighted on the Bulk that made the Shadow, and ſaw a great Steeple, and then he perceiv'd it was not a Palace, but the chief Church in the Town. Then ſaid he, *Sancho*, we are come to the Church. I ſee it very well, quoth *Sancho*, and I pray God we come not to our Graves: For it is no good Sign to haunt Church-Yards ſo late, eſpecially ſince I told you, as I remember, that this Ladies Houſe is in a little Alley that is no thoroughfare. God's Curſe light on thee, Block-head, ſaid *Don Quixote*, where haſt thou ever found, that Kings Houſes and Palaces are built in blind Allies? Sir, quoth *Sancho*, every Country has its particular Faſhions: It may be here in *Toboſo*, it is the Cuſtom to build Palaces and great Houſes in Allies, and therefore pray, Sir, give me leave to look up and down the Streets or Lanes that lie in my way, and it may be in ſome corner I may light upon this Palace, the Devil take it, that thus plagues and torments us. Speak mannerly

Sancho,

Sancho, quoth *Don Quixote*, of my Miſtreſſes things, and let's be Merry and Wiſe, and caſt not the Rope after the Bucket.

I will curb my ſelf, ſaid *Sancho*, but how can I endure, to think you will needs have me at all times to know my Ladies Houſe which I never ſaw but once, and to find it at Midnight, when you, who perhaps have ſeen it a Million of times, cannot find it? *Sancho*, thou wilt diſtract me, quoth *Don Quixote*, come hither Heretick. Have not I told thee a Thouſand times that I never ſaw the Peerleſs *Dulcinea*, nor ever croſſed the Threshold of her Palace, and that I am in love with her only by hearſay, and the great Fame of her Beauty and Diſcretion? Why now I hear you, ſaid *Sancho*, and ſince you ſay, you have never ſeen her; no more did I neither.

That can't be, ſaid *Don Quixote*, for you told me at leaſt, that you had ſeen her winnowing of Wheat, when you brought me the Answer of the Letter I ſent by you. Ne'er ſtand upon that, ſaid *Sancho*, for let me tell you, that I only ſaw her by hearſay too, and ſo was the Answer I brought: For I know the Lady *Dulcinea* no more than I can kick the Moon. *Sancho*, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, there's a time to jeſt, and a time when Jeſts are impertinent. Tho' I ſay, I have neither ſeen, nor ſpoken with the Miſtreſs of my Soul, thou ought'ſt not to ſay thou haſt neither ſeen nor ſpoken with her, it being otherwiſe, as thou knoweſt. Whiſt they were in this Diſcourſe, they ſaw one paſſing by them with two Mules, and by the Noiſe the Plough made which dragged upon the Ground, they judg'd it was ſome Husband-man that roſe by break of Day, to go to his Tillage, and ſo it was. As he came he ſang the Ballad of the Deſeat of the French at * *Roncesvalles*. May I be hang'd, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, as ſoon as he heard him, if we have any good Luck to Night. Don't you hear what this Bumpkin ſays? I do hear it, ſaid *Sancho*; but what do's the Chafe of *Roncesvalles* concern us? 'Tis no more than if he had ſung the Ballad of *Calaynos*, and all one, for our good or ill Luck in this Buſineſs.

By this the Plough-man came up to them, and *Don Quixote* ask'd of him: Can you tell me Friend, ſo God give you good Luck, which is the Palace of the Peerleſs Princeſs *Dulcinea del Toboſo*? Sir, answered the Young Man, I am a Stranger, and have lived but a few Days in this Town, and ſerve a rich

Husband-

* The Ballad of *Roncesvalles*, is a doleful melancholy Song like to Chivy-Chafe, which is the Reaſon why it is look'd upon as Ominous, by Superſtitious Fools.

Husbandman, to till his Ground ; here , over-against you, live the Curate and the Sexton, any of them can give you an Account of that Lady Princess, as having a List of all the Inhabitants of *Toboso* ; tho' I think there is no Princess at all lives here, but there are many Ladies of Quality, each of which may be a Princess in her own House. Why Friend, quoth *Don Quixote*, it may be she I ask for is amongst those. It may be so, said the Fellow, and God speed you, for now it begins to be Day peep ; and switching his Mules, he staid for no more Questions.

Sancho, seeing his Master musing and dissatisfy'd, said to him, Sir, The Day comes on apace, and it will not be fit we should be in the Street when the Sun rises. It is better for us to go out of the City, and that you lie conceal'd in some Grove hereabouts, and I will come back, and not leave a by-Corner in all this Town, but what I will search for the House, Castle, or Palace of my Lady, and it were ill Luck if I should not find her, and when found, I will speak with her and let her know where, and how I left you, expecting her Order and Direction, how you may see her, without any manner of Prejudice to her Honour and good Name.

Sancho, said *Don Quixote*, thou hast spoken a Thousand Sentences, in these few Words: The Advice thou hast now given me I approve of, and most lovingly accept : Come Son, let us go seek for a Place where I may lie hid among the Trees, and thou shalt return, as thou sayest, to seek, to see, and to speak with my Mistress, from whose Discretion and Courtesie, I hope for a Thousand miraculous Favours. *Sancho* was upon Thorns till he had drawn his Master from the Town, lest he should find out the Lye in the Answer he had carried him from *Dulcinea* to *Sierra Morena*. So he hasten'd him to be gone, which was presently done, and about Two Miles from the Town, they found a Forrest or Wood, where *Don Quixote* went aside ; and *Sancho* return'd to the City to speak with *Dulcinea*, in which Embassy Matters betel him that require a fresh Attention, and a fresh Faith.

C H A P. X.

How Sancho cunningly enchanted the Lady Dulcinea, with other Passages, as ridiculous as true.



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fol: 49.

THE Author of this History coming to relate what he does in this Chapter, says, He would willingly have passed it over in silence, as fearing not to be believ'd; because here *Don Quixote's* Madness did exceed, and went at least two flight-shots beyond what can be imagin'd: Yet notwithstanding all this Fear and Apprehension, he set it down as the other acted it, without adding or diminishing the least jot of Truth in the History, not valuing any thing that might be objected against him as a Liar: And he was in the right, for *Truth may be blam'd, but it shall never be sham'd*, and it will bear up above Falshood, as Oil swims upon Water; and so prosecuting his History, he says, That when *Don Quixote* had withdrawn himself into the Forest or Wood near the grand *Toboso*: He commanded *Sancho* to return to the City, and not to come to his Presence, without he had first spoken to his Mistress from him, beseeching her that she would please to be teen by her Captive Knight, and vouchsafe to bestow her Blessing on him, that by it he might hope for a prosperous Success in all his onsets and dangerous Enterprizes. *Sancho* took on him to fulfil his Command, and to bring him now as good an Answer as the former.

Go Lad, said *Don Quixote*, and be not daunted when thou com'st before the Beams of the Sun of Beauty, which thou art going to meet: Oh happy thou above all the Squires in World! be mindful, and forget not how she receives thee; whether she blush just at the Instant when thou deliver'st my Embassy; whether she be mov'd and troubled when she hears my Name; and whether her * Cushion cannot hold her, if she be sitting under her Canopy of State: And if she be standing, mark her whether she stands sometimes upon one Foot and sometimes upon another; whether she repeats the Answer she gives thee twice or thrice over; or change it from

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* The Ladies in Spain all sit upon Cushions, which are at one end of the Room, on a Place lifted about half a Foot from the Floor, called *Estrado*; the Word here us'd in the Spanish, but there being never a Word to express it in English, I have turn'd it the best I could.

mild to harsh, from cruel to amorous; whether she seem to order her Hair, tho' it be not disorder'd: Lastly, observe all her Actions and Gestures; for if thou relate them just as they were, I shall guess what is hidden in her Heart, as far as concerns my Love: for know *Sancho*, if thou know'st it not, that among Lovers, the Actions and outward Motions which appear (when Love is treated of) are the certain Messengers that bring News of what passes within. Go Friend, and better Fortune guide thee than mine, and send thee better Success than I can expect 'twixt Hope and Fear in this uncouth Solitude in which thou leavest me.

I go, said *Sancho*, and will return quickly: and do you, Sir, give that little Heart of yours a Loose, for I dare say it is now no bigger than a Halle-nut; and consider it is an old Saying, that *Faint heart never won fair Lady* and *Valiant mens Locks prevail more than Cowards Swords*, and where we least expect it, there goes the *Hare away*. This I say, because tho last night we found not my Lady's Castle or Palace; now it is day I expect to find it, when I least think on't: and when I have found it, let me alone to deal with her. Truly *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I hope God will give me better luck in my Undertakings than thou hast in applying thy Proverbs.

This said, *Sancho* turned his back and switched his Dapple, and *Don Quixote* staid a Horse-back, easing himself on his Stirrups, and leaning on his Lance, full of sorrowful and confused Thoughts; where we will leave him, and go along with *Sancho*, who parted from his Master no less troubled and pensive than he, insomuch that he was scarce out of the Wood, when turning his Face, and perceiving that *Don Quixote* was out of sight, he alighted from his Ass, and sitting down at the foot of a Tree, he began to discourse thus to himself, and say, Now Friend *Sancho*, I pray let's know, Whither is your Worship going? To seek some Ass you have lost? No truly. Well, what is it you seek for? I seek (a matter of nothing) a Princess, and in her the Sun of Beauty, and all Heaven together. And where do you think to find this you speak of, *Sancho*? Where? why in the great City of *Toboso*. Well, and from whom do you seek her? From the most famous Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he that undoes Wrongs, gives the Thirsty Meat, and the Hungry Drink. All this is well. And do you know her House, *Sancho*? My Master says, it is a Royal Palace, or a stately Castle. And have you ever seen her trow? Neither he nor I ever did. And do you think it were well, that the Men of *Toboso* should know that you were here to entice away their Princesses, and to debauch their Ladies, and should

should come and grind your Ribs, and leave you never a sound Bone? Indeed they would be much in the right on't, unless they should consider thou art under Command, and but a Messenger, and therefore art not in a Fault, no not at all. Trust not to that *Sancho*; for your *Manchegan* People are as hasty as they are honest, and don't, love to be jested with. By the Lord, if they smoak you, you are sure to pay for't. Ware Hawk, ware Hawk. It were a wise thing of me to run my fingers into the Fire for another Man's Pleasure; and the best on't is, I had as good look for a Needle in a Bottle of Hay, or enquire for a Scholar at the University, as for *Dulcinea* at *Toboso*. The Devil, and none but the Devil, has put me upon this Business. Thus *Sancho* expostulated with himself, and the Sequel was, that he again said to himself, Well, There is a Remedy for all things but Death, to whole Yoke we must all submit, in spite of us, when Life ends. I have found by a thousand Signs and Tokens I have observ'd, that this Master of mine is a down right Madman, and I come not a whit short of him, and am the greater Coxcomb of the two, for following and serving him, if the Proverb be true that says, *Trim Tram, Like Master, like Man*; and another, *Thou art known by him that does thee feed, not by him that does thee breed*. He being thus mad then, and subject, out of Madness, to mistake one thing for another, to take black for white, and white for black, as appeared, when he said the Wind-mills were Giants, the Friars Mules, Dromedaries, and the flocks of Sheep Armies of Enemies, and much more to this tune; it will not be hard to make him believe, that some Husbandman's Daughter, the first I meet with, is the Lady *Dulcinea*: and if he believe it not, I'll swear; and if he swear, I'll out-swear him; and if he be positive, I'll be so too; so that I will stand to my tackling, come what will on it. Perhaps my Obstinacy may so far prevail upon him, that he will send me no more upon such Messages, seeing what a bad Account I give of them, or it may be he'll think that some wicked Enchanter, one of those he says persecute him, has chang'd her Shape to vex him.

This Contrivance restor'd Peace to *Sancho's* Thoughts, and he doubted not of the Success of his Business; and so staying there till it grew to be towards the Evening, that *Don Quixote* might think he spent so much time in going and coming from *Toboso*, all fell out happily for him; for when he got up to mount Dapple, he saw three Country Wenches coming towards him from *Toboso*, upon three Ass Colts, whether Male or Female the Author declares not, tho' it is likely they were She-Asses, they being the Beasts those Country Women usu-

ally ride on: but because it is not very pertinent to the Story, we need not stand much upon deciding that point. In fine, when *Sancho* saw the three Country Wenches, he turned back apace to find out his Master *Don Quixote*; and found him sighing, and uttering a thousand amorous Lamentations.

As soon as *Don Quixote* saw him, he said, How now Friend *Sancho*? May I mark this Day with a white or a black Stone? 'Twere fitter, quoth *Sancho*, you would mark it with Red-Oker, as the Inscriptions are upon Professors Chairs, that they may plainly read that see them. Belike then (quoth *Don Quixote*) thou bring'st good News. So good, said *Sancho*, that you need only spur *Rozinante*, and go out to the Plain to see the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, with two Damsels waiting on her, coming to see your worship. Blessed God! Friend *Sancho*, what sayst thou, quoth *Don Quixote*? See thou deceive me not with thy false Mirth to glad my true Sorrow.

What should I get by deceiving you, quoth *Sancho*, especially when you are so near discovering the Truth? Spur, Sir, ride on, and you shall see our Mistress, the Princess, coming, clad indeed and adorned like her self: She and her Damsels are all over nothing but Gold; they are all ropes of Pearls; all Diamonds; all Rubies; all Cloth of Gold, ten Stories high at least; their Hair hanging loose over their Shoulders, like so many Sun beams playing in the Wind; and besides, they are mounted upon three Flea-bitten rambling Hags, the bravest that ever were seen. Ambling Nags thou meanest, *Sancho*. There is little difference, reply'd *Sancho*, betwixt Rambling Hags and Ambling Nags; but whatever they come upon, they are the bravest Ladies that can be imagined, especially my Lady the Princess *Dulcinea*, that dazzles the Senses.

Let's go, Son *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; and as a Reward for this unlook'd-for good News, I bequeath to thee the best Spoil I get in our next Adventure; and if this content thee not. I give thee my this years Colts by my three Mares thou know'st I have ready to foal in our Town Common. The Colts I like, quoth *Sancho*, for I am not very sure the Spoils of the first Adventure will be good. By this they came out of the Wood, and saw the three Country Wenches near them. *Don Quixote* stretch'd his eyes all over *Toboso* way, and seeing none but the three Wenches, was somewhat troubled, and ask'd *Sancho*, whether he had left them coming out of the City. How, out of the City, quoth *Sancho*; are your eyes in your heels, that you see them not coming here, shining as bright as the Sun at Noon-day? I see none, said he, but three Wenches upon three Asses.

Well,

Well, God deliver me from the Devil (quoth *Sancho*;) why is it possible that three Nags, or how call ye 'em, as white as Snow, should appear to you to be Asses? By the Lord I will tear my Beard if that be so. Well, I tell you, Friend *Sancho*, 'tis as sure they are He or She Asses as that I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and thou *Sancho Pança*; at least to me they seem so.

Peace, Sir, (quoth *Sancho*) don't say so, but snuff your Eyes, and come and reverence the Mistress of your Thoughts, for now she draws near: and so saying, he advanced to meet the three Country Wenches; and alighting from Dapple, took one of their Asses by the Halter, and falling upon his knees said, Queen, Princess, and Dutchess of Beauty, let your Haughtiness and Greatness be pleas'd to receive into your Grace and Good-liking, your captive Knight that is yonder turn'd into Marble, all amazed and without Pulse or Motion, to see himself before your magnificent Presence. I am *Sancho Pança* his Squire, and he is the Way-beaten Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise called, The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect.

By this time *Don Quixote* was on his knees by *Sancho*, and beheld with sad and disconsolate eyes, her that *Sancho* called Queen and Lady; and not seeing any thing in her but a plain Country Wench, and not very well-favour'd, (for she was blub-fac'd, and flat-nos'd) he was amaz'd, and durst not once open his lips. The Wenches too were astonish'd, to see those two so different Men upon their knees, and that they would not let their Companion go forward. But she that was staid, in a Pet and Huff, broke silence first, saying, Get you out of the way with a mischief, and let's be gone, for we are in haste.

To which *Sancho* answer'd, Oh Princess and universal Lady of *Toboso*, why does not your magnanimous Heart relent, seeing the Pillar and Prop of Knight Errantry prostrate before your sublimated Presence? Which when one of the other two heard, she said, Hoy day! what have we got here I trow? Look how the Yonkers come to mock at poor Country Girls, as if we knew not how to return their Flouts upon them: get you gone your way, and leave us, you had best. Rise *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; at this instant, for I perceive now, that my ill Fortune, not satisfied with my Mistortunes, has shut up all the Passages through which any Satisfaction might come to this my wretched Soul within my Flesh. Oh thou highest pitch of all worth that can be desired, utmost extent of all humane Beauty, and only comfort of this my afflicted

Heart that adores thee, now that the wicked Enchanter persecutes me, and has put Clouds and Cataracts over my eyes; and for them only, and none else, has transform'd and chang'd thy peerless Beauty and Face into the Face of a poor Country Wench; if so be he has not turned mine into some Hobgoblin, to make it loathsome in thy sight, look on me pleasing and amorously, perceiving by this submission and kneeling which I use to thy disguis'd Beauty, the Humility with which my Soul adores thee.

Marry come up, quoth the Country Wench, I care much for your Courtship. Get you gone, and let us go, and we shall be beholding to you. *Sancho* stood aside, and let her pass, being glad at his heart that he had sped so well with his Device. The Country Wench that played *Dulcinea's* part was no sooner free, but pricking her Nag with a Goad she had in a Staff, she began to scour along the Field; and the *Afs* feeling the point of the Goad, which was nearer drove than usual, began to wince and fly about in such manner, that down came my Lady *Dulcinea*: which when *Don Quixote* saw, he came to help her up, and *Sancho* went to order and gird her Pack-saddle, that hung at the *Afs's* Belly; which being fitted, and *Don Quixote* about to lift his enchanted Mistress in his Arms to her *Afs*, she being now got upon her Legs, saved him that Labour; for stepping a little back, she fetch'd a Run, and clapping both her hands upon the *Afs's* Crupper, lighted, as nimble as a Hawk, upon the Pack-saddle, and sat astride like a Man.

By the Lord *Harry*, said *Sancho*, our Lady Mistress is as nimble as an Eel, and may teach the best Jockey of *Cordova* or *Mexico* to mount a horseback. At one spring she has leapt over the Crupper, and without Spurs makes the Nag run like a Lapwing, and her Damsels come not short of her, for they fly like the Wind. And he said true; for when *Dulcinea* was once mounted, they all made after her, and set a running for two miles without looking behind them.

Don Quixote still look'd after them: but when they were out of sight, turning to *Sancho*, said; *Sancho*, what think'st thou? How these Inchanters hate me? See how far their Malice extends, and the Spight they bear me, since they have deprived me of the Happiness I should have received in seeing my Mistress in her true Figure. Indeed I was born to be an Example of unfortunate Men, to be the Mark and Butt, at which Ill-fortune should aim all her Arrows. And thou must note *Sancho*, that these Inchanters were not satisfy'd with enchanting and transforming my *Dulcinea*, but they did it into

fo

so vile and deform'd a Shape as is that of the Country Wench; and withal, they have taken from her that which is so proper to her and great Ladies, that is, her sweet scent of Flowers and Amber: for let me tell thee, *Sancho*, that when I went to help *Dulcinea* upon her Nag (as thou say'st it was, which to me seem'd to be a She-*Afs*) she gave me such a whiff of raw Garlick as pierc'd and intoxicated my Brain.

O base Rout, cried out *Sancho* at this time! Oh dismal and ill-minded Inchanters! that I might see you all strung up together by the Gills, like Pilchers in the Smoak. You are cunning, powerful, and active: it had been enough for you Rascals, to have turn'd the Pearls of my Ladies eyes into Corky Galls, and her most pure golden Hair into Bristles of a red Oxes Tail; and finally, all her Features from good to bad, without meddling with her Breath; for by that alone we might have guess'd what lay conceal'd under that coarse outside; tho, to speak the truth, I never saw her Coarseness, but her Beauty, which was infinitely encreased by a Mole she has upon her lip, like a Mostacho, with seven or eight red hairs like threads of Gold, and above a handful long. According as usually the Moles of the Body answer to those on the Face, quoth *Don Quixote*, she must have another on the brawn of her Thigh, which is opposite to that side of her Face where the Mole is: but such hairs as thou talk'st of are of a great length for Moles. Well, I can tell you (quoth *Sancho*) that there they appear'd, as if they had been born with her. I believe it Friend, replied *Don Quixote*; for Nature could form nothing in *Dulcinea* but what was perfect and compleat; and so, tho she had an hundred Moles, as well as that one thou saw'st in her, they were not Moles, but Moons and bright Stars.

But tell me *Sancho*, that which thou did'st set on, which seem'd to me to be a Side-saddle, was it a Pillion or a Side-saddle? It was, said *Sancho*, a Pad-saddle, with a field Covering, worth half a Kingdom, it is so rich. And could not I, quoth *Don Quixote*, see all this? Well, I say again, and will say it a thousand times I am the unhappiest Man alive. The arch Rogue *Sancho* had enough to do to forbear laughing to hear the Nonsense of his Master, who was so delicately gull'd. In short, after much more Discourse had pass'd betwixt them, they both got upon their Beasts, and took the way to *Zaragoza*, whither they thought they should come in good time, to be present at very solemn Sports that are yearly in that noble City. But before they came thither, things befel them, which because they are many, famous, and strange, deserve to be written and read, as shall be seen hereafter.

C H A P. XI.

Of the strange Adventure that befel Don Quixote, with the Cart or Waggon of the Parliament of Death.

Don Quixote went on, wonderful pensive, to think what a shrewd Trick the Enchanters had played him, in changing his Mistress *Dulcinea* into the rustick shape of a Country Wench; and could not imagine what means to use to bring her to her pristine Being: and these Thoughts so distracted him, that without minding it, he gave *Rozinante* the Reins, who perceiving the liberty he had, stop'd at every turn to feed upon the green Grass, of which there was plenty in those Fields. But *Sancho* put him out of his Maze, saying, Sir, Sorrow was not made for Beasts, but Men; yet if Men exceed in it, they become Beasts. Pray Sir recollect and come to your self, and pluck up *Rozinante's* Reins, revive and cheer up, shew the Bravery that becomes a Knight Errant. What a Devil's the matter? What Faintness is this? Are we dreaming on a dry Summer? Now a Pox take all the *Dulcinea's* in the World, since the Welfare of one only Knight Errant is more worth than all the Enchantments and Transformations upon the face of the Earth.

Peace *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, with a Voice now not very faint; Peace, I say, and speak no Blasphemies against that enchanted Lady; for I alone am to blame for her Misfortune and Unhappiness: her Disaster proceeds from the Envy Enchanters bear me. So say I too, quoth *Sancho*, for what Heart sees her now, that saw her before, and does not deplore? Thou may'st well say so *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, since thou sawest her in the full extent of her Beauty, and the Enchantment dimm'd not thy sight, or conceal'd her Perfections from thee. Against me alone, and against my eyes, is the force of their Venom levell'd. But for all that, *Sancho*, I have hit upon one thing, which is, that thou didst ill describe her Beauty to me; for if I forget not, thou said'st she had eyes of Pearls: and such eyes are more like the eyes of a Sea-Bream than a fair Ladies; but as I suppose, *Dulcinea's* eyes are like two green Emeralds arch'd over with two celestial Rainbows, that serve them instead of eye-brows. And therefore for your Pearls, take them from her Eyes, and put them to her Teeth: for doubtless *Sancho*, thou mistook'st Eyes for Teeth.



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Chap. II. DON QUIXOTE.

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Teeth. All that may be, said *Sancho*, for her Beauty confounded me as much as her Foulness since has done you ; but leave it all to God, who knows all things that befall us in this Vale of Tears, in this wicked World ; where there is scarce any thing without mixture of Mischief, Imposture, or Villainy. One thing, Sir, troubles me more than all the rest ; to think what means there will be, when you overcome any Giant or other Knight, and command him to present himself before the Beauty of the Lady *Dulcinea*, where this poor Giant, or miserable vanquish'd Knight, shall find her ? Methinks I see 'em go staring up and down *Toboso*, to find my Lady *Dulcinea* ; and tho they should meet her in the middle of the Street, yet they would no more know her than they knew my Father.

It may be *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, her Enchantment will not extend to take from vanquish'd and presented Giants and Knights the knowledge of *Dulcinea* ; and therefore we will make a trial upon one or two of the first I conquer, whether they see her or not, commanding them to return and give me an account how they speed. I say, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I like what you have said very well, and by this Device we shall know what we desire ; and if so be she is only conceal'd from you, your Misfortune is beyond hers : but so my Lady *Dulcinea* be in Health and well pleas'd, we here will agree and make the best of it, seeking our Adventures, and leave the rest to Time, which is the best Physician in this or greater Distempers.

Don Quixote would have answer'd *Sancho Panza* ; but was interrupted by a Wagon that came a-crofs the way, loaden with the most different and strange Figures and Shapes that could be imagin'd. He that guided the Mules, and served for a Wagoner, was an ugly Devil. The Wagon it self was open, without Tilt or Covering. The first Shape that presented it self to *Don Quixote's* eyes, was Death it self, with a humane Face ; next her was an Angel with large painted Wings. On the one side stood an Emperour, with a Crown on his Head, to see to, of Gold. At Death's feet was the God called *Cupid*, not blind-folded, but with his Bow, his Quiver, and Arrows. There was also a Knight compleatly arm'd, only he had no Murrion or Head-piece, but a Hat full of divers colour'd Plumes. Besides these, there were other Persons of sundry Habits and Faces.

All which seen on a sudden in some sort startl'd *Don Quixote*, and affrighted *Sancho* to the heart ; but immediately *Don Quixote* was pleas'd, believing some rare and dangerous Adventure

Adventure was offer'd him; and with this Conceit, and a Mind disposed to attempt any Danger, he plac'd himself before the Waggon, and with a loud and threatening Voice cried out, Carter, Coachman, or Devil, or whatsoe'er thou art, delay not to tell me who thou art? Whither thou goest? And what People these are thou carriest in thy Caravan, which is more like *Charon's Boat*, than the Waggon now in use?

To which the Devil, staying the Cart, calmly replied, Sir, we are Players of *Thomas Angelo's Company*; we have acted a Play, called *The Parliament of Death*, this Morning being the *Octave of Corpus Christi*, in a Town behind the ridge of yonder Mountain, and this Afternoon we are to act it again at the Town you see before us, which being so near, to save a labour of new attiring us, we go in the same Cloaths in which we are to act. That young Man acts *Death*: That an Angel: That Woman, our Poets Wife, the Queen: A fourth there, a Soldier: A fifth the Emperor: And I the Devil, and am one of the chief Actors in the Play, for I have the best part. If you desire to know any thing else of us, ask me, and I shall answer you most punctually; for as I am a Devil, nothing is unknown to me.

By the Faith of a Knight Errant, said *Don Quixote*, as soon as ever I saw this Waggon, I imagin'd some strange Adventure towards; and now I say it is requisite, not only to see, but handle things, that we may not be deceiv'd by Appearances. God be with you good People, act your Play, and see whether you will command any thing wherein I may be serviceable to you; for I will do it most cheerfully and willingly: For since I was a Boy, I ever lov'd Shews, and in my Youth was always fond of Plays.

Whilst they were thus discoursing, it fell out, that one of the Company came towards them, clad for the Fool in the Play, with Morrice Bells, and at the end of a Stick he had three Cows Bladders, full blown, who thus mask'd, running toward *Don Quixote*, began to fence with his Cudgel, and to thwack the Bladders upon the Ground, and to frisk with his Bells in the Air; which dreadful Sight so startl'd *Rozinante*, that *Don Quixote* not being able to hold him in, for he had gotten the Bridle betwixt his Teeth, he fell a running up and down the Field, much swifter than his anatomiz'd Bones made shew for.

Sancho, who consider'd in what Danger, of being thrown, his Master might be, leapt from Dapple, and with all speed ran to help him; but by that time he came to him, he was upon the Ground, and *Rozinante* by him; for they both tumbled

bled together. This was the common End of *Rozinante's* Frolics and Boldness: No sooner had *Sancho* quitted his Steed to come to *Don Quixote*, but the dancing Devil with the Bladders leapt on Dapple, and clapping him with them, the Fear and Noise more than the Blows, made him fly thorough the Field, towards the Place where they were to act. *Sancho* beheld Dapple's career and his Masters fall, and knew not whom first to relieve: But yet, like a good Squire and faithful Servant, his Master's Love prevail'd with him above the Care of his Ass: tho' every time the Bladders were lifted and fell on Dapple's Buttocks, it went to his Heart, and he had rather those Blows had lighted on his Eye-Balls, than on the least Hair of his Ass's Tail.

In this Perplexity he came to *Don Quixote*, who was in a great deal worse plight than he could have wish'd; and helping him on *Rozinante* said, Sir, the Devil hath carried away Dapple. What Devil (quoth *Don Quixote*?) He with the Bladders, replied *Sancho*. Well, I'll recover him, said *Don Quixote*, tho' he should lock him up with him in the darkest and deepest dungeon of Hell: Follow me *Sancho*, for the Waggon goes but slowly, and the Mules shall pay for the Loss of Dapple. There is no need, said *Sancho*, temper your Choler, for now I see the Devil has left Dapple, and follows on his way: And he said true, for the Devil having fallen with Dapple, to imitate *Don Quixote* and *Rozinante*, went a Foot to the Town, and the Ass came back to his Master.

For all that, said *Don Quixote*, it were fit to take Revenge of the Devil's Unmannerliness upon some of those in the Waggon, even of the Emperor himself. Oh never think of any such matter, said *Sancho*, and take my Counsel, that is, Never to meddle with Players, for they are a People mightily belov'd: I have known one of 'em in Prison for two Murders, and yet he escap'd Scot-free: Know this, Sir, That as they are Merry Jovial Lads; all Men love, esteem, and aid them, especially if they be the King's Players, or others of Note, for those in their Fashion and Garb are all like Gentlemen.

For all that, said *Don Quixote*, the Devil Actor shall not scape Scot-free, tho' all Mankind assist him: And so saying, he got to the Waggon, that was now somewhat near the Town, crying out as he went, Hold, stay, merry Greeks, for I'll make ye know how to deal with the Asses and Beasts, on which the Squires of Knights Errant ride. *Don Quixote's* Noise was such, that those in the Waggon heard it; and guessing

gueffing at his Design by his Talk, in an instant Death leapt out of the Cart, and after her the Emperor, the Devil Waggoner, the Angel, and the Queen too, with little *Cupid*, all of them took up their share of Stones, and drew up in a Line, expecting to receive *Don Quixote* upon the Points of their Pebbles.

Don Quixote, seeing them in such Order, with their Arms lifted up, ready furiously to discharge their Stones, held in *Rozinante*, and began to consider how he should set upon them with least Hazard to his Person. Whil'st he thus staid, *Sancho* came to him, and seeing him ready to give the onset said; 'Tis a meer Madness, Sir, to attempt this Enterprize: I pray consider, that no defensive Armour is proof against Stones and Brickbats, unless you thrust your self into a Bra's Bell: And consider too, that 'tis rather Rashness than Valour, for one Man alone to set upon an Army where Death is, where Emperors fight in Person, and where good and bad Angels are assisting. And if this Consideration be not sufficient, may it move you to know; That amongst all there, tho' they seem to be Kings, Princes, and Emperors, yet there is not so much as one Knight Errant.

Now thou hast hit upon the Point, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that may alter my Resolution: I neither can nor must draw my Soul, as I have often told thee, against any that are not Knights Errant. It concerns thee, *Sancho*, if thou meanest to be reveng'd for the Wrong done to thy As, and I will encourage thee, and from hence give thee wholesome Instructions. There needs no being reveng'd of any Body, said *Sancho*, for there is no Christianity in it; besides, I will prevail upon my As, to refer this Wrong to my Will; which is to live peaceably and quietly, as long as Heaven shall be pleas'd to afford me Life.

Since thou art so resolv'd, said *Don Quixote*, honest, wise, discreet, Christian-like, pure *Sancho*, let us leave these Dreams, and seek other better and more real Adventures; for I see this Country is like to afford us many miraculous Ones. So he turn'd *Rozinante*'s Reins, and *Sancho* took his Dapple, Death with all the flying Squadron return'd to the Waggon, and went on their Journey. This was the happy End of the Waggon of Death's Adventure; thanks to the good Advice *Sancho Panza* gave his Master; to whom the Day after there hapned another Adventure, no less pleasant, with a Knight Errant that was in love as well as he.

C H A P. XII.

Of the rare Adventure happen'd to the valiant Don Quixote with the bold Knight of the Looking-Glasses.

Don Quixote and his Squire spent the ensuing Night, after their Deaths encounter, under certain high and shady Trees, *Don Quixote* having first, at *Sancho*'s Request, eaten some of the Provision that came upon Dapple; and as they were at Supper, *Sancho* said to his Master, Sir, What an As had I been, had I chosen for a Reward, the Spoils of your first Adventure, rather than the breed of the three Mares? Indeed, indeed, *A Bird in Hand, is worth two in the Bush*. For all that, quoth *Don Quixote*, if thou, *Sancho*, hadst let me give the On-set, as I desired, thou hadst had to thy share, at least, the Empress's golden Crown, and *Cupid*'s painted Wings, for I had taken 'em away by force, and deliver'd them to thee. Your Players Scepters, and Emperors Crowns, said *Sancho*, are never of pure Gold, but Tinn gilt. 'Tis true, answered *Don Quixote*, for it were not proper that the Ornaments of the Stage should be real, but counterfeit and in outward show, as the Play it self is, which I would have thee, *Sancho*, to value, and consequently the Actors too, and the Poets, because they are the Instruments of much good to a Commonwealth, being like Mirrors, representing the Actions of humane Life most exactly, and there is no Comparison that so truly represents to us, what we are, or what we ought to be, as Comedy and Comedians do: For tell me; Hast not thou seen a Play acted, in which there are Kings, Emperors, Bishops, Knights, Ladies, and other Persons? One acts a Russian, another the Cheat, this Man a Merchant, the other a Soldier, one a crafty Fool, another a foolish Lover: And the Play ended, and the Dress laid aside, all the Actors are equal.

Yes marry have I, quoth *Sancho*. Why, the same thing, said *Don Quixote*, happens in the Comedy and Theatre of this World, where some play the Emperors, others the Bishops; and lastly, all the Parts that can be in a Comedy: But at the end, that is, the end of our Life, Death takes away all the Robes that made them differ, and at their Burial they are equal. A brave Comparison, quoth *Sancho*, but not so new to me, who have heard it often, as that of the Chess-board, where while the Game lasts every Pawn has its particular Motion;

Motion; and the Game ended, they are all mingled and shuffled together, and cast into a Bag, which is like Life ending in the Grave. Every Day, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, thou growest wiser and wiser. There is no doubt, said *Sancho*, but that your Wisdom makes some Impression upon me, for those Lands which are naturally dry and barren, being dung'd and manur'd, come in time to produce good Crops. I mean that your Discourses have been the Dung that has been cast upon the dry Ground of my barren Wit; and the time I have serv'd and convers'd with you, the Tillage, which I hope will produce a happy Crop, and such as may not deviate from the Paths of good Manners, which you have made in my ripe Understanding. *Don Quixote* laughed at *Sancho's* affected Words, and thought that what he had said touching his Reformation was true; for now and then he admired his talk, tho' for the most part, when *Sancho* spoke wisely, or like a Courtier, he concluded tumbling down from the Mountain of his Simplicity, into the deep abyss of his Ignorance, but that wherein he most exerted his Elegancy and good Memory, was in whipping out of Proverbs, whether they were to the Purpose or no, as may have been seen and observ'd in this History. A great part of the Night they spent in this and such like Discourse, but *Sancho* had a great mind to let fall the Pert-cullices, as he called them, of his Eyes, and sleep; and so undressing his Dapple, he turned him freely to graze: With *Roxinante's* Saddle he medled not, for it was his Master's expresse Command, that whilst they were in the Field or slept not within Doors, he should not unsaddle him; it being an ancient Custom observ'd by Knights Errant, to take the Bridle and hang it at the Saddle-Pommel; but beware taking away the Saddle, which *Sancho* observ'd, and gave him the same Liberty as to his Dapple, whose Friendship with *Roxinante* was so singular and sincere, that the Report goes by Tradition from Father to Son, that the Author of this true History made particular Chapters of it, but that to keep the Decency and Decorum due to so Heroick a Story, he omitted them, tho' sometimes he forgets his Purpose, and writes, that as the two Beasts were together, they would scratch one another, and when weary and satisfied, *Roxinante* would cross his Throat over Dapple's Neck at least half a Yard over the other side; and both of them looking wistly on the Ground, they would stand thus three Days together, at least as long as they were let alone, or till Hunger compell'd them to look after their Provender. I say, 'tis reported, That the Author in his Story, compar-

red

red them, for their Friendship, to *Nisus* and *Eurialus*, to *Pilades* and *Orestes*, which if so, it will appear, to the general Admiration, how firm and stedfast the Friendship of these two peaceable Beasts was to the shame of Men, who so ill observe the Rules of Friendship one among another. Therefore was it said, That *No Friend is true to his Friend, but Mirth is turn'd into a Fray*; as also that, *Where you see your Friend, trust your self*. And let no Man think the Author unreasonable, for comparing the Friendship of these Beasts, to the Friendship of Men; for Men have receiv'd many Instructions from Beasts, and learnt of them many things of moment, as giving Clusters of the Stork, Vomiting of the Dog, Vigilancy of the Cranes, Providence of the Ant, Modesty of the Elephant, and Fidelity of the Horse. At last *Sancho* fell fast a sleep at the Foot of a Cork-Tree, and *Don Quixote* slumber'd under an Oak: But it was not long, before a Noise behind awak'd him, and rising with the Surprise, he look'd and hearkned whence the Noise came, and saw two Men a Horseback, and the one letting himself fall from his Saddle, said to the other; Alight Friend, and unbridle our Horses, for me thinks this Place has Pasture enough for them, and befits the silence and solitude of my amorous Thoughts: Thus he spoke, and stretch'd himself at the same time upon the Ground, but in casting himself down, the Armor he had on made a Noise; a manifest token by which *Don Quixote* understood he was some Knight Errant, and comming to *Sancho*, who was fast asleep, he pluck'd him by the Arm, and having wak'd him with much Difficulty, said to him softly, Friend *Sancho*, we have an Adventure. God grant it be good, quoth *Sancho*, and where is this Lady Adventures-Worship? Where, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, turn thy Head and look, and there thou shalt see a Knight Errant stretch'd out, who, as it appears to me, is not over well pleased for I saw him cast himself from his Horse, and stretch himself on the Ground, with some tokens of Grief, and as he fell, his Armor rattl'd. Why by what do you perceive that this is an Adventure, quoth *Sancho*? I will not say, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that it is altogether an Adventure, but an Introduction to one, for thus Adventures begin. But hark, it seems he is tuning a Lute or Viol, and by his spitting and cleering his Breast, he prepares to sing. In good faith you say right, quoth *Sancho*, and 'tis some amorous Knight. There is no Knight Errant, said *Don Quixote*, that is not so: Let us give ear, and by Circumstances we shall pry into the Labyrinth of his Thoughts, if so be he sings;

For

For out of the Abundance of the Heart, the Tongue speaketh. Sancho would have replied to his Master; But the Knight of the Wood's Voice, which was but so so, hindred him, and whilst they two stood amaz'd, he sung as follows.

SONG.

1.

O'er my Soul, bright Queen of Beauty!
You shall still Triumphant reign,
Give me but some Rule of Duty,
And by Laws your Will explain.

2.

If you bid me silent languish,
Lo! without a Groan I die;
If I may reveal my Anguish,
Love himself shall Words supply.

3.

To whatever shape you turn me
Still my passive Heart complies.
Hot, when Flames of Passion burn me,
In Despair congeal'd to Ice.

4.

Soft as Wax my Soul I render,
Long Iaur'd to suffer Pain,
And to take th' Impression tender;
Hard as Diamonds to retain.

With a deep fetcht, heigh-ho: from the very bottom of his Heart, the Knight of the Wood concluded his Song; and after some pause, with a griev'd and sorrowful Voice utter'd these Words: Oh the fairest and most ungrateful Woman in the World. And is it possible, most excellent *Casildea de Vandalia*, that thou suffer this thy Captive Knight to pine and perish, with continual Peregrinations, with hard and painful Labours? Is it not sufficient, that I have made all the Knights of *Navarre*, of *Leon*, all the *Tartesians*, all the *Castilians* confess thee to be the fairest Lady in the World? Ay, and all the Knights of *La Mancha* too? Not

so;

not so, quoth *Don Quixote*, for I am of *La Mancha*, but never yielded to that, for I neither could nor ought to confess a thing so prejudicial to the Beauty of my Mistress: and thou seest, *Sancho*, that this Knight raves: but let us hear him, it may be, he will yet further unfold himself. Marry will he, quoth *Sancho*, for he talks, as if he would lament a Month together. But it fell out otherwise; for the Knight of the Wood, having over-heard that they talked somewhat near him, ceasing his Complaints, stood up, and in a loud, but courteous Tone, spoke thus, Who's there, who is it? Is it any of the number of the happy, or of the afflicted? Of the afflicted, answered *Don Quixote*. Come to me then, said he of the Wood, and make Account, you come to Sadness, and to Affliction it self. *Don Quixote*, when he heard himself answer'd so tenderly, and so modestly, drew near, and so did *Sancho*. The mournful Knight laid hold on *Don Quixote's* Arm, saying, Sit down, Sir Knight: For to know that you are so, and one that professes Knight Errantry, it is enough that I have found you in this Place, where Solitude, and the cold Night Dews are your Company; and the natural Beds, and proper Places, for Knights Errant to be in: To which *Don Quixote* replied, A Knight I am, and of the Profession you speak of, and tho' Disasters, Misfortunes, and Sorrows, have their proper Seat in my Mind; yet, the Compassion I have for other Mens Griefs, has not left it: By your Complaints I guess yours proceed from Love, I mean, that you love that ungrateful Fair, mentioned in your Complaints. Whilst they were thus discoursing, they sat together lovingly upon the cold Ground, as if by break of Day, they were not to break one anothers Heads. The Knight of the Wood ask'd, Are you happily in love, Sir Knight? Unhappily I am, quoth *Don Quixote*, tho' the Unhappiness that rises from Inclinations well bestow'd, ought rather to be esteem'd a Happiness than otherwise. That's true, replied he of the Wood) if disdain did not vex our Reason and Understanding, which being unmerciful, is more like Revenge. I was never, said *Don Quixote*, disdain'd by my Mistress. No indeed, quoth *Sancho*, who was near them: For my Lady is as gentle as a Lamb, and as soft as Butter. Is this your Squire, said he of the Wood? He is, said *Don Quixote*. I ne'er saw a Squire, replied he of the Wood, that durst prate so boldly before his Master, at least yonder is mine, as big as his Father, and I can prove he never unfolded his Lips, whenever I spoke.

Well y' faith, quoth *Sancho*, I have spoken, and may speak before; as, and perhaps : but let it alone, *The more it is stirr'd, the more it will stink*. The Squire of the Wood took *Sancho* by the hand, saying, Let us go and talk what we list Squire like, and let us leave these Masters of ours; let them buffet one another with the Stories of their Loves: For I warrant you, the Morning will overtake them, before they have done. A God's Name, quoth *Sancho*, and I'll tell you who I am, that you may see whether I may be admitted into the Number of your talking Squires. So the two Squires went aside, between whom there passed as witty a Dialogue, as their Masters was serious.

C H A P. XIII.

Where the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood is prosecuted, with the discreet, rare, and sweet Colloquy that pass'd betwixt the Two Squires.

THE Knights and their Squires were divided, these telling their Lives, they their Loves: And thus says the Story, the Squire of the Wood said to *Sancho*, It is a troublesome Life, Sir, that we the Squires to Knights Errant do lead: For truly we eat our Bread with the sweat of our Brows, which is one of the Curses, God laid upon our first Parents. You may say too, added *Sancho*, that we eat it in the Frost of our Bodies: For who endures more Heats and Colds, than your miserable Squires to Knights Errant? And yet not so bad if we might eat at all, for *Good Fare lessens Care*: But sometimes it happens, that we are two Days without tasting any thing but the Air that blows on us. All this is made tolerable, quoth he of the Wood, by the Hope we have of Reward: for if the Knight Errant, whom a Squire serves, be not too Unfortunate, he may soon see himself rewarded with the Government of some Island, or with a reasonable Earldom. I, said *Sancho*, have often told my Master, I would content my self with the Government of any Island, and he is so Noble and Liberal, that he has as often promis'd it me. I, said he of the Wood, for my Services would be satisfied with some Canonship which my Master too has promis'd me. Then your Master, said *Sancho*, is belike an Ecclesiastical Knight, and may do his good Squires these Kindnesses; but my Master

is merely Lay, tho' I remember some Persons of good Discretion, tho' out of a bad Intention, counsell'd him, to be an Archbishop; which he would not be, but an Emperor: And I was in a bodily fear, lest he might have a mind to the Church, because I held my self incapable of Benefices: For let me tell you, tho' to you I seem a Man, yet in Church Matters I am a very Beast. Indeed, Sir, said he of the Wood, you are in the Wrong; for your Island Governments are not all so special, but that some are crabbed, some poor, some distasteful; and lastly, the stateliest and best of all brings with it a heavy burden of Cares and Inconveniences, which he, to whose Lot it falls, undergoes. 'Twere far better that we who profess this cursed Slavery, should retire home, and there entertain our selves with more delightful Exercises, to wit, hunting and fishing; For what Squire is there in the World so poor that wants his Nag, his Brace of Gray Hounds, or his Angling-rod, to pass his time with at his Village? I want none of all this, said *Sancho*: True it is, I have no Nag; but I have an Ass worth two of my Master's Horse; An ill Christmas be my Lot, and may it be the very next that comes, if I would change for him, tho' I had Four Bushels of Barley to boot: You will laugh at the price of my Dapple, for Dapple is the Colour of my Ass. And as for Gray-Hounds I shall not want neither, for there are enough to spare in our Town; besides, the Sport is best at another Man's Charge. Indeed, indeed, Sir Squire, said he of the Wood, I have propos'd and resolv'd with my self to leave the Fopperies of these Knights, and return to my Village, and bring up my Children; for I have three, like three Oriental Pearls. Two I have, said *Sancho*, that may be presented to the Pope himself, especially one; a Wench, whom I breed up to be a Countess; God save her, tho' it grieve her Mother. And how old, asked he of the Wood, is this Lady Countess you bring up so? Fifteen, somewhat under or over, said *Sancho*, but she is as tall as a Pike, as fresh as an April Morning, and as strong as a Porter. These are parts sufficient, said he of the Wood, not only to make her a Countess, but a Nymph of the greeny Grove: Ah whoreson, whore, and what a sting the Quean has, I warrant her! To which, quoth *Sancho*, somewhat musty, she is no Whore, nor was her Mother before her; and none of them, God willing, shall be, as long as I live; and I pray, Sir, speak more mannerly; for these Words are not consonant from you that have been brought up amongst Knights Errant; who are the very Pink of Courtesy. Oh, said he of the Wood, Sir Squire, how you

mistake, and how little you know what belongs to praising : What, have you never observed, that when any Knight in the Market-Place gives the Bull a sure thrust, with his Lance, or when any Body do's a thing well, the common People use to say, Ah, whoreson whoremaster, how bravely he did it ? So that the same which seems to be dispraise, in that sense is a notable Commendation ; and do you renounce such Sons and Daughters as do not perform works that may make their Parents deserve such like Praises. I do renounce, said *Sancho*, and after that rate, and by the same rule, you may clap a whole Bawdy-House at once upon my Wife and Children ; for all they do or say, are Excellencies worthy of such Praises, and that I may see them, and again I pray God deliver me out of mortal Sin, that is out of this dangerous Profession of being a Squire, into which this second time I have incur'd, being inticed and deceived with the Purse of the Hundred Duckats which I found one Day in the Heart of *Sierra Morena*, and the Devil here and there, and every where, represents to me a Bag full of Pistoles, so that I fancy at every step, I handle, hug, and carry it to my House, buy Lands, let Leafes, and live like a Prince ; and still when I think of this, all the Toil I undergo with this Blockhead, my Master, who, I know, is more a mad Man than a Knight, seems easie and tolerable to me.

For that Reason, answer'd he of the Wood, it is said ; That, *All cover, all lose* : And now you talk of mad Men, I think, my Master is the greatest in the World, he is one of them, of whom the Proverb says, *Bury will have Bands* : For that another Knight may recover his Wits, he'll make himself mad, and will seek after that, which perhaps once found, will cost him a fall. And is he amorous in the Name of ill Luck ? Yes, said he of the Wood, he loves one *Casildea de Vandalia*, who of all the Women in the World, is neither good Fish nor Flesh ; but that's not it that troubles his Head, he has another sort of grumbling in his Gizzard, and it will out e'er many Hours pals over.

There is no way so plain, quoth *Sancho*, but it has some rub, or pit, or as the Proverb goes ; *In some Houses they seeth Beans, and in mine whole Kettles full*. So Madness has more Companions, and Hangers on than Wisdom. But if what is commonly said be true, That it is a Comfort to have Companions in Misery, you may be a Comfort to me, because you have a Master as mad as mine. Foolish but stout, answer'd he of the Wood, yet more Knaave than Fool, or valiant either. It is not so with my Master, said *Sancho* ; for

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he is not a jot knavish, but rather as dull as a Beetle, hurts no body, do's good to all, he has no Malice, a Child will make him believe 'tis Night at Noonday : And for his Simplicity, I love him as my Soul, and cannot find in my Heart to leave him for all his Fopperies. For all that, Brother and Friend, said he of the Wood, if the Blind lead the Blind, both will be in danger of falling into the Pit. 'Tis better to retire fair and softly, and return to our loved Homes : For they that hunt after Adventures, do not always light upon good ones. *Sancho* spit often, and as it seem'd, a kind of glewy and dry Matter : Which being observ'd by the charitable woody Squire, he said, Methinks our Tongue stick to the Roofs of our Mouth with talking, but I have a Suppler hangs at the Pummel of my Saddle, as good as Touch : And rising up, he return'd presently with a Leather Bottle of Wine, and a Pye at least half a Yard long ; and it is no Lye : For it was of an overgrown Conny, so large, that *Sancho*, when he felt it, thought it had been of a Goat, and not a Kid : Which *Sancho* seeing, he said, And had ye this with you too, Sir ? Why, what did ye think, said the other ? Do you take me to be some fresh Water Squire ? I have better Provision at my Horse's Crupper, than a General carries with him upon a March. *Sancho* fell to without Invitation, and swallow'd Morfels in the Dark, as big as his Fist, and said, Ah marry, Sir, you are a true legal Squire, round and sound, royal and liberal, as appears by this Feast, which if it came not hither by way of Enchantment, yet it looks like it. Not like me unfortunate Wretch, that only carry in my Wallets a little Cheese, so hard, that you may break a Gyants Head with it ; a few Acorns, and some Wall-nuts and Small-nuts, thanks to my Master's niggerdly Humour, the Fancy he has taken, and the Method he observes, that Knights Errant must feed upon and be maintained with only a little dry Fruit and wild Herbs. By my faith Brother, replied he of the Wood, my Stomach is not us'd to your Thistles, nor your Stalks, nor your mountain Roots : Let our Masters deal with their Opinions, and their Knightly Statutes, and eat what they will, I have my cold Meats, and this Bottle hanging at the Pummel of my Saddle, ready upon Occasion ; which I have such a respect and love for, that there's scarce a Minute, but I kiss and embrace it a thousand times : Which said, he gave it to *Sancho*, who rearing it up to his Mouth, looked a quarter of an Hour together upon the Stars ; and when he had taken his Draught held his Head on one side, and fetching a great sigh, cried, Oh whoreson Rascal ! How Catholick it is ? Lau ye

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there, said he of the Wood, hearing *Sancho's* whoreson*, how you have praised the Wine by calling it whoreson. I say, quoth *Sancho*, that I confess I know it is no dishonour to call any Body whoreson, when it is meaning to praise him. But tell me, Sir, by the Remembrance of her you love best, is this Wine of * *Cuidad Real*? A brave Taste, said he of the Wood, it is no less; and it is of some Years standing too. Let me alone, said *Sancho*, you could not but think surely I must know it exactly. Is it not strange, Sir Squire, that I should have so great and so natural an instinct in distinguishing betwixt Wines, that when I smell any, I hit upon the Place, the Grape, the Savour, the Age, the Strength, and all the other Circumstances belonging to Wine? But no wonder, for in my Family, by my Fathers side, I had two of the most excellent Tasters that were known a long time in *La Mancha*: For a Proof whereof, you shall hear what befell them. They gave these two some Wine to taste out of a Hog'shead, asking their Opinions, of the state, quality, goodness, or badness of the Wine: The one of them tasted it with the tip of his Tongue; the other only smelt to it. The first said, that Wine tasted of Iron. The second said, it rather savour'd of Goats Leather. The Owner protested the Hog'shead was clean, and that the Wine had no kind of Mixture, by which it should receive any savour of Iron or Leather. Notwithstanding, the two famous Tasters stood to what they had said. Time past, the Wine was sold, and when the Vessel was cleansed, there was found in it a little Key, with a leathern Thong hanging at it. Now you may see, whether he that comes of such a Race, may give his Opinion in these Matters. Therefore I say to you, quoth he of the Wood, let us leave looking after these Adventures, and since we have content, let us not seek after Dainties, but return to our Cottages, for there God will find us, if it be his Will. Till my Master come to *Zaragoza*, I mean, quoth *Sancho*, to serve him, and then we will all take a new Course. In fine, the two good Squires talked and drank so much, that it was fit sleep should lay their Tongues, and slack their Thirst, but to quench, it was impossible; so both of them fastned to the high empty Bottle, and their Meat scarce out of their Mouths, fell asleep: Where for the present we will leave them, and tell what passed betwixt the two Knights.

* *Cuidad Real*, is a City in Spain, noted for good Wine.

C H A P. XIV.

The Continuation of the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood.

A Mong other Discourses that pass'd betwixt *Don Quixote* and the Knight of the Wood, the History tells us, that he of the Wood said to *Don Quixote*, In short, Sir Knight, I would have you to know that my Destiny, or rather my Choice, made me fall in love with the Peerless *Casilda de Vandalia*; Peerless I call her, as being so in bulk of Body, and in the greatness of her State and Beauty: This *Casilda* I tell you of, repaid my good and vertuous Desires by employing me, like the Step-Mother of *Hercules*, in many and different Perils; promising me at the Accomplishment of every one, that the performing of another, should crown my Wishes: But my Labours have been so link'd one upon another that they are numberless, nor do I know which may be the last that will fulfil my lawful Desires. Once she commanded me to challenge that famous Gyantess of *Sevill*, called * *Giralda*, who is as valiant and strong as one that is made of Brass, and without changing Place, is the most moveable and unsetl'd Woman in the World. I came, I saw, and conquer'd her, and made her stand still and keep distance; for during a whole Week together no Winds blew but the North. Other whiles she commanded me to lift up the ancient Stones of the fierce † Bulls of *Guifando*, an Enterprize fitter for Porters than Knights. Another time she commanded me to go down and dive into the Den of *Cabra*, a fearful and unheard of Attempt, and to bring her a Relation of all that was contain'd in that dark Profundity. I staid the Motion of the *Giralda*, I weigh'd the Bulls of *Guifando*, I cast my self down the steep Den, and brought to light the Secrets

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of

* *Giralda*, is a Brass Statue, on a Steeple in *Sevill*, which serves instead of a Weathercock.

† The Bulls of *Guifando*, are two vast Statues, remaining in that Town ever since the time of the Romans, one of them suppos'd to be set up by *Metellus*, after he overthrew *Hirtuleius*, *Sertorius* his General; for the Inscription on it is to Q. *Metellus* Conqueror, twice Consul. And they may therefore be suppos'd to be both his.

|| The Den of *Cabra*, is a Place like some of the Caverns of the Peak in *Derbyshire*.

of that Bottom : But my Hopes were dead, How dead? Her Disdain still living, How living? Lastly, she has now commanded me, to traverse all the Provinces of *Spain*, and make all the Knights Errant, that wander in them, confess, That she alone exceeds all other Women in Beauty, and that I am the valiantest, and most enamoured Knight in the World : On which Errand I have travelled the greatest part of *Spain*, and have overcome many Knights, that durst contradict me. But that which I prize and esteem most is, That I have conquer'd in single Combat, that so famous Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and made him confess that my *Casildea* is fairer than his *Dulcinea*, and in this Conquest alone I make Account, I have conquer'd all the Knights in the World, because the aforesaid *Don Quixote*, has conquer'd them all, and I having overcome him, his Fame, his Glory, and his Honour has been transferr'd and pass'd over to me, and the Conqueror is so much the more esteem'd, by how much the Reputation of the Conquer'd was greater, so that the innumerable Exploits of that *Don Quixote* now mention'd, are mine, and pass upon my account. *Don Quixote*, admir'd to hear the Knight of the Wood, and was a thousand times about to have given him the Lye, and had *thou Lyeft*, upon the tip of his Tongue; but he defer'd it as well as he could, to make him confess with his own Mouth that he ly'd, and so he told him calmly; That you may have overcome, Sir Knight, all the Knights Errant of *Spain*, and the whole World, I grant ye; but that you have overcome *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I doubt it; it may be some other like him, tho' few there be so like. Why not? replied he of the Wood: I can assure your, Sir, I fought with him, overcame and made him yield. He is a tall Fellow, wither'd Faced, lank and dry in his Limbs, somewhat Hoary, sharp and hook Nosed; his Mustachos long, black, and hanging; he goes by the Name of *The Knight of the sorrowful Aspect*: he presses the Back, and rules the Bridle of a famous Horse, called *Rozinante*, and has for the Mistress of his Thoughts, one *Dulcinea del Toboso*, sometime called *Aldonsa Lorenzo*, just as mine, that because her Name was *Casilda*, and of *Andaluzia*, I call her *Casildea de Vandalia*: And if all these Tokens be not enough to justify the Truth, here is my Sword that shall make Incredulity it self believe it. Have patience, good Sir Knight, quoth *Don Quixote*, and hear what I shall say. You must know that this *Don Quixote* you speak of, is the greatest Friend I have in the World, in so much that I may say, I look upon him as my self, and by the exact Description you have given

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of him, I cannot but think it is he whom you have overcome. On the other side, I plainly see, and am sensible it is not possible it should be he, unless as he has many Enchanters that are his Enemies, especially one that does usually persecute him, there be some one that has taken his Shape, and suffer'd himself to be overcome, to defraud him of the Glory which his noble Chivalry has gotten and laid up for him throughout the whole Earth. And for a further Confirmation of what I say, I would have you know, that these Enchanters his Enemies, not two Days since, transform'd the Shape and Person of the fair *Dulcinea del Toboso*, into a foul and base Country Wench, and in this sort belike they have transform'd *Don Quixote*, and if all this be not sufficient to clear the Truth, here is *Don Quixote* himself, that will maintain it with his Arms a Foot or a Horseback, or in what manner you please; and having so said, he stood up and grasp'd his Sword, expecting what Resolution the Knight of the Wood would take; who with a staid Voice, answered and said: And good Pay-Master refuses no Surety; he that could once, *Don Quixote*, overcome you when you were transformed, may well hope to conquer you in your own proper being. But because it becomes not Knights to do their Feats in the Dark, like High-way Robbers and Ruffians, let us stay for the Day, that the Sun may behold our Actions; and the Condition of our Combat shall be, that he who is overcome, shall stand to the Mercy of the Conqueror; who by his Victory, shall have Power to do with him according to his Will, so far as what he ordains shall be fitting for a Knight. I am well pleas'd with this Condition and Agreement, quoth *Don Quixote*. And, this said, they went whe retheir Squires were, whom they found snoring, and just in the Posture as when sleep first stole upon them. They waked and commanded them to make ready their Horses: For by Sun rising they meant to have a bloody, singular, and equal Combat: At which News, *Sancho* was astonish'd and amaz'd, as fearing his Master's Safety, by reason of the Knight of the Woods Valour, which he had been inform'd of by his Squire: But without any reply, the two Squires went to seek their Cattle, for by this the three Horses and Dapple had smelt out one another, and were together.

By the way, he of the Wood said to *Sancho*, You must understand Friend, that your Combatants of *Andaluzia* use, when they are Sticklers in any Quarrel, not to stand idle with their Hands in their Pockets, whilst their Friends are fighting. I tell you this, to the end you may know, That

whilst

whilst our Masters are at it, we must engage too, and maul one another. This Custom, Sir Squire, answer'd *Sancho*, may be currant there, and pass amongst your Ruffians and Combatants you talk of : But among your Squires that belong to Knights Errant, not a word of it. At least, I have not heard my Master so much as mention any such Custom, and he knows without Book all the Ordinances of Knight Errantry. But let me grant ye, that 'tis an express Ordinance that the Squires fight, whilst their Masters do so; yet I will not fulfill that, but pay the Penalty that shall be impos'd on such peaceable Squires; for I do not think it will be above two Pound of * Wax, and I had rather pay them, for I know they will cost me less than the Lint I shall spend in making Tents to cure my Head, which I already reckon is cut and divided in two; besides, 'tis impossible I should fight, having no Sword, and besides, I never wore any. For that, quoth he of the Wood, I'll tell you a good Remedy, I have here two linen Bags of the same size, you shall have one, and I the other, and with these equal Weapons, we'll fight at Bag-blows. Let us do so if you will, said *Sancho*, for this kind of fight will rather serve to dust, than to wound us. Not so said the other, for in the Bags, that the Wind may not carry them too and fro, we will put half a dozen of delicate smooth Pibbles, of equal weight, and so we may Bag-baste one another, without doing any great hurt. Look ye, now with a plague, quoth *Sancho*, what Martins or Sables Fur, or what fine carded Cotton he would put into the Bags, that we might not beat out our Brains, or make Touchwood of our Bones; but know, Sir, that tho' they were silk Balls, I would not fight; let our Masters fight, and hear of it in another World, let us drink and live, for time will be careful to take away our Lives, without our striving to end them before their time and season, and that they drop before they are ripe. For all that, said he of the Wood, we must fight half an Hour. No, no, said *Sancho*, I will not be so discourteous and ungrateful, as to wrangle, tho' never so little, with one with whom I have eaten and drank; and besides, who the Devil can find in his Heart to fight in cold Blood without being in Anger? As for that (said he of the Wood) I'll find a good Remedy, which is, before we begin the Combat, I will come me finely to you, and give you three or four good Cuffs,

* A Custom in Spain, of fining small Offenders, to pay some Quantity of Wax for the Use of some Church.

Cuffs, and lay you at my Feet, by which I shall rouse your Choler, tho' it sleep like a Dormouse. Against this cut I have another, quoth *Sancho*, that comes not short of it; I will take me a good Cudgel, and before you rouse my Choler, I will lay yours to sleep so soundly with bastinadoing you, that you shall not awake unless it be in another World, where it is well known, that I am not one that will let any Man handle my Face; and Every Man look to the Shaft he shoots : And the best way were to let every Man's Choler sleep with him, for no Man knows what's in another, and Many come for Wool, and go away shorn; and God blessed Peace and curled Quarrels; for if a Cat shut into a Room, much baited and straightned, turn to a Lyon, God knows what I that am a Man may turn to : Therefore, from henceforward, Sir Squire, let me intimate to you, that all the Evil and Mischief that may arise from our Quarrel, shall lie at your Door. 'Tis well, quoth he of the Wood, it will soon be Day, and we shall see what will come on't.

And now a thousand sorts of painted Birds began to chirp in the Trees and in their different delightful Tones, it seem'd they had good morrow to, and saluted the fresh *Aurora* who at this time discover'd the Beauty of her Face thro' the Gates and Windows of the East, shaking from her Locks an infinite number of liquid Pearls, bathing the Herbs in her sweet Liquor, that it seem'd they also sprouted, and rain'd white and small Pearls; the Willows distill'd their savory Manna, the Fountains laugh'd, the Brooks murmur'd, the Woods were cheer'd, and the Fields were enrich'd with her coming. But the brightness of the Day scarce gave time to distinguish things, when the first that offer'd it self to *Sancho's* fight, was the Squire of the Wood's Nose, which was so large, that it almost shadow'd his whole Body; in short, 'tis reported to have been of an extraordinary bigness, crooked in the midst, and all full of Warts of a darkish green colour, and hung some two fingers over his mouth. This Hugeness, Colour, Warts, and Crookedness did so disfigure his Face, that *Sancho* seeing him, began to tremble and shake like an Aspen-leaf, and resolv'd with himself to take two hundred Cuffs before his Choler should rouse to fight with that Hobgoblin.

Don Quixote beheld his Opposite, and perceiv'd that his Helmet was on and the Vizard down, so that he could not see his Face; but saw that he was well set in his body, tho' not tall: upon his Armour he wore an upper Garment or Cas-lock, to see to, of pure Cloth of Gold, with many Moons of shining Looking-glasses spread about it, which made him appear

pear very brave and gorgeous; a great Plume of gre'n, yellow, and white Feathers waved about his Helmet; his Lance which lean'd against a Tree was very long and thick, and had a steel Spear above a handful long. *Don Quixote* observ'd and noted every thing, and by what he had seen and mark'd, judg'd that the said Knight must needs be very strong. Yet he was not afraid (like *Sancho*) and with a bold Courage thus spoke to the Knight of the Looking glasses: If your Eagerness to fight, Sir Knight, have not taken away your Civility, I desire you to lift up your Vizor a little, that I may see whether the Comeliness of your Face be answerable to that of your Shape. Whether you be Vanquish'd or Vanquisher in this Combat, Sir Knight (answer'd he of the Looking-glasses) you shall have time and leisure enough to see me; and if I do not now satisfy your Desire, it is because I think I shall do a great deal of Wrong to the fair *Casildea de Vandalia*, to delay so much time as to lift up my Vizor, till I have first made you confess what you know I design. Well, yet while we get a Horseback, *Don Quixote* said, you may resolve me whether I be that *Don Quixote* whom you said you had vanquished. To this I answer you, said he of the Looking-glasses, you are as like the Knight I conquer'd, as one Egg is to another: But, as you say, Enchanters persecute you, and therefore I dare not affirm whether you be he or no. It suffices, quoth *Don Quixote*, for me, that you believe your being deceiv'd: but that I may entirely satisfy you, let's to Horse; for in less time than you should have spent in the lifting up your Vizor, (if God, my Mistress, and my Arm defend me) I will see your Face; and you shall see that I am not the vanquish'd *Don Quixote* you speak of.

They made no more words, but mounted a Horseback, and *Don Quixote* turn'd *Rozinante* about to take so much distance as was fit for him, to return to encounter his Enemy; the Knight of the Looking-glasses did the like. But *Don Quixote* was not gone twenty paces from him, when he heard that he of the Looking-glasses call'd him: so the two parting the way, he of the Glasses said, Be mindful, Sir Knight, that the condition of our Combat is, that the Vanquish'd (as I have told you before) must stand to the discretion of the Vanquisher. I know it, said *Don Quixote*, so that what is impos'd and commanded the Vanquish'd, be within the bounds and limits of Chivalry. So it is meant, said he of the Glasses.

Here *Don Quixote* saw the Squire's strange Nose, and no less wonder'd at the sight of it, than *Sancho*; insomuch that he judg'd him a Monster, or some new kind of Man not usual in the



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the World. *Sancho*, who saw his Master set out to fetch his Career, would not stay alone with *Nose*, fearing that at one Snap with that upon his Nose, their Fray would be ended, either the Blow, or Fear, striking him to the ground: so he ran after his Master, laying hold of one of *Rozinante's* Stirrop Leathers; and when he thought it time for his Master to turn back, he said, I beseech your Worship, Sir, that before you take your Career, you will help me to climb up yon Cork-tree, from whence I may better, and with more delight than from the ground, see the gallant Encounter you will have with this Knight. I rather believe *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, thou would'st climb and get up, as into a Scaffold, to see the Bull-baiting without danger. To deal plainly, said *Sancho*, the Squire's ugly Nose has frighted me, and I dare not come near him. It is such a one, said *Don Quixote*, that any other but I might very well be afraid of it; and therefore come, and I'll help thee up.

Whilst *Don Quixote* was helping *Sancho* up into the Cork-tree, he of the Looking-glasses took as much ground as he judg'd requisite for his Career; and thinking *Don Quixote* had done so too, without looking for Trumpet's Sound, or any other Warning sign, he turn'd his Horse (who was no better to see to, nor swifter than *Rozinante*) and with his full Speed (which was a reasonable Trot) went to encounter his Enemy: but seeing him busie in mounting of *Sancho*, held in his Steed, and stopp'd in the midst of his Career; for which his Horse was most thankful, as being scarce able to move. *Don Quixote*, who thought his Enemy by this came flying, set Spurs lustily to *Rozinante's* hinder Flank, and made him put on in such manner, that the Story says, this was the only time he was known to gallop, for at all others it was plain trotting. And with this unspeakable Fury he came where he of the Looking-glasses was striking his Spurs into his Horse up to the very Rowels, without being able to remove him a fingers length from the place where he had set up his Rest in the Career. In this posture and plight *Don Quixote* found his Adversary puzzled with his Horse, and encumber'd with his Lance; for either he knew not how, or else wanted time to set it in his Rest. *Don Quixote*, who never regarded these Inconveniences, safely and without danger encountered him of the Looking-glasses so furiously, that in spight of his Teeth he made him come to the ground, over his Horse's Crupper, with such a Fall, that stirring neither hand nor foot, he seem'd to be dead. *Sancho* scarce saw him down, when he slid from the Cork-tree, and came in all haste to his Master, who, dismounted from *Rozinante*, got upon

upon him of the Looking-glasses, and loosing his Helmet to see if he were dead or alive, to give him Air, he saw (who can tell without great Admiration, Wonder, and Amazement to him that shall hear it) he saw, says the History, the self-same Face, the same Visage, the same Aspect, the same Physiognomy, the same Shape, the same Perspective of the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*; and as he saw it, he cried out, Come *Sancho*, and behold what thou may'st see, and not believe; run Child, and observe the power of Magick, what Witches and Enchanters can do. *Sancho* drew near, and seeing the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco's* Face, began to cros and bless himself a thousand times. All this while the overthrown Knight made no shew of Life. And *Sancho* said to *Don Quixote*, I am of opinion, Sir, that by all means you thrust your Sword down this Fellow's Throat, that is so like the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, and so perhaps in him, you may kill some of your Enemies the Enchanters. 'Tis not ill advis'd, quoth *Don Quixote*. So drawing out his Sword, to put *Sancho's* Counsel in Execution, the Knight's Squire came in, without his Nose, that had so disfigur'd him, and said aloud, Take heed, Sir *Don Quixote*, what you do; for he that is now at your mercy, is the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco* your Friend, and I his Squire. Now *Sancho* seeing him without his former Deformity, said to him, And where's your Nose? To which he answer'd, Here it is in my Pocket; and putting his hand to his right side, he pull'd out a paste-board Nose of a varnish'd Vizard, such as has been describ'd. *Sancho* more and more earnestly beholding him, with a loud Voice, full of Admiration, said, Holy *Mary* defend me. And is not this *Thomas Cecial*, my Neighbour and my Gossip? I am so, for certain, quoth the unnos'd Squire; I am *Thomas Cecial*, Gossip and Friend *Sancho*, and I will presently tell you by what Means, Sights, and Tricks, I was brought hither: in the mean time, beseech and intreat your Master, not to touch, misuse, wound, or kill the Knight of the Looking-glasses, now at his mercy; for doubtless it is the bold and ill-advis'd Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, our Countryman.

By this time the Knight of the Looking-glasses came to himself; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, he clapt the bare point of his Sword to his Face, and said, Thou diest, Knight, if thou confests not that the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* excels thy *Casildea de Vandalia* in Beauty: and moreover, thou shalt promise (if thou escape with Life from this Battel and Fall) to go to the City of *Toboso*, and present thy self from me before her, that she may dispose of thee as she pleases;
and

and if she pardon thee, thou shalt return to me; for the Track of my Exploits will be thy Guide, and bring thee where I am, to tell me what has pass'd between thee and her. These Conditions (according as we agreed before the Battel) exceed not the Limits of Knight Errantry. I confests, said the fall'n Knight, that the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso's* ript and foul Shooe is preferable to the ill-combed (tho clean) Beard of *Casildea*: and here I promise to go and come from her Presence to yours, and give entire and particular relation of all you require. You shall also confests and believe (added *Don Quixote*) that the Knight you overcame, neither was nor could be *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but some other like him, as I confests and believe, that you, tho you seem to be the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, are not he, but one like him, and that my Enemies have cast you into his Shape, that I may with-hold and temper the force of my Choler, and use moderately the glory of my Conquest. I confests, judge, and allow of all as you confests, judge, and allow (answer'd the back-broken Knight.) Let me rise, I pray you, if the hurt of my Fall will permit; for it has left me in ill case. *Don Quixote* help'd him to rise, and so did *Thomas Cecial* his Squire, on whom *Sancho* still fix'd his eyes, asking him Questions, by whose Answers it plainly appear'd, that he was *Thomas Cecial* indeed, as he said; but the Conceit *Sancho* had of what his Master had told him, that the Enchanters had changed the form of the Knight of the Glasses into *Sampson Carrasco*, made him not believe what he saw with his eyes. To conclude, the Master and Man remain'd still in their Error; and he of the Glasses, and his Squire, very moody and ill Errant, left *Don Quixote*, intending to seek some Town where he might splinter and patch up his Ribs. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* held on their way to *Zaragoza*; where, the Story leaves them, to tell who was the Knight of the Glasses, and his Nosy Squire.

CHAP. XV.

Giving an Account who the Knight of the Looking-glasses and his Squire were.

Don Quixote was extreamly pleas'd, joyful, and vain-glorious, that he had subdued so valiant a Knight as he imagin'd him of the Looking-glasses to be, from whose Knightly
word

word he hop'd to know whether the Enchantment of his Mistress held on still, since of necessity the said vanquish'd Knight was to return (on pain of not being so) to relate what had happen'd to him: but *Don Quixote* fancy'd one thing, and he of the Glasses thought of another, tho' for the present his only care was to seek where he might be well plaster'd: The History then tells us, that when the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco* counsell'd *Don Quixote* to go on his forsaken Chivalry, he first advis'd with the Vicar and the Barber to know what means they should use, that *Don Quixote* might be perswaded to stay at home peaceably and quietly, without troubling himself with his unlucky Adventures; the Result of which Consult, by the common Consent of all, and particular Opinion of *Carrasco*, was, That *Don Quixote* should abroad again, since it was impossible to stay him; and that *Sampson* should meet him upon the way like a Knight Errant, and should fight him, since an Occasion could not be wanting, and so to overcome him, which would not be difficult, and that there should be a Covenant and Agreement, that the vanquish'd should stand to the Courtesie of the Vanquisher, so that *Don Quixote* being vanquish'd, the Batchelor Knight should command him to get him home to his Town and House, and not to stir from thence in two Years after, or till he should command him to the contrary; which in all likelihood *Don Quixote* once overcome would infallibly accomplish, as unwilling to contradict or be defective in the Laws of Knighthood, and it might so fall out, that in this time of being kept up, he might forget all his Follies, or they find out some convenient remedy for his Madness. *Carrasco* accepted of it, and *Thomas Cecial* offer'd himself to be his Squire, being *Sancho Panza's* Neighbour and Gossip, and a merry pleasant Fellow. *Sampson* arm'd himself, as you have heard, and *Thomas Cecial* fitted the false vizzard Nose to his own, that he might not be known by his Gossip when they met. So they held on the same way with *Don Quixote*, and came up just as the Adventure of Death's Waggon was over: And at last they lighted on them in the Wood, where, the discreet Reader has seen what befel them, and if it had not been for the strange Opinion that *Don Quixote* had, that the Batchelor was not the self-same Man, he had been spoyl'd for ever, for taking another Degree, since he mist his Mark.

Thomas Cecial seeing how ill they had sped, and how unsuccessful their Journey had been, said to the Batchelor, Truly Master *Sampson Carrasco*, we have our Deserts, it is easie to fancy and to undertake an Enterprize, but for the most part

part it is hard to go through with it. *Don Quixote* is mad, we in our Wits; he goes off sound and well pleas'd, and you are left here bruis'd and sorrowful. Now let us know who is maddest, he that is so because he can't help it, or he that is so for his Pleasure? The Difference, quoth *Sampson*, betwixt these Mad-men is, that he who of necessity is so, will always continue so; and he that is so by choice, may leave it when he will. Since it is so, said *Thomas Cecial*, I who for my Pleasure was mad, when I would needs be your Squire; for the same Reason will leave the Employment, and return home to my own house. 'Tis fit you should, said *Sampson*, for it is a Folly to think I will do so, till I have soundly banged *Don Quixote*: and now I go not about to restore him to his Wits, but to be revenged on him; for the intolerable Pain I feel in my Ribs will not permit me to talk more charitably. Thus they two went on discoursing till they came to a Town where by chance they lighted on a Bone-setter, who cured the unfortunate *Sampson*. *Thomas Cecial* went home and left him, and he stayed contriving his Revenge: and the History speaks of him again in due time, but must not now omit to rejoice with *Don Quixote*.

C H A P. XVI.

Of what happen'd to Don Quixote with a sober Gentleman of La Mancha.

Don Quixote went on his Journey with the Joy, Satisfaction, Content, and Gladness as has been mention'd, imagining that for the late Victory he was the most valiant Knight then living in the World; he concluded that all the Adventures that should from thence forward befall him, were brought to a happy and prosperous end: he car'd not now for any Enchantments, or Enchanters; he forgot the innumerable bangs that in the prosecution of his Chivalry had been given him, the Stone that struck out half his Teeth, the Unthankfulness of the Gally-slaves, and the Boldness and the Peals the Carriers had rung upon him with their Staves. To conclude, he said to himself, that if he could find any Art, Manner, or Means how to disenchanted his Mistress *Dulcinea*, he would not envy the greatest Happiness or Prosperity that ever any Knight Errant of former times had attain'd to. He was altogether ta-

ken up with these Imaginations, when *Sancho* said to him, Is it not a pleasant Fancy, Sir, that I have still before my Eyes that ill-favour'd and overgrown Nose of my Gossip *Thomas Cecial*? Do you think then, said *Don Quixote*, that the Knight of the Looking-glasses was the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, and his Squire *Thomas Cecial* your Gossip? I know not what to say to it, quoth *Sancho*, only I know, that the Tokens he gave me of my House, Wife, and Children, could be given by none but him; and his Face (the Nose being off) was *Thomas Cecial's* exactly, as I have seen him many times in our Town, and next door to my House; and his Voice was the very same. Let us reason the Case *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*. Mind me: How can any Man imagine that the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco* should come like a Knight Errant, arm'd with Arms offensive and defensive, to fight me? Have I been his Enemy? Have I ever given him occasion to bear me ill will? Am I his Rival? Or does he profess the Exercise of Arms, that he should envy the Glory I have gotten by them? Why, what shall we say, answered *Sancho*, seeing that Knight, whoever he was, look'd so like the Batchelor *Carrasco*, and his Squire like *Thomas Cecial* my Gossip? And if it were an Enchantment, as you say, were there no other two in the World they might look like? All is juggling and cunning, quoth *Don Quixote*, of the wicked Magicians that persecute me, who foreseeing that I should remain Victor in this Combat, had provided that the vanquish'd Knight should put on the shape of my Friend *Carrasco*, that the Friendship I have for him might mediate betwixt the edge of my Sword and the rigour of my Arm, and temper my heart's just Indignation; and so, he might escape with his Life, who with Tricks and Devices sought to take away mine: For a proof whereof, oh *Sancho*! thou know'st by Experience, which will not suffer thee to deceive, or be deceived, how easie it is for Enchanters to change one Face into another, making the Beautiful deformed, and the Deformed beautiful; for it is not two days, since with thy own eyes thou saw'st the Beauty and Gayety of the peerless *Dulcinea* in its perfection and natural form, and I saw her in the foul and mean shape of a coarse Country Wench, with Cataracts in her eyes, and a stink in her Mouth; so that it is no wonder the perverse Enchanter that durst cause so wicked a Metamorphosis, should do the like in the Shapes of *Sampson Carrasco* and *Thomas Cecial*, to rob me of the Glory of my Conquest. However I am well satisfy'd, for in what shape soever it was, I have vanquish'd my enemy. God knows the whole truth on't, answer'd *Sancho*, and he knowing t'at the

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Metamorphosis of *Dulcinea* had been his own Plot and Contrivance, was the less satisfy'd in his Master's Chimera's; but he would not answer for fear of letting slip some word that might discover his Cheat.

Whilst they were thus discoursing, one overtook them that came their way, upon a fair flea-bitten Mare; he had on a riding Coat of fine green Cloth, welted with tawny Velvet, with a Hunters Cap of the same; his Mare's Furniture was Country-like, and after the Genet fashion, being purple and green; he wore a Moorish Cimeter, hanging at a broad Belt of green and gold; his Buskins were wrought with the same that his Belt was; his Spurs were not gilt, but laid on with a green Varnish, so smooth and burnish'd, that they were more sutable to the rest of his Cloaths, than if they had been of beaten Gold. When the Traveller came up he saluted them courteously, and spurring his Mare, was passing by them. But *Don Quixote* said to him, Gallant, if you go our way, and are not much in haste, I should take it for a favour that we might ride together. Truly Sir, said he with the Mare, I should not thus ride by you, but that I fear your Horse will be unruly with my Mare. You may well, Sir, said *Sancho*, you may very well rein in your Mare; for our Horse is the honestest and mannerliest Horse in the World; he is, never unruly upon these Occasions; and once when he flew out, my Master and I payed for it with a witness. I say again, you may stay if you please; for tho your Mare were serv'd up to him, he would not so much as look at her. The Passenger held in his Mare, wondring at *Don Quixote's* Countenance and Garb, who was now without his Helmet; for *Sancho* carried it like a Cloak-bag at the pummel of Dapple's Pack-saddle: and if he in the Green did much gaze at *Don Quixote*, *Don Quixote* did much more eye him, taking him to be a Man of Worth. He seem'd to be about fifty years of Age, having few gray hairs; his Face was somewhat sharp, his Countenance pleasing, yet serious: lastly, in his fashion and meen he seem'd to be a Man of good Quality. His Opinion of *Don Quixote* was, that he had never seen such a kind of Man before: the Lankness of his Horse, the Tallness of his own Body, the Spareness and Paleness of his Face, made him admire; his Arms, his Gesture and Composition, a Shape and Picture, as it were, had not been seen many Ages before in that Country. *Don Quixote* noted well with what Attention the Traveller beheld him, and in his Surprize read his Desire; and being so courteous and so desirous to please all men, before he ask'd any thing to prevent him, he said; This Out-side of mine that you have seen, Sir,

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because it is so rare and different from others now in use, may, no doubt, have bred some wonder in you, which will cease, when I shall tell you, as now I do, that I am a Knight, one of those they say go to seek Adventures: I left my Country, mortgaged my Estate, quitted my Pleasure, committed my self to the Arms of Fortune, to carry me whither she pleas'd. My Design was to raise to life departed Knight Errantry, and I have long since, stumbling here, and falling there, casting my self headlong in one place, and rising up in another, accomplish'd a great part of my desire, succouring Widows, defending Damsels, favouring married Women, Orphans, and distressed Children (the proper and natural Office of Knights Errant;) so that by my many valiant and Christian Exploits, I have merited to be in Print, in all or most Nations of the World: thirty thousand Volumes of my History have been printed, and thirty thousand millions more are like to be if Heaven permit. Lastly, to conclude all in a word, I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise called, *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*. And tho' one should not praise himself, yet I must needs do it sometimes, that is, when there is none present that may do it for me; so that, kind Gentleman, neither this Horse, this Lance, nor this Shield, nor this Squire, nor all these Arms together, nor the Paleness of my Face, nor my slender Figure, ought henceforth to raise your Admiration, now you know who I am, and the Profession I follow.

This said, *Don Quixote* was silent, and he in the green Coat was so long before he answer'd, as if he could not hit upon it; but after some pause, he said, You guess'd right at my Desire, Sir Knight, by my Admiration, but yet you have not quite remov'd my Amazement caus'd by your sight; for tho', as you say Sir, it might cease by knowing who you are, yet it proves not so, but I am rather, now I know it, the more surpriz'd and astonish'd. Why is it possible that at this time there are Knights Errant in the World? and that there are printed Histories of true Knightly Feats? I cannot persuade my self, that any now favour Widows, defend Damsels, honour married Women, or succour Orphans; and I should never have believ'd it, had I not in you seen it with my own eyes. Blessed be Heaven! for this History you speak of, which is printed of your true and lofty Chivalry, will obliterate the memory of those innumerable Falsities of feign'd Knights Errant the World was full of, so hurtful to good Education, and prejudicial to true Stories. Much may be said, quoth *Don Quixote*, as to the Truth or Falshood of the Histories of Knights Errant.

rant. Why, is there any Man that doubts, said he in the Green, that they are false? I do, said *Don Quixote*, and therefore let it rest; for if our Journey last, I hope in God to convince you that you have done ill, in being led away by those that persuade themselves they are not true. By these last Words of *Don Quixote*, the Traveller suspected he was a Madman, and expected when some others would confirm it: but before they fell into any other Discourse, *Don Quixote* desir'd to know who he was, since he had imparted to him his Condition and Life. To which he in the Green made Answer; I, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect, am a Gentleman, born in a Town where, God willing, we shall dine to day: I am well to pass; my Name is *Don James de Miranda*; I spend my Life with my Wife, my Children, and Friends; my Sports are Hunting and Fishing: but I have neither Hawk nor Gray-hounds; only a tame Cock-Partridge, or a murdering Ferret: I have a small parcel of Books, some Spanish, some Latin, some History, others of Devotion: Your Books of Knighthood have not yet entred the threshold of my door: I am more apt to read Prophane than Religious Books, if they be for decent Recreation, such as are delightful for their Language, and surprizing for their Invention; tho' in *Spain* there are few of these. Sometimes I dine with my Neighbours and Friends, and at other times invite them: My Meals are neat and handsome, and nothing penurious. I neither love to back-bite my self, nor to hear others do it: I enquire not into other Mens Lives, or pry into their Actions: I hear Mass every day, I relieve the Poor out of my Abundance, without proclaiming my good Deeds, that I may not give way to Hypocrisy and Vainglory to enter into my Heart, which are Enemies that easily seize upon the warriest Breast: I strive to make Peace betwixt such as are at odds: I have a particular Devotion to our blessed Lady, and always trust in God's infinite Mercy. *Sancho* was most attentive to this Relation of the Gentleman's Life and Conversation; which seeming to him to be good and holy, and that he who led it wrought Miracles, he flung himself from Dapple, and in great haste laid hold of his right Stirrop, and with the tears in his eyes often kissed his feet; which the Gentleman observing, he ask'd him, What is't you do, Friend? What mean these Kisses? Let me kiss, quoth *Sancho*, for methinks your Worship is the first Saint that in all the days of my Life I ever saw a horseback. I am no Saint, said he, but a great Sinner: you indeed, Friend, are likely, a good Soul, as your Simplicity shews you to be. *Sancho* return'd to recover his Pack-saddle, having made his Master laugh in spite of his

Spleen, and rais'd new Admiration in *Don James*. *Don Quixote* ask'd him how many Children he had, and told him, that one of the things in which the ancient Philosophers (who wanted the true Knowledge of God) plac'd the greatest Felicity, was in the Goods of Nature, in those of Fortune, in having many Friends, and many and virtuous Children. I, Sir *Don Quixote*, answer'd the Gentleman, have a Son, whom if I had not, perhaps I should judge my self more happy than I am, not that he is bad, but because not so good as I would have him: he's about eighteen years of age, six of which he has spent in *Salamanca*, learning the Greek and Latin Tongues; and when I design'd he should fall to other Sciences, I found him so besotted with Poetry (if that may be call'd a Science) that it is not possible to make him look upon the Law, which I would have him study, nor Divinity, the Queen of all Sciences. I would have him be the top of our Family, since we live in an Age, when our King does highly reward virtuous Learning; for Learning, without Virtue, is like a Pearl on a Dunghill. He spends the whole day in arguing whether such a Verse of *Homer's Iliad* be good or bad, whether such an Epigram in *Martial* be lewd or not, and whether such and such Verses in *Virgil* are to be understood this way or the other. In short; all his Delight is in the aforesaid Poets, and in *Horace*, *Persius*, *Juvenal*, and *Tibullus*; but of modern *Spanish* Writers he makes small account: yet for all his Antipathy to *Spanish* Poetry, he is now breaking his Brain about writing a Paraphrase upon four Verses sent him from *Salamanca*, which are propos'd as a Trial of Wits. To all this *Don Quixote* answer'd; Children, Sir, are their Parents Flesh and Blood, and therefore, whether good or bad, ought to be belov'd, as we love our Souls which give us Life. It concerns the Parents to direct them, from their Infancy, in the paths of Virtue, of good Manners, and commendable Christian Exercises, that when they come to years, they may be the Staff of their Age, and the Glory of their Posterity: and I hold it not so proper, to force them to study this or that Science, tho' to persuade them were not amiss: and when the Scholar is not to study to get his Bread, being so happy, that God has given him Parents able to leave him well, my Opinion is, that they let him follow that kind of Study he is most addicted to; and tho' that of Poetry be less profitable than delightful, yet it is none of those that will dishonour the Professor. Poetry, Sir, in my Opinion, is like a tender Virgin, young and most beautiful, whom many other Virgins, to wit, all the other Sciences, labour to enrich, set out, and adorn; she is to make use of them all, and all

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they are to be honour'd by her: but this Virgin will not be handled and hurried up and down the Streets, nor expos'd in every Turning of the Market, or Corner of the Court. She is made of a kind of Alchymy, of such Virtue, that he who knows how to handle her, will quickly turn her into the purest Gold of inestimable Value: he that enjoys her, must keep her within bounds, not letting her lash out in unclean Satyrs, nor in lewd Sonnets: she must not by any means be vernal, unless it be in Heroick Poems, in dismal Tragedies, or pleasant and artificial Comedies. She must not be medled with by Buffoons, nor by the ignorant Vulgar, who are incapable of knowing or valuing the Treasures that are lock'd up in her: and think not, Sir, that I call here only the Common-people Vulgar, for whosoever is ignorant, be he Potentate or Prince, he may and must enter into the number of the Vulgar: and so he who shall handle and manage Poetry in this manner as I have declar'd, will be famous, and his Name shall be extolled in all the polite Nations of the World. And as to what you say Sir, that your Son values not the *Spanish* Poetry, I conceive he is in the wrong in it, and the Reason is this; Great *Homer* never wrote in Latin, because he was a Grecian; nor *Virgil* in Greek, because he was a Latin: In short, all your ancient Poets wrote in the Tongue they learn'd from their Cradle, and sought not after strange Languages to express their lofty Conceits. Which being so, it were reason this Custom should extend it self through all Nations. and that your *German* Poet should not be undervalued, because he writes in his Language; nor the *Castilian*, or *Biscayner*, because they write in theirs: But your Son, as I suppose, does not mislike modern Poetry, but Poets that are merely modern, without the Knowledge of other Tongues or Sciences, that may adorn, rouse up, and strengthen their natural Genius; and even in this there may be an Error. For it is a true Opinion, that a Poet is born so; the Meaning is, A Poet is naturally born a Poet from his Mother's Womb, and with that Inclination that Heaven has given him, without farther Study or Art; he composes things, which verify his Words that said, *Est Deus in nobis, &c.* Let me tell you too, that the natural Poet, who improves himself by Art, will be much better, and have the Advantage of that Poet who strives to be so only by Art; and the Reason is, because Art goes not beyond Nature, but only perfects it: so that Nature and Art mixt together, and Art with Nature, make an excellent Poet. Let this then, Sir, be the Conclusion of my Discourse; that you let your Son go on in the way his Stars incline him to:

for if he is so good a Student as I suppose him to be, and has happily mounted the first step of the Sciences, which is that of the Languages, with the help of them, by himself he will ascend to the top of humane Learning, which is as graceful in a Gentleman, and does as much adorn, honour, and ennoble him, as a Mitre does a Bishop, or the long Robe a Civilian. Chide your Son if he write Satyrs that may blemish another's Reputation, punish him, and tear them; but if he make Sermons, like those of *Horace*, to the reproving of Vice in general, as he so elegantly did, then cherish him; for it is lawful for a Poet to write against Envy, and to inveigh against envious men in his Verse, and so against other Vices, if so be he aim at no particular person: But there are Poets, who, rather than lose a malicious Jest, will venture being banish'd to the Islands of *Pontus*. If a Poet be modest in his Behaviour, he will be so in his Verses; the Pen is the Tongue of the Mind; as the Conceits are which are ingendred in it, such will the Writings be; and when Kings and Princes see the miraculous Science of Poetry in wise, virtuous, and grave Subjects, they honour, esteem, and enrich them, and even crown them with the Leaves of that Tree which the Thunder-bolt offends not, in token that none shall offend them that have their Temples honour'd and adorn'd with such Crowns. The Gentleman was amaz'd at *Don Quixote's* Discourse, and to such a degree, that he declin'd in the Opinion he had conceiv'd, that he was a Coxcomb. But in the midst of this Discourse, *Sancho*, who was weary of it, went out of the way to beg a little Milk of some Shepherds that were hard by milking their Ewes. The Gentleman now began to renew the Discourse with *Don Quixote*, being wonderfully taken and satisfied with his Sense and Discretion; when *Don Quixote* lifting up his eyes, saw that in the way towards them, there came a Cart set round with the King's Colours; and taking it to be some new Adventure, he cry'd out to *Sancho* for his Helmet. *Sancho* hearing himself call'd on, left the Shepherds, and spurr'd Dapple apace, and came to his Master, to whom happen'd a terrible and mad Adventure.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVII.

In which is set forth the utmost and highest Mark Don Quixote ever did, or could give of his unheard-of Courage; with the happy Conclusion of the Adventure of the Lions.

THE History says, That when *Don Quixote* call'd to *Sancho*, to bring him his Helmet, he was buying some Curds of the Shepherds; and being hastily laid at by his Master, he knew not what to do with, or how to bestow them; and rather than lose them (for he had already paid for them) he be-thought himself, and clapt them into his Master's Helmet: and this good Order taken, went to see what he would have; who, when he came, said, Give me, Friend, that same Helmet; for either I know not what belongs to Adventures, or that which I see yonder is one that will force me to take my Arms. He in the green Coat hearing this, turn'd his Eyes every way, and saw nothing but a Cart that came towards them with two or three small Flags, which made him think that the said Cart carried the King's Money, and so he told *Don Quixote*; but he believ'd him not, always thinking that every thing he saw was Adventure upon Adventure: so he answer'd the Gentleman, *Fore warn'd fore arm'd*: there is nothing lost in being provided; for I know by experience, that I have Enemies visible and invisible, and I know not when, nor where, nor at what time, or in what shape they will set upon me: and turning to *Sancho*, he demanded his Helmet; he wanting leisure to take out the Curds, was forc'd to give it him as it was. *Don Quixote* took it; and not perceiving what was in it, clapt it suddenly upon his Head: and as the Curds were squeez'd and thrust together, the Whey began to run down *Don Quixote's* Face and Beard; at which he was in such a Fright, that he cry'd out to *Sancho*, What ails me *Sancho*? for methinks my Skull is softned, or my Brains melt, or that I sweat from top to toe; and if it be Sweat, I assure thee it is not for fear: I believe certainly I am like to have a terrible Adventure of this; give me something, if thou hast it, to wipe on, for this abundance of Sweat blinds me. *Sancho* was silent, and gave him a Cloth, and with it, Thanks to God that his Master saw not into the Business. *Don Quixote* wip'd himself, and took off his Helmet to see what it was that, as he

he thought benumb'd his Head, and seeing those white splashes in his Helmet, he put them to his Nose, and smelling to them, said, By my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso's* Life, they are Curds that thou hast brought me here thou base Traitor and unmannerly Squire. To which *Sancho* with much cunning and sobriety answer'd, If they are Curds, give me them I pray, and I'll eat; but let the Devil eat 'em, for he put 'em there: Should I be so bold as to foul your Worship's Helmet? I am likely to be so impudent. In faith, Sir, as sure as God lives, I have my Enchanters too that persecute me as a Creature and part of you, and I warrant have put that Filth there to stir you up to Choler, and to make you bang my Sides, as you use to do. Well, I hope this time they have lost their Labour; for I trust in my Master's Discretion that he will consider: have neither Curds nor Milk, nor any such thing; for if I had, I had rather put it into my Belly than into the Helmet. All that may be, said *Don Quixote*. The Gentleman observ'd all, and wondred, especially when *Don Quixote*, after he had wip'd his Head, Face, Beard, and Helmet, clapt it on again, settling himself well in his Stirrups, trying his Sword, and grasping his Lance, he cry'd out, Now come on't what will, for here I am with a Courage to meet Satan himself in Person.

By this time, the Cart with the Flags drew near in which there came no Body but the Carter upon one of the Mules, and another Man upon the forepart of the Cart. *Don Quixote* stood before them, and ask'd, Whither go ye, my Masters? What Cart is this? What do you carry in it? And what Colours are these? To which the Carter answered, The Cart is mine, there are in it two fierce Lions caged up, which the General of *Oran* sends to Court for a Present to the King: These Colours are his Majesty's, to shew that what goes here is his. And are the Lions big, said *Don Quixote*? So big, said he that went by the Cart Door, that there never came bigger out of *Africk* into *Spain*, and I am their Keeper, and have carried others, but never any so big: They are Male and Female, the Male is in this first Grate, the Female in the hindermost, and now they are hungry, for they have not eaten to Day, and therefore I pray, Sir, give way; for we had need come quickly where we may feed them. To which, quoth *Don Quixote* smiling a little, Your Lion whelps to me? to me your Lion whelps? and at this time of Day? Well, I vow to God, those Gentlemen that send 'em this way shall know, whether I be one that am afraid of Lions; Alight, honest fellow, and if you be the Keeper, open their Cages, and

and turn out those Beasts; for I'll make 'em know in the midst of this Champaign, who *Don Quixote* is, in spite of those Enchanters that sent 'em. So, so, said the Gentleman at this instant to himself, our honest Knight shews very well what he is, the Curds have doubtless softned his skull, and ripen'd his Brains. By this *Sancho* came to him and said; for the Love of God handle the matter so, Sir, that my Master meddle not with these Lions; for if he does they'll worry us all. Why, is your Master so mad, quoth the Gentleman, that you fear, or believe he will fight with wild Beasts? He is not mad, said *Sancho*, but hardy. I'll make him otherwise, said the Gentleman, and coming to *Don Quixote*, that was hastening the Keeper to open the Cages, said, Sir Knight, Knights Errant ought to undertake such Adventures, as are likely to sort a happy end, and not such as are altogether desperate: For Valour grounded upon Rashness, has more of Madness than Fortitude. Besides, these Lions come not to assail you, they are carried to be presented to his Majesty, and therefore 'twere not good to stay or hinder their Journey. Pray get you gone, gentle Sir, quoth *Don Quixote*, and deal with your tame Partridge, and your murdering Ferret, and leave every Man to his Function: This is mine, and I know whether these worthy Lions come against me or no; and turning to the Keeper, he said, * I vow to, goodman Knave, if you do not forthwith open the Cages, I'll nail you with my Lance to your Cart. The Carter understanding the Resolution of that armed Vision, said to him, good Sir, be pleas'd in Charity to let me unyoke my Mules, and to put my self and them in Safety, before the Lions let fly, for if they should kill them, I am undone for ever, for I have no other living but this Cart and my Mules. O thou Wretch of little Faith, quoth *Don Quixote*, alight, and unyoke, and do what thou wilt, for thou shalt see thou might'st have sav'd a labour. The Carter alighted, and unyok'd hastily, and the Keeper cried out aloud; bear Witness, my Masters all, that I am forced against my Will to open the Cages and to let loose the Lions, and that I protest to this Gentleman, that all the Harm and Mischief these Beasts shall do, will lie at his Door; besides, my Wages and Perquisites over and above. Shift you, Sirs, for your selves, before I open, for I am sure they'll do me no hurt. The Gentleman perswaded

* In the Spanish, is *Voto a tal*, which is an offer to swear, but stops without making out the Oath.

swaded him the second time, that he should not attempt such a piece of Madness; for such a folly was to tempt God. To which *Don Quixote* answer'd, that he knew what he did. The Gentleman replied, That he should consider well of it, for he knew he was deceiv'd. Well, Sir, said *Don Quixote*, if you will not be a Spectator of this, which you think a Tragedy, pray spur your Flea-bitten, and secure your self. Which when *Sancho* heard, with Tears in his Eyes, he beseech'd him to desist from that Enterprize, in Comparison of which, that of the Wind-Mills was but Childrens play, and so that fearful one of the Fulling-Mill, or all the Exploits that ever he had done in his Life. Look ye, Sir, said *Sancho*, here's no Enchantment, nor any such thing; for I have look'd thro' the Grates and Chinks of the Cages, and have seen a Claw of a true Lion, by which Claw I guess the Lion is as big as a Mountain. Thy fear at least, said *Don Quixote*, will make him as big as half the World. Get thee out of the way *Sancho*, and leave me, and if I die in this Place, thou know'st our Agreement, repair to *Dulcinea*, and that's enough. To these he added other Reasons, by which he cut off all hope of his desisting from that foolish Enterprize. He in the Green-coat would have hindred him, but found himself unequally matched in Weapons, and thought it no Wisdom to deal with a mad Man; for now *Don Quixote* appear'd no otherwise to him, who hastning the Keeper a fresh, and reiterating his Threats, made the Gentleman set spurs to his Mare, and *Sancho* to his Dapple, and the Carter to his Mules, each of them striving to get as far from the Cart as they could, before the Lions were unhamper'd. *Sancho* lamented his Masters Death; for he certainly believ'd he would find it in the Lions Paws, he curs'd his Fortune, and the Time that ever he came again to his Service; but for all his wailing and lamenting, he left not punching of Dapple, to make him get far enough from the Cart.

The Keeper when he saw those that fled far enough off, began anew to requite and intimate to *Don Quixote*, as he had done before; he answer'd, That he heard him, and that he should leave his Notifications, for all was needless, and that he should make hast. Whil'st the Keeper was opening the first Cage, *Don Quixote* began to consider, whether it were best to fight a Foot or a Horseback: And at last he decreed it should be a Foot, fearing least *Rozinante* should boggle at the sight of the Lions, and thereupon he leap'd from his Horse, cast by his Launce, buckled his Shield to him, and unsheath'd his Sword fair and softly, and with a marvelous
 Courage

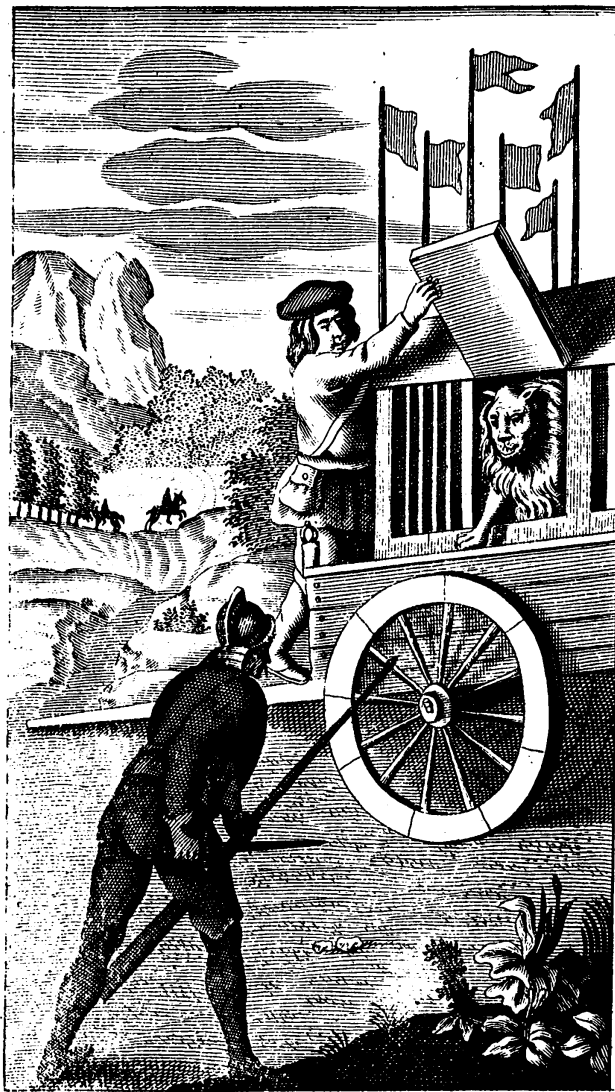


Figure 2.

fol: 93.

Courage and valiant Heart, he march'd towards the Cart, recommending himself first to God, and then to his Lady *Dulcinea*.

And here it is to be noted, that when the Author of this true History comes to this Passage, he exclaims and cries out, O brave, and beyond all Comparison, courageous *Don Quixote*! Thou Mirror of all the valiant Knights that ever were in the World! Thou new and second *Don Emmanuel de Leon*, who was the Honour and Glory of the Spanish Knights: With what words shall I recount this fearful Exploit? Or with what Arguments shall I make it credible to ensuing times? Or what Praises will not fit and become thee, tho' they be *Hyperboles* above all *Hyperboles*? Thou on foot, alone, undaunted, and magnanimous, with only a Sword, and that none of your cutting Fox-blades, with a Shield, not of bright and shining steel, expectest and waitest for two of the fiercest Lions that ever were bred in African Woods. Let thy own Deeds extol thee, brave *Manchegan*: For I must leave 'em here abruptly, since I want words to express them. Here the Author's Exclamation ceas'd, and he went on with his Story, beginning where he left off, and saying,

The Keeper seeing *Don Quixote* in his Posture, and that he must needs let loose the Male Lion, on pain of the bold Knights Indignation, he set the first Cage wide open, where the Lion, as is said, was, of an extraordinary bigness, dreadful and ugly to behold. The first thing he did, was to turn him round in the Cage where he lay, stretch one Paw, and rouse himself; then he gap'd and yawn'd very leasurly, and putting out his Tongue, almost two Spans, lick'd the Dust out of his Eyes, and wash'd his Face; this done, he thrust his Head out of the Cage, and look'd all about him, with his Eyes like Fire-coals; a sight and gesture able to terrifie Rashness it self. Only *Don Quixote* beheld him earnestly, and wish'd he would leap out of the Cart, that they might grapple, for he thought to slice him in pieces. Thus far extended the Greatness of his unparallell'd Madness. But the generous Lion, more courteous than arrogant, slighting such Popperies and Bravadoes, after he had look'd about him, as has been said, turn'd his back, and shew'd *Don Quixote*, his Tail, and very quietly and calmly lay down again in the Cage. Which *Don Quixote* seeing, he commanded the Keeper to give him two or three blows to provoke him to come forth. That I shall not do, quoth the Keeper, for if I urge him, I shall be the first he will tear in pieces. I pray you, Sir Knight, content your self with your Days work, which is

as much as could in Valour be done, and tempt not a second Hazard. The Lions Door is open, he may come out if he will; but since he has not hitherto, he will not come out this Day. You have well shewn the greatness of your Courage: No brave Combatant, in my Opinion, is ty'd to more than to challenge his Enemy, and to expect him in Field; and if his Adversary come not, the Disgrace is his, and he that expected, gains the Honour of the Victory. That's true, answer'd *Don Quixote*, Friend, shut the Door, and give me a Certificate in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do here; to wit, That you open'd the Lion's Door; that I expected him and he came not out; that I expected him again, yet all would not do, but he lay down. I could do no more. Enchantments avant, God maintain Right and Truth, and true Chivalry: Shut, as I bid you, whilst I make signs to them that are fled, that they may hear this Exploit from thy Mouth. The Keeper obey'd, and *Don Quixote* putting his Handkerchief, with which he had wip'd the Curd shower off his Face, on the point of his Lance, began to call those that fled in a Body, looking back at every foot, and the Gentleman the foremost: But *Sancho* happening to see the Sign made with the white Cloth, said, Hang me if my Master have not vanquish'd the wild Beasts, since he calls us. All of them made a stand, and knew it was *Don Quixote* that made the Sign, and their Fear abating, by little and little they drew near him, till they could plainly hear the Voice of *Don Quixote*, who call'd them. At length they return'd to the Cart: And *Don Quixote* said to the Carter, Yoak your Mules again Friend, and get you on your way: And *Sancho*, do you give him two Crowns in Gold, for him and the Lion-keeper, in Recompence of their stay. With all my Heart, said *Sancho*: But what's become of the Lions? Are they alive or dead? Then the Keeper, leisurely and very particularly related the Event of the Dispute, extolling, as well as he could, *Don Quixote's* Valour, at whose sight the Lion trembling, would not, or durst not come out of the Cage, tho' the Door was open a good while, and that because he had told the Knight, that to provoke the Lion as he would have had him provok'd, was to tempt God, by making him come by force in spite of his Teeth, and against his Will, he suffer'd the Door to be shut. What think you of this, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*? Can Enchantment now prevail against true Valour? Well may Enchanters make me unfortunate; but 'tis impossible they should deprive me of my Valour. *Sancho* bestow'd the Crowns, the Carter yoak'd,

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the Keeper thank'd *Don Quixote* for his kindness, and promis'd him to relate his valorous Exploit to the King himself, when he came to Court. Well, if his Majesty chance to ask who it was that did it, tell him it was, *The Knight of the Lions*: For from hence forward, I will have the Name I went by till now, which was that of *The Knight of the sorrowful Aspect*, be alter'd, chang'd, turn'd, and converted into this; and herein I follow the ancient Usage of Knights Errant, that would change their Names when they pleas'd, or thought it convenient.

The Cart went on it's way, and *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and he in the Green held on theirs. All this while *Don James de Miranda* spoke not a word, being taken up in observing *Don Quixote's* Speeches and Actions, judging him to be a wise mad Man, or a mad Man that came somewhat near a wise Man: He knew nothing as yet of the first part of his History; for if he had read that, he would have ceas'd admiring his words and deeds, since he might have known the Nature of his Madness: But not knowing of it, he thought him to be wise and mad by fits; for what he spoke was coherent, elegant and well deliver'd; but his Actions were foolish, rash, and unadvis'd; and, thought he to himself, What greater Madness could there be, than to clap on a Helmet full of Curds, and to imagine that Enchanters had softned his Skull? Or, what greater Rashness or Foppery, than to go about to fight with Lions by force? *Don Quixote* diverted him from these Imaginations, saying, Who doubts, worthy *Don James de Miranda*, but that you will hold me in your Opinion for an idle Fellow, or a mad Man; and no wonder you should, for my Actions testifie no less; yet for all that, I would have you to know that I am not so mad, or so shallow as I seem to you: It is a brave fight to see a goodly Knight in the mid't of the Market-place before his Prince, * give a thrust with his Lance to a fierce Bull: And it is a brave fight to see a Knight arm'd in shining Armor pass about the Tilt-Yard at the cheerful Jests before the Ladies; and all those Knights are a brave fight that in Military Exercises, or such as may seem so, do entertain, revive, and honour their Princes Courts; but above all these a Knight Errant is a better fight, who through Desarts and Wilderesses, thro' Cross-ways, Woods, and Mountains, seeks after dangerous Adventures, with a purpose to end them happily and fortunately, only to obtain glorious and lasting Fame

* The manner of riding at, and killing Bulls in the Bull Feasts in Spain.

Fame. A Knight Errant, I say, is a better fight, succouring a Widow in some Desert, than a Court Knight courting some Damsel in the City. All Knights have their particular Exercises: Let the Courtier court Ladies, honour his Prince's Court with rich Liveries, maintain poor Gentlemen at his Table, appoint Tiltings, maintain Tourneaments, shew himself Noble, Liberal, and Magnificent; and above all, Religious, and thus he will fulfil the Duty incumbent on him. But as for the Knight Errant, let him search the Corners of the World; enter the most intricate Labyrinths; every foot undertake Impossibilities; let him in the Deserts and Wildernesses, resist the scorching Sun Beams in the midst of Summer, and the sharp Rigor of the Winds and Frosts in Winter; let not Lions fright him, Spirits terrify him, nor Hobgoblins daunt him; for his chiefest and truest Employment is to seek these to set upon them, and to overcome them all. And since it fell to my Lot to be one of the Number of these Knights Errant, I cannot but attempt all that I think comes within the Verge of my Profession. So that the encountering those Lions as I did directly belong'd to me, tho' I knew it to be an exorbitant Rashness; for I know very well that Valour is a Vertue, which lies betwixt the two vicious Extrems, of Cowardice and Rashness: But it is less dangerous for him that is Valiant, to rise to a degree of Rashness, than to fall or touch upon the Coward. For as it is easier for a prodigal Man to become liberal than for a Miser, so it is easier for a rash Man to be truly Valiant, than for a Coward to come to rise to true Valour. And as to the point of undertaking Adventures, believe me worthy Sir, it is better to over than to under do them; for it sounds better in the Hearers Ears. Such a Knight is rash and hardy, than such a Knight is fearful and cowardly. I say, Sir, answer'd *Don James*, that all you have said and done is most consonant with Reason, and that I believe if the Statutes and Ordinances of Knight Errantry were lost, they might be found again in your Breast, as in their own proper Depository and Register; and so let us make hast for it grows late, and let us get to my Village and House, where you shall ease your self of your former Labour, which, tho' it have not been bodily, yet it is of the Mind, and that do's often cause Weariness in the Body. I thank you for your kind offer, Sir, quoth *Don Quixote*, and spurring on faster, about two of the Clock they came to the Village, and to *Don James's* House, whom *Don Quixote* stil'd, *The Knight of the Green-Cassock*.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVIII.

What happen'd to Don Quixote in the Knight of the Green Cassock's Castle or House, with other extravagant Matters.

Don Quixote perceiv'd that *Don James de Miranda's* House was spacious, after the Country manner; and his Arms, tho' of rough Stone, over the Street Door, his Buttery in the Court, his Cellar in the Porch, and about it many great Jars, which being made at *Toboso*, renew'd the Remembrance of his enchanted and transform'd *Dulcinea*; so fighting, and not minding who was by, he said,

*Bless'd Pledges! now discover'd to my Grief!
Tho' (time was once) most welcome and reviving!*

Oh you *Tobosian* Jars; that bring to my Remembrance the sweet Pledge of my greatest Bitterness! The Poetical Scholar, Son to *Don James*, who came out with his Mother to welcome him, heard him speak these words, and both the Mother and Son were surpriz'd at the strange Figure *Don Quixote* made, who alighting from *Rozinante* very courteously desir'd to kiss her Hands: And *Don James* said, Receive, Madam, with your wonted courtesie, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, a Knight Errant, and the valiantest and wisest in the World.

The Lady whose Name was *Donna Christina*, welcom'd him very affectionately, and with much Civility, which *Don Quixote* return'd in discreet and mannerly Language; almost the same Complements pass'd betwixt him and the Scholar, whom *Don Quixote* judg'd by his words to be judicious and witty. Here the Author describes to us, all the Particulars of *Don James's* House, giving in them an Account of all the Furniture belonging to a rich Country Gentleman: But it seem'd good to the Translator to pass over these and such like Trifles; because they suited not with the principal Scope of this History, which is more ground'd upon Truth, than upon needless Digressions.

Don Quixote was led into a Hall; *Sancho* disarm'd him; so that now he had nothing on but his Breeches and a Chamois Doublet, all smudg'd with the filth of his Armor: About his Neck he wore a Scholar's Band unstarch'd, and without

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Lace;

Fame. A Knight Errant, I say, is a better fight, succouring a Widow in some Desert, than a Court Knight courting some Damsel in the City. All Knights have their particular Exercises: Let the Courtier court Ladies, honour his Prince's Court with rich Liveries, maintain poor Gentlemen at his Table, appoint Tiltings, maintain Tourneaments, shew himself Noble, Liberal, and Magnificent; and above all, Religious, and thus he will fulfil the Duty incumbent on him. But as for the Knight Errant, let him search the Corners of the World; enter the most intricate Labyrinths; every foot undertake Impossibilities; let him in the Deserts and Wildernesses, resist the scorching Sun Beams in the mid't of Summer, and the sharp Rigor of the Winds and Frosts in Winter; let not Lions fright him, Spirits terrifie him, nor Hobgoblins daunt him; for his chiefest and truest Employment is to seek these to set upon them; and to overcome them all. And since it fell to my Lot to be one of the Number of these Knights Errant, I cannot but attempt all that I think comes within the Verge of my Profession. So that the encountering those Lions as I did directly belong'd to me, tho' I knew it to be an exorbitant Rashness; for I know very well that Valour is a Vertue, which lies betwixt the two vicious Extreams, of Cowardice and Rashness: But it is less dangerous for him that is Valiant, to rise to a degree of Rashness, than to fall or touch upon the Coward. For as it is easier for a prodigal Man to become liberal than for a Miser, so it is easier for a rash Man to be truly Valiant, than for a Coward to come to rise to true Valour. And as to the point of undertaking Adventures, believe me worthy Sir, it is better to over than to under do them; for it sounds better in the Hearers Ears. Such a Knight is rash and hardy, than such a Knight is fearful and cowardly. I say, Sir, answer'd *Don James*, that all you have said and done is most consonant with Reason, and that I believe if the Statutes and Ordinances of Knight Errantry were lost, they might be found again in your Breast, as in their own proper Depository and Register; and so let us make hast for it grows late, and let us get to my Village and House, where you shall ease your self of your former Labour, which, tho' it have not been bodily, yet it is of the Mind, and that do's often cause Weariness in the Body. I thank you for your kind offer, Sir, quoth *Don Quixote*, and spurring on faster, about two of the Clock they came to the Village, and to *Don James's* House, whom *Don Quixote* stil'd, *The Knight of the Green-Cassock*.

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Lace;

Lace; his Buskins were date colour'd; and his Shooes wax'd; he girt on his good Sword which hung at a Belt of Sea-wolves Skins; for it is thought he had been long troubl'd with a pain in his Kidnies. Over all he cast a long Cloak of good Russet-cloath: but first of all, he wash'd his Head and Face in five or six Kettles of Water, for touching the Quantity, Authors vary; and for all that the Water still turn'd Whey-colour, God-a-mercy *Sancho's* Gluttony, and his buying those dismal black Curds that made his Master so white. In the afore said Dress, and with a sprightly Air and Gallantry, *Don Quixote* walk'd into another Room, where the Scholar staid to entertain him till the Cloth was laid; for the Mistress of the House, *Donna Christina*, intended to shew her honourable Guest, that she knew how to make much of them that came to her House.

Whil'st *Don Quixote* was disarming himself, *Don Laurence* had leisure, for that was *Don James's* Son's Name, to say to his Father, What do you call this Gentleman, Sir, that you have brought with you? For his Name, his Shape, and your calling him Knight Errant, makes my Mother and me wonder. Faith Son, quoth *Don James*, I know not what to say to you; only this I can tell you, that I have seen him play the maddest Pranks of any Man in the World, and again speak Words so wise as blot out and contradict his Deeds; do you speak to him, and feel the Pulse of his Understanding, and since you have Sense, judge of his Discretion or Folly as you see best, tho' to deal plainly with you, I rather look upon him to be mad than wise.

Hereupon *Don Laurence*, as is said, went to entertain *Don Quixote*, and amongst other Discourse that pass'd betwixt them, *Don Quixote* said to *Don Laurence*; *Don James de Miranda* your Father, has given me an Account of your rare Abilities and sharp Wit, and above all, that you are an excellent Poet. A Poet perhaps, reply'd *Don Laurence*, but excellent by no means: True it is, I am somewhat fond of Poetry, and love to read good Poets; but not so as to deserve the Name of Excellent, that my Father speaks of. I do not dislike your Modesty, quoth *Don Quixote*, for there is scarce a Poet but is arrogant, and thinks himself the best in the World. There is no Rule; quoth *Don Laurence*, without an Exception, and there may be one that is, and yet thinks not so. Few, said *Don Quixote*: But tell me, Sir, What Verses are those you have now in Hand, which your Father says do trouble and puzzle you? And if it be some kind of Gloss or Paraphrase, I know what belongs to glossing, and should be glad

glad to hear them; and if they be Verses for a Prize, content your self with the second; for the first goes always by Favour, or according to the Quality of the Person; and the second is justly distributed; so that the third comes, according to this Account, to be the second, and the first the third, according to the Degrees given in Universities: but for all that the Word first is a great matter. Hitherto, thought *Don Laurence* to himself, I cannot think thee mad, let us proceed, and so he said to him; it seems, Sir, you have frequented the Schools; What Sciences have you study'd? That of Knight Errantry, quoth *Don Quixote*, which is as good as your Poetry, and some thing better. I know not what Science that is, quoth *Don Laurence*, nor have I as yet ever heard of it. 'Tis a Science, quoth *Don Quixote*, that contains in it all, or most of the Sciences in the World, by reason that he who professes it, must be skilful in the Laws, to know distributive and commutative Justice, to give every Man his due and what belongs to him: He must be a Divine to know how to give a Reason clearly and distinctly of his Christian Profession, wheresoever it shall be ask'd of him: He must be a Physician, and chiefly a Botanist, to know in a Wilderness or Desert, what Herbs have Virtue to cure Wounds; for your Knight Errant must not be looking at every turn who shall heal him: He must be an Astronomer, to know in the Night by the Stars what a Clock 'tis, and in what Part and Climate of the World he is: He must be skilful in the Mathematicks, because every foot he will have need of them, and not to mention that he must be adorn'd with all divine and moral Vertues; descending to other Trifles, I say he must swim, as they say, fish *Nicholas*, or *Nicolas* did: He must know how to shooe a Horse, to mend a Saddle or Bridle; and coming again to what went before, he must serve God and his Mistress inviolably: He must be chaste in his Thoughts; modest in his Words; liberal in his Deeds; valiant in his Actions; patient in Afflictions; charitable towards the Poor: And lastly, a Defender of Truth, tho' it cost him his Life. Of all these great and lesser parts a good Knight Errant is compos'd, that you may see *Don Laurence*, whether it be a sniveling Science the Knight that learns it professes, and whether it may not be equall'd to the proudest of them all that are taught in the Schools. If that be so, said *Don Laurence*, I say this Science goes beyond them all. How do you mean, if it be so, quoth *Don Quixote*. Why I mean, said *Don Laurence*, that I doubt whether ever there were, or now are any Knights Errant adorn'd with so many Vertues. Oft

have I said, reply'd *Don Quixote*, what I now say again, that most of the People in the World are of Opinion, there never were any Knights Errant, and because I believe, unless Heaven miraculously convinces them of the Truth, that there have been such, and still are, any pains taken to that purpose will prove ineffectual, as I have often found by Experience: Therefore I will not now spend time in shewing you the Mistake you are in, as well as many others: what I intend to do, is, to pray to Heaven to undeceive, and make you sensible how beneficial and necessary Knights Errant were in past Ages to the World, and how advantageous they would be in this, if they were in Use; but now for the Sins of the People, Sloth, Idleness, Gluttony, and Pleasure are predominant. Our Guest has let fly, thought *Don Laurence*, but for all that he is a pleasant mad Man, and I were a dull Fool if I did not believe so.

Here they ended their Discourse, for they were called to Dinner. *Don James* ask'd his Son what trial he had made of their Guests Understanding: To which he made answer, All the Physicians and Artists in the World will never deliver him of his Madness. He is a mad Man by fits, and has lucid Intervals. They went to Dinner, and it was such as *Don James* said on the way he gave to his Guests, well dress'd, savory, and plentiful: But that which best pleas'd *Don Quixote*, was the marvellous Silence throughout the whole House, as if it had been a Convent of *Carthusians*: The Cloth being taken away, Grace said, and their Hands wash'd, *Don Quixote* earnestly intreated *Don Laurence* to recite his Verses that were for the Prize. To which, he answer'd, because I will not be like those Poets, who when they are intreated to repeat their Verses, refuse it; and when they are not desir'd, spew them out; I will read my Gloss, for which I expect no reward, as having written them only to exercise my Muse. A wife Friend of mine, said *Don Quixote*, was of Opinion, that to gloss was no hard Task for any Man, the Reason being, that the Gloss could never come near the Theme, and most commonly it was quite from the Theme given; besides that, the Laws of Glossing were too strict, not admitting Interrogations, nor *Said he?* or, *Shall I say?* or, changing Nouns into Verbs, besides other Confinements and Hardships put upon those that apply themselves to Glossing, as you, Sir, doubtless understand. Truly good Sir *Don Quixote*, said *Don Laurence*, I would fain catch you tripping, but cannot; for still you slip from me like an Eel. I know not, said *Don Quixote*, what you mean by your slipping. You shall know
my

my meaning, said *Don Laurence*, but for the present I pray you hearken with Attention to my Verses, and to the Theme, for they are these.

The Theme.

OH that I cou'd past Years revive,
Without Reserve of future Doom,
Or make the Hours unborn arrive
That brooding lie in Fate's dark Womb.

The Gloss.

I.

ALL humane Joys, more Fleet than Wind,
On Time's swift Wings take Flight;
Frail Fortune, once profusely kind,
Has now forsook me quite.
She pass'd, like Dreams at break of Day,
And ne're appear'd again.
Whole Years, nay Ages, fled away
Since prostrate on the Ground I lay,
And mourn'd my Loss in vain.
Ye Pow'rs! how happy did I live?
Oh that I cou'd past Years revive!

2.

I seek no Prize, nor Victory,
But only to regain
My former Joys, whose memory
Augments my present Pain.
If, mighty Fortune! thou restore
This Treasure cast away
In Time's Abyss, I ask no more.
But grant me this, propitious Pow'r!
Grant it without Delay!
And altogether let it come,
Without Reserve of future Doom!

3.

Fool that I am! thus to desire
What Nature cannot give.

Show'd all the Pow'rs on Earth conspire
 Past Ages to retrieve;
 Their fruitless Labours soon wou'd find
 The slippery God's disdain,
 Who swiftly sails upon the Wind,
 Deaf to the Cries of Fools behind,
 And ne're returns again.
 For who can Time that's past revive?
 Or make the Hours unborn arrive?

4.

With Hope and Fear by turns possess
 I drag Life's galling Chain.
 Then why shou'd I decline that Rest
 Which Death affords my Pain?
 No, rather let me chuse to die,
 And sue out my Release;
 But why these Scruples then, and why
 Doubt I the Balsam to apply
 That brings immediate Ease?
 Fear holds my Hand of Woes to come
 That brooding lie in Fate's dark Womb.

When *Don Laurence* had ended, *Don Quixote* stood up and with a loud Voice, as if he had screecht, taking him by the hand, said, By the highest Heavens, generous Youth, you are the best Poet in the World, and deserve the Lawrel, not of *Cyprus* or *Gacta*, as a Poet said, God forgive him, but of the University of *Athens*, if it were extant, and of *Paris*, *Bologna*, and *Salamanca* now in being. Heavens grant that those Judges who deny you the Prize may be shot to Death with Arrows by *Phœbus*, and that the Muses may never come within their Thresholds. Recite, Sir, if you please, some of your loftier Verses, for I will thoroughly feel the Pulse of your admirable Wit. It is strange, that *Don Laurence*, as they say, was pleas'd, when he heard himself prais'd by *Don Quixote*, tho' he held him to be a mad Man? O power of Flattery! How far dost thou extend, and how large are the Bounds of thy pleasing Jurisdiction? This Truth was verified in *Don Laurence*, since he condescended to *Don Quixote's* Request, reciting these following Lines to him, on the Fable or Story of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

See

ANCHO flies from the Scullions who would
 Lather his Beard.



Tome. 2.

fol: 102.

* *See at the crevis'd Wall with amorous Joy
The beauteous Virgin meets the wounded Boy!
See Cupid too from his own Cyprus flies
To view the wondrous Breach, and owns a pleas'd Surprise!
Language is useless here: no Whispers dare
Pierce thro' the narrow Flaw their Passion to declare.
But Silence speaks; and mighty Love supplies
Their raptur'd Souls with Eloquence of Eyes.*

*Impatient with Desire, her Haft betray'd
To Death instead of Joy th'unhappy Maid.
Oh Tragick Turn of Fate! — One Moment's Space
Prevents with gushing Blood the fond Embrace;
Nor quite prevents; for by one Sword they dye,
One Tomb preserves their Dust, one Fame their Memory.*

Blessed be God, quoth *Don Quixote*, having heard these Verses, that amongst so many consumed Poets there are, I found one consummate, as you are, Sir, which I perceive by your ingenious Poetry.

Don Quixote stay'd four Days, and was delicately entertain'd in *Don James's* House, at the end of which he ask'd his leave to depart, and thank'd him for the Kindness and the good Usage he had found; but because it was not fit that Knights Errant should be too long idle, he purpos'd to exercise his Function, and to seek after Adventures he knew of; for the Place whither he meant to go, would furnish Plenty enough to pass his Time, till it were fit to go to the Titling at *Zaragosa*, which was his direct Course: But that first of all he intended to go into *Montesinos's* Cave, of which there were so many admirable Tales in every Man's Mouth: And to search after, and seek for the Springs and true Source of those seven Lakes, commonly call'd of *Ruydera*. *Don James* and his Son commended his noble Resolution, and bid him furnish himself with what he pleas'd of their House and Wealth, for he should receive it with all Love and good Will; for the worth of his Person, and his honourable Profession oblig'd them to it.

To conclude, the Day for his Departure came, as pleasing to him, as bitter and sorrowful to *Sancho*, who lik'd wondrous well of *Don James's* plentiful Provision, and was loth to return to the Hunger of the Forests and Wildernesses, and to the short Commons of his ill furnish'd Wallets; However, he fill'd and stuff'd them with the best Provision

he could. And *Don Quixote*, as he took his leave of *Don Laurence*, said, I know not, Sir, whether I have told you already, but tho' I have, I tell you again, that when you would save a great deal of Labour and Pains, to arrive at the inaccessible top of *Fame's Temple*, you have no more to do, but to leave on one hand the narrow Path of Poetry, and to follow the narrower Track of Knight Errantry, which may make you an Emperor, in a trice.

These words were in a manner the Epilogue to the Comedy of *Don Quixote's* Madness, which concluded with the Addition of these he presently subjoin'd; saying, God knows, I would willingly carry *Don Laurence* with me, to teach him, what belongs to pardoning the Humble, and to trampling down and crushing the Proud; Virtue is proper to my Profession: But since his tender Age is not capable, and his laudable Exercises will not permit him, I am only willing to advise you, that being a Poet, you may be famous, if you govern your self by other Mens Judgments, more than by your own; for no Father or Mother think their own Children deform'd, and this Error is more frequent in the Offspring of the Understanding. The Father and the Son afresh admir'd at *Don Quixote's* medly of Discourse, which was sometimes judicious, and sometimes most extravagant, and at his positive Resolution to leave no Stone unturn'd in the search of his unlucky Adventures, which were the only Scope and End whither he directed all his Desires. The tenders of Service, and Complements having been repeated over again, and leave taken of the Lady of the Castle, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* set out upon *Rozinante* and Dapple.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the Adventure of the amorous Shepherd, with other pleasant Accidents.

Don Quixote was not gone far from *Don James's Town*, when he overtook two that seem'd to be Clergy Men, or Scholars, with two Husbandmen, all mounted upon four Asses. One of the Scholars had, in a piece of green Buckram, wrapp'd up like a Cloak Bag, some fine white Cloth, and two pair of course Stockings. The other had nothing but two Foils, and a pair of Pumps. The Husbandmen had other

other things, which shew'd they came from some Market-Town, where they had bought them to carry home to their Village: And both the Scholars and Husbandmen were amaz'd, as all others us'd to be at the first sight of *Don Quixote*, and they long'd to know what manner of Fellow he was, so different from all other Men. *Don Quixote* saluted them, and when he knew which way they travell'd, it being the same he had propos'd to himself, he offer'd them his Company, and desir'd them to slacken their pace, because their young Asses travell'd faster than his Horse: and to oblige them the more, he told them in a few words who he was, and his Profession, that he was a Knight Errant, that he went to seek Adventures through all the Parts of the World. He told them his proper Name was *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but his ordinary Stile, *The Knight of the Lions*. All this to the Husbandmen was Heathen Greek, or Gibberish; but not to the Scholars, who presently perceiv'd the Weakness of *Don Quixote's* Brain. However, they beheld him with great Admiration and Respect, and one of them said, Sir Knight, if you go no set Journey, as they who seek Adventures seldom do, I pray go with us, and you shall see one of the richest and most sumptuous Weddings that ever was kept in *La Mancha*, or in many Leagues about it. *Don Quixote* ask'd them if it were of any Prince that he so extoll'd it. No, Sir, said he, but of a Farmer, and a Farmer's Daughter: He is the richest in all the Country, and she the fairest alive. The manner of it is new and rare, for it is to be kept in a Meadow near the Brides Town. She is called, as exceeding all others, *Quiteria* the fair, and he *Camacho* the rich: She is about Eighteen Years of Age, and he Two and Twenty, both well met, but that some nice People, who know all the Families in the World, will have it, that the fair *Quiteria's* is better than his: But that's not regarded now adays, for Riches makes amends for all. In short, this *Camacho* is liberal, and he has taken a fancy to make an Arbor, and cover all the Meadow over head, so that the Sun will find it hard to get in to visit the green Grass that covers the Ground. He has also certain warlike Maurice-Dancers, some with Swords, and some with little tinkling Bells; for there are those in the Town that will jangle them most excellently. I say nothing of the high Flyers for he has hir'd a world of them: But none of the things I have told you, or others I omitted, are like to make this Wedding so remarkable, as those I imagine the desperate *Basil* will do. This *Basil* is a Swain of *Quiteria's* own Town, whose House was next Door to her Father's, whence Love took

took occasion to renew to the World, the long forgotten Loves of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*; for *Basil* lov'd *Quiteria* from a Child, and she made a thousand honourable Returns. So that the Love betwixt the two little ones, was the common Talk of the Town. They grew up, and *Quiteria's* Father resolv'd to exclude *Basil* his House; and to avoid trouble and suspicion, propos'd to marry her to the rich *Camacho*, not thinking it fit to marry her to *Basil*, who was not so rich in Goods of Fortune, as in those of the Mind, for to say the Truth without Envy, he is the most active Youth we have, a famous Bar-pitcher, and excellent Wrastler, a great Tennis-player, he runs like a Stag, out-leaps a She-Goat, and plays at Ten Pins miraculously, sings like a Lark, plays upon a Guitarre as if he made it speak, and above all, fences as well as the best. For that only Ability, quoth *Don Quixote*, the Youth deserves not only to match with the fair *Quiteria*, but with Queen *Ginever* her self, if she were now alive, in spite of *Lancelot*, and all that would gain-say it. There's for my Wife now, quoth *Sancho* that had been all this while silent, who would have every one marry with their Equals, holding her self to the Proverb, that says, *Like to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*. I could wish, that honest *Basil*, for me thinks I love him, were married to *Quiteria*, and God give 'em Joy, and a Rope for those that go about to hinder Lovers from marrying. If all that love well, quoth *Don Quixote*, should marry, Parents would lose the Privilege of marrying their Children, when and with whom they ought; and if Daughters might choose their Husbands, some would choose their Father's Servants, and others any Passenger in the Street, whom they thought to be a lusty gay Fellow, tho' he were a rascally Bully, for Love and Affection easily blind the Eyes of the Understanding, which is only fit to choose, and the State of Matrimony is a ticklish thing, and there is great heed to be taken, and it is a particular Gift of Heaven to hit right. Any Man that undertakes a long Voyage, if he be wife, before he is on his way, seeks him some good Companion. And why should not he do so who is to travel all his Life-time till he come to his resting place of Death; and the rather if his Company must be at Bed and Board, and in all places, as the Wives Company must be with the Husband? A Wife is not a Commodity that after it is bought can be return'd, sold, or exchange'd; but an inseparable Accident, that lasts for term of Life. It is a Nooze, that being fastned about the Neck, turns to a Gordian knot, which cannot be undone but by Death's Sickle. I could say much more

more to this purpose, were it not that I desire to be satisfied by Master Licentiate, whether there be any more to come of *Basil's* Story. To which the Student, Batchelor, or Licentiate, as *Don Quixote* call'd him, answer'd; I have no more to say, but that from the instant *Basil* knew the fair *Quiteria* was to be married to the rich *Camacho*, he was never seen to smile, or talk sensibly; and he is always sad and pensive, muttering to himself; an evident token that he is distracted: he eats little, and sleeps little; all he eats is Fruits, and all his Sleep is in the Fields, upon the hard ground, like a Beast; now and then he looks up to Heaven, and sometimes fixes his eyes on the ground, so senseless, as if he were only a Statue cloath'd, and the Air mov'd his Garments. In fine, he shews such Symptoms of being overcome with Anguish, that all we who know him believe, that *Quiteria's* Consent to morrow will prove the Sentence of his Death. God forbid, said *Sancho*, for God gives the Wound, and God gives the Salve; no body knows what may happen; 'tis a good many hours betwixt this and to morrow, and in one hour, nay one minute, a House falls; and I have seen it rain and the Sun shine at the same time; one goes to bed sound at night, and is not able to stir the next morning: and pray tell me, is there any one that can say he has staid the course of Fortune's great Wheel? No truly; and between a Womans Yea and No, I would be loth to put a pins point, for it would hardly enter. Let me have Mistress *Quiteria* love *Basil* with all her heart, and I'll give him a Bag full of good Luck; for your Love, as I have heard say, looks through Spectacles, which make Copper seem Gold, Poverty Riches, and Filth Pearls. Whither a plague run'st thou *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for when thou once begin'st to tack together Proverbs and Tales, the Devil, who I wish had thee, can't endure thee: Tell me, Beast, what know'st thou of Fortune or Wheel, or any thing else? Nay, if you do not understand me, quoth *Sancho*, no marvel if my Sentences pass for Fopperies: but no matter, I know what I say, and know I have not spoken much like a Fool; but you, Sir, are always the Tonsor of my Words and Actions. Censor thou should'st say, not Tonsor: God confound thee, thou Prevaricator of good Language. Pray, Sir, don't you fall upon me, said *Sancho*, since you know I have not been bred at Court, nor studied in *Salamanda* to know whether I add or diminish a Letter or two in a word. Lord God, you must not think a coarse *Galizian* can speak like one that is born in *Toledo*, and even there all are not so nicely spoken. It is even so, quoth the Student; for they that are bred in the Tanner-rows, and the Market of *Zocodover*, cannot speak

ſpeak ſo well as thoſe that walk all day in the Cloyster of the great Church; and yet they are all of *Toledo*. Pure, proper, and elegant Language, is only to be found in your judicious Courtiers, let them be born where they will: I ſay judicious, becauſe many are otherwiſe, and Judgment is the Grammar of good Language, which is accompanied with Practice: I, Sir, I thank God, have ſtudied the Canons in *Salamanca*, and pretend a little to expreſs my ſelf in plain and ſignificant terms. If you did not pretend, ſaid the other Scholar, to uſe the Foils you have there more than you do your Tongue, you might have been Senior in your degree, whereas now you are ſlag. Look you, Batchelor, quoth the Student, you hold the moſt erroneous Opinion in the World, touching the Skill of the Weapon, ſince you hold it frivolous. 'Tis no Opinion, in my conceit, ſaid *Corchuelo*, but a manifeſt Truth; and, if you will have me ſhew it by Experience, there you have Foils, opportunity offers, I have an Arm, and Strength, which, together with my Courage, and that is not ſmall, will make you confeſs I am not deceiv'd: Alight, and ſet your Feet; make uſe of your Circles, your Angles, and all your Science; I don't doubt, with my modern coarſe Skill, to make you ſee the Stars at noon-day; and hope, in this my Art, under God, the Man is yet unborn that ſhall make me turn my back; and there's no Man in the World but I'll make him give ground. As for turning your back, ſaid the ſkilful Man, I meddle not, tho' perhaps where you firſt ſet your Foot, there your Grave might be digg'd; I mean, you might be kill'd for deſpiſing Skill. You ſhall try that, ſaid *Corchuelo*, and lighting haſtily from his Aſs, he ſnatch'd one of the Swords the Student carried. Not ſo, ſaid *Don Quixote* inſtantly, I'll be the Fencing Maſter, and Judge of this undecided Controverſie: and lighting from *Rozinante*, and taking his Lance, he ſtep'd between them till ſuch time as the Student had put himſelf into his Poſture and Diſtance againſt *Corchuelo*, who ran (as you would ſay) darting fire out of his eyes. The two Huſbandmen that were by, without lighting from their Aſſes, ſerv'd as Spectators of the mortal Tragedy: The Cuts, Thruſts, Faints, Backſtrokes and Foreſtrokes, that came from *Corchuelo*, were numberleſs, as thick as Hops, or Hail: he laid on like an angry Lion; but ſtill the Student ſtop'd his Mouth with the button of his Foil, which check'd him in the miſt of his Fury; and he made him kiſs it as if it had been a Relick, tho not with ſo much Devotion as is due to them. In a word, the Student, with pure Thruſts, told all the Buttons of a ſhort Caſſock he had on, the Skirts hanging about him in rags like Fiſh Tails.

Twice

Twice he ſtruck off his Hat, and ſo tir'd him, that what for Deſpight, what for Choler and Rage, he took the Foil by the Hilt, and flung it into the Air with ſuch force, that one of the Huſbandmen that was by, who was a Notary, and went for it, gave it under his hand afterwards, that he flung it almoſt three quarters of a League: which Certificate ſerves, and has ſerv'd, to prove and demonſtrate, that Strength is overcome by Art.

Corchuelo ſat down tir'd; and *Sancho* coming to him, ſaid, Truly, Sir Batchelor, if you take my Advice, hereafter challenge no Man to fence, but to wreſtle or throw the Bar, ſince you have Youth and Strength enough for it; for I have heard thoſe you call your ſkilful Men ſay, they will thruſt the point of a Sword through the eye of a Needle. I am glad, quoth *Corchuelo*, that I came from my Aſs, and that Experience has ſhew'd me what I would not have believ'd. So riſing up, he embrac'd the Student, and they were better Friends than before. So, without ſtaying for the Notary that went for the Sword, becauſe they thought he would tarry long, they reſolv'd to follow on their way, and come betimes to *Quiteria's* Village, to which they all belong'd. By the way the Student diſcourſ'd to them of the Excellency of the Art of Fencing, with ſo many demonſtrative Reaſons, with ſo many Figures and Mathematical Demonſtrations, that all were ſatiſfied with the rareneſs of the Science, and *Corchuelo* reduc'd from his Obſtinacy.

It began to grow dark, but before they drew near, they all ſaw a kind of Heaven of innumerable Stars before the Town. They heard harmonious and confuſe Sounds of divers Inſtruments, as Flutes, Tabers, Pſalteries, Recorders, Hand-drums and Bells; and when they drew near, they ſaw that the Trees of an Arbor, which had been made at the Entrance of the Town, were all full of Lights, which were not offended by the Wind, that then blew not, but was ſo gentle, that it ſcarce mov'd the leaves of the Trees. The Muſicians were they that were to make the Company merry at the Wedding, and went up and down that pleaſant Field in ſeveral Parcels, ſome dancing and ſinging, others playing upon divers of the aforeſaid Inſtruments: Jollity and Mirth it ſelf ſeem'd to run up and down the Meadow: others were buſie in raiſing Scaffolds, that they might the next day conveniently ſee the Acting and Dances, dedicated to ſolemnize the Marriage of the rich *Camacho*, and the Obſequies of *Baſil*. *Don Quixote* would not go into the Town, tho the Huſbandmen and the Batchelor entreated him; for he gave a ſufficient Excuse for himſelf (as he thought) that it was the Cuſtom of Knights Errant to ſleep

sleep in Fields and Forests, rather than in Houses, tho' it were under golden Roofs: so he went a little out of the way, much against *Sancho's* Will, who remembred the good Lodging he had in the Castle, or House of *Don James*.

CHAP. XX.

Of the mighty Doings at the Wedding of rich Camacho, and what happen'd to poor Basil.

SCARCE had the fair *Aurora* given bright *Phœbus* time, with the ardour of his burning Rays, to dry the liquid Pearls on his golden Locks, when *Don Quixote*, shaking off sloth from his drowzy Limbs, arose, and call'd *Sancho* his Squire, who still lay snorting: which *Don Quixote* perceiving, before he could wake him, said, Oh happy thou above all that live upon the face of the Earth, that without Envy or being envied, sleepest with a calm Soul, neither persecuted by Enchanters, nor frighted by Enchantments. Sleep I say, once again, nay an hundred times I say, sleep; without being continually kept awake by Jealousie, or being made watchful by the care of paying Debts, or of giving Bread another day to thy small and wretched Family. Neither does Ambition trouble thee, nor the World's vain Pomp perplex thee, since the bounds of thy Desires extend no farther, than to think on thy As: for thy own Person, that thou hast committed to my Charge, a weight and burden which Nature and Custom has laid upon Masters. The Servant sleeps, and the Master wakes, thinking how he is to maintain, prefer, and do him Kindnesses. The grief it is to see Heav'n obdurate in relieving the Earth with seasonable moisture, troubles not the Servant, but it does the Master, that must keep him in Scarcity and Famine who serv'd him in abundance and plenty. *Sancho* answer'd not a word to all this, for he was asleep; nor would he have wak'd so soon, had not *Don Quixote* made him come to himself with the small end of his Lance. At length he awak'd sleepy and drowzy, and looking round about, said, From this Arbor, if I be not deceiv'd, there comes a item and sinell rather of good broil'd Rashes, than Time and Rushes: a Wedding that begins with such Smells (by my Holy-dame) I think 'twill be brave and plentiful. Away Glutton, quoth *Don*
Qui-

Quixote, come and let us go see it, and what becomes of the diddain'd *Basil*. Let him do what he will, said *Sancho*, if he were not poor he might marry *Quiteria*; 'Tis a pleasant Fancy, for a Man that is not worth a Groat to aspire to match above the Clouds. Faith, Sir, I think a poor Man ought to content himself with his Fortune, and not to look for Strawberries in the Sea. I'll hold one of my Arms, that *Camacho* can cover *Basil* all over with Royals: and if so, as 'tis like, *Quiteria* were a very Fool to leave the fine Cloaths and Jewels *Camacho* has and can give her, and choose *Basil* for his Bar-pitching and Fencing. In a Tavern they will not give you a Pint of Wine for a good Throw with the Bar, or a Trick in Fencing: such Abilities as are worth nothing, have 'em who will; but when they light upon one that has Money withal, then do they look as I would do my self: upon a good Foundation a good Building may be raised, and Money is the best Bottom and Foundation in the World. For God's sake *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, have done with thy tedious Harangue, for I believe, if thou wert let alone, to run on as thou begin'st every moment, thou would'st not have time to eat or sleep, but would'st spend it all in talking. If you had a good Memory, said *Sancho*, you would remember the Articles of our Agreement before we made our last Sally from home; one of which was, That you would let me speak as much as I list, on condition it were not against my Neighbour, or against your Authority: and hitherto I am sure I have not broken that Article. I remember no such Article *Sancho*, said he, and tho' it were so, I will have you now be silent, and come along; for now the Instruments we heard over night begin to cheer the Vallies, and doubtless the Marriage is kept in the Cool of the Morning, and not deferr'd till the Heat of the Afternoon. *Sancho* did what his Master bid him, and saddling *Roxinante*, with his Pack-saddle clapp'd on Dapple, the two mounted, and fair and softly entred the Arbor. The first thing that *Sancho* saw was a whole Steer spitted upon a whole Elm, and the Fire, where it was to be roasted, was a pretty Mountain of Wood, and six Pots that were round about this Bon-fire, which were never cast in the ordinary Mould that other Pots were, for they were six half Jars, and every one held a whole Shambles of Meat; whole Sheep were sunk and lost in them without being seen, as if they had been Pigeons; the unca's'd Hares, and the pulled Hens that hung upon the Trees to be buried in the Pots, were numberless; infinite Birds and Fowl of divers sorts hung on the Trees, that the Air might cool them: *Sancho* counted above threescore skins of Wine, each
of

of them of above two * *Arroba's*, and as it afterward appear'd; of spritely Liquor: there were great parcels of pure white Bread, heap'd up like Corn in the Threshing-floors: your Cheeses, like Bricks pil'd one upon another, made a goodly Wall: and two Kettles of Oyl, bigger than a Dyers Fat, serv'd to fry their Paste-work, which they took out with two strong Peels when they were fry'd, and they duck'd them in another Kettle of Honey that stood by for the same purpose: There were above fifty Cooks, Men and Women, all cleanly, careful, and chearful: In the spacious Belly of the Steer there were twelve little sucking Pigs, which being sew'd up there, serv'd to make him more favory: The Spices of divers sorts, seem'd not to have been bought by pounds, but by the quarter of the Hundred: and all lay open in a great Chest. To conclude, this Preparation for the Wedding was rustical; but so plentiful, that it might furnish an Army.

Sancho Pança beheld all, and was much affected with it: and first of all the goodly Pots did captivate his Desires, from whence, with all his heart, he would have been glad to have receiv'd a good Pipkin full; by and by he was taken with the Wine Skins; and last of all with the fry'd Meats, if those vast Kettles might be called Frying-pans. So being no longer able to forbear, or withstand the Temptation, he came to one of the Cooks, and with courteous and hungry Words, desir'd him that he might dip a Crust of Bread in one of the Pots. To which the Cook replied, Friend, this is no day for Hunger to take place (Thanks to the rich *Camacho*;) alight, and see if you can find ever a Ladle there, and skim out a Hen or two, and much good may they do you. I see none, said *Sancho*. Stay, said the Cook; God forgive me! how nice and unhandy you are! And saying so, he laid hold of a Kettle, and sousing it into one of the Jars, he drew out with it three Hens and two Geese, and said to *Sancho*, Eat Friend, and break your Fast with this Scum till Dinner time. I have nothing to put it in, said *Sancho*. Why take Spoon and all, said the Cook; for *Camacho's* Riches and Satisfaction will very well bear it.

Whilst *Sancho* thus pass'd his time, *Don Quixote* saw that at one side of the Arbor there came a dozen Husbandmen upon twelve goodly Mares, with rich and tightly Furniture, fit for the Country, with many little Bells upon their Breast-plates, and all clad very gay, who together, in very good order, several times gallop'd over the Meadow, merrily shouting and crying,
Long

* In Spain they reckon the quantity of Wine by the weight, an *Arroba* is 28 pounds; so that two of them is about 7 Gallons.

Long live *Camacho* and *Quiteria*, he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest in the World. Which when *Don Quixote* heard, thought he to himself, it is a sign these Men have not seen my *Dulcinea del Toboso*: for if they had, they would not be so forward in praising this their *Quiteria*. A while after there began to enter, at divers parts of the Arbour, several parcels of Dancers, amongst which there was one of Sword-Dancers consisting of four and twenty Swains, handsome lusty Youths, all in fine white Linen, with their Handkerchiefs wrought in several colours of fine Silk; and one of the twelve upon the Mares asked him that was the Foreman of these, a nimble Lad, Whether any of the Dancers had hurt themselves. Hitherto, said he, no body is hurt; we are all well, God be thanked: and strait he wound himself in amongst the rest of his Companions, with so much Activity and Art, that *Don Quixote*, tho he was us'd to such kind of Dances, never lik'd any so well as this: He also lik'd another very well, which was of beautiful young Maids, so young, that to appearance, never a one was under fourteen, nor above eighteen, all clad in a slight green Stuff, their Hair partly plaited, and partly loose, but all so bright, it might compare with the Sun, and on it they had Garlands of *Jasmine*, Roses, Woodbine, and Honey-suckles. They had for their Guides a reverend old Man and a matronly Woman, but more active and nimble than could be expected from their years. They danc'd to the sound of a * *Zamora* Bag-pipe: so that their Countenances being modest, and their Feet nimble, they seem'd to be the best Dancers in the World. After this there came in another artificial Dance, of those call'd Brawles; it consisted of eight Nymphs, divided into two Ranks; God *Cupid* guided one Rank, and *Interest* the other; the one with his Wings, his Bow, his Quiver, and Arrows: the other was clad in divers rich Colours of Gold and Silk. The Nymphs that follow'd *Love* had each a white Parchment Scrowl at their backs, in which their Names were written in great Letters: the first was *Poesy*, the second *Discretion*, the third *Nobility*, the fourth *Valour*. In the same manner came those who follow'd *Interest*; the first was *Liberality*, the second *Gift*, the third *Treasure*, the fourth *quiet Possession*: before them came a wooden Cattle, drawn by two Savages clad in Ivy and Hempen cloth dy'd green, so to the life, that they had almost frighted *Sancho*:

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cho:

* *Zamora*, a City famous in Spain for that Musick, as in England the Lancashire Horn pipe.

cho: On the Front, and every side of the Castle, was written, *The Castle of Wise Reserv'dness*: Four skilful Musicians play'd to them on a Taber and Pipe; *Cupid* began the Dance, and after two Changes, he lifted up his eyes, and bent his Bow against a Virgin that stood at the Battlements of the Castle, and said thus to her.

The M A S K.

L O V E.

1.

I Cupid reign in Heav'n above,
And Hell's low Realms my Pow'r obey;
Earth owns the puissant God of Love,
And Sea's my universal Sway.

2.

No Face I dread, no Looks I fear,
I tame and rule the stoutest Souls,
Stern Warriours my Commands revere,
And nought my Sou'raign Will controuls.

The Verse being ended, he shot an Arrow over the Castle, and retir'd to his Standing: Then *Interest* step'd out, and perform'd his two Changes; the Tabor ceas'd, and he spoke:

I N T E R E S T.

1.

See One that's mightier far than Love!
Tho' Love's my pleasing End; by Birth
I'm next ally'd to pow'ful Love,
So much I pass the rest of Earth.

2.

I Interest am, with whom but few
Perform the just and gen'rous Deeds
Which to th' expecting World are due:
Yet nought without mine Aid succeeds.

Interest retir'd, and *Poesy* advanc'd; who, after she had done her Changes as well as the rest, her eyes fixt upon the Damsel of the Castle, said:

POESY:

P O E S Y.

1.

Sweet warbling Poesy imparts
(Bright Maid) the Lover's pleasing pain,
Thrills through the Soul, and seizes Hearts
Imprison'd by her melting Strain.

2.

But if my Song soft Love despise,
By me thy Name through Earth shall run:
Born on my Wings thy Fame shall rise,
And mount the Circle of the Sun.

Poesy gave way, and from *Interest*'s side came *Liberality*, and after her Changes, said:

L I B E R A L I T Y.

1.

I'm noble Liberality,
By which the vertuous Mean you chuse:
I bid the Hand no Niggard be,
Nor yet too lavish or profuse.

2.

Yet Thee I'll prodigally praise:
Profuseness is a Vice, I own,
Yet sure 'tis like those lavish ways,
And Gifts by which great Love is shown.

In this manner all the Persons of both Garigs stept out and retir'd, and each of them perform'd their Changes, and spoke their Verses, some elegant, some ridiculous. *Don Quixote*, who had a great Memory, remember'd only those here set down; and then the whole Troop mingled together, winding in and out with much Grace and Dexterity: and still as *Love* went before the Castle, he shot a Flight aloft; but *Interest* broke gilded Balls, like Granado-shells, against it.

At last, after *Interest* had danc'd a good while, he drew out a large Purse made of a Roman Cat's-skin, which seem'd to be full of Mony; and throwing it at the Castle, with the blow the Boards were disjoin'd, and fell down, leaving the Damsel

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discovered,

discovered, without any defence. *Interest* came with his Assistants, and casting a great Chain of Gold about her Neck, they made a shew of leading her Captive; which when *Love* and his Party saw, they came up as if they would have rescued her; and all these Motions were to the sound of the Taber, dancing very orderly: the Savages parted them, and very speedily set up and join'd the Boards of the Castle, and the Damsel was inclos'd there anew. And thus the Dance ended, to the great Satisfaction of the Spectators.

Don Quixote ask'd one of the Nymphs, Who had drest and order'd her? She answer'd, A Parson of the Town, who had an excellent capacity for such Inventions. I'll lay a Wager, said *Don Quixote*, he is more *Basil's* Friend than *Camacho's* and knows better what belongs to a Satyr than an Even-song. He has well fitted *Basil's* Abilities to the Dance, and *Camacho's* Riches. *Sancho Pança*, who heard all, said, The King is my Cock, I hold with *Camacho*. Well *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, thou art a very Peasant, and like them that cry, Long live the Conqueror. I know not who I am like, said *Sancho*; but I know I shall never get such delicate Scum out of *Basil's* Pottage-pots as I have out of *Camacho's*; and with that shew'd him the Kettle full of Geese and Hens, and laying hold on one, he fell to it merrily and hungrily, and said, a fig for *Basil's* Abilities; for so much art thou worth as thou hast, and so much as thou hast thou art worth. An old Grandame of mine was wont to say, There were but two Families in the World, *Have-much* and *Have-little*; and she was mightily inclin'd to the former: and at this day, Master, *Your Physician* had rather feel a having Pulse than a knowing Pulse, and an *Ass* cover'd with Gold makes a better shew than a Horse with a Pack-saddle. So that I say again, I am of *Camacho's* side, the Scum of whose Pors are Geese, Hens, Hares, and Conies; and *Basil's*, whether they be up or down, are but poor thin Water. Hast thou done with thy Harangue, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*? I must have done, said he, because I see it offends you; for if it were not for that, I had Work cut out for three days. Pray God, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, I may see thee dumb before I die. According to the course we take, said *Sancho*, before you die I shall be mumbling Clay, and then perhaps I shall be so dumb, that I shall not speak a word till the end of the World, or at least till Doomsday. Tho it were so *Sancho*, said he, thy Silence will never equal what thou hast, do'st, and wilt talk during thy Life-time; besides, 'tis very likely that I shall die before thee, and so I shall never see thee dumb, no not when thou drink'st
or

or sleep'st, which is the most I can say of it. In good faith, Master, quoth *Sancho*, there is no trusting to raw bones, I mean Death, that devours Lambs as well as Sheep; and I have heard our Vicar say, she tramples as well on the high Towers of Kings, as the humble Cottages of poor Men. This Lady is more powerful than squeamish, she is nothing dainty, she devours all, plays at all, and fills her Wallets with all kind of People, Ages, and Qualities: She is no Mower that sleeps in the Heat of the day, but mows at all hours, and cuts as well the green Grass as the Hay: she does not chew, but swallows at once, and crams down all that comes before her, for she has a devouring Appetite, that is never satisfy'd; and tho she have no Belly, yet she seems to be Dropical, and thirsts after the Lives of all Men, as if it were a jagg of cold Water. Hold *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, at this instant hold while thou art well, and take heed of falling, for certainly thou hast said as much of Death in thy rustical terms, as a good Preacher could have done. I tell thee, *Sancho*, thou hast good Nature and Sense enough to take a Pulpit in thy hand, and go up and down the World preaching thy fine Knacks. He preaches well that lives well, said *Sancho*; and I understand no other Divinity. Thou need'st not, quoth he: but I wonder at one thing, which is, that the Fear of God, being the beginning of Wisdom, thou, who fear'st a Lizard more than him, should'st be so wise? Judge you of your Knight Errantry Sir, said *Sancho*, and meddle not with other Mens Fears or Valours, for I am as pretty a Fearer of God as any of my Neighbours, and so let me whip off this Scum; for all the rest are but idle Words, for which we must be accountable in another Life. And so saying, he began to give another Assault to the Kettle, with such an Appetite, that he rowz'd *Don Quixote's*, who undoubtedly would have join'd with him had he not been hindred by that, which of necessity must be related hereafter.

C H A P. XXI.

*Being a farther Relation of Camacho's Nuptials,
with other delightful Accidents.*

AS *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were in the Discourse mentioned in the former Chapter, they heard a great Noise and Out-cry, which was caus'd by them that rode on the Mares, who with a large Gallop and Shouts went to meet the marry'd Couple; who, hemm'd in by a thousand musical Instruments and Devices came in company of the Curate, the Kindred of them both, and all the better sort of the neighbouring Towns, all clad in their best Apparel. When *Sancho* saw the Bride, he said, In good faith she is not dress'd like a Country Wench, but like one of your nice Court Dames: by th' Mass methinks the Glas Necklaces she should wear are rich Coral, and her coarse green Cloth of *Cuenca* is a thirty piled Velter, and I'll warrant her lacing is white Linen, but I vow to Gad it is Satten; then look on her Hands that should have their jet Rings, let me never thrive if they are not Gold, arrant Gold, and set with Pearls as white as a Sillabub, each of them as precious as an Eye. Ah Whoreson! and what Locks she has? for if they are not false, I never saw longer, nor fairer, in my life. Nay, but find not fault with her Airyness and Shape, and don't compare her me to a Palm-tree, that bends up and down when it is loaden with Bunches of Dates; for just so look her Trinkets hanging at her Hair and about her Neck: I swear by my Soul, she is a Wench of Metal, and may very well pass muster in *Flanders*. *Don Quixote* laugh'd at *Sancho's* rustick Praises, and thought, that setting his Mistress *Dulcinea* aside, he never saw a finer Woman. The beautiful *Quiteria* was somewhat pale, caus'd belike by the ill night Brides always have when they dress themselves to be marry'd the next day. They drew near to a Theatre on one side of the Meadow that was dress'd with Carpets and Boughs, where the Marriage was to be solemniz'd, and where they were to sit to see the Dances and Shews; and just as they came to the place, they heard a great Out-cry behind them, and a Voice saying, Stay a while rash and hasty People: At which Noise and Words they all turn'd about, and saw that he who spoke was one clad, to see to, in a black Jacket, all weltd with Crimson in flames, crown'd, as they soon perceiv'd, with a Garland of mournful Cypress; in his hand he had a great Truncheon,

Truncheon, and coming nearer, was known to be the gallant *Basil*: They were all in suspence, expecting what would be the issue of those Cries and Words, apprehending some ill consequence from his so unlook'd-for Arrival: He drew near, weary, and out of breath; and coming before the married Couple, and clapping his Truncheon on the ground, which had a steel Pike at the end of it, his Colour chang'd, and his Eyes fix'd on *Quiteria*, with a fearful hollow Voice, spoke thus. You know, forgetful *Quiteria*, that by the Law of God which we profess, whilst I live you cannot be marry'd to any other; nor are you ignorant, that because I would stay till Time and my Industry might better my Fortunes, I would not break that *decorum* that was due to your Honour: but you forgetting all that is due to my virtuous Desires, will make another Master of what is mine, his Riches serving not only to make him happy in them, but every way fortunate; and that he may be so to the full (not because I think he deserves it, but because the Fates will have it so) I will with these hands remove the Obstacle that may hinder his bliss, removing my self out of the way. Let the rich *Camacho* live, let him live long and happy, with the ungrateful *Quiteria*; and let the poor *Basil* die, whose Poverty clip'd the wings of his Happiness and laid him in his Grave: And so saying, he laid hold of his Truncheon which he had stuck in the ground, and the one half of it remaining still there, shew'd it serv'd for a Scabbard to a short Tuck that was conceal'd in it, and putting that which might be call'd the Hilt to the ground with a nimble Spring and a resolute Purpose, he cast himself upon it, and in an instant the bloody Point appear'd out at his Back, with half the steel Blade; the poor Soul weltring in his blood all along on the ground, run thorow with his own Weapon: His friends ran presently to help him, griev'd with his Misfortune and deplorable Disaster, and *Don Quixote* forsaking *Rozinante*, went to assist him too, took him in his arms, and found that as yet there was life in him. They would have pull'd out the Tuck but the Curate who was present, was of opinion it should not be taken out before he had made his Confession, for that the drawing it out, and his Death would be both at one instant. But *Basil* comming a little to himself, with a faint and doleful Voice, said, If thou would'st, O *Quiteria*, yet in this last and terrible Agony, give me thy hand to be my Wife, I should think my Rashness the more excusable, since by it I purchase the Happiness of being thine. Which the Curate hearing, he bid him have a care of his Souls health, rather than of the pleasures of his Body, and heartily to ask God Forgiveness

ness for his Sins, and for this desperate Action. To which *Basil* reply'd, That he would by no means confess himself if *Quiteria* did not first give him her hand to be his Wife, for that Satisfaction would quiet his Spirits and dispose him cheerfully to Confess himself. When *Don Quixote* heard the wounded Man's Petition, he cry'd aloud, that *Basil* desir'd a very just and reasonable thing, and that Master *Camacho* would be as much Honour'd in receiving *Quiteria*, the worthy *Basil's* Widow, as if he had receiv'd her from her Father's side: Here is no more to do but to say one Yea, only to pronounce it, since the Nuptial Bed of this Marriage must be the Grave. *Camacho* heard all this, and was much troubled, not knowing what to do or say: But *Basil's* Friends were so earnest, requesting him to consent that *Quiteria* might give him her hand to be his Wife, that he might not endanger his Soul by departing in Despair, that they mov'd and enforc'd him to say, That if *Quiteria* would, he was contented, since it was but deferring his desires a minute longer. Then all of them came to *Quiteria*, some with Intreaties, others with Tears, most with forcible Reasons, and perswaded she should give her hand to poor *Basil*, and she more hard than Marble more lumpish than a Statue, would not answer a word, neither would she at all, had not the Vicar bid her resolve what she would do, for *Basil* was even now ready to depart, and could not expect her irresolute Determination. Then the Beautiful *Quiteria*, without answering a word, all sad and troubled, came where *Basil* was with his Eyes just set, his Breath failing him, making shew at if he would die like a Pagan, and not like a Christian. *Quiteria* came at length, and upon her Knees made Signs to have his hand. *Basil* unclos'd his Eyes, and looking stedfastly upon her, said, Oh *Quiteria*! Thou art now come to be pitiful, when thy pity must be the Sword that shall end my Life, since now I want strength to receive the Glory thou giv'st in choosing me for thine, or to put a stop to the pain that so hastily closes up my Eyes with the fearful shadow of Death: All I desire of thee is, Oh fatal Star of mine! That thou neither ask my hand, nor give me thine, for fashion sake, nor to deceive me over again, but that thou confess and say, thou giv'st me it freely without any constraint, as to thy lawful Husband; for it is not fit thou should'st deceive me being in this Condition, or deal falsely with him that has been so true to thee. During this Discourse, he fainted away; so that all the Standers by thought at very fit he would give up the Ghost. *Quiteria* full of Modesty and Bashfulness took *Basil's* right hand into

into hers and said; No force can prevail upon my Will, and so I give the freest hand I have, to be thy lawful Wife, and receive thine, if thou give it me as freely, and that the anguish of thy so sudden Misfortune do not too much disturb thee. I give it, said *Basil*, not in Confusion or Disorder, but with the best understanding Heaven was pleas'd to bestow on me, and therefore I give and deliver my self up as thy Husband; and I, said *Quiteria*, as thy Wife, whether thou live long, or whether from my Arms they carry thee to thy Grave. This young Man said *Sancho*, talks too much for one that is so desperately wounded, make him leave his Wooing, and mind his Soul, which methinks is rather in his Tongue, than betwixt his Teeth.

Basil and *Quiteria* having their Hands thus fastn'd, the Curate tender-hearted and compassionate, powr'd his Blessing upon them, and pray'd God to give good Rest to the new married Man's Soul, who as soon as he receiv'd this Benediction, suddainly started up, and with an unlook'd for activity, drew out the Tuck which was sheath'd in his Body. All the Spectators were in amaze, and some of them, who had more Simplicity than Cunning, began to cry out, A Miracle, a Miracle: But *Basil* reply'd, No Miracle, no Miracle; but a Trick, a Trick. But the Curate besides himself and astonish'd, came with both his Hands to feel the Wound, and found that the Blade had neither pass'd through Flesh nor Ribs, but through a hallow Pipe of Iron, which he fill'd with Blood, well fitted in that Place, and, as it was afterwards known, prepar'd so that it could not congeal. In short, the Curate and *Camacho*, and all the Standers by, concluded they were put upon, and abus'd. The Bride made no great shew of Sorrow, but rather when she heard say the Marriage could not stand good, because it was fraudulent, she said, she did anew confirm it; by which they all gather'd, That the Business had been contriv'd with the Knowledge and Consent of them both. At which *Camacho* and his Friends were so out of Countenance, that they remitted their Revenge to their Hands, and unsheathing many Swords, they set upon *Basil*, for whom in an instant there were as many more drawn: And *Don Quixote* taking the Van-guard on Horseback, with his Lance in his rest, and well cover'd with his Shield, made way through 'em all. *Sancho*, whom such feats did never please or delight, ran to the Pottage-pot, whence he had gotten the skimmings, thinking that to be a Sanctuary, and so to be respected. *Don Quixote* cry'd aloud, Hold, hold Sirs; for there is no reason why you should take

Revenge

Revenge for the Wrongs Love do's us; and observe that Love and War are all one and the same thing, and as in War it is lawful to use Sleights and Stratagems to overcome the Enemy, so in amorous Strifes and Competitions, Impositions and juggling Tricks are held for good, to attain the wish'd end, so it be not in Prejudice and Dishonour of the thing affected. *Quiteria* was due to *Basil*, and *Basil* to *Quiteria*, by the just and favourable Inclination of Heaven. *Camacho*, is rich, and may purchase his Delight, and whom God hath joyn'd, let no Man separate. *Basil* has but this one Sheep, let none offer to take it from him, be he never so powerful: He that first attempts it, must first pass through the point of this Lance, with this he shook his Lance so strongly and with such art, that he frighted all that knew him not: But *Quiteria's* Disdain was so inwardly fixt in *Camacho's* Heart, that he forgot her in a Moment, so that the Perswasions of the Curate, who was a good, discreet, and honest minded Man, prevail'd with him, and he and all his Followers were pacified and quieted, in Token whereof, they put up their Swords, rather blaming *Quiteria's* Compliance, than *Basil's* Industry. *Camacho* concluding with himself, That if *Quiteria* lov'd *Basil* when she was a Maid, she would also have continu'd her Love to him tho' she had been his Wife, so that he ought rather to give God Thanks for having ridded him of her, than for having bestow'd her on him. *Camacho* then, and those of his Crew being comforted and pacified; all *Basil's* Party were so too: And *Camacho*, to shew that he stomach'd not the Jest, nor car'd for it, was willing the Feast should go on, as if he had been really married. But neither *Basil* nor his Spouse, nor their Followers would stay, but went to *Basil's* own Town: For the Poor that are virtuous and wife, have their Followers that honour and uphold them, as well as the Rich have theirs to attend and flatter them. *Don Quixote* went with them too, for they look'd upon him to be a Man of worth and valour: Only *Sancho* was perplex'd to see that it was impossible for him to stay for *Camacho's* sumptuous Feast and Sports that lasted till the Evening; and so with Vexation and Grief he follow'd on with his Master who went in *Basil's* Squadron, and thus left behind him those Flesh-pots of *Egypt*, tho' he bore them with him in his Mind, whose Skum which he carry'd in the Kettle, being now almost consum'd and spent, represented to him the glorious and abundant Happiness he lost; so that all sad and sorrowful, tho' hungerless, without alighting from Dapple, he follow'd *Rozinante's* Track.

C H A P. XXII.

Of the famous Adventure of Montesinos's Cave, lying in the Heart of La Mancha, which the valurous Don Quixote happily accomplish'd.

THE married Couple made wonderful much of *Don Quixote*, being oblig'd so to do by the willingness he shew'd to defend their Cause, and they thought his Wisdom equal to his Valour, looking upon him* as a *Cid* in Arms, and a *Cicero* in Eloquence. The good *Sancho* recreated himself Three Days at the married Couples Charge, and they both declar'd that *Quiteria* knew nothing of the feign'd wounding, but that it was a Trick of *Basil's*, who hop'd for the Successes that follow'd: True it was, that he had made some of his best Friends acquainted with his Purpose, that they might help him at need, and make good his Deceit. They cannot be call'd Deceits, quoth *Don Quixote*, that are done to a virtuous end, and the Marriage of a loving Couple is an end most excellent: But by the way, you must know that the greatest Opposition Love has, is Want and continual Necessity; for Love is all Mirth, Content, and Jolity, and the more, when he that Loves, enjoys the thing Lov'd, against which, Necessity and Poverty are open and declar'd Enemies. All this he spoke with a purpose to advise *Basil*, to leave the Exercise, of his youthful Abilities, which tho' they got him a Name, yet they brought no Wealth, and that he should look to lay up something now by lawful and industrious means, which are never wanting to those that will be wary and apply themselves: The honest poor Man, if the poor Man may be call'd honest, has a Jewel in a beautiful Woman, which if any Man bereave him of, he dishonours him and kills her: She that is beautiful and honest when her Husband is Poor, deserves to be crown'd with Laurel and triumphant Bays. Beauty alone attracts the Eyes of all that behold it; and the Princely Eagles and high flying Birds do stoop to it as to the pleasing Lure: but if extream Necessity be added to that Beauty, then Kites and Crows will grapple with it, and other ravenous Birds; but

* *Rodrigo Dias de Bivar*, commonly call'd *Cid*, which in the Arabic signifies Lord, was a famous Spanish Commander against the Moors.

but she that is Constant against all these Assaults, does well deserve to be her Husband's Crown. Mark wife *Basil*, proceeds *Don Quixote*, it was an Opinion of I know not what sage Man, that there was but one good Woman in the World; and his advice was, That every marry'd Man should believe his Wife was she, and so he would be sure to live with content. I never yet was married, nor have I as yet any thought that way; however I could be able to give any Man Council in this Matter that should ask it, and tell him how he should choose his Wife. First of all I would have him rather respect Fame than Wealth; for the honest Woman gets not a good Name only by being Good, but by appearing so; for your publick Loose-ness and Liberty do's more prejudice a Woman's Reputation, than her sinning secretly. If you bring her honest to your House, 'tis easie to keep her so, and to improve her in that Goodness: but if you bring her dishonest, 'tis hard mending her; for it is not very easie to pass from one extream to another, I say not impossible; but I hold it to be very difficult.

Sancho heard all this, and said to himself, This Master of mine, when I speak Matters of Marrow and Substance, is wont to tell me, I may take a Pulpit in my Hand, and preach my fine knacks up and down the World; but I may say of him, that when he once begins to tack his Sentences together, he may not only take a Pulpit in his Hand, but two upon every Finger, and go up and down the Market-place, and cry, Who buys my Ware? The Devil take him for a Knight Errant, how wise he is? On my Soul I thought he had known only what belong'd to his Knight Errantry; but he snaps at all, and *There is no Boat that he has not an Oar in*. *Sancho* mutter'd this somewhat loud, and his Master overheard him, and ask'd, What is that thou art grumbling, *Sancho*? I say nothing, nor do I grumble, quoth he, I was only saying to my self, that I would I had heard you before I was married, and perhaps I might now have said, *The sound Man needs no Physician*. Is *Teresa* so bad, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*? Not very bad, said *Sancho*, and yet not very good, at least, not so good as I would have her. Thou do'st ill, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, to speak ill of thy Wife, who is indeed Mother of thy Children. There's no Love lost, quoth *Sancho*; for she speaks ill of me too when the fancy takes her, especially when she is jealous; for then the Devil himself would not endure her.

Well,

Well, Three Days they stay'd with the married Couple, where they were welcom'd like Princes. *Don Quixote* desir'd the skilful Scholar to provide him a Guide that might shew him the way to *Montesinos's* Cave, for he had a great mind to go down into it, and see with his own Eyes whether those wonders that were told of it up and down the Country, were true. The Scholar told him, that a Cousin-German of his, a famous Student, and much addicted to Books of Knighthood should go with him, who would willingly carry him to the Mouth of the Cave, and shew him the famous Lake of *Ruydera*, telling him he would be very good Company for him, by reason he was one that knew how to publish Books, and dedicate them to great Men.

In short, the Student came upon an Ass in Foal, with a course packing Cloth, or doubl'd Carpet upon his Pack-saddle. *Sancho* saddl'd *Rozinante*, and made ready his Dapple, furnish'd his Wallets, and carry'd the Students too, as well provided; and so recommending themselves to God, and taking leave of all the Company, they set out directing their Course to *Montesinos's* Cave. By the way *Don Quixote*, ask'd the Scholar of what kind or quality the Exercises of his Profession and Study were. To which he answer'd, That his Profession was Humanity, his Exercise and Study to compose Books for the Press, which were beneficial to him, and no less grateful to the Publick; that one of his Books was entitul'd, *The Book of Liveries*, where are set down Seven Hundred and Three sorts of Liveries, with their Colours, Motto's, and Cyphers, from whence any may be taken at Festival times and shews by Courtiers, without begging them from any Body, or perplexing their own Brains to sute them to their Humours and Designs; for I allot the Jealous, the Forsaken, the Forgotten, and the Absent, the most agreeable, that will fit them to a hair. Another Book I have, which I mean to call the *Metamorphosis*: Or, *Spanish Ovid*, of a new and rare Invention; for imitating *Ovid* in it, by way of Burlesque, I shew who the * *Giralda* of *Sevil* was, who the Angel of the *Magdalen*, what the Pipe of *Vecinguerra* of *Cordova*, what the Bulls of *Guisando*, *Sierra Morena*, the Springs of *Leganitos* and *Lavapies* in *Madrid*, not forgetting that of *Piojo*, that of the gilded Pipe and of the Abbess, and all this with such Allegories, Metaphors, and Translations, as
delight,

* All these are noted Things or Places in Spain, on which many fabulous Stories are grounded.

delight, surprize, and instruct at the same time. Another Book I have, which I call A Supplement to *Polydore Virgil*, concerning the Invention of things, which is very learned and instructing, by reason I verifie many Matters of Weight that *Polydore* omitted, and declare them in a very pleasing Stile; *Virgil* forgot to tell us who was the first that had a Catarrh in the World, and the first that was flux'd for the French Disease, and I set it down presently after I propose it, and authorize it with at least Four and Twenty Writers, that you may see whether I have taken good Pains, and whether the said Book may not be profitable to the World. *Sancho*, who was very attentive to the Scholar's Relation, ask'd him: Tell me, Sir, so God direct your right Hand in the Impression of your Books; Can you tell me? for I know you can, since you know all, who was the first Man that scratch'd his Head, for I believe it was our first Father *Adam*? Yes marry was it, said he, for *Adam*, no doubt, had both Head and Hair, and being the first Man in the World, would sometimes scratch himself. I believe it, quoth *Sancho*, but tell me now, Who was the first Tumbler in the World? Truly Brother, said he, I cannot at present resolve you, I will study it when I come to my Books, and then I'll satisfy you when we see one another again, for I hope this will not be the last time. Well, Sir, said *Sancho*, never trouble your self with this, for now I can resolve the doubt: Know, that the first Tumbler in the World was *Lucifer*, when he was cast out of Heaven, and came tumbling down to Hell. You say true, quoth the Scholar. And *Don Quixote* said, This answer, *Sancho*, is none of thine, thou hast heard some Body say so. Peace, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, for if I fall to question and answer, I shall not have done betwixt this and Morning: For to ask foolish Questions, and answer Extravagancies, I want no help of my Neighbours. Thou hast spoken more, *Sancho*, than thou think'st for, quoth *Don Quixote*, for there are some who labour to know and examine into things; whose Knowledge and Understanding is not worth a Button.

All that Day they spent in these and other delightful Discourses, and at Night they lodg'd in a little Village, from whence the Scholar told them they had but two little Leagues to *Montesinos's* Cave, and that if he meant to enter it, he must be provided of Ropes to tie, and let himself down into the Depth. *Don Quixote* said, That tho' it were as deep as Hell, he would see whither it reach'd; so they bought a Hundred Fathom of Cord; and the next Day at two of the Clock they came to the Cave, whose Mouth is wide and spacious,

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fol: 127 .

but full of Briars and Brambles, and wild Fig-Trees, and Weeds so intricate and thick, that they altogether blind and damm it up. When they came to it, *Sancho* and the Scholar alighted, and so did *Don Quixote*, whom they tied strongly with the Cord, and whil'st they were swathing and binding of him, *Sancho* said to him, Take heed, Sir, what you do, bury not your self alive, and do not hang your self, like a Bottle, to be cooled in a Well, for it neither concerns nor belongs to you, to search this place, worse than a Dungeon. Bind me and hold your Tongue, quoth *Don Quixote*, for such an Enterprize as this, *Sancho*, was reserv'd for me. Then said the Guide, I beseech you, Sir, take heed, and look about you with an hundred Eyes, to see what is within; for perhaps you may meet with things that will be fit for me to put into my Book of Transmutations. Let him alone for that, quoth *Sancho*, he knows how to make out his Story.

This said, and *Don Quixote* being bound not upon his Harnes, but his Arming Doublet, he said; We did unadvisedly, in not providing our selves of some small Bell, that might have beep ty'd with me to the same Cord, by whose sound you might know that I were still toward the bottom and alive; but since there is now no remedy, God be our good speed, and strait he kneeled upon his Knees, and made a Prayer in alow Voice to God Almighty, begging his Assistance, and success in that, to see to, dangerous and strange Adventure, and then he cry'd out aloud; Oh thou Mistrels of my Actions and Motions, most Excellent, Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, if it be possible, that the Prayers and requests of this thy happy Lover come to thy Ears, hearken, I beseech thee, by thy unheard of Beauty, deny not now to me thy Favour and Protection, which I so much need: I go to cast my self headlong, to plunge, and sink my self into the *Abyss* that appears before me, that the World may know, that if thou favour me, there will be nothing impossible for me to undertake and go through with.

Having so said, he went to the Mouth of the Cave, and saw he could not come near to be let down, unless he made way by main Force, or cutting through; and so laying hand on his Sword, he began to cut and slash the Weeds that were at the Mouth of the Cave, at whose rushing and noise, there came out an infinite Company of great Crows and Daws so thick and so hastily, that they tumbld *Don Quixote* on the ground, and if he had been as Superstitious as he was a good Christian, he would have taken it for an ill Omen, and have forswore plunging himself into such a Place: But he arose, and seeing

seeing the Crows were all gone, and that there were no other Night Bird, as Bats, that came out amongst the Crows, *Sancho* and the Scholar let him down to search the bottom of that fearful Cave; but *Sancho* first bestow'd his Benediction on him, and making a thousand Croffes over him, said, God and our Lady of the * Rock of *France*, together with the Trinity of *Gaeta* guide thee, thou Flower, Cream, and Scum of Knights Errant; there thou go'st, Hackster of the World, Heart of Steel, and Arms of Brass, God again be thy Guide, and deliver thee sound and without Scar, to the Light of this World which thou leav'st, to bury thy self in the Obscurity which thou seek'st. The Scholar made almost the same Prayers and Deprecations. *Don Quixote* cried out to them to give him more Rope, which they gave by little and little; and when his Voice, which sounded hollow coming out of the Cave, could be heard no longer, and that they had let down their hundred Fathom of Rope, they were of Opinion to hoist him up again, since they could give him no more Cord; yet they staid about half an hour, and then began easily to draw up the Rope, and felt no Weight, which made them think *Don Quixote* remain'd within, and *Sancho* believing it, wept bitterly, and drew up apace that he might be satisfy'd; but coming somewhat near fourscore Fathom, they found the Weight, which made them very much rejoice. At length, when they came to ten, they plainly saw *Don Quixote*, to whom *Sancho* cried out saying, You are well return'd Sir, for we thought you had stay'd there for a Breeder: But *Don Quixote* answer'd not a Word, and drawing of him quite out, they saw his Eyes were shut, as if he were asleep; they stretch'd him on the Ground and unbound him, and for all that he awak'd not. But they so turn'd, and toss'd, and shak'd him, that a pretty while after, he came to himself, stretching his Limbs, as if he had wak'd out of a great and profound sleep, and looking wildly round about him said; God forgive you Friends, for you have rais'd me from one of the delicatest and pleasingest Lives and Sights that ever was seen by Human Eye: Now at length I perceive, that all the Delights of this World do pass away like a Shadow or Dream, and wither like a Flower of the Field: Oh unhappy *Montesinos*, Oh ill wounded *Durandarte*, Oh unlucky *Belerma*, Oh mournful *Guadiana*, and you unfortunate Daughters of *Ruydera*, that by your Waters shew those your fair Eyes wept! The Scholar and *Sancho* gave ear to these words which

* Particular Places of Devotion.

Don

Don Quixote spoke, as if with great pain they came from his very Bowels: They desired him to let them know his meaning, and to tell them what he had seen in that Hellish place. Hellish place call ye it, said *Don Quixote*? Well, call it not so, for it deserves not the Name, as you shall soon hear: He desir'd them to give him something to eat, for he was exceeding hungry. They laid the Scholar's course Wrapper upon the green Grass, and went to the Cupboard of their Wallets, and all three of them sitting lovingly and friendly together, they eat their Beaver and Supper all together: The Cloth taken up, *Don Quixote* said, Sit still, let none of you rise, and mark me attentively.

C H A P. XXIII.

Of the Admirable Things the Unparallel'd Don Quixote said he had seen in Montesinos's profound Cave, whose Strangeness and Impossibility makes this Adventure to be look'd upon as Apocrypha.

IT was about four of the Clock, when the Sun being Clouded and spreading a dim Light and temperate Rays, gave *Don Quixote* leave, without heat or trouble, to relate to his two conspicuous Auditors, what he had seen in *Montesinos's* Cave; and began as follows:

About twelve or fourteen Farthom within the profundity of this Dungeon, on the right hand, there is a Concavity and space able to contain a great Cart, Mules and all; some light there comes into it by certain chinks and loop-holes, which answer to it afar off in the Superficies of the Earth; this Space and Concavity I saw, when I was weary and angry to see my self hanging by the Rope, going down to that dark Region without knowing whither I went, so I resolv'd to enter into it, and rest a little; I cry'd out to you, to let down no more Rope till I bid you; but it seem'd you heard me not: I gathered up the Rope you let down to me, and rowling it up into a heap or coil, sat me down upon it very pensive, considering with my self what I should do to get to the bottom, having no body to bear me up, and being thus thoughty and in confusion, on a sudden, without any endeavour us'd by me, I fell into a most profound sleep, and when I least thought of it, without knowing how, nor which

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way I awaked out of it, and found my self in the midst of the fairest, most pleasant, and delightful Meadow that ever Nature created, or the wisest human fancy can imagine; I snuffed my eyes, wiped them, and saw that I was not asleep, but really awake however I felt my head and breast, to be assured whether I was there my self in Person or no, or whether it were some Illusion, or Apparition; but my feeling, Sense, and rational Discourse I made to my self certified me, that I was then there, the same Man I am now here. There presently appear'd to me a Princely and Sumptuous Palace or Castle, whose Walls and Battlements seem'd to be made of transparent Chrystal, whence, upon the opening of two great Gates, I saw there came towards me a Reverend old Man, clad in a Tawny Bays Frock, that drag'd upon the ground; over his Shoulders and Breast he wore a Tippet of green Satin, like your Fellows of Colleges; on his head a black *Milan* Bonnet, and his hoary Beard reach'd down below his Girdle; he wore no kind of Weapon, but only a pair of Beads in his hand, somewhat bigger than midling Wall-nuts, and the Tens about the bigness of indifferent Ostrich-Eggs; his Countenance, Pace, Gravity, and his spreading Presence, each apart, and all together surpriz'd and amaz'd me. He came to me, and the first thing he did, he gave me a close hug, and said; It is long since, Rengowned Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, we who live in these Enchanted Desarts have hoped to see you, that you may let the World know what is contained, and inclosed in this profound Cave which you have entered, called *Montesinos's* Cave; an exploit reserved only to be attempted by your invincible Heart and stupendious Courage: Come with me you most Illustrious Knight, for I will shew you the wonders this transparent Castle conceals, of which I am the Governor, and perpetual Chief Warder, as being the same *Montesinos*, from whom the Cave takes Name. Scarce had he told me he was *Montesinos*, when I asked him, Whether it were true as was bruited here in the World above, that he had taken his great Friend *Durandarte's* Heart out of the midst of his Bosom with a little Dagger, and carried it to the Lady *Belerma*, as he desir'd, at the instant of his Death? He answered me, that all was true, but only that of the Dagger; for it was no Dagger, but a little Stilletto as sharp as an Awl.

Belike (quoth *Sancho*) it was of *Ramon de Hoxes* the Sevillian's making. I know not (said *Don Quixote*) but it could not be that Stilletto-maker's Work, for he liv'd but the other day, and that Battle of *Roncesvalles*, where this Accident hap-

happen'd, was many Years since: But this Controversy is of no moment, nor does it change or alter the Truth, or Sequel of the Story. You say right (quoth the Scholar) for I hearken with the greatest Delight in the World. With no less do I tell it you (said *Don Quixote*) and therefore proceed.

The venerable *Montesinos* brought me into the Chrystalline Palace, where in a low Hall, exceeding fresh and cool, all of Alabaster, was a great Sepulchre of Marble, made with singular Art, upon which I saw a Knight laid at length, not of Brass, Marble, or Jasper, as you use to have in other Tombs, but of pure Flesh and Bone; he held his right hand (which was somewhat hairy and sinowy, a sign that the Owner was very strong) upon his Heart-side; and before I ask'd any Question, *Montesinos*, who saw me in suspense, beholding the Tomb, said; This is my Friend *Durandarte*, the Flower and Mirror of the Enamoured and Valiant Knights of his Time: He is kept here Enchanted, as my self and many more Knights and Ladies are, by *Merlin*, that French Enchanter; who, they say, was Son to the Devil, but as I believe he was not so, only he knew more than the Devil. Why or how he Enchanted us, no Body knows, but Time will bring it to light, and I guess it will not be long first. What I admire is, how *Durandarte* at times, complains and sighs as if he were alive, (since I know as certain, as it is now day, that he died in my Arms, and that after he was dead, I took out his Heart, and surely it weighed two pounds; for according to Natural Philosophy, he that has the biggest Heart, is more Valiant than he that has a less; and most certain it is, that this Knight really died. Which said, the wretched *Durandarte*, crying out aloud, said; Oh my Cousin *Montesinos*, the last thing I requested of you when I was dying, and my Soul departing, was, That you would carry my Heart to *Belerma*, taking it out of my Bosom, either with a Ponyard or Dagger. Which when the venerable *Montesinos* heard, he kneel'd before the griev'd Knight, and with Tears in his Eyes, said; Long since, Oh *Durandarte*, long since my dearest Cousin, I did what you enjoy'd me in that bitter day of our Loss. I took your Heart, as well as I could, without leaving the least part of it in your Breast: I wip'd it with a Lac'd Hankerchief, and posted with it towards *France*, having first laid you in the Bosom of the Earth, with as many Tears as were sufficient to wash my Hands, or to wipe off the Blood from them, which I had gotten by stirring them in your Entrails: And by the same token, my dearest Cousin, at the first Place I came to from *Roncesvalles*, I cast Salt upon your Heart,

Heart, that it might not stink, but keep, if not fresh, at least sweet till it came to the Presence of the Lady *Belerma*, who with you and me, *Guadiana* your Squire, the Waiting-woman *Ruydera*, and her seven Daughters, and her two Nieces, and many others of your Acquaintance and Friends, have been Enchanted here by the wise *Merlin* long since, and tho' it be above Five hundred Years ago, yet none of us is dead; only *Ruydera*, her Daughters and Nieces are wanting, whom by reason of their Lamentation *Merlin*, who took Compassion on them, turn'd into so many Lakes, which are at this time in the World of the Living, and in the Province of *la Mancha*, are called the Lakes of *Ruydera*; seven belong to the King of *Spain*, and the two Nieces to the Knights of the most Holy Order of St. *John*. * *Guadiana* your Squire, bewailing in like manner this Misfortune, was turn'd into a River that bears his Name, who when he came to the Superficies of the Earth, and saw the Sun in another Heaven, such was his Grief for leaving you, that he strait plunged himself into the Bowels of the Earth: But, as it is not possible for him to leave his Natural Course; sometimes he appears and shews himself, where the Sun and Men may see him. The aforesaid Lakes supply him with their Waters, with which and many others, he enters *Portugal* in Pomp: What way so ere he goes, he shews his Sorrow and Melancholy, and values not himself upon breeding of dainty Fish in his Waters, and such as are esteemed, but only some that are muddy and unfavoury, far differing from those of Golden *Tagus*; and what I now tell you, Cousin, I have told you often; and since you answer me nothing, I imagine you either believe me not, or do not hear me; for which, God knows, I am heartily sorry. One piece of News I will tell you, which tho' perhaps it may not ease your Grief, yet it will no way increase it: Know, that you have here in your Presence, open your Eyes and you shall see him, that Famous Knight, of whom *Merlin* Prophecy'd such great Matters, that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I say, who now newly and more happily than former Ages, has raised the long forgotten Knight Errantry, by whose Means and Favour, it may be, that we also may be disenchanted; for great Exploits are reserved for great Persons. And if it be otherwise, answered the grieved *Durandarte*, with a faint and low Voice, if it be otherwise, Oh Cousin,

* *Guadiana* a River in Spain, that sinks into the Earth and comes up again at a great distance from that place.

Cousin, I say, † *Patience and Shuffle*; and turning on his Side, he fell again into his usual Silence, without speaking one word. By this we heard great howling and moan, accompany'd with deep sighs, and doleful sobs: I turn'd about, and saw through the Chrystal Walls, that in another Room, there came passing by, a Procession of a Company of most Beautiful Damsels, in two Ranks, all clad in Mourning with white Turbants on their Heads, after the Turkish Fashion; at the end of the Ranks, came a Lady, who by her Majesty appear'd so, clothed in like manner in black, with a white Veile on her Head, so large, that it swept the very Ground. Her Turbant was twice as big as the biggest of the rest: She was somewhat beetle-Brow'd, flat Nos'd, wide Mouth'd, but red Lip'd: Her Teeth, for sometimes she discover'd them, seem'd to be thin, and not very well plac'd, tho' they were as white as blanch'd Almonds: In her Hand she had a fine Handkerchief, and in it, as I perceiv'd, a Heart of solid Flesh, but dry, and wither'd. *Montesinos* told me, that all those in the Procession were Servants to *Durandarte* and *Belerma*, that were there Enchanted with their Masters; and that she who came last with the Linen Cloth and the Heart in her Hand, was the Lady *Belerma*; who, together with her Damsels, four Days in the Week did make that Procession, Singing, or to say truer, Howling their Dirges over the Body and griev'd Heart of his Cousin; and if now she appear'd somewhat Deform'd to me, or not so Fair as Fame has given out, it was caus'd by the restless Nights & uneasy Days she endur'd in that Enchantment, as I might see by her hollow Eyes, and broken Complexion, and her yellowness and hollow Eyes are not caus'd by the Monthly Disease which is incident to Women, for she has not had it this many Months and Years, nor has she heard of it: But the Grief she has in her own Heart, for that she carries in her Hand continually, which renews and brings to her remembrance, the Misfortune of her luckless Lover; for if it were not for this, scarce would the famous *Dulcinea del Toboso*, so famous in this Neighbourhood and all the World over, equal her in Beauty, Behaviour, and Airiness. Not too fast, then said I, Good *Don Montesinos*, tell your Story as you ought to do; for you know all Comparisons are odious; and so there is no need of comparing

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paring

† *Patience and Shuffle*, is a Spanish Proverb like our *Patience per Force*, us'd by them, because they that lose at Cards commonly shuffle them very much, and I would not alter it, because the word comes again to be disconcerted upon.

paring any Body; the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* is what she is, and the Lady *Belerma* is what she is and has been; and so much for that. To which he answer'd, Pardon me, worthy *Don Quixote*, for I confess I was in the wrong, and did ill in saying the Lady *Dulcinea* would scarce equal the Lady *Belerma*, for it was sufficient that I guess'd, I know not by what Conjectures that you are her Knight, to have made me bite my Tongue, before I had compar'd her to any thing but Heaven it self. With this Satisfaction the great *Montesinos* made me, my Heart was deliver'd from that sudden Passion I conceiv'd, to hear my Mistress compar'd to *Belerma*.

Nay, I wonder, said *Sancho*, that you got not to the old Carl and bang'd his Bones and pull'd his Beard, without leaving him a Hair in it. No Friend *Sancho*, said he, it was not fit for me to do so; for we are all bound to Reverence our Elders, tho' they be no Knights, and most of all when they are so, and are Enchanted. I know well enough, I was not behind hand with him in other Questions and Answers that pass'd betwixt us. Then said the Scholar, I do not understand, Sir, how you in so short a time (as it is since you went down) have seen so many things, and spoken and answered so much. How long is it, quoth he, since I went down? A little above an hour, said *Sancho*. That cannot be, reply'd *Don Quixote*, because it was Morning and Evening, and Evening and Morning three times; so that by my account, I have been three days in those parts so remote and hidden from our sight. Surely my Master, quoth *Sancho*, is in the right; for as all things that befall him are by way of Enchantment, so perhaps that which appears to us, but an hour, appears to him there three Nights and three Days. He has hit it, said *Don Quixote*. And have you eaten, Sir, in all this time, quoth the Scholar? Not a bit, quoth *Don Quixote*, neither have I been hungry, or so much as thought of eating. And do they that are Enchanted eat, said the Scholar? No, said he, nor are they troubled with your greater Excrements, tho' it is probable their Nails, their Beards, and their Hair grow. Do they that are Enchanted sleep, said *Sancho*? No indeed, said *Don Quixote*, at least these three days I have been with them, not one of them has closed his Eyes, nor I neither. There the Proverb hits, quoth *Sancho*, which says, *You shall know the Person by his Company*; you have been among the Enchanted, and those that watch and fast; no wonder then that you neither slept nor eat whilst you were among them; but pray Sir, pardon me if I say, God, or the Devil, I was about to say, take me, if I believe a word of all this,

this. Why not, said the Scholar? Do you think *Don Quixote* would lye, for tho' he would, he has not had time to compose or invent such a Million of lyes? I do not believe, quoth *Sancho*, that my Master lyes. What do you believe then, quoth *Don Quixote*? I believe, said *Sancho*, that *Merlin*, or those Enchanters who Enchanted all that Rabble, you say you have seen and conversed with there below, have fill'd your Fancy or Memory with all this stuff you have told us, and all that remains yet untold. All that might be *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, but 'tis not so; for what I have told I saw with these Eyes, and felt with these Hands: But what wilt thou say when I shall tell thee, That amongst infinite other Matters and Wonders that *Montesinos* shewed me, which at more leisure, and at sitting time, as we Travel, I shall acquaint thee with. He shewed me three Country-wenches, that went leaping and frisking up and down those pleasant Fields, like Goats, and I scarce saw them, when I perceiv'd one was the peerless *Dulcinea*, and the other two the self-same that we spoke with when we left *Toboso*. I asked *Montesinos* whether he knew them; who answered me, No; but that sure they were some Ladies of Quality there Enchanted, who but lately appear'd in those Fields, and that it was no wonder, for that there were many others of former times, and these present, that were Enchanted in strange and different shapes, amongst whom he knew Queen *Genever*, and her Woman *Quintanona* filling *Lancello's* Cups when he came from *Britain*.

When *Sancho* heard his Master say this, it made him stark mad, and ready to burst with Laughter; for he knowing the truth of *Dulcinea's* Enchantment, as having been himself the Enchanter, and inventor of that Story, did undoubtedly conclude, that his Master was quite mad, and out of his Wits; and therefore said to him; In an ill time, and dismal day, dear Master of mine, went you down into the other World, and at an ill hour met you with *Montesinos*, that has restor'd you to us in this Pickle: You were well enough here above, in your right Senses, such as God has given you them speaking Sentences, and giving good Counsel every foot, and not as you are now, telling the greatest Fopperies that can be imagined. Because I know thee *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, I make no account of thy words. Nor I of yours, said he; you may strike or kill me if will, either for those I have spoken, or those I mean to speak, if you do not correct and amend your self. But pray tell me, Sir, whilst we are at quiet, How knew you it was our Mistress? Spoke you to her? What said

she? And what answer'd you? I knew her, said *Don Quixote*, by the same Clothes she had on at such time as thou shew'd'st me her; I spoke to her, but she gave me not a word, but turn'd her back, and scudded away so fast, that an Arrow would not have overtaken her: I meant to have followed her, and had done it, but that *Montesinos* told me it was in vain, and the rather, because it was now high time for me to return out of the Cave. He also told me, that in process of time I should be inform'd how *Durandarte*, *Belerma*, and himself, with all the rest that were there, were to be disenchant'd: But that which most griev'd me, was, that whilst I stood thus talking with *Montesinos*, one of the unfortunate *Dulcinea's* Companions came on one side of me, without being perceiv'd by me, and with Tears in her Eyes, and a troubl'd and low Voice, said to me; My Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, kisses your hands, and desires to know how you do; and withal, being in great want, she earnestly desires you would be pleas'd to lend her 6 Royals upon this new Fustian Peticoat I bring you, or what you can spare; for she will pay you again very shortly. This Message confounded and amaz'd me; so that turning to *Montesinos*, I ask'd him, Is it possible, Sir, that those of the better sort, who are Enchant'd, can want? To which he answer'd; Believe me, Sir, Want spreads, and extends it self to all places, and overtakes all Men, neither spares it the Enchant'd; and therefore since the Lady *Dulcinea* desires these Six Royals of you, and the Pawn seems to be good, lend them her, for sure she is much straighten'd. I will take no Pawn, quoth I, nor can I lend what she requires, for I have but Four Royals, which I gave, and were the same thou gav'st me t'other day, *Sancho*, for Alms to the Poor we met: and I said to the Maid, Friend, tell your Mistress I am sorry with all my Heart for her wants, and I wish I were as rich as *Craesus* to relieve them: And let her know that I neither can, nor will have Health, whilst I want her pleasing Company and Discreet Conversation; and that I desire her as earnestly as may be, that this her Captive Servant and Way-beaten Knight may see and discourse with her. You may also tell her, that when she least thinks of it, she shall hear that I have taken an Oath and Vow, such as the Marquis of *Mantua* took to revenge his Nephew *Baldwin*, when he found him ready to give up the Ghost in the midst of the Mountain; which was, Not to eat his Meat on a Cloath, and the rest of the Appurtenances thereunto belonging, till he had reveng'd his Death: And so will I swear, not to give over, till I have travell'd all the seven Parts of the World,

more

more punctually than * Prince *Peter* of Portugal did, till I have disinchant'd her. All this and more you owe to my Mistress, said the Damsel, and taking the four Royals, instead of making me a Courtesie, she fetch'd a Caper two yards high in the Air.

Good God, cry'd *Sancho*, with a loud Voice at this instant, and is it possible such a thing should happen in the World, and that Enchanters and Enchantments should have such Power in it, as to convert my Master's sound Judgment into so extravagant a Frenzy? Alas, Sir, for the Love of God look to your self; mind your Reputation, and do not give Credit to those Follies that have crack'd and craz'd your Brains. Because thou lov'st me, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, thou talk'st after that rate, and for want of Experience in the World, all things that have never so little difficulty, seem to thee impossible: But the time will come, as I have told thee already, when I shall relate some things I have seen before, that will make thee believe what I have said, the Truth whereof is so manifest, that it allows of no Dispute or Objection.

* Prince *Peter* of Portugal was a great Traveller for the Time he liv'd in, which gave occasion to many Fables to be spread abroad of him; and the ignorant People said he had travel'd the Seven Parts of the World.

C H A P. XXIV.

Which gives an Account of a thousand Elim-flams, as impertinent as necessary to the understanding of this Famous History.

THE Translator of this famous History from its Original written by *Cid Hamete Benengeli*, says, That when he came to the Chapter of the Adventure of *Montesinos's* Cave, these Words were written in the Margin, in the same *Hamete* his Hand: I cannot believe or be perswaded that all that is written in the foregoing Chapter happen'd exactly to the valorous *Don Quixote*: the Reason is, because all Adventures hitherto have been accidental and probable; but this of the Cave, I see no likelihood of the Truth of it, as being so unreasonable: Yet to think *Don Quixote* would lye, being the worthiest Gentleman and noblest Knight of his Time, is not possible; for he would

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not have told one Lye tho' he were shot to death with Arrows. On the other side I consider, that he related it with all the aforesaid Circumstances, and that in so short a time he could not frame such a world of Fopperies; and if this Adventure seem to be Apocrypha, the Fault is not mine, and so I write it, without insisting on its Truth or Falshood. Do thou, O Reader, since thou art wise, judge as thou think'st good, for I can do no more; tho' one thing be certain, that when he was upon his Death-bed, he disclaim'd this Adventure, and said, he had invented it, because it suted with such as he had read of in his Histories: And then he proceeds, saying:

The Scholar wondred as well at *Sancho's* Boldness, as his Master's Patience, but thought that the Joy of having seen his Mistress *Dulcinea*, tho' enchanted, was the Cause of that Mildness, for had it been otherwise, *Sancho* spoke Words that deserv'd a good Basting; for in his Opinion he was somewhat fawcy with his Master, to whom he said; I am abundantly satisfied, Sir *Don Quixote*, with this Journey I have taken with you, because by it I have gain'd four Points. The first is, that of having known you, which I esteem a great Happiness: The second, to have learnt the Secrets of this *Montesino's* Cave, with the Transformations of *Guadiana* and *Ruyderá's* Lakes, which may help me in my Spanish *Ovid* I have in hand: The third, to find the Antiquity of Card-playing, which was us'd at least in the time of the Emperour *Charles* the Great, as may be collected out of the Words you say *Durandarte* used, when, after a long Speech betwixt him and *Montesino*, he awak'd, saying, Patience and shuffle; and this kind of Expression he could not learn when he was enchanted, but when he liv'd in *France*, in time of the aforesaid Emperour; and this Discovery comes pat for the other Book I am Writing, which is, my Supplement to *Polydore Virgil* in the Search of Antiquities, and I believe in his he left out Cards, which I will put in, as a Matter of great Moment, especially having so authentick an Author to quote as is Sir *Durandarte*. The fourth is, to have discover'd the true Spring of the River *Guadiana*, which has hitherto been conceal'd. You are in the right, said *Don Quixote*, but I would fain know of you, if it should please God that your Books should be licens'd, which I doubt of, to whom you design to dedicate them. There are * *Grandees* enough in *Spain*, an-

* *Grandees* are such of the Nobility as have the Privilege of being Cover'd before the King.

swer'd

swer'd the Scholar, to whom they may be dedicated. Not many, said *Don Quixote*, not because they don't deserve the Dedications, but because they will not admit of them for fear of obliging themselves to make the Return that is due to the Author for his Pains and Civility. One Prince I know, who may make amends for what is defective in all the rest, and that so superabundantly, that should I speak of it, it might stir up Envy in some noble Breasts: But let this rest till a fit time, and let us look out where we may lodge to Night. Not far from hence, said the Scholar, there is an Hermitage, where a Hermite live, who they say has been a Soldier, and is thought to be a good Christian, and very discreet and charitable. Besides the Hermitage, he has a little House which he has built at his own Charge, and though it be little, it is fit to receive Guests. Has he any Hens trow, said *Sancho*? Few Hermites are without 'em, quoth *Don Quixote*, for your Hermites now adays are not like those that liv'd in the Desarts of *Egypt*, that were clad in Palm-leaves, and liv'd upon the Roots they found in the Earth; and do not imagine that because I speak well of those I reflect upon these; for my Meaning is, that the Penances us'd now adays are not to compare to the Rigours and Austerities practis'd in those Days, yet this does not hinder, but that they are all good, at least I take them to be such, and if the worst come to the worst, your Hypocrite that feigns himself good do's less hurt than the publick Sinner.

As they were thus talking, they saw a Man coming towards them very fast a foot, and beating with his Wand a he-Mule laden with Lances and Halberds; when he came near them he saluted them and pass'd on; but *Don Quixote* said to him, Honest Fellow stay, for methinks you make your Mule go faster than needs. I cannot stay Sir, said he, because these Weapons you see I carry, must be us'd to morrow Morning; so I must needs go on my Way, farewell; but if you will know why I carry them, I shall lodge to Night at the Inn above the Hermitage, and if you go that Way, there you shall have me, and I'll tell you Wonders; and so once more, farewell. With this he put on the Mule so fast that *Don Quixote* had no Leisure to ask him what Wonders they were; and being somewhat curious, and always desirous of Novelties, he took Order that they should presently to Horse, and stay that Night at the Inn, without touching at the Hermitage, where the Scholar would have stay'd; which was accordingly done. They all three mounted and travell'd directly towards the Inn, a little before Night fell they came to the Hermitage

tage, and the Scholar spoke to *Don Quixote* to step to it to drink. *Sancho* no sooner heard it but he turn'd *Dapple* towards the Hermitage, as did *Don Quixote* and the Scholar; but as *Sancho's* ill Luck would have it, the Hermite was not at home, as was told them by the Under-Hermite; they ask'd him whether he had any of the dearer Sort of Wine? Who answer'd, his Master had none; but if they would have any cheap Water, he would give it them with all his Heart. If I had thirsted after Water, quoth *Sancho*, there are Wells enough by the Way, where I might have quench'd it. Alas, how often shall I miss *Camacho's* Wedding, and the Plenty of *Don James's* House. With this they left the Hermitage, and spurr'd towards the Inn, and at a small Distance found a young Lad who travell'd before them leisurely, and so they overtook him, he carry'd his Sword upon his Shoulder, and to it was fastned a Bundle of his Cloths, as it seem'd, and were likely Breeches, a Cloak, and a Shirt or two, for he wore a Velvet Jacket with some Scraps of a Satten Lining, his Shirt hung out, his Stockings were of Silk, and his Shooes square at the Toes, after the Court-fashion, he was about eighteen or nineteen Years of Age, of a pleasant Countenance, and active of Body to Appearance. To divert the Tedioufness of the Way he sang Ballads, and when they came up to him, he ended one, the last Words whereof the Scholar retain'd in his Memory, and they say were these,

*And so farewell, my Honey, farewell,
For I to the Wars must gang,
But had I but one Royal to put i' my Poke,
I rather than leave thee wou'd hang.*

Don Quixote was the first that spoke to him, saying; You travel very light Spark, And whither a God's Name? Let's know, if you please to tell us? To which the Youth answer'd, Heat and Poverty are the causes why I travel so light, and my Journey is to the Wars. Why Poverty, quoth *Don Quixote*, for Heat it may well be. Sir, said the Youth, I carry in this Bundle a pair of wide Breeches suitable to this Jacket, if I wear 'em by the way, I shall do my self no Credit with 'em when I come to any Town, and I have no Money to buy others, so for this reason, and to air my self; I travel in this manner till I can overtake some Companies of Foot, which are not above twelve Leagues from hence, where I will List my self, and shall not want Carriages to Travel in, till I come to the place where we are to be Ship'd, which they say, must be at *Carthagena*,

Carthagena, and I had rather have the King to my Master, and serve him in the Wars, than any Shabroon at Court. And pray tell me, are you to have any extraordinary Pay, said the Scholar: Had I serv'd any *Grandee*, or Man of Quality, said the Youth; no doubt I should, for that comes of serving good Masters, and from waiting at their Tables Men rise to be Ensigns, or Captains; or to have some considerable Substistence: But I always had the ill luck to serve your Shagrag and Upstarts, whose Allowance was so bare and short, that one half of it still was spent in starching me a Ruff, and it would be a Miracle, that one Page Adventurer in a hundred, should ever get any reasonable Preferment. But tell me Friend, quoth *Don Quixote*, is it possible, that in all the time you serv'd, you never got a Livery? I had two, said the Page: But as he that goes out of a Monastery, before he Professes, has his Habit taken from him, and his Cloaths given him back; so my Masters returned me mine, when they had ended their businesses, for which they came to Court, and return'd to their own homes, and took back their Liveries which they had only shewed for Ostentation. A notable * *Espilocheria*, as says the Italian, quoth *Don Quixote*, for all that, think your self happy that you are come from Croust, with so good a design, for there is nothing in the World better, nor more profitable, than to serve God in the first place, and next your Prince and natural Lord, especially in the Exercise of Arms, by which, if not more Wealth, yet at least, more Honour is gain'd than by Learning; as I have often said: For tho' Learning has raised more Families than Arms, yet your Sword-Men have a kind of, I know not what, advantage above Scholars, with a certain sort of Splendor which prefers them before all Men. And bear in your Mind what I shall now tell you, which will be much for your good and a great ease to you in your Troubles, that is, not to think upon Misfortunes that may happen, for the worst that can come is Death, which if it be good, the best Fortune of all is to die. *Julius Caesar* that brave Roman Emperor, being ask'd which was the best Death? answer'd, A sudden one, and unthought of; and tho' he answer'd like a Heathen, and void of the Knowledge of the true God, yet he said well to save Human Suffering; for say you should be kill'd in the first Action or Skermish, either by Cannon-shot, or blown up with a Mine, what matter is it? All is but dying, and there's

* *Espilocheria*, a beggarly mean Action.

there's an end: And as *Terence* says, a Souldier slain in the Field, looks better than alive and safe in flight; and so much the more famous is a good Soldier, by how much he obeys his Captains, and those that may command him; and mark Child, it is better for a Souldier to smell of his Gunpowder than of Civer: and when old Age comes upon you in this Honourable Exercise, tho' you be full of Scars, Maim'd, or Lame, yet you will not want Honour, which Poverty cannot diminish: and besides, there is order taken now, That Old and Maim'd Soldiers may be reliev'd; neither are they to be dealt with, as they do who discharge and give their Freedom to their Black Slaves when they are old and can serve no longer, and turning them out of Doors, with the Name of Freemen make them Slaves to Hunger, from which nothing can free them but Death: And for this time I will say no more to you, but that you get up behind me till you come to the Inn, and there you shall Sup with me, and to morrow take your Journey, which God speed as your designs deserve. The Page accepted not of his Invitation to ride behind him, but for the Supper he did: And at this time, they say, *Sancho* said to himself, Lord blefs thee for a Master; and is it possible, that a Man who can talk so much and so well, as he has done here, should say he has seen such impossible Fopperies, as he has told us of *Montesinos's* Cave. Well, we shall see what will come of it. And by this they came to the Inn just as it was Night, which *Sancho* was glad of, because his Master took it to be a true Inn, and not a Castle, as he was wont. They were no sooner in, but *Don Quixote* asked the Inn-Keeper for the Man with the Lances and Halberds; who answer'd him he was in the Stable looking to his Mule: *Sancho* and the Scholar did the same to their Asses, giving *Don Quixote's* *Rozinante* the best Manger and Room in the Stable.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXV.

Which hints at the Adventure of the Braying, and the Merry one of the Puppet-Player, with the memorable Divining of the Fortune-telling Ape.

Don Quixote was upon Thornes, till he could hear and know the promis'd wonders of the Man that carry'd the Arms, and went where the Inn-keeper directed, to seek, and finding him, said; he must immediately tell him what he had promis'd upon the way. The Man answer'd him, The Story of the Wonders requires more leisure, and must not be told thus standing: Good Sir, let me make an end of serving my Beast, and I will tell you things that will amaze you. Let not that hinder, quoth *Don Quixote*, for I'll help you: And so he did, sitting his Barley, and cleansing the Manger, a humility that obliged the Fellow to tell him his Tale heartily: Thus sitting down upon a Bench, in the Wall, *Don Quixote* by him, with the Scholar, Page and *Sancho*, and the Inn-keeper for his Complete Audience, he began thus.

You must understand, Gentlemen, that in a Town, some four Leagues and an half from this Inn, it fell out, that an * Alderman there, by a Trick and Wile of a Wench, his Maid-Servant, which were long to tell, lost his Ass, and tho' the said Alderman used all manner of means to find him, he could not. His Ass was wanting, as 'tis generally Reported, fifteen days; when the Alderman that lost him, being in the Market-Place, another Alderman of the same Town said to him, what will you give me for my News, Gossip, for your Ass is forthi-coming. Ill content you said the other; but let me know where he is? This Morning, said the second, I saw him upon the Mountains without his Pack-Saddle, or any other Furniture, so lean, that it was a pity to see him; I would have gotten him before me, and have driven him to you, but he is so Savage and Wild, that when I made towards him, he flew from me, and got into the thickest of the Wood: If you please, we will both return and seek him, let me first put up this Ass at home, and I'll come back imme-

* The Spanish is Regidor, which may well enough answer to an Alderman, tho' it be not the same in all Circumstances.

diately. You will do me a great kindness, quoth he, and I will endeavour to repay you in the same kind. With all these Circumstances, just as I tell you, all that know the Truth of this matter relate it: In fine, the two Aldermen, a foot and hand in hand, went to the Hills, and coming to the place where they thought to find the As, they miss'd of him, nor could they find him, for all their seeking any where thereabouts. Seeing therefore he was not to be found, the Alderman that had seen him, said to the other; Hark you, Gossip, I have a Trick in my Head, by which we shall find out this Beast, tho' he be hid under ground, much more if he be on the Mountains: Thus it is, I can bray excellently well, and if you can bray but indifferently, the business is done. Indifferently, d'ye say, Gossip, quoth the other, by the Lord, I don't think I am to be outdone by any body; nay not by the Ases themselves. We shall see that, said the second Alderman, for my Plot is that you go on one side of the Hill, and I on the other, so that we may walk over and about it, now and then you shall bray, and so will I, and your Ass will certainly hear, and answer one of us, if he be in the Mountain. To this the Owner of the As answered; I tell you, Gossip, the Device is rare, and worthy your great Wit; so dividing themselves, according to the Agreement, it fell out, that just at one instant both bray'd; and each of them cozen'd with the other's braying, came to look one another, thinking now there had been News of the As: And as they met, the Loser said, Is it possible, Gossip, that it was not my As that bray'd? No, 'twas I, said the other. Then, reply'd the Owner, Gossip, there is no difference between you and an As, I mean as to your braying; for in my Life I never heard a thing more natural. These praises and Commendations, said the other, do more properly belong to you than me; for by the God that made me, you may give odds, to the best and skilfullest Brayer in the World; for your sound is lofty, you keep very good time, and your Cadences are thick and sudden: To conclude, I yield my self vanquish'd, and give you the Praise and Glory of this rare Ability. Well, said the Owner, I shall like my self the better for this hereafter, and shall think I know something, since I have one good Quality; for tho' I ever thought I bray'd well, yet I never imagin'd I was so excellent at it as you say. Let me tell you, said the other, there are rare Abilities in the World, which are lost and ill bestow'd on those that will not make their advantage of them: Ours, quoth the Owner, can do us no good but in such business as we have

have now in hand, and pray God in this they may. This said, they divided again, and returned to their braying, and every ~~one~~ they were deceiv'd and met, till they agreed upon a counter-sign, that to know it was themselves and not the As, they should bray twice together: So that in this manner redoubling their brays, every turn they rounded the Hill, the lost As not answering so much as by the least sign: But how should the poor wretched Beast answer, when they found him in the Thicket, devour'd by Wolves? And his Owner seeing him, said; I wonder'd he did not answer; for if he had not been dead, he would have bray'd, if he had heard us, or else he had been no As: But i'faith, Gossip, since I have heard your delicate braying, I think my pains well bestowed in looking this As, tho' I have found him dead. * 'Tis in a very good hand, Gossip, said the other: And if the Abbot sings well, the Acolite comes not much short of him. With this, comfortless and hoarse, they return'd to their Village, where they told their Friends, Neighbours, and Acquaintance what had happen'd in search of the As, the one extolling the others cunning in braying; all which was known and spread abroad in the Neighbouring Towns: And the Devil who always watches to sow Quarrels and Discord every where, raising Brabbles in the Air, and making great Chimera's of nothing, contriv'd that when the People of other Towns, saw any of ours, they would bray, as hitting us in the Teeth with our Aldermen's braying. The Boys at length fell to it, which was, as if it had fallen into the jaws of all the Devils in Hell: So this braying spread it self from one Town to the other, till they that are born in our Town, are as well known as the Beggar knows his Dish; and this unhappy Jest has gone so far, that many times they who are Jear'd, have gone out Armed in a Body, to give the Scoffers Batt'e, without Fear or Wit, neither King nor Keiser being able to prevent them: I believe to morrow or next day those of my Town will be in the field, that is, the Brayers against the next Town, which is two Leagues off, and is one of them that do's most persecute us; and that we might be well provided, I have brought these Halberds and Lances you saw. And these are the Wonders I said I would tell you; and if these be not so, I know not what is.

Here the honest Fellow ended his Discourse; and now there entred at the Inn Door, one all in Chamois, Hose, K k
Doublet

* Alluding to two that contend to make one another drink first,

Doublet and Breeches, and said aloud, Landlord, have you any Lodging? For here comes the Fortune telling Ape, and the Puppet Play of *Melifendra's*; being set at liberty. Ods life, quoth the Inn-keeper, here is Master *Peter*, we shall have a brave Night of it: (I had forgot to tell how this Master *Peter* had his Left-eye, and half his Cheek covered with a patch of green Taffata, a sign that all that side was sore) the Inn-keeper went on, saying, You are welcome Master *Peter*; Where's the Ape and the Puppets that I see 'em not? They are not far off, quoth the Chamois Man, only I am come before to know if you have any Lodging. I would turn out the Duke of *Alva* himself, said the Inn-keeper, rather than Master *Peter* should want one: Let your Ape and your Puppets come; for we have Guests here to Night, that will pay for the Sight, and for the Ape's Art. In good time, said he with the Patch, for I will moderate the Price, and be satisfied with my Charges born to Night, so I will cause the Cart where they are, to drive on: With this he went out of the Inn again. *Don Quixote* straight ask'd the Innkeeper, What Master *Peter* that was, and what Puppets, or Ape he brought? To which the Inn-keeper answer'd, He is a famous Puppet-Player, who a long time has gone up and down these parts of *Aragon*, shewing this Puppet Play of *Melifendra*, and *Don Gysferos*, one of the best Histories that has been represented these many Years in this Kingdom. Besides, he has an Ape, the strangest that ever was; for if you ask him any thing, he marks what you ask, and gets upon his Master's Shoulder, and tells him in his Ear by way of Answer, what he was ask'd: Which Master *Peter* declares. He tells things to come, as well as things past, and tho' he does not always hit right, yet he seldom errs, and makes us believe the Devil is in him; He has two Royals for every Question, if the Ape answers, I mean, if his Master answers for him, after he has whisper'd in his Ear; so it is thought that Master *Peter* is very rich, he is a notable Fellow, and (as your Italian says, a boon Companion; he lives the merriest Life in the World, talks as much as six Men, and drinks as much as a dozen, all at his Tongues, his Puppets, and his Ape's Expence.

By this, Master *Peter* return'd, and his Puppets and Ape came in a small Carriage; his Ape was large, without a Tail, and his Bum as bare as a Felt, but not very ill-favour'd. *Don Quixote* no sooner saw him, but he ask'd Master Fortune-Teller, What fish do we catch? Tell us what will become of us, and here are my two Royals, which he commanded

Sancho

Sancho to give Master *Peter*; who answer'd for the Ape and said, Sir, this Beast answers not, nor gives any Account of things to come, of things past he knows something, as also a little of things present. *Zwokers*, quoth *Sancho*, I'll not give a Farthing to know what is past; for who can tell that better than my self? And to pay for what I know, is a folly: But since you say he knows things present, here's my two Royals, and let good-man Ape tell me what my Wife *Teresa Panga* do's now, and how she is employ'd. Master *Peter* would not take his Money, saying, I will not take your Reward before I have done you Service, and giving a clap or two with his Right hand on his left Shoulder; at one frisk the Ape got up, and laying his Mouth to his Ear, grated his Teeth apace; and having made mouths, as long as one might be saying the Belief, at another frisk he leap'd to the Ground, and immediately Master *Peter* ran hastily and knelt down before *Don Quixote*, and embracing his Legs, said, These Legs I embrace as if they were *Hercules's* Pillars: O famous reviver of the long forgotten Knight Errantry! Oh never sufficiently extoll'd Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*! Raiser of the Faint-hearted, Prop of those that Fall, Staff and Comfort of all the Unfortunate! *Don Quixote* was amaz'd, *Sancho* in Confusion, the Scholar surpriz'd, the Page astonish'd, the Bray Towns-man all in a gaze, the Inn keeper at his Wits end, and all in Admiration that heard the Puppet-Man's Speech, who went on, saying, And thou honest *Sancho Panga*, the best Squire to the best Knight in the World, rejoice, for thy Wife *Teresa* is a good Housewife, and at this time she is dressing a Pound of Flax; by the same token she has a good broken-mouth'd Pot at her left side that holds a pretty scantling of Wine, with which she eases her Labour. That I verily believe, said *Sancho*, for she is a good Soul; and if she were not jealous, I would not change her for the Gyanitess *Andandona*, who as my Master says, was a compleat and handy Woman: And my *Teresa* is one of those that will not fare amiss tho' her Heirs smart for it. Well, I say, quoth *Don Quixote*, that he who reads much and travels much, sees much and knows much: This I say, for who in the World could have perswaded me that Apes could Prophecie, which now I have seen with my own Eyes? For I am the same *Don Quixote* this good Beast speaks of, tho' he has been somewhat too liberal in my praises: But howsoever, I am, I give God thanks that he has made me tender hearted and compassionate; always enclin'd to do good to all, and hurt to no Man. If I had Money, said the Page, I would ask Master

Ape what would befall me in this Peregrination I have undertaken. To which Master *Peter* answer'd, being now risen from *Don Quixote's* Foot, I have told you once that this little Beast foretels not things to come; for if he could, 'twere no matter for your Money; since *Don Quixote* is here present, for whose sake I would forgo all the Interest in the World: And to shew my Duty to, and please him, I will order my Puppets and shew all the Company in the Inn some Pastime gratis. Which the Inn-keeper hearing, with great Joy, appointed him a Place where he might set it up; which was done in an instant.

Don Quixote lik'd not the Apes prophesying very Well, thinking it odd that an Ape should tell things, either past, or to come. So whilst Master *Peter* was fitting his Puppets, *Don Quixote* took *Sancho* with him to a corner of the Stable, and in private said, Look ye *Sancho*, I have very well consider'd this Ape's strange quality, and find that this Master *Peter* has made a tacit or express compact with the Devil; If the Pack be express and belongs to the Devil, said *Sancho*, it is doubtless a very scurvy Pack; but what is Master *Peter* the better for such a Pack? You take me not, *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I mean, he has made some bargain with the Devil to infuse that ability into the Ape, that he may get his living, and when he is rich, he will give him his Soul, which is what this universal Enemy of Mankind aims at: and that which induces me to this Belief, is, that the Ape answers only to things past, or present; and the Devil's Knowledge reaches no further; for the things to come he knows not, unless by conjecture, and that not at all times: For God alone knows the Times and Moments; and to him nothing is past, or to come; but all is present: Which being so, it is most certain that this Ape speaks by instinct from the Devil, and I wonder he has not been accus'd to the Inquisition, and examin'd, and forc'd to confess by what Virtue he prophesies; for certainly, neither he nor his Ape are Astrologers, nor know how to cast Figures, which they call Judiciary, so much us'd in Spain: For there is no paltry Woman, or Page, or Cocker, but pretends to cast a Figure, as if it were one of the Knaves at Cards upon a Table, discrediting the Truth of that wondrous Science with their ignorant Lying. I knew a Gentlewoman that ask'd one of these Figure-casters, whether a little foyfing-lap Bitch of hers should have any Puppies, and if it had, how many, and of what Colour the Whelps would be? To which my Cunning-man after he had cast his Figure, answer'd, That the Bitch should

should have young, and bring forth three little Whelps; the one Green, the other Carnation, and the third of a mix'd Colour, with this proviso, that she should take Dog between Eleven and Twelve of the Clock at Noon, or at Night, and that on Monday or Saturday; and the Event was, that some two Days after the Bitch died of a Surteit, and Master Figure-caster was reputed; throughout the Town, a most perfect Judiciary, as all, or the greatest part of such Men are. For all that, said *Sancho*, I wish you would bid Master *Peter* ask his Ape, whether all were true that befall you in *Montesinos's* Cave; for, under Correction, I am of Opinion it was all Sham and Lyes; or at least but a Dream. All that may be, said *Don Quixote*, but I will do as you advise me, tho' I shall have some scruple remain upon my Conscience.

Whilst they were thus communing, Master *Peter* came to call *Don Quixote*, and tell him the Puppets were ready, and he might come to see the Shew, which would give him content. *Don Quixote* told him his mind, and wish'd that his Ape might tell him, whether certain things that befall him in *Montesinos's* Cave were true, or but meer Dreams; for he thought there was a mixture. Master *Peter*, without answering a word, fetcht his Ape, and placing him before *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, said, Look you Master Ape, *Don Quixote* would have you tell him, whether certain things that happen'd to him in *Montesinos's* Cave, were true or false? And making the accusom'd sign, the Ape whipt upon his left Shoulder, and seeming to speak to him in his Ear, Master *Peter* streight interpreted. The Ape, Sir, says, That part of those things are false, and part of them true, and this is all he knows touching this Question; and now his Virtue is gone from him, and if you will know any more, you must stay till Friday next, and then he will answer all you will ask, for his Vertue will not return till then. Lau ye there, quoth *Sancho*, did not I tell you that I could not believe that all you said of *Montesinos's* Cave could hold currant? The Event hereafter will decide that, quoth *Don Quixote*, for Time the discoverer of all things, brings every thing to light, tho' it be hidden in the Bowels of the Earth; and now let this suffice, and let us go see the Puppets, for I believe there is something strange in them. Something, quoth Master *Peter*; this Puppet Shew of mine has Ten thousand strange ones: I tell you, Sir, it is one of the rarest things to be seen in the World; *operibus credite & non verbis*, and now to work for it is late, and we have much to do, say and shew.

Don Quixote and *Sancho* obey'd, and went where the Shew was prepar'd, all full of little wax Lights, that made it most sightly and glorious. Master *Peter* streight clapp'd himself within side, he being to manage the Artificial Puppets, and without stood his Body to interpret and declare the Mysteries of the Shew; in his Hand he had a white Wand, with which he pointed at the several Figures that appear'd. Thus all that were in the Inn being plac'd, and some standing over against the Shew, *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, the Scholar, and the Page, in the best seats; the Interpreter began to speak, what shall be heard or seen, by him that shall hear or read the next Chapter.

C H A P. XXVI.

Of the delightful Passage of the Puppet-Play, and other pleasant Matters.

NOW *Tyrians* and *Trojans* were all hush'd, I mean all the Spectators of the Puppet Shew hung their Ears upon the Mouth of the Interpreter of its wonders; when they heard a loud sound of Kettle-Drums and Trumpets, and a volley of Great-shot, behind the Curtain, which being soon over, the Boy began to raise his Voice and say.

This is the History which is here represented to you, Gentlemen, is taken word for word out of the French Chronicles, and the Spanish Ballads, which are in every Bodies Mouth, and sung by Boys up and down the Streets. It treats of the Liberty *Don Gayferos* gave to *Meliscandra* his Wife; who was Prisoner among the Moors in Spain, in the City of *Sanseuena*, then so called, and now *Zaragoza*; and look you there, how *Don Gayferos* is playing at Tables, according to the Song;

*And all the while Gayferos plies
The Tables, the Cards, and the Dice;
And for Meliscandra cares not a Farthing,
Tho' his Absence may break her poor Heart.*

And that Person who peeps out there with a Crown on his Head, and a Scepter in his Hand, is the Emperor *Charlemain*, the suppos'd Father of the said *Meliscandra*, who griev'd at the

the Sloath and Neglect of his Son-in-Law, comes to chide him; and mark with what Vehemency and Earnestness he rates him, as if he meant to give him half a Dozen Cons with his Scepter; some Authors there are that say he did, and sound ones too: And after he had told him many things concerning the Danger of his Reputation, if he did not free his Spouse; 'tis reported he said to him, I have said enough, look to it. Look ye Sir, again, how the Emperor turns his Back, and in what case he leaves *Don Gayferos*, who all enrag'd, flings the Tables and the Table-men from him, and hastily calls for his Armour, and borrows his Cousin-German *Orlando* his Sword *Durindana*; who offers him his Company in this difficult Enterprize. But the valorous enrag'd Knight would not accept of it, saying, He is able enough to deliver his Spouse, tho' she were in the deep Centre of the Earth, and now he goes in to arm himself for his journey. Now turn your Eyes to yonder Tower that appears, for you must suppose it to be one of the Tower of the Castle of *Zaragoza*, now call'd the *Aljaferia*, and that Lady that appears in the Window, clad in a Moorish Habit, is the Peerless *Meliscandra*, who many a time looks towards France, thinking on Paris and her Spouse, the only Comfort in her Imprisonment. Behold also a strange Accident that now happens, perhaps never the like seen: Don't you see that Moor that comes fair and softly, with his Finger on his Mouth, behind *Meliscandra*? Look what a smack he gives her in the midst of her Lips, and how she presently spits, and wipes them with her white Smock-sleeves, and how she laments, and for very madness tears her beautiful Hair, as if it were to blame for this Affront. Mark also that grave Moor that stands in that open Gallery, it is *Marfilius* King of *Sanseuena*, who when he saw the Moor's sawciness, tho' he were a Kinsman, and a great Favourite of his, commanded him straight to be apprehended, to have Two Hundred Stripes given him, and to be carried through the chief Streets in the City, with Cryers to proclaim his Crime before, and rods of Justice behind; and look ye how the Sentence is put in Execution as soon as the Fault was committed; for the Moors use not, as we do, to give a Copy of the Inditement, nor stand upon legal Evidence.

Child, child, cry'd *Don Quixote* aloud, on with your Story in a direct Line, and fall not into your crooked Paths and cross Ways; for I tell you, that to make out a Truth, there had need be many legal Evidences. Master *Peter* too said from within, Boy, fall not to your flourishes, but do as that Gentle-

man commands you, which is the best course; sing you your plain Song, and fly not too high, least you crack the Strings. I will Master, said the Boy, and proceeded saying:

He you see there, a Horseback, muffled in a Gascoigne Cloak, is *Don Gayferos* himself, to whom his Wife, now reveng'd on the Moor for his boldness, shews her self from the Battlements of the Castle, taking him for some Passenger, with whom she had all the Discourse mention'd in the Ballad, that begins,

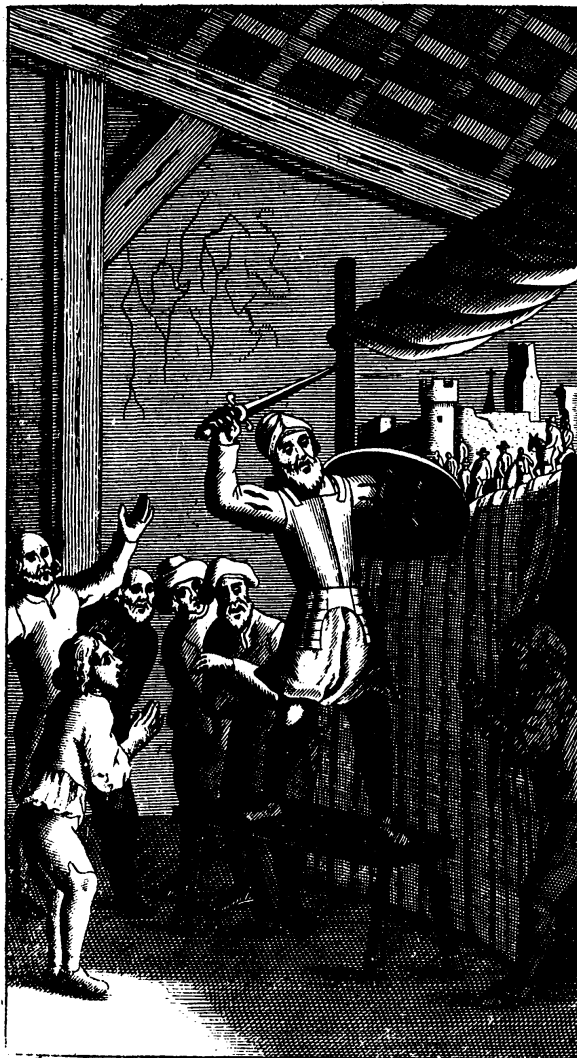
*Alk, Friend, if toward France you go,
If Don Gayfere be there or no.*

The rest I omit, for all tediousness is offensive, 'tis enough that you see there how *Don Gayferos* discovers himself, and by *Melifendra's* joyful Behaviour, we may imagine she knows him, and the rather because now we see she lets her self down from the Balconey to ride away behind her good Spouse: But alas! unhappy Creature, one of the skirts of her Gown has caught hold of one of the Iron Bars of the Balcony, and she hangs in the Air without being able to come to the Ground; but see how merciful Heavens relieve her in her greatest Necessity; for *Don Gayferos* comes, and without regarding her rich Gown, lays hold of it, and forcibly brings her down with him, and at one lift sets her astride upon his Horse's Crupper, and commands her to sit fast, and clap her Arms about him, that she may not fall; for *Melifendra* was not us'd to that way of riding. Look you how the Horse by his neighing shews he is proud of the Burden of his valiant Master and fair Mistress: Look how they turn their Backs to the City, and merrily take their way towards *Paris*. Peace be with you, O Peerless Couple of true Lovers; safely may you arrive at your desir'd Country, without having any interruption in your Journey by ill Fortune: May your Friends and Kindred see you enjoy the rest of your Years, as many as *Nestors*, peaceably.

Here Master *Peter* cry'd out aloud again, saying, Soft and fair Boy, do not soar so high, for all Affectation is naught, The Interpreter answer'd nothing, but went on, saying,

Some idle Eyes there were of such as pry into every thing, who saw the going down of *Melifendra*, and gave *Marsilius* notice of it, he straight commanded to sound an Alarm; and now observe how the whole City resounds with the noise of Bells ringing in the Steeple of all the *Mosques*.

Nothing



Nothing of that, said *Don Quixote*, Master *Peter* is very much out in his Bells; for among Moors no Bells are us'd, but Kettle-Drums, and a sort of Shaulmes like our Waits; so that your founding of Bells in *Sanjuena* is a méer Foppery. Which Master *Peter* hearing, he gave over ringing, and said, good Sir, do not carp at every Trifle, or criticise till you spoil all. Are there not, usually every where, a Thousand Plays acted, full of Nonsense, and Improbabilities, and yet they pass current, and are not only applauded, but admir'd too. Go on Boy, and give others leave to talk, for so I fill my Bag, I care not if I represent as many Absurdities as there are Atoms in the Sun. You are in the right, quoth *Don Quixote*, and the Boy proceeded.

Look what a Company of gallant Knights go out of the City in pursuit of the Catholick Lovers, how many Trumpets sound, how many Shaulmes play, how many Drums and Kettle-Drums make a noise; I fear me they will overtake them, and bring them back both bound to the same Horles Tail, which would be a horrible Spectacle.

Don Quixote seeing and hearing such a multitude of Moors, and such a noise, thought fit to succour those that fled. So standing up, with a loud Voice he cry'd out, I will never consent while I live, that in my presence such an outrage as this be offer'd to so valiant, and so amorous a bold Knight as *Don Gayferos*: Stay, you base Scoundrels, do not follow or persecute him; if you do, have at you. And joining Actions to his Words, he drew his Sword, and at one skip got close to the Shew, and with a terrible and unparallel'd Rage began to slash the Puppet Moors; overthrowing some, and beheading others, maiming one, and cutting another; and among many other blows, he fetch'd one so down right, that had not Master *Peter* slunk and squatted down, he had chopt off his Head, as easily as if it had been made of March-pane. Master *Peter* cry'd, saying, Hold Sir *Don Quixote*, hold, and know that these you hurl down, destroy, and kill, are not real Moors, but little Figures made of Paste, consider, wretch that I am, that you spoil and destroy my goods. But for all this, *Don Quixote* still multiplied his Cuts, doubling and redoubling his Blows as thick as Hail. And in a word, in less time than one might be telling Twenty, he overthrew the whole Machine, all the Tackling and Puppets being cut to pieces, King *Marsilins* was sore wounded, and the Emperor *Charlemain* his Head and Crown were cloven in two: The Audience was in a Consternation, the Ape got upon the Tiles of the House, the Scholar was frighted, the

Page astonish'd, and even *Sancho* himself was in great fear ; for, as he swore after the Storm was over, he never saw his Master so outrageous. The general ruin of the Puppets thus perform'd, *Don Quixote* began to be somewhat pacified, and said, Now would I have all those here at this instant before me, that believe not how profitable Knights Errant are in the World ; and had not I been now present, what would have become of *Don Gayferos* and the fair *Melisendra* ? I warrant e'er this, those Dogs would have overtaken and shew'd them some foul play : When all is done, long live Knight Errantry above all things living in the World. Long live it a God's Name, said Master *Peter*, again with a piteous Voice ; and may I die, since I live to be so unhappy, as to say with King * *Roderick*, Yesterday I was Lord of all *Spain*, but to Day have not a Battlement I can call mine : 'Tis not yet half an hour, scarce half a Minute, since I was Master of Kings and Emperors ; had my Stables, Coffers, and Bags full of Horses and Treasure ; but now I am desolate, dejected and poor : And to add more Affliction, without my Ape, for before I catch him again, I am like to sweat for it, and all through the unconsiderate Fury of this Sir Knight, who is said to protect the Fatherless, to rectify Wrongs, and to do other Charitable Works ; but I alone have fail'd of this his generous Intention, I thank the highest Heavens for it : In fine, it could be none but *The Knight of the sorrowful Aspect* that could confound me and mine. *Sancho* was mov'd to Compassion hearing Master *Peter's* Lamentation, and said, Weep not, nor grieve Master *Peter*, for you break my Heart ; and let me tell you, my Master *Don Quixote* is so Nice and Catholick a Christian, that if he once comes to reflect, that he has done you any Wrong, he knows how, and will satisfy it to the full. If *Don Quixote*, said Master *Peter*, would but pay me for the Fashion of the Puppets he has spoil'd, I should be satisfy'd, and his Worship would have no burden upon his Conscience ; for he that keeps that which is another Man's, against the Owner's will, and restores it not, can hardly be sav'd. That's true, quoth *Don Quixote* : But hitherto, Master *Peter*, I know not that I have detain'd ought of yours. How so, said Master *Peter* ? Why these poor Relicks that lie upon the hard and barren Ground ; who scatter'd and annihilated them but the invincible

* *Roderick was the last King of the Goths that reign'd in Spain, and was overthrown by the Moors,*

cible force of that powerful Arm ? And whose were those Bodies, but mine ? And who maintain'd me, but they ? Well, I now, said *Don Quixote*, verily believe as I have often, that the Enchanters who persecute me, do nothing but put Shapes really as they are before my Eyes, and presently after, and change them at their pleasure. I tell you, Gentlemen, that hear me, really and truly, that I verily believ'd, all that has pass'd here was actually so, that *Melisendra* was *Melisendra* ; *Don Gayferos*, *Don Gayferos* ; *Marfilius*, *Marfilius* ; and *Charlemain*, *Charlemain* : This was it that rous'd my Choler ; and to do the Duty of my Profession as a Knight Errant ; I intended to succour those that fled : And to this good purpose I did all that you have seen ; which if it fell out unluckily, 'twas no fault of mine, but of my wicked Persecutors : Yet for all this Mistake, tho' it proceeded from no malice of mine, I will adjudge my self to pay the Charges ; let Master *Peter* see what he will have for the spoil'd Puppets, and I will pay it all in good current Coin of *Castile*. Master *Peter* made him a low Bow, saying, I could expect no less from the unheard of Christianity of the most Valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the true Succourer and Bulwark of all distress'd and needy Vagabonds ; and now let the Inn-Keeper and the Great *Sancho* be Umpires, and Appraisers betwixt your Worship and me, and let them say what every broken piece was worth. The Inn-Keeper and *Sancho* agreed to it, and then Master *Peter* reach'd up *Marfilius* King of *Zaragoza* headless, and said ; You see how impossible it is for this Prince to return to his first being, and therefore, saving your better Judgments, I think fit to have for his Death, Ruin and Destruction, four Royals and a half. On then, quoth *Don Quixote*. Then for this, quoth Master *Peter*, that is cloven from Head to Foot, taking the Emperor *Charlemain* up, I I think five Royals and a quarter is little enough. Not very little quoth *Sancho*. Nor too much said the Inn-keeper ; but moderate the Bargain, and let him have five Royals. Let him have his full demand, said *Don Quixote*, for, in such a mischance as this, we'll ne're stand upon a quarter of a Royal, and make an end quickly, Master *Peter*, for it is near Supper-time, and I have some symptoms of Hunger. For this Puppet, said Mr. *Peter*, without a Nose, and an Eye wanting, of the fair *Melisendra*, I ask upon the square but two Royals and twelve Maravedies. Nay, the Devil's in it, said *Don Quixote*, if *Melisendra* be not now in *France*, or upon the Borders, at least, with her Husband ; for the Horse they rode on, seem'd to me rather to fly than run ; and

and therefore don't pretend to sell me a Cat for a Hare, shewing me here a Noseless *Melifendra*, when she, for ought I know, is now wantonly solacing with her Husband in *France*: God give every Man his own, Master *Peter*, let us have plain dealing, and honest designs; and so proceed. Master *Peter* seeing *Don Quixote* totter'd, and was ready to fall into his old strain, was loath to let him fly off, and so reply'd; Indeed this should not be *Melifendra*, now I think on't, but one of the Damsels that served her; so that sixty Maravedies for her will content me. Thus he went on valuing of other broken Puppets, which the Arbitrators moderated to the satisfaction of both Parties, and the whole amounted to forty Royals and three quarters; which when *Sancho* had disburs'd, Master *Peter* demanded over and above two Royals for his Labour, to catch the Ape. Give it him, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, not to catch his Ape, but a Fox; and I would give two hundred for a Reward to any body that could certainly inform me, that the Lady *Melifendra* and *Don Gaysferos* were safely arriv'd at *France*, amongst their own People. None can tell better than my Ape, said Master *Peter*, but the Devil himself will scarce catch him; yet I imagine his being us'd to me, and hunger, will force him to seek me out to Night, and by Morning we shall see what comes on't. To conclude, the Storm of the Puppet-show pass'd over, and they all Supp'd merrily, and like good Fellows, at *Don Quixote's* Charge, for he was liberal in the highest degree.

Before Day, the Fellow with the Lances and Halberds was gone, and somewhat after, the Scholar and the Page came to take leave of *Don Quixote*, the one to return homewards, and the other to prosecute his intended Journey, and to help him forwards; *Don Quixote* gave him twelve Royals. Master *Peter* would have no more to do with him; for he knew him too well. So he got up before the Sun, and gathering the Relicks of the Puppets, and catching his Ape, he betook him to his Adventures. The Inn-Keeper, who knew not *Don Quixote*, wondred as much at his Liberality, as his Madness. To conclude, *Sancho* pay'd him honestly, by his Master's Order, and taking leave, about eight of the Clock they left the Inn, and went their way, where we must leave them; for so it is fit, that we may come to other Matters pertaining to the true explaining of this Famous History.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXVII.

Which discovers who Master Peter and his Ape were, with the ill Success Don Quixote had in the Adventure of the Braying, which ended not so well, as he could wish, or expected.

CID Hamete, the Compiler of this famous History, begins this Chapter with these words, *I Swear like a Catholic Christian*. To which the Translator says, That *Cid* his swearing like a Catholick Christian, he being a Moor, as undoubtedly he was, is no otherwise to be understood, than that as the Catholick Christian, when he swears, does ought to swear the Truth, so did he, as if he had sworn like a Catholick Christian, in what he intended to write of *Don Quixote*, especially in recounting who Master *Peter* and the Prophesying Ape were, that made all the Country stand astonish'd at his foretelling of things. He says then, that he who has read the former part of this History, may well remember, that same *Gines de Passamonte*, whom *Don Quixote*, amongst other Gally-slaves, freed in *Sierra Morena*, a benefit for which afterward he had small thanks, and a worse return from that wicked and ungrateful Rout.

This *Gines de Passamonte*, whom *Don Quixote* called *Ginesillo de Parapilla*, was he that stole *Sancho's* Dapple, which because neither the manner nor the time were put in the first part, through the neglect of the Printers, made many attribute the fault of the Press, to the Author's weakness of Memory. But in short, *Gines* stole him as *Sancho* slept upon his back, using the same Trick and Device as *Brunelo* did when *Sacripante* being at the Siege of *Albraca*, he stole his Horse from between his Legs; and after that *Sancho* recovered him again, as has been related. This same *Gines*, fearing to be found by the Officers of Justice that sought after him, to punish him for his Infinite Villanies and Crimes which were so many and so great, that he himself Compos'd a great Volume of them, resolv'd to get him into the Kingdom of *Aragon*, and covering his left Eye, to apply himself to the Trade of a Puppet-man; for this and Legerdemain he was excellent at. It fell out that he bought his Ape of some Captive Christians who came out of *Babuy* and had taught him upon making a certain sign to leap upon his Shoulder and to

mumble

mumble, or at least seem to whisper something in his Ear. This done, before he would enter into any Town with his Puppet-show and Ape, he informed himself in the next Town or where he best could, what particular Accidents had happen'd in such a place, or to such Persons, and bearing all well in mind, the first thing he did, was to shew his Puppet-Play, which was sometimes of one Story, and sometimes of another; but all merry, delightful and familiarly known: The Sight being ended, he declar'd the Qualities of his Ape, telling the People that he could give them an account of all things past and present; but in things to come, he had no skill. He ask'd two Royals for answering a Question; but to some he did it cheaper, according as he perceiv'd they that ask'd were able to pay; and coming sometimes to Houses where he knew what had happen'd to the People that liv'd in them, tho' they ask'd nothing, because they would not pay him; yet would he make the sign to his Ape, and say the Beast had told him one thing or other which fell out pat to what had happen'd, and thus he got a wonderful Name, and all Men flock'd about him. At other times being very cunning, he would give such an answer as was very suitable to the Question: And none prying into, or pressing him to tell how his Ape did Prophecie, he gull'd every body on, and fill'd his Pouch. As soon as ever he came into the Inn, he knew *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, and all that were there; but it had cost them dear, had *Don Quixote* let his hand fall a little lower, when he cut off King *Marsilius's* head and destroy'd all his Horse, as was related in the foregoing Chapter. This is all that can be said of Mr. *Peter* and his Ape.

And returning to *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I say, that after he was gone out of the Inn, he resolv'd first of all to see the Banks of the River *Ebro*, and all the Country about, before he went to the City of *Saragosa* since there was time enough before the Tilting. Being thus resolv'd, he travell'd two days without lighting on any thing worth writing, till the third day, going up the ridge of a Hill, he heard a sound of Drums, Trumpets, and Guns: At first he thought some Regiment of Soldiers pass'd by that way: and therefore to see them, he spurred *Rozinante*, and got up the Ridge, and when he was at the top, saw at the foot of it, above two hundred Men, as near as he could guess, Armed with different sorts of Weapons, as Spears, Cross-Bows, Partizans, Halberds, Pikes, some Guns, and many Targets. He came down from the high ground, and drew so near to the Squadron, that he distinctly saw their Banners, distinguish'd their

their Colours, and observ'd their Mottoes on them, especially one, on a Standard or Gore of white Sattin, on which was Painted to the life a little Ass, his head lifted up, his Mouth open, and his Tongue out, in the very posture as if he were actually Braying, about him were these to Verses written in large Letters.

*'Twas not for nothing, if well weigh'd,
That both the Learned Bayliffs Bray'd.*

By this Device *Don Quixote* gather'd that those People belonged to the Braying Town, and so he told *Sancho*, declaring to him what was written on the Standard; he also said, that he who told them the Story was in the wrong, to say they were two Aldermen that Bray'd; for by the Verses of the Standard they were two * Bayliffs of the Town. To which *Sancho* answer'd, Sir, that breaks no squares; for it may very well be, that the Aldermen who then bray'd, might come in time to be Bayliffs of the Town; so that both Titles might have been given them. However, 'tis not material to the Truth of the Story, whether the Brayers were Aldermen or Baliffs, so it be certain that they bray'd, for a Bayliff is as likely to bray as an Alderman. To conclude, they perceiv'd and knew that the Town that was mock'd, went out to fight another that had two much abused them, and more than was fitting for good Neighbours. *Don Quixote* went towards them, to *Sancho's* no small grief, who was no Friend to those Enterprizes. Those of the Squadron hemm'd him in, taking him to be one of their side. *Don Quixote* lifting up his Vizor, with a pleasant Countenance and Grace came up the Standard of the Ass, and there all the chiefest of the Army gathered about to behold him, falling into the same admiration as all others did the first time they saw him. *Don Quixote* perceiving them attentively look on him, and no Man offering to speak to, or ask him any Question, making use of their silence, and breaking his own, rais'd his Voice and said:

Good Gentlemen, I desire you by all means not to interrupt the Discourse I shall make to you, till you see it either disgusts or tires you; which if it do, at the least sign you shall make, I will seal up my Mouth, and clap a Gag on my Tongue.

* The Spanish words are Regidores and Alcaldes, which as near as I can expound them, signifie Aldermen, and Bayliffs of a Corporation.

Tongue. They all bid him speak what he pleas'd, for they would willingly give ear to him.

Don Quixote having this leave, went on, saying; I, my Friends, am a Knight Errant, whose Exercise is in Arms, whose Profession is to favour those that need favour, and to help the Distressed. I have long known of your Misfortune; and the Cause that every step moves you to take up Arms to be reveng'd on your Enemies. And having not once, but many times pondered your business in my Understanding, I find, according to the Laws of Duel, that you are deceiv'd to think your selves affronted; for no particular Person can affront a whole Town, except it be by defying them as Traytors in general, because he knows not who in particular committed the Treason, for which he defied all the Town. We have an Example of this in *Don James Ordonez de Lara*, who defied the whole Town of *Zamora*, because he was ignorant, that only *Vellido d'Ollos* committed the Treason in killing his King; so he defied them all, and the Revenge and answer concerned them all: tho' however *Don James* was somewhat too hasty and too forward; for it was needless for him to have defied the Dead, or the Waters, or the Corn, or the Children unborn, with many other Trifles there mentioned: But let it go, for when choler overflows, the Tongue has neither Father, Governor, or Guide to correct it. This being so then, that one particular Person cannot affront a Kingdom, Province, City, Commonwealth, or whole Town, it is manifest, that it is needless to Revenge the Provocation of such an affront, since it is none; for it were a goodly matter that those of the Town of *Reloxa* should every foot go out to kill those that abuse them so: Or that your **Cazoteros*, *Verengeneros*, *Vallenatos*, *Xanoneros*, or others of these kinds of Nick-names that are common in every Boys Mouth, and the ordinary sort of People: 'Twere very good, I say, that all these famous Towns should be ashamed, and take Revenge, and run whipping out their Swords continually at every idle Quarrel. No, no, God forbid: Men of Wisdom and well-governed Commonwealths ought to take up Arms, draw their Swords and hazard their Lives and Fortunes upon four accounts: First, To defend the Catholick Faith, Secondly, Their Lives; which is according to Divine and Natural Law. Thirdly, To defend their

* Nick-names given in Spain to the People of several Towns, as in English the Londoners are call'd Cockneys; the Kentish Men Long Tails, &c.



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their Honour, Family, and Estates. Fourthly, To serve their Prince in a lawful War: And if we will, we may add a fifth, that may serve for a second, To defend their Country. To these five Capital Causes may be subjoyn'd many others, very just and reasonable, that may oblige Men to take up Arms: But to take them for Trifles, and things that are rather fit for Laughter and Pastime than for any Affront, looks as if he who takes them up wanted Sense. Besides, to take an unjust Revenge, indeed nothing can be just by way of Revenge, is directly against God's Law which we profess, and in which we are commanded to do good to our Enemies, and to those that hate us; a Commandment, which tho' it seem difficult to fulfil, yet it is so only to those who know less of God than they do of the World, and more of the Flesh than of the Spirit; for Jesus Christ, true God and Man, who never ly'd, nor could, nor can, being our Law-giver, said, *That his Yoke was sweet and his Burden light*; so he would command us nothing that should be impossible for us to fulfil: So that, Gentlemen, you are oblig'd both by the Divine and Human Laws to be pacify'd.

The Devil take me, thought *Sancho* to himself at this instant, if this Master of mine be not a Divine; or if not, as like one as one Egg is like another. *Don Quixote* took breath awhile, and seeing them still attentive, had proceeded in his Discourse, but that *Sancho's* quick Wit clapt in betwixt him and home, who seeing his Master pause, took his turn, saying:

My Master *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, sometimes call'd *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*, and now *The Knight of Lions*, is a very Judicious Gentleman, speaks Latin and his Mother Tongue as well as a Batchelor of Arts, and in all he handles or advises, proceeds like a Man of Arms, and has all the Laws and Statutes of that you call *Duel*, at his Fingers ends: Therefore there is no more to be done, but to govern your selves according to his Direction, and let me bear the blame if you do amiss. Besides, as you are now told, 'tis a folly to be asham'd to hear one Bray; for I remember when I was a Boy, I could have bray'd at any time I list'd, without any bodles hindrance, which I did so truly and cunningly, that when I bray'd, all the Asses in the Town would answer me; and for all this, I was held to be the Son of honest Parents, and tho' for this rare Quality, I was envy'd by more than a few of the proudest of my Parish, I car'd not two straws; and that you may know I say true, do but stay and hearken; for this Science is like swimming, once known, never

never forgotten: And clapping his hand to his Nose, he began to bray so strongly, that the Valleys near hand resounded again. But one of them that stood nearest him, thinking he had jeer'd them, lifted up a good Bat he had in his hand, and gave him such a blow, that he tumbld him to the ground. *Don Quixote* seeing *Sancho* so ill treated, set upon him that did it, with his Lance in his hand; but so many interpos'd, that it was not possible for him to be reveng'd: But rather perceiving a Cloud of Stones coming towards him, and that a thousand bent Cross-Bows began to threaten him, and no less number of Muskets, turning *Rozinante's* Reigns, as fast as he could gallop, he got from among them, recommending himself heartily to God, to free him from that danger, and fearing every foot least some Bullet should enter at his back, and come out at his breast: So he still went fetching his breath, to see if it fail'd him. But they of the Squadron were satisfy'd when they saw him fly, and so shot not at him. *Sancho* they set upon his Ass, scarce yet come to himself, and let him go after his Master; not that he could tell how to guide him, but that *Dapple* follow'd *Rozinante's* steps, without whom he was no body. *Don Quixote* being now a pretty way off, look'd back, and saw that *Sancho* was coming; and mark'd that no body pursu'd him. Those of the Squadron stay'd there till dark Night, and because their Enemies came not to Battle with them, they return'd home to their Town, full of Mirth and Jollity: And if they had known the ancient Custom of the Grecians, they would have rais'd a Trophy in that place.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Of some things Benengeli Relates, which he that reads will know, if he reads them with attention.

WHEN the Valiant Man turns his back, the advantage over him is manifest, and it is the part of wise Men to reserve themselves to better occasions: This truth was verily'd in *Don Quixote*, who giving way to the fury of the People, and to the ill intentions of that angry Squadron, took to his heels, and without remembering *Sancho*, or the danger he left him in, got himself so far off as he might seem to be safe. *Sancho* follow'd laid a thwart upon his Ass, as has been said: At

last he over-took him, being now come to himself; and drawing near, fell off his *Dapple* at *Rozinante's* feet, all sorrowful, bruised and beaten. *Don Quixote* alighted to search his Wounds; but finding him whole from top to toe, very angrily said, You must bray with a plague to you, and where have you found that 'tis good naming the Halter in the House a man has been hang'd out of. What Reward could you expect but cudgelling, when the best of your Musick was Braying? And *Sancho*, you may thank God, that as they blest'd you with a Cudgel, they made not the *per signum crucis* on you with a Scimitar. I am not in a condition to answer, (quoth *Sancho*, for methinks I speak at my back; let's mount and be gone from hence, and I'll silence my Braying; yet I cannot but say, that Knights Errant can fly, and leave their faithful Squires to be beaten like Stock-fish, and ground to Atoms by their Enemies. He does not fly who retires, said *Don Quixote*; for know *Sancho*, that Valour, unless founded on the Basis of Wisdom, is stiled Rashness; and the rash man's Feats are rather attributed to good Fortune than Courage. So that I confess I retired, but fled not, and in this have imitated many valiant men, who reserved themselves for better times; and Histories are full of these Examples, which because they would be tedious to me, and unprofitable to thee, I relate not at present.

By this time *Sancho*, with *Don Quixote's* help, got to horse, and *Don Quixote* mounted *Rozinante*, so they mov'd leisurely into a Poplar Grove, which was about a quarter of a League off; now and then *Sancho* would fetch a profound Heigh-ho, and most dismal Sighs. And *Don Quixote* asking the reason of his pitiful Complaints, he said, That from the point of his Back-bone to the top of his Crown, he was so sore he knew not what to do. The cause of that Pain undoubtedly, quoth *Don Quixote*, is, that as the Cudgel with which they bang'd thee was long and slender, it lighted all along upon those parts of thy Back that grieve thee; and if it had reach'd farther, it had pain'd thee more. By the Lord, quoth *Sancho*, you have resolv'd me a mighty Doubt, and laid it before me in most delicate terms. Ods curse, was the cause of my Grief so secret, that you must needs tell me that so much of me was sore as the Cudgel reach'd? If my Ankles pain'd me, you might perhaps divine something of the cause of it; but 'tis a poor guess, to tell me that part pains me that was bruised. Yfaith, yfaith, Master of mine, other mens Ills are slightly regarded, and every day I discover Land, and see how little I can expect from your Service; for if at this time you

suffer'd me, to be dry beaten, we shall come a hundred and a hundred times to the Blanket-tossing you wot of, and other childish Tricks, which as they now lighted on my Shoulders, may hereafter come out at my eyes. It were a great deal better for me, but that I am a Beast, and shall never do any thing right while I live: it were a great deal better, I say again, for me to get me home to my Wife and Children, to maintain and bring them up with that little God has given me, and not to follow you up and down ways where there is no Road, and Paths never before trodden, drinking ill, and eating worse: and for sleeping, good honest Squire, measure me out seven foot on the Earth; and if you will have any more, take as many more; for it is at your Command, stretch your self at your ease. I would the first that gave stich in Knight Errantry were burnt, or beaten to Powder, or at least he that first would be Squire to such Fools, as all your Knights-Errant were in former times; of the present I say nothing, for I pay them respect because you are one of them, and because I know you can out-do the Devil in all you speak or think. I durst venture a good Wager with thee, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, that now thou talk'st and no body controuls thee, thou feel'st no pain in all thy Body: Talk on, Lad, all thou hast in thy Head, or at thy Tongues-end, for so thou may'st not be in pain, I will be pleas'd with the trouble thy Impertinencies give me. And if you are so desirous to be at home with your Wife and Children, God forbid I should hinder it: you have Money of mine; see how long 'tis since our third Sally from home, and how much is due to you per Month, and pay your self. When I serv'd *Thomas Carrasco*, Father to the Batchelor *Carrasco*, whom you know very well, quoth *Sancho*, I had two Ducats a Month besides my Victuals: of you I know not how much I shall have, tho' I am sure it is a greater Toil to be a Squire to a Knight Errant, than to serve a rich Husbandman; for indeed, we that serve Husbandmen, tho' we labour never so much in the day-time, if the worst come to the worst, at night we have a Supper in the Pottage-pot, and lie in a Bed, which I have not done ever since I serv'd you, except it were that short time we staid at *Don James de Miranda's* house, and afterwards when I had the touch of the Skimmings of *Camacho's* Pots, and when I eat; and drank, and slept at *Basil's* House; all the rest has been upon the cold Ground, in the open Air, and expos'd to the Weather, living upon bits of Cheese, and scraps of Bread; and drinking Water, sometimes of Brooks, sometimes of Springs, which we met with by the way. I con-

fess

fess *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, all thou say'st may be true; how much more think'st thou should I give thee than *Thomas Carrasco*? I think, quoth *Sancho*, if you would add two Royals a Month more I should be satisfy'd; and this as to the Wages due for my Labour: but as concerning the Promise you made me of bestowing on me the Government of some Island, it would be fit, in consideration for that, to allow me six Royals more, which would be thirty in all. It is very well, said *Don Quixote*; it is now five and twenty days since our last Sally, therefore, according to the Wages you have allotted your self, do you pay your self in proportion, as I told you before. God is my life, said *Sancho*, you are clean out of the reckoning; for as to the promise of governing the Island, you must reckon from the time you promis'd till this present. Why, how long is it, quoth he, since I promis'd it? If I be not mistaken, said *Sancho*, it is at least twenty years, two or three days over or under. *Don Quixote* gave himself a good clap on the Forehead, and began to laugh heartily, saying, Why, my being about *Sierra Morena*, and our whole Travels, were scarce two Months, and do you say it was twenty years since I promis'd you the Island? Well, I find you would have all the Money you have of mine consumed in paying your Wages; which if it be so, and you are so pleas'd, I give it you this moment, and much good may it do ye: for so I may be rid of such a Squire, I shall be glad to be left poor and moneyless. But tell me, thou Prevaricator of the Squirely Laws of Knight Errantry; where hast thou ever seen or read of any Squire belonging to Knight Errant, that has capitulated with his Master to give him so much or so much per Month: Lanch, lanch, thou base lewd Fellow, thou Hobgoblin; lanch, I say, into the *Mare magnum* of their Histories; and if thou find that any Squire has said, or so much as imagin'd what thou hast said, I will give thee leave to brand my Forehead, and to write Fool upon my Face over and above. Turn thy Reins, or thy Ass's Halter, and get thee to thy House; for thou shalt not go a step farther with me. Oh ill-given Bread, and ill plac'd Promises! Oh Man, more Beast than Man! now when I thought to have put thee into a Fortune, and such a one, that, in spite of thy Wife, thou should'st have been stil'd *My Lord*, thou leav'st me: now do'st thou go, when I had a purpose to have made thee Lord of the best Island in the World. Well, well, as thou thy self hast said many times, *The Honey is not for the Ass's mouth*; an Ass thou art, an Ass thou wilt be, and an Ass thou shalt die; for I am satisfy'd thy Life will end before thou wilt

find out and discover that thou art a Beast. *Sancho* gaz'd on *Don Quixote* all the while he thus rated him, and was so mov'd, that the Tears stood in his eyes; and with a sad and weak Voice he said, Good Sir, I confess I want nothing but a Tail to make me a perfect Ass; if you will put one on me, I will be satisfy'd, and will serve you like an Ass all the days of my Life. Pardon me Sir, pity my Youth, and consider my Folly; for if I speak much, it proceeds rather out of Simplicity than Knavery: but he *Who errs and mends, to God himself commends*. I should wonder *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, if thou didst not insert some little Proverb in thy Dialogue. Well, I forgive thee upon condition thou mend, and shew not thy self so covetous hereafter, but that thou rouse up thy Spirits, and encourage thy self with hope of the accomplishment of my Promise, for *Better late than never*. *Sancho* answer'd him, he would, tho' he made a Virtue of Necessity.

With this they put into the Grove, and *Don Quixote* laid himself at the foot of an Elm, and *Sancho* at the foot of a Beech; for these sorts of Trees, and such like, have always feet, but no hands. *Sancho* had an ill Night on't; for the Cold made his Bang pain him the more. *Don Quixote* fell into his usual Imaginations; yet they both slept, and by day-peep were on their way, seeking after the famous Banks of *Ebro*, where they hapned upon what shall be told in the ensuing Chapter.

CHAP. XXIX.

Of the famous Adventure of the Enchanted Bark.

Don Quixote and *Sancho*, travelling fair and softly, two days after they were out of the Elm Grove, came to the River *Ebro*, whose sight was very pleasing to *Don Quixote*; for in it he contemplated and observ'd the Verdure of the Banks, the Clearness of the Water, the gentle Current, and the abundance of the liquid Chrystal, whose pleasing sight brought a thousand amorous Thoughts into his head, and particularly he ruminated upon what he had seen in *Montesinos's Cave*; for tho' Master *Peter's Ape* had told him, that part of it was true, and part false, he stuck closer to the part that was true than to the false; whereas *Sancho*, on the other

side, look'd upon the whole to be as false as Falshood it self.

As they were thus going on, *Don Quixote* discover'd a little Boats without Oars or any other kind of Tackling, which was ty'd at the brink of the River to a stump of a Tree that was on the Bank. *Don Quixote* look'd round about him, but could see no body; so without more ado, he alighted from *Rozinante*, and commanded *Sancho* to do the like from *Dapple*, and to tie both the Beasts fast to the trunk of an Elm or Willow there. *Sancho* ask'd him the cause of that sudden lighting, and tying. *Don Quixote* made Answer, Thou must know *Sancho*, that this Boat thou see'st does certainly and without all doubt call and invite me to enter into it, to go and relieve some Knight, or other person of rank and note that is in distress: for this is the use of Books of Knighthood, and of the Enchanters we find in them, that when any Knight is in some danger, and cannot be deliver'd from it but by the hand of some other Knight, tho' the one be distant from the other two or three thousand Leagues or more, they either snatch him into a Cloud, or provide him a Boat to go into, and in the twinkling of an eye, either carry him through the Air, or Sea, whether they please, and where his Assistance is needful: so that *Sancho*, this Boat is plac'd here to the same purpose, which is as true as that it is now day; and therefore before this be spent, do you tie *Dapple* and *Rozinante* together, and let's on in God's name; for I will not fail to embark tho' bare-footed Friars should entreat me. Well, since 'tis so, said *Sancho*, and that you will every foot run into these, I know not whether I shall call them Fopperies, there's no way but to obey and submit, according to the Proverb, *Do as thy Master commands thee, and sit down at Table with him*: but however, for the ease of my Conscience, I must let you know, that this seems to me to be no enchanted Boat, but one that belongs to some Fishermen of the River; for in it are taken the best Shads in the World. This he spoke whilst he was tying his Beasts, leaving them to the protection and defence of Enchanters, which griev'd him to the Soul. *Don Quixote* bid him not be troubled for the leaving those Beasts; for he who was to carry them through such remote Ways and Regions, would take care to feed them. I understand not your Rations, quoth *Sancho*; nor have I heard such a word in all the days of my Life. Regions, said *Don Quixote*, is the same as Countries: and no wonder thou understand'st not that word; for thou art not bound to understand Latin, tho' there are that pretend to understand it when they do not. Now they are bound, said *Sancho*, what

must we do next? What? said *Don Quixote*: bleſs our ſelves and weigh Anchor; I mean embark, and cut the Rope by which this Boat is ty'd: ſo leaping into it, and *Sancho* following him, he cut the Cord, and the Boat fair and ſoftly fell off from the Bank; and when *Sancho* ſaw himſelf about two Rods length within the River, he began to tremble, fearing he was loſt: but nothing ſo much troubl'd him as to hear *Dapple* bray, and to ſee that *Rozinante* ſtruggl'd to get looſe; and he ſaid to his Maſter, *Dapple* brays to condole our Abſence, and *Rozinante* ſtrives to be at Liberty to throw himſelf after us. Oh moſt dear Friends, ſtay you there in Peace, and when the Madneſs that ſevers us from you is convinc'd by experience, may we return to your Preſence: With that he began to weep ſo bitterly, that *Don Quixote*, in a Fret and Paſſion ſaid to him, What art thou afraid of, cowardly Wretch? What, doſt thou cry for, Milk-ſop? Who purſues or haunts thee, thou heartleſs Rat? or what want'ſt thou, Miſer, in the miſt of Plenty? Art thou travelling bare-foot over the *Riphean* Mountains? Or rather, are you not carry'd ſitting on a Board like an Archduke, down the gentle Stream of this delightful River, whence we ſhall ſoon iſſue out into the wide Ocean; but doubtleſs we are out already, and have travell'd at leaſt ſeven or eight hundred Leagues: and if I had an *Aſtrolobe* here, to take the height of the Pole, I could tell thee how far we have gone; tho, either my Knowledge is ſmall, or we have now, or ſhall quickly paſs the Equinoctial Line, which divides and cuts the two oppoſite Poles at equal diſtance. And when you come to this Lane you ſpeak of, ſaith *Sancho*, how far ſhall we have gone? A great way, answer'd *Don Quixote*; for of three hundred and ſixty Degrees, which the whole Globe contains in Land and Water, according to *Ptolomey's* Computation, who was the greateſt Coſmographer in the World, we ſhall have travell'd the one half when we come to the Line I have told you of. By the Lord, quoth *Sancho*, a pretty Fellow you bring for your Voucher, Gaſſer *Temptation*, or I know not how you call him. *Don Quixote* laugh'd at *Sancho's* nicknaming the Coſmographer and his Computation, and ſaid to him, You muſt underſtand, *Sancho*, that when the *Spaniards* or others embark at *Cadiz*, to go to the *East-Indies*, one of the greateſt Signs they have to know whether they have paſſ'd the *Equinoctial*, is, that all Men that are in the Ship, their Lice die upon them, and not one remains in the Veſſel, tho' they would give their weight in Gold for him: ſo that *Sancho*, thou may'ſt put thy hand to thy thigh, and if thou meet with any live thing, we ſhall

be

be out of doubt; if thou find'ſt nothing, then we have paſſ'd the Line. I believe none of that, quoth *Sancho*, but yet I will do as you will have me; tho' I know no need there is for theſe Trials, ſince I ſee with theſe eyes that we have not gone five yards from the Bank, for there *Rozinante* and *Dapple* are, in the ſame places where we left them, and looking to it duly, as I now do, I vow to God we move nor go no faſter than an Ant. Make the Trial I bid you, and mind no other; for you know not what *Colures* are, what *Lines*, *Paralels*, *Zodiacks*, *Eclipticks*, *Poles*, *Solſtices*, *Equinoctials*, *Planets*, *Signs*, *Points*, and *Meaſures*, of which the *Celeſtial* and *Terreſtrial Spheres* are compos'd: for if you knew all theſe, or any part of them, you might plainly ſee what *Paralels* we have cut, what *Signs* we have paſt, and what *Conſtellations* we have left behind, and are now leaving. And I bid you once more to ſearch and feel your ſelf, for I do not think, but that you are as clean as a Sheet of white ſmooth Paper. *Sancho* began to feel, and bringing his hand ſoftly and warily to the left ſide of his Neck, lifted up his Head, and ſaid to his Maſter, Either your Experiment is falſe, or we are not come near the place you ſpeak of, by many Leagues. Why, quoth *Don Quixote*, haſt thou met with ſomething? Yes with ſome things, ſaid he, and ſhaking his Fingers, waſh'd his whole hand in the River, down whoſe Current the Boat ſoftly ſlid along, without being mov'd by any ſecret Influence or hidden Enchantment, but by the very courſe of the Water, as yet ſoft and eaſie.

By this they discover'd two great Water-mills in the miſt of the River: And ſcarce had *Don Quixote* perceiv'd them, when he cry'd aloud to *Sancho*, See there Friend appears the City, Caſtle or Fortreſs, where ſome Knight is ſure oppreſs'd, or ſome Queen or Princeſs in ill plight, for whoſe Succour I am brought hither? What the Devil of a City, Caſtle, or Fortreſs, Sir, do you talk of, quoth *Sancho*? Don't you ſee that thoſe are Water-mills in the River to grind Corn? Peace *Sancho*, ſaid he, for tho' they look like Water-mills they are not ſo; and I have told thee already, that theſe Enchanters chop and change things from their natural Being: I do not ſay they really change them from one Being to another, but in appearance, as was ſeen by experience in the Transformation of *Dulcinea*, the only refuge of my Hopes.

Now the Boat being gotten into the miſt of the Current, began to move ſomewhat faſter than before. The Millers ſeeing the Boat come down the River, and that it was now falling full into the ſwift Stream of the Wheels, came running

ning out a good many of them with long poles to stay it: And their Faces and Cloaths being all cover'd with Meal-dust, they made a strange shew, and cry'd out saying, Devils of Men, whither are you going? Are you mad to drown your selves, and be beaten to pieces against these Wheels? Did not I tell you *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that we were come where I should shew the force of my Arm? Look what wicked uncouth Fellows come to encounter me; look what a Troop of Hobgoblins oppose themselves against me; look what ugly Visages play the Bull beggars with us: Now you shall see, you Rascals what comes on't: And standing up in the Boat, he began aloud to threaten the Millers, saying, You base and ill-advis'd Rabble, set free and deliver that Person, which is in your Fortrefs or Prison oppress'd, be he high or low, or of what sort or quality soever; for I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise call'd *The Knight of the Lions*, for whom the happy ending of this Adventure is reserv'd by Order of the high Heavens: And this said, he laid hand on his Sword, and began to fence in the Air against the Millers, who hearing, but not understanding those Follies, stood with their poles to stay the Boat, which was now entering the source and chanel of the Wheels. *Sancho* kneel'd devoutly upon his Knees, praying to Heaven to deliver him from so manifest a Danger, which succeeded happily, by the quickness and skill of the Millers, who opposing their staves against the Boat, staid it: But so, that they overturn'd it, and *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* topl'd into the River: but it was well for *Don Quixote*, that he could swim like a Goose, tho' the weight of his Arms carried him twice to the bottom, and had it not been for the Millers, who leap'd into the Water, and pull'd them both out by meer strength, there they had both perish'd.

When they were both ashore, more wet than thirsty, *Sancho*, upon his knees, with joyn'd hands, and his eyes lifted up to Heaven, pray'd to God in a long and devout Prayer, to deliver him from that time forward, from his Master's rash and inconsiderate Enterprizes. And now the Fishermen came, who own'd the Boat, which was broken to pieces by the Wheels, who seeing it spoil'd, began to strip *Sancho*, and to demand payment of *Don Quixote*, who very patiently, as if he had done nothing, said to the Millers and Fishermen, that he would very willingly pay for the Boat, upon Condition they should freely deliver him, without fraud or guile, the Person or Persons that were oppress'd in their Castle. What Person, or what Castle? Said one of the Millers,

do

do you mean, mad man, will you carry away those that came to these Mills to grind their Corn? Well thought *Don Quixote* to himself, a Man may to as much purpose preach in a Wilderness, as to expect to reduce a base People to do a good work by intreaty. In this Adventure two deep Enchanters have met, the one disturbs the other: the one provided me the Boat, and the other cast it away, God help us, all this World is Tricks and Devices, one contrary to the other; I can do no more; and raising his Voice, he went on, saying; Friends, whosoever you are, lock'd up in this Prison, Pardon me, for, by my ill fortune and yours, I cannot deliver you from your pain: This Adventure is kept and reserv'd for some other Knight. When he had said this, he agreed with the Fishers, and paid 50 Royals for the Boat, which *Sancho* gave with a very ill will, saying, Two of these Boat-pranks will sink our whole Stock. The Fisher-men and the Millers were astonish'd to see two such strange Figures, quite different from the ordinary Fashion of other Men, and never understood to what purpose *Don Quixote* us'd all that Discourse to them; so looking upon them as Mad-men, they left them, and got to their Mills, and the Fishers to their Quarters. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* return'd to their Beasts, and to be Beasts, and this was the end of the Adventure of the Enchanted Bark.

C H A P. XXX.

What happen'd to Don Quixote with the Fair Huntress.

VERY melancholy and ill at ease went the Knight, and Squire to their Cattle, especially *Sancho*, for it griev'd him to the Soul to meddle with the Stock of their Money, and all that was taken out, went from him like drops of blood. In short, they mounted without speaking a word, and left the famous River. *Don Quixote*, plung'd in his Amorous Thoughts, and *Sancho* in those of his Preferment; for as yet he thought he was far enough from obtaining it: And tho' he was a Fool, yet he plainly saw that all his Masters Actions, or the greatest part of them were Follies; so he waited an opportunity to break loose from him, at some time and go home without coming to any farther Reckoning, or taking leave

leave of his Master, but Fortune order'd Matters otherwise than he fear'd. It fell out then, that the next Day about Sun-setting, and as they were going out of a Wood, *Don Quixote* cast his Eyes over a green Meadow, and at one end of it saw Company, and coming near, perceiv'd they were Falconers; he drew yet nearer, and among them beheld a Gallant Lady on her Palfrey, or milk-white Nag, with green Furniture, and her Side-Saddle of Cloth of Silver. The Lady her self was all clad in green, so rich and gay that Gaiety it self seem'd to be transform'd into her. On her left she carry'd a Gof-Hawk, which made *Don Quixote* think she was some Great Lady, and Mistress of all the Falconers, as indeed she was: So he said to *Sancho*. Run Son *Sancho*, and tell the Lady on the Palfrey with the Gof-Hawk, that I, *The Knight of the Lions*, do kiss her most beautiful hands; and if her Magnificence give me leave, I will receive her Commands, and be her Servant to the uttermost of my power, that her Highness may please to command me in; and take heed, *Sancho*, how thou speak'st; and have a care thou cram not into thy Embassy some of those Proverbs of thine. I am a pretty Fellow for cramming. Tell me of that? as if this were the first time I have carry'd Embassies to High and Mighty Ladies in my Life? Quoth *Sancho*. Unless it were that thou carry'dst to *Dulcinea*, quoth *Don Quixote*, I know not of any other thou hast carry'd, at least whilst thou hast been with me. That's true, said *Sancho*; but a good *Pay-Master* needs no *Surety*; and where there is plenty, the *Guests* are not empty: I mean, there is no need of telling or advising me; for of all things I know a little. I believe it, said *Don Quixote*, get thee gone in good time, and God speed thee.

Sancho went on, putting *Dapple* out of his pace into a gallop, and coming where the Fair Huntress was, alighting, he kneel'd down, and said; Fair Lady, that Knight you see there, call'd *The Knight of the Lions*, is my Master, and I am a Squire of his, whom at home they call *Sancho Pança*; this said *Knight of the Lions*, who not long since was call'd, *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*, sends me to tell your Greatness, That you be pleas'd to give him leave, that with your Liking, Good Will, and Consent, he put in Practice his desire, which is no other, as he says, and I believe, than to serve your lofty high-flying Beauty: and if your Ladyship give him leave, you will do a thing that may redound to your Good, and he will receive a most remarkable Favour and Pleasure. Truly honest Squire, said the Lady, thou hast deliver'd thy Embassy with all the Circumstances that such Embassages

Embassages require: Rise, rise, for the Squire of so Renowned a Knight as is he of *The Sorrowful Aspect*, of whom we have here already an Account, ought not to kneel: Rise up Friend, and bid your Master come and welcome, and command me and the Duke my Husband, at a House of Pleasure we have here.

Sancho rose up astonish'd, as well at the good Ladies Beauty, as her Breeding and Courtesie; especially because she told him she had heard of his Master, *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*, and that, if she call'd him not *Knight of the Lions*, it was doubtless, because he had so lately taken it upon him. The Dutchess ask'd him, for as yet we know not of what place she was Dutchess, tell me, Brother Squire, is not this your Master one whose History is in Print, and goes by the Name of *The Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Lady of whose Life is also one *Dulcinea del Toboso*? The very self-same, said *Sancho*, and that Squire of his that is or should be in the History, call'd *Sancho Pança*, am I, unless I were chang'd in my Cradle, I mean in the Press. I am very glad of all this, quoth the Dutchess, go Friend *Pança*, and tell your Master that he is welcome to our Dukedom, and that nothing could have happen'd to please me better. *Sancho* overjoy'd with this so acceptable an Answer, return'd to his Master, to whom he recounted all that the Great Lady had said to him, extolling to the Heavens, in his rustical Terms, her singular Beauty, her Affability and Courtesie. *Don Quixote* prank'd it in his Saddle, set his Toes in his Stirrups, fitted his Vizor, rous'd up *Rozinante*, and with a comely boldness went to kiss the Dutchess's Hands, who causing the Duke her Husband to be call'd, told him, whilst *Don Quixote* was coming, his whole Embassy: So both of them having read his first part, and understood by it his mad Humour, expected him with much satisfaction, and an eager desire to be acquainted with him, resolving to humour him and give him his way in all things, treating him like a Knight Errant, as long as he stay'd with them, using all the Ceremonies commonly found in Books of Knight Errantry, which they had read, and were much addicted to.

By this *Don Quixote* came with his Vizor pull'd up, and making shew to alight, *Sancho* was hastening to hold his Stirrup, but he was so unfortunate, that as he was lighting from *Dapple*, one of his Feet caught hold of a Rope of the Pack-saddle, so that he could no way disintangle himself, but hung by it with his Mouth and Breast on the ground. *Don Quixote* who us'd not to alight without his Stirrup being held, thinking

Sancho was already come to hold it; flung himself off, and brought away with him *Rozinante's* Saddle, which belike was ill girt, so the Saddle and he came to the ground, to his no small shame; and many a Curse he mumbld betwixt his Teeth against the unhappy *Sancho*, who still had his Foot in the Stocks. The Duke commanded some of his Falconers to help the Knight and Squire, who rais'd *Don Quixote* in ill plight with his fall, and limping as well as he could, he went to kneel before the Lord and Lady; but the Duke would not by any means consent, but rather alighting from his Horse, embrac'd *Don Quixote*, saying; I am very sorry, Sir Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*, that your first appearance on my ground, should be so unlucky; but the carelessness of Squires is often the cause of greater Misfortunes. The Fortune I have had, in seeing you Valorous Prince, answer'd *Don Quixote*, cannot be accounted bad, tho' my fall had been to the deepest Abyss, for the Glory of having seen you, would raise and draw me thence. My Squire, a curse light on him, looses his Tongue better to speak maliciously, than he girts his Horses Saddle to fit firmly: But however, I am down or up, a Foot or a Horse-back, I will always be at yours and my Lady the Dutchesses service, your worthy Consort, the worthy Lady of Beauty, and universal Princess of Courtesy. Softly, good Sir, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, quoth the Duke, for where my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* is present, there is no reason other Beauties should be prais'd.

Now *Sancho Pansa* was free from the Noose, and being at hand, before his Master could answer a word, he said, It cannot be deny'd but affirm'd, that my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* is very fair; but where we least think, there goes the Hare away; for I have heard say, that she you call Nature, is like a Porter that makes Vessels of Clay, and he that makes a handsom Vessel, may make two or three, or an hundred; this I say, that you may know my Lady the Dutchess comes not a whit behind my Mistress the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. *Don Quixote* turn'd to the Dutchess, and said; Your Greatness may suppose, that never any Knight in the World had ever such a prating Squire, nor more merry conceited than mine, and he will make good what I say, if your Highness shall at any time be pleas'd to make Tryal. To which, quoth the Dutchess, I am glad that honest *Sancho* is merry conceited, for it is a sign he is wise; for your pleasant Conceits, Sir, as you very well know, are not to be found in dull Brains, and since honest *Sancho* is jovial and jocular, I am satisfy'd he is wise: And talkative, added *Don Quixote*. So much the better, said the Duke, for many pleasant

fant Conceits cannot be express'd in few words, and that we may not spend the time in talk, come, Sir Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*. Of the Lions your Highness must say, quoth *Sancho*, for now there is no more sorrowful Aspect. Of the Lions let it be, continu'd the Duke: I say, let the Knight of the Lions come to my Castle, which is near at hand, where he shall have the Entertainment that is justly due to so high a Person, and such as the Dutchess and I are wont to give to all Knights Errant that come to it.

By this time *Sancho* had made ready and girded *Rozinante's* Saddle well; and *Don Quixote* mounting him, and the Duke upon a goodly Horse plac'd the Dutchess in the middle, and went towards the Castle. The Dutchess order'd *Sancho* to ride by her, for she delighted strangely in his Witticisms. *Sancho* was easily intreated, and thrust himself between the three, and made a fourth in their Conversation, to the great satisfaction of the Duke and Dutchess, who look'd upon it as a piece of good Fortune to entertain in their Castle such a Knight Errant, and such an Erring Squire.

C H A P. XXXI.

Which Treats of many and great Affairs.

Great was the Joy *Sancho* conceiv'd to see himself a Favourite of the Dutchess, as he thought; for he fancy'd he should find in her Castle, as much as at *Don James's*, or at *Basil's* House; for he ever affected a plentiful Life, and so laid hold on opportunity by the Forelock when it presented. Now the History tells us, that before they came to the House of Pleasure or Castle; the Duke went before, and gave Orders to all his Followers how they should behave themselves towards *Don Quixote*, who as he approach'd with the Dutchess to the Castle Gates, there came out two Lackies, or Grooms in long Morning Gowns of fine Crimson Sattin, which reach'd down to their heels, and taking *Don Quixote* in their Arms with a jerk, said; Go and let your Greatness help my Lady Dutchess to alight. *Don Quixote* did so, and there was great Complementing betwixt them about it; but at last the Dutchess's positiveness prevail'd, and she would not get off or alight from her Palfry, but in the Dukes Arms, saying, she thought not her self worthy to be so unprofitable a burden to so high a Knight. At length the Duke came out to take her down, and as they entred a great Bate Court, there came two beautiful Damfels, and cast upon *Don Quixote's* Shoulders a large Mantle of fine Scarlet; and in an instant all the Leads of the Courts and Galleries were throng'd

with Men and Maid-Servants of the Dukes, who cry'd aloud, Welcom, Oh Flower and Cream of Knights Errant, and all or most of them sprinkled Pots of sweet Water upon *Don Quixote*, and upon the Duke and Dutchess; all which made *Don Quixote* admire; and never till then did he truly believe that he was a real Knight Errant and not imaginary, seeing himself Treated just as he had read Knights Errant were in former Times.

Sancho, forsaking *Dapple*, stuck close to the Dutchess, and enter'd into the Castle, and his Conscience pricking him, that he had left his As alone, he leapt to a Reverend old Waiting-Woman that came out amongst others to receive the Dutchess, and very softly said to her, Mistress *Gonzalez*, or what is your Name forsooth? *Dona Rodriguez de Grisalva*, said the Waiting-Woman; what would you have with me, Friend? To which *Sancho* answer'd, I pray will you do me the favour as to go out at the Castle-Gate, where you will find a Dapple As of mine, be so kind to see him put, or put him your self into the Stable; for the poor wretch is fearful, and cannot by any means indure to be alone. If the Master, quoth she, be as wise as the Man, we are well hope up: Get you gone with a Murrain to you, and him that brought you hither, and look to your As your self; for the Waiting-Women in this House are not us'd to such Drudgeries. Why truly, quoth *Sancho*, I have heard my Master, who has all History at his Fingers ends, say, telling that Story of *Lancelote*, when he came from *Britain*, that Ladies look'd to him, and Waiting-Women to his Courser; and as for my As in particular, I would not change him for *Lancelote's* Horse. Friend, quoth she, if you be a Buffoon, keep your Jest for those that like them, and will pay for them, for by me all you will get will be a Fig for you. Well, said *Sancho*, the Fig is like to be ripe, for you will not lose by your Years, for want of an Ace if Sixty be up. Son of a Whore, said the Waiting-Woman, all in a Rage, God knows whether I am old or no, to him I shall give an account, and not to thee, thou Rascal, that stink't of Garlick. All this she spoke so loud, that the Dutchess heard her, who turning and seeing the Woman in such disorder, and her Eyes so bloody red, ask'd her with whom she was angry? Here, said she, with this honest Fellow, who has earnestly intreated me to put up his As that is at the Castle-Gate, into the Stable, giving me for an Instance that they did so I know not where; that certain Ladies look'd to one *Lancelote*, and Waiting-Women to his Horse; and to mend the matter, in mannerly

mannerly terms calls me old Wonian. I should look upon that as the greatest affront could be offer'd me, quoth the Dutchess; and speaking to *Sancho*, she said, Look you, Friend *Sancho*, *Dona Rodriguez* is very young, and that long white Veil she wears, is rather for Grandeur, and because it is the Fashion, than by reason of her Years. A Pox on the rest of the Years I have to live, quoth *Sancho*, if I meant her any ill; I only desir'd the kindness for the Love I bear my As, and because I thought I could not recommend him to a more Charitable Person than Mistress *Rodriguez*. *Don Quixote*, who heard all, said; Are these Discourses, *Sancho*, fit for this place? Sir, said *Sancho*, every Man must speak of his wants wheresoe'er he be: Here I remembred my *Dapple*, and here I spoke of him; and if I had remembred him in the Stable, there I had spoken. *Sancho* is in the right, quoth the Duke, and there is no reason to blame him: *Dapple* shall have Provender, as much as he will; and let *Sancho* take no care, he shall be us'd as well as his own Person. These Discourses, pleasing to all but *Don Quixote*, held them till they came up the Steps of the Court, and brought *Don Quixote* into a goodly Hall, hung with rich Cloth of Gold and Tissue; six Damsels disarm'd him, and serv'd instead of Pages, being all of them taught and instructed by the Duke and Dutchess what they were to do, and how they should behave themselves towards *Don Quixote*, that he might imagine and see they us'd him like a Knight Errant.

Don Quixote being unarm'd, was in his strait Trousers and Doublet of Chamois, wither'd, tall, and lank, with his Cheeks which within met and kiss'd one another; such a Figure, that had not the Damsels that serv'd him, been very careful to contain themselves, which was one of the strictest Orders their Lord had given them, they had burst with laughing. They desir'd him to suffer himself to be strip'd, and to shift his Shirt; but he would by no means consent, saying; That Modesty was as becoming a Knight Errant, as Valour. However, he bid them give *Sancho* a Shirt, and locking himself up with him in a Chamber, where there was a rich Bed, he pluck'd off his Cloaths, and put on the Shirt, and as *Sancho* and he were alone, he thus spoke to him.

Tell me, Modern Buffoon and old Block-head, is it a fit thing, to dishonour and affront so venerable an old Waiting-woman, and so worthy to be respected as she is? Was that time to remember your *Dapple*? Or do you think these are Lords that will let Beasts fare ill, who so nearly Treat their Masters? For God's sake, *Sancho*, curb thy self, and do

not discover thy Course Breeding, that they may see thou art of a Clownish and base Stock. Know Sinner, as thou art, that the Master is so much the more valu'd, by how much his Servants appear honest and mannerly; and one of the chiefest Advantages Great Men have over Inferiors is, that they keep Servants as good as themselves. Know'st thou not, poor Fellow, as thou art, and unhappy that I am, that if they perceive thee to be a gross Peasant, they will think I am some Scoundrel or Sham Knight. No, no, Friend *Sancho*; shun, shun these Inconveniences, for he that stumbles too much upon Jest and Witticisms, at the next trip falls, and becomes a wretched Buffoon. Bridle thy Tongue, consider and weigh thy words, before they are out of thy Mouth, and observe we are now come to a Place, whence, with the help of God and through the Valour of my Arm, we shall not depart till our Fame and Fortunes be improv'd at least thirty, if not fifty in the hundred. *Sancho* promis'd him faithfully to sew up his Mouth, or to bite his Tongue, before he would speak a word that should not be well consider'd, and to purpose, as he had commanded; and that he should not fear, that by him they should ever be discover'd. *Don Quixote* dress'd himself, put on his Sword and Belt, and clasp'd his Scarlet Mantle upon him, and on his Head a Hunters Cap of green Satin, which the Damsels had given him; and thus adorn'd, to the great Chamber he went, where he found the Damsels making a Lane, as many on one side as on the other, and all with Utensils for him to wash, which they Ministr'd with many Courtesies and Ceremonies. Then there came twelve Pages with the Gentleman Sewer to conduct him to Dinner, for the Lord and Lady expected him. They encompass'd him about, and with great State and Pomp led him to another Room, where a Table was richly cover'd with only four Services. The Duke and Dutchesse came to the Door to receive him, and with them a Grave Clergy-Man, one of those that Govern Great Mens Houses; one of those who not being highly born, know not how to instruct those that are; one of those that would have Great Mens Bounties measur'd by the narrowness of their Souls, one of those who endeavouring to teach such as they govern to be Frugal, make them Niggardly. Such a one I say 'tis likely this Grave Clergy-Man was, that came with the Duke to receive *Don Quixote*; there pass'd a thousand loving Complements; and at last, taking *Don Quixote* between them, they sat down at the Table. The Duke offer'd *Don Quixote* the upper end, which, tho' he refus'd; yet the Duke so

so importun'd him, that he was forc'd to take it. The Clergy-Man sat over against him, and the Duke and Dutchesse on each side. *Sancho* was by at all, gazing with admiration, to see the Honour those Princes did his Master, and seeing the many Ceremonies and Intreaties that pass'd betwixt the Duke and him, to make him sit down at the upper end of the Table, he said; If your Worships will give me leave, I'll tell you a Tale that happen'd in our Town, concerning Places. Scarce had *Sancho* said this, when *Don Quixote* began to shake, believing he would infallibly speak some Nonsense. *Sancho* looking upon, understood him and said, Fear not Sir, that I shall be unmannerly, or that I shall say any thing that is not to the purpose; for I have not forgotten the Counsel, you gave me a while ago, touching speaking much or little, well or ill. I remember nothing *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote* speak what thou wilt, so thou speak quickly. Well, what I shall say, quoth *Sancho*, is so true, as my Master *Don Quixote* who is here present well knows, and therefore will not suffer me to tell a lye. For my part, reply'd *Don Quixote*, lye as much thou wilt, for I'll not hinder thee: but take heed what thou say'st. I have, said *Sancho*, so heeded and re-heeded it, that you shall see I warrant ye. 'Twere very fit, quoth *Don Quixote*, that your Greatnesses would command this Coxcomb to be thrust out; for he will talk a you thousand Follies. * By the Duke's Life, quoth the Dutchesse, *Sancho* shall not stir a jot from me; for I love him because I know he is very discreet. Discreet Years may your Holiness live, quoth *Sancho*, for the good Opinion you have of me, tho' I deserve it not, and this is the Tale I mean to tell: A Gentleman of our Town, who was very rich and well born; for he was of the Blood of the *Alamos* of *Medina del Campo*, and Marry'd to *Dona Mencía de Quinones*, who was Daughter to *Don Alonso de Marañon*, Knight of the Order of St. *Jago*, that was drown'd in the *Herradura*, about whom that Quarrel was some Years since in our Town; for, as I remember, my Master *Don Quixote* was in it, where little *Thomas* the Mad-Cap, son to *Baluaastro* the Smith was wounded. Is not all this true, Master of mine? Speak as you hope to live, that these Lords may not take me for a prating Liar.

Hitherto, said the Clergy-Man, I rather take thee for a prating Fellow than a Liar; but from this time forward, I know not what I shall take thee for. Thou bring'st so many

M m 2

Witnesses

* A Custom in Spain to swear by the Life of those they love, and honour.

Witnesses, and so many Tokens, *Sancho*, that I cannot but say, quoth *Don Quixote*, it is likely thou tell'st true: Go on and make short with thy Tale, for thou tak'st the way not to have done these two days. He shall not make short, quoth the Dutchess, to please me, but shall tell his Tale as he knows it, tho' he make not an end these six days; for if he were so long about it, they would be to me the best that ever I had in my Life.

I say then, my Lords, said *Sancho*, that the said Gentleman I told you of at first, and whom I know, as well as I know one hand from another, for 'tis not a Bow-shoot from my House to his, invited a poor, but honest Husband-man. On Friend, said the Clergy-Man, for methinks you go on with your Tale, as if you would not stop till the next World. I shall stop short of half way, if it please God, said *Sancho*, and so I proceed: The said Husband-Man coming to the said Gentleman's House that was the Inviter, God be merciful to him, for he is now dead, and by a good Token, they say, dy'd like an Angel; for I was not by: for at that time I was gone to *Tembleque* a Reaping.

I prithee, quoth the Clergy-Man, come back quickly from *Tembleque*, and without burying the Gentleman, unless you mean to make more Obsequies, make an end of your Tale. The business then, quoth *Sancho*, was this, That both of them being ready to sit down at Table; for methinks, I see them now more than ever. The Duke and Dutchess were mightily pleas'd to see the distaste the Clergy-Man took at the delays and pauses in *Sancho's* Tale. And *Don Quixote* spent himself with Choler and Rage. I say then, quoth *Sancho*, that both of them being ready to sit down, the Husband-Man press'd the Gentleman, to sit at the upper end, and the Gentleman insisted that the Husband-Man should take it, as meaning to command in his own House: But the Husband-Man pretending to be Mannerly and Courteous, never would consent till the Gentleman in a fret, laying his Hands on both his Shoulders, made him set down by force, saying, Sit down Numskul; for wherefoe'er I sit, that is the upper end to thee: And this is my Tale, and truly I think it was brought in here pretty well to the purpose.

Don Quixote's Face was in a thousand colours, that Jasper'd and appear'd upon its natural brown. The Duke and Dutchess stifi'd their Laughter, that *Don Quixote* might not be quite out of Countenance, when they perceiv'd *Sancho's* Knavery: And to change Discourse, that *Sancho* might not fall into other Fooleries, the Dutchess ask'd *Don Quixote* what

what News he had of the Lady *Dulcinea*, and whether he had lately sent her any Gyants or Scoundrels for a Present, since doubtless he had overcome many. To which *Don Quixote* answer'd, Madam, my Misfortunes, tho' they had a beginning, yet they will never have an end; Gyants, Elves, and Scoundrels I have overcome and sent her; but where should they find her that is Enchanted, and turn'd into the foulest Country Wench that can be imagin'd? I know not, quoth *Sancho*, methinks she is the fairest Creature in the World, at least I know very well, that for nimbleness and leaping, she'll not be outdone by the best Vaulters. In good faith, my Lady Dutchess, she leaps from the ground upon an Ass as if she were a Cat. Have you seen her Enchanted, *Sancho*? said the Duke. How? Seen her, quoth *Sancho*? Why, who the Devil but I was the first that hit upon the Trick of her Enchantment? She is no more Enchanted than my Father. The Clergy-Man, hearing them talk of Gyants, Elves, Bugbears, and Enchantments, thought himself that this was *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose Story the Duke usually read, and for which he had several times reprov'd him, telling him, 'twas a madness to read such Fopperies, and being assured of the certainty of what he suspected, speaking to the Duke very angrily said, Your Excellency is answerable to God Almighty for what this honest Man does. This *Don Quixote*, or *Don Coxcomb*, or how do you call him, I suppose is not so very an Ideot as your Excellency would make him, giving him occasion to proceed in his Shatter brain'd Madness. And turning his Discourse to *Don Quixote*, he said: And who, Goodman Numskul, has put it into your Head, that you are a Knight Errant, that you overcome Gyants, and make Rovers Prisoners? Be gone a God's Name, and in his Name be it spoken, get you home, and bring up your Children if you have any, mind your business, and leave your Rambling about the World, blowing Bubbles, and making all that know you, or know you not to laugh. Where have you ever found with a Mischievous, that there have been, or are Knights Errant? Where are there any Gyants in Spain? Or base Rovers in *La Mancha*? Or Enchanted *Dulcinea's*, or all that multitude of Follies that are reported of you?

Don Quixote was very attentive to this Venerable Man's Discourse, and seeing him now silent, without any respect to the Duke, with an angry and troubl'd Countenance, he stood up and said: But his Answer deserves a Chapter by itself.

C H A P. XXXII.

Don Quixote's Answer to his Reprover, with other weighty and pleasant Accidents.

DOn Quixote being thus upon this Legs, and trembling from Head to Foot, as if his Joints had been full of Mercury, with a hasty and confus'd Voice, said:

The Place, and Presence before which I am, and the Respect I have, and always had to Men of your Coat, do bind and tie up the hands of my just Wrath; so that as well for what I have said, as because I know, all know that Womens and Gown-Mens Weapons are the same, that is their Tongues: I will enter into single Combat against you with mine, tho' I rather expected good Counsel from you, than infamous Reproaches; good and wholesome Reproof requires and exacts other Circumstances and other Management; at least, your publick and so bitter Reprehensions have exceeded all bounds, and gentle Correction had been much more becoming. Neither is it fit without Knowledge of the sin you reprehend, to call the sinner without any more ado, Coxcomb and Ideot. Well, for which of the Coxcombries you have seen in me, do you condemn and revile me, and command me home to my own House, to look to the management of it, my Wife and Children, without knowing whether I have any of them? Is there no more in it but right or wrong, to break into other Mens Houses, to rule their Owners? Nay, for one that has been a poor *Pedagogue*, and has not seen above twenty or thirty Miles about him, to meddle so roundly to give Laws to Chivalry, and to judge of Knights Errant? Is it a vain undertaking think you, or time ill spent, to range through the World, not seeking its Dainties, but the bitterness of it, whereby good Men aspire to the Seat of Immortality? If your Knights, your Gallants, your Noblemen or Gentlemen should take me for a Coxcomb, I should look upon it as an irreparable Affront: But I care not a straw, tho' poor Scholars who never trod the Paths of Knight Errantry, think me a Madman. A Knight I am, a Knight I'll die, if it please the most High. Some follow the spacious Tract of proud Ambition, others the way of servil and base Flattery, others that of deceitful Hypocrisie, and some that of true Religion: But I being influenc'd by my Stars, tread the narrow Path of Knight Errantry; for whose

Exercise

Exercise I despise Wealth, but not Honour. I have redress'd Grievances, rectify'd Wrongs, chastis'd Insolencies, overcome Gyants, and trampled over Hob-gobblings; I am in Love, only because there is a necessity Knights Errant should be so, and tho' I am so, yet I am not of those vicious Amorists, but of the Chast *Platonicks*. My Intentions are ever directed to just ends, as, to do good to all Men, and hurt to none: If he that means this, if he that performs it, that practises it, deserves to be call'd Fool, let your Greatnesses Judge, Excellent Duke and Dutchess.

Very well, by Heavens, quoth *Sancho*, say no more my good Lord and Master, in your own behalf, for there is no more to be Said, no more to be Thought, nor no more to be Argu'd in the World: Besides, this Gentleman denying as he has done, that there neither are, nor have been Knights Errant in the World, no wonder he knows nothing of what he has said. Are you pray, quoth the Clergy-Man, that *Pan-sa*, whom they say your Master has promis'd an Island? Marry am I, said he, and I am he that deserves it, as well as any other, and I am he that, *Keep Company with good Men, and thou shalt be as good as they*. And I am one of those that, *Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed*: And of those that, *Lean to a good Tree, and it will give thee good shade*. I have lean'd to my Master, and it is many Months since I have kept him Company, and I shall be such another as he is, if God please, and so he live and I live, he will not want Empires to command, nor I Islands to govern.

No truly, Friend *Sancho*, said the Duke, for I in *Don Quixote's* Name, do promise thee the Government of an odd one of mine, of no small value. Kneel down *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, and kiss his Excellencies Feet for the favour he has done thee. Which *Sancho* did, and the Clergy-Man seeing it, rose up wonderful angry, saying; By this Holy Robe I wear, I could find in my Heart to say; Your Excellency is as mad as these Sinners, how can they chuse but be Mad, when wise Men Authorize their Follies; your Excellency may stay with them, for whilst they are in this House I'll stay in mine, and save a labour of reproving what I cannot amend; and without any more ado, leaving the rest of his Dinner he went away, the Duke and the Dutchess not being able to pacifie him, tho' the Duke said not much to him, for laughing at his impertinent Passion. When he had done laughing, he said to *Don Quixote*, Sir Knight of the Lions, you have answer'd to loftily for your self, that you need no further satisfaction because this, tho' it seem an Affront, is none, for

Church-Men affront no more than Women, as you best know. 'Tis true, quoth *Don Quixote*, the reason is, because he who cannot be affronted, cannot affront another. Women, Children, and Church-Men, as they cannot defend themselves when they are offended, so they cannot be affronted, and this is the difference betwixt a Wrong and an Affront, as your Excellency best knows: The Affront comes from one that can do, does, and justifies it. A wrong may come from any Person without being an Affront. For Example, One stands carelessly in the street, ten Men come arm'd, and Cudgel him, he claps hand to his Sword, and does his best; but the multitude of his Adversaries opposes and obstructs his design, which is to be reveng'd; this Man is wrong'd, but not affronted. And this shall be confirm'd by another Example. One stands with his back turn'd, another comes and strikes him with a Cudgel, and when he has done runs away; th'other follows, but overtakes him not: he that receiv'd the blows is wrong'd, but not affronted, because the Affront must be maintain'd: If he that struck him, tho' he did it basely, had laid hand to his Sword, stood still and fac'd his Enemy; then he that was struck, were both wrong'd and affronted: Wrong'd, because he was struck Cowardly; Affronted, because he that struck him stood still to make good what he had done: And so according to the Laws of cursed Duel, I may be wrong'd, but not affronted; for Children nor Women have no apprehension, neither can they fly, nor ought to stand still. And so is it with Religious Men, for these sorts of People want Arms offensive and defensive: so that tho' they be naturally bound to defend themselves, yet they are not to offend any body: And tho' a while ago I said I was wrong'd, I say now I am not; for he that can receive no Affront, can give none: For which causes I have no reason to resent, nor do I, the words that good Man gave me; only I could have wish'd he had stay'd a little, that I might have let him see his Error, in saying or thinking there have been no Knights Errant in the World; for if *Amadis* had heard this, or one of those infinite numbers of his Race, I know it had not gone well with his Worship.

I dare swear for it, quoth *Sancho*, they would have given him a slash that should have cleav'd him from top to toe, like a Pomgranate or a ripe Musk-Melon; they were pretty Youths to put up such Jest. By my troth, I think certainly if *Reinaldo de Montalban* had heard these words from the little Fellow, he had bung'd up his Mouth that he should not have spoken these three Years; Ay, ay, he should have

dealt

dealt with them, and see how he would have far'd under their hands.

The Dutcheß was ready to burst with laughter, when she heard *Sancho* speak, and in her conceit she look'd upon him to be pleasanter and madder than his Master, and many at that time were of this Opinion. Finally, *Don Quixote* was pacify'd, and Dinner ended, and the Cloth being taken away, there came four Damsels, one with a Silver Balon, the other with an Ewer, a third with two fine white Towels over her Shoulder, the fourth with her Arms tuck'd up to the middle, and in her white Hands, for white they were, a Naples wash-Ball. She with the Balon came very mannerly, and set it under *Don Quixote's* Chin, who very silent and wondring at that kind of Ceremony, taking it to be the Custom of the Country, to wash their Chops instead of their Hands, stretch'd out his Face as far as he could, and instantly the Ewer began to shower upon him, and the Damsel with the Soap ran over his Beard apace, raising white flecks of Snow, for the Lather was as white, not only upon his Beard, but over all the Face and Eyes of the Obedient Knight, so that he was forc'd to shut them. The Duke and Dutcheß who knew nothing of this, stood expecting what would be the end of this extraordinary scouring. The Barber Damsel, when she had rais'd a Lather an handful high, feign'd she wanted more water, and bid her with the Ewer go for it, for *Don Quixote* would stay, which she did; and *Don Quixote* remain'd one of the strangest Figures to provoke Laughter that could be imagin'd. All there present who were many, beheld him, and seeing him with a Neck half a yard long, more than a little swarthy, his Eyes shut, and his Beard full of Soap, it was wonderful, and a sign of much Discretion, that they could forbear laughing. The Damsels concern'd in the Jest, held down their Eyes, not daring to look on their Lord and Lady; who were divided betwixt Anger and Laughter, and knew not what to do, whether to punish the boldness of the Girls, or reward them for the Pastime they receiv'd in seeing *Don Quixote* in that posture. At last she with the Ewer came, and they made an end of washing *Don Quixote*, and strait she that had the Towels wip'd and dry'd him gently, and all four of them at once making him a low Obeisance, would have been gone: But the Duke, that *Don Quixote* might not find out the Jest, call'd to the Damsel with the Balon, saying, Come and wash me too, and see that you have Water enough. The Wench who was sharp and nimble, came and put the Balon under the

the Duke, as she had done to *Don Quixote*, and making haste, they wash'd and scow'd him very well; and leaving him dry and clean, making Courties, they went away. It was known afterwards, that the Duke swore if they had not wash'd him as well as *Don Quixote*, he would have punish'd them for their Boldness, which they discreetly made amends for, by lathering him.

Sancho mark'd all the Ceremonies of the Washing, and said to himself, Lord bless me! I wonder whether it be the Custom in this Country to wash the Squires Beards as well as the Knights? for on my Soul and Conscience I have need of it; and if they would give me a stroke of a Razor, I should take it kindly. What say'st thou to thy self, *Sancho*, said the Dutchess. I say, Madam, quoth he, that I have heard, that in other Princes Palaces they use to give Water to wash mens hands when the Cloth is taken away, but not Ley to scowre their Beards; and therefore I see 'tis good to live long to see much; tho' 'tis also said, that he who lives long has much to endure: but to suffer one of these Scowrings, is rather a Pleasure than a Pain. Take no care, *Sancho*, quoth the Dutchess, for I'll make my Damfels wash thee, and if need be, lay thee a Bucking. My Beard, quoth *Sancho*, is as much as I care for at present; for the rest God will provide hereafter. Look you, Sewer, said the Dutchess, what *Sancho* desires do just as he would have you. The Sewer answered, that Master *Sancho* should be punctually served; and so he went to Dinner, and carried *Sancho* with him, the Duke, Dutchess, and *Don Quixote*, sitting still, and discoursing about many and sundry Affairs, but all concerning the Practice of Arms and Knight Errantry.

The Dutchess entreated *Don Quixote* to delineate and describe to her, since he seem'd to have a happy Memory, the Beauty and Feature of the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, for by what Fame spoke of her, she thought her to be the fairest Creature in the World, and in all *La Mancha*. *Don Quixote* sigh'd at the Dutchess's command, and said; If I could take out my Heart, and lay it before your Greatnesses Eyes upon this Table in a Dish, I should save my Tongue the labour of telling that which can scarce be conceiv'd; for in my Heart, your Excellency should see her painted to the Life, but why should I go about to describe and delineate exactly and particularly, each several Beauty of the Peerless *Dulcinea*, a burden fitter for other Shoulders than mine; an Enterprize in which the Pensils of *Parrhasius*, *Timantes* and *Apelles*, and the Tools of *Lyfippus*, should indeed be employ'd, to Paint and

and Carve her on Tables in Marble and Brass, and *Ciceronian* and *Demosthenian Rhetorick* to Praise her. What mean you by your *Demosthenian*, *Don Quixote*, quoth the Dutchess? *Demosthenian Rhetorick*, quoth he, is as much as to say, the *Rhetorick of Demosthenes*, as *Ciceronian of Cicero*, both which were the two greatest *Rhetoricians* in the World. 'Tis true, quoth the Duke, and you shew'd your Ignorance in asking that Question; but for all that, *Don Quixote* would much oblige us, if he would describe her; for I'll warrant, tho it be but in a sketch and rough draught, she will appear so well, that the fairest will envy her. I would willingly do it, said he, had not the Misfortune that has lately befallen her, blotted out her *Idea*, and it is such, that I may rather bewail it, than describe her; for your Greatnesses must understand, that going some days since to kiss her Hands, and receive her Blessing, Leave and License, for this my third Sally; I found another manner of one than I look'd for, I found her Enchanted, and turn'd from a Princess into a Country wench, from fair to foul, from an Angel to a Devil, from sweet to contagious, from well spoken to rustick, from modest to skittish, from Light to Darkness, and finally, from *Dulcinea del Toboso* to a Peasantess of * *Sayago*. God defend us, quoth the Duke, with a loud Voice; who is he that has done so much hurt to the World? who has taken away the Beauty that rejoyc'd it? the Gayety that diverted? and the Modesty that honour'd it? Who, answer'd *Don Quixote*, who can it be but some wicked Enchanter? one of those many envious ones that persecute me: This wicked Race, born in the World to darken and annihilate the Exploits of good Men, and to give light to and raise the Deeds of the wicked. Enchanters have persecuted me; Enchanters do persecute me, and Enchanters will persecute me, till they cast me and my lofty Chivalry into the profound Abyss of Oblivion, and there they hurt and wound me where they see I am most sensible: for, to take from a Knight Errant his Lady, is to take away his eye-sight, with which he sees the Sun that enlightens, and the Food that nourishes him. Oft have I said, and now I say again, that a Knight Errant without a Mistress is like a Tree without Leaves, like a Building without a Foundation, or a Shadow without the Body, by which it is caus'd. There is no more to be said, quoth the

* Villanos de Sayago are properly the Peasants of Galicia, which are accounted the most uncouth in Spain, and thence all rude People are compar'd to them.

the Dutchess; but yet if we may give credit to the History of *Don Quixote*, that not long since came abroad into the World with a general Applause, it is said, as I remember, That you never saw the Lady *Dulcinea*, and that there is no such Lady in the World; but that she is a meer imaginary Creature ingendred and brought forth in your Brain, where you have painted her with all the Graces and Perfections you please. There is much to be said to that Point, quoth he: God knows whether there be a *Dulcinea* in the World or no, whether she be imaginary or not: and these are matters not to be enquir'd into too nicely: neither have I ingendred or brought forth my Lady, tho' I consider her as becomes a Lady furnish'd with all those parts that may make her famous throughout the whole World: as for instance, Fair, without Blemish; Grave without Pride; Loving, but Modest; Thankful, as she is Courteous; Courteous, as she is Well-bred; and finally, of high Descent; by reason that Beauty, when join'd to Nobility, shines and exerts it self in a higher degree of Perfection than in mean-born Beauties. 'Tis true, said the Duke; but *Don Quixote* must give me leave to say what the History in which his Exploits are written obliges me to say; for thence may be gather'd, that tho' there be a *Dulcinea* in *Toboso*, or out of it, and that she be fair in the highest degree, as you describe her; yet in highness of Birth she is not equal to your * *Oriana's*, your *Alastrajarea's*, your *Madasima's*, or others of this kind, of which Histories are full, as you well know. To this I can say, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that *Dulcinea* is the Off-spring of her own Actions, that Virtue ennobles Blood, and that a mean Virtuous Person is more to be valu'd than one that is Great and Vicious: Besides *Dulcinea* has one Addition that may raise her to be a Queen, wearing a Crown and Scepter; for the Merit of a Beautiful and Vertuous Woman is capable of producing far greater wonders, and includes, tho' not Formally, yet at least Virtually greater advantages. I confess, quoth the Dutchess, worthy *Don Quixote*, that all you say is solid and well weigh'd, and that from this time forward I will believe, and make all in my House believe, and even my Lord Duke, if need be, that there is a *Dulcinea* in *Toboso*, and that at this day she lives, that she is fair and well born, and deserves that such a Knight as *Don Quixote* should serve her, which is the most I can, or know how to extol it: But yet I have one scruple left, and

and some kind of prejudice against *Sancho*: The scruple is, that the History says, That *Panqa* found the said Lady *Dulcinea*, when he carry'd your Epistle, winnowing a Sack of Wheat, and by a good Token, that it was Buck Wheat, a thing that makes me doubt of her high Birth.

To which *Don Quixote*, reply'd: My Lady, your Greatness must know, that all or the most part of my Affairs are clean different from the ordinary course of other Knights Errant, whether they be directed by the unscrutable will of the Destinies, or by the malice of some envious Enchanter; and it is evident, that amongst your famous Knights Errant, one had the privilege not to be Enchanted; another to have his Flesh so impenetrable, that he could not be wounded; as the famous *Orlando*, one of the twelve Peers of France, of whom it was said, that he could not be wounded, but in the sole of his left foot; and that this too must be with the point of a great Pin, and with no other kind of Weapon; so that when *Bernard del Carpio* kill'd him in *Roncesvalles*, seeing he could not wound him with his Sword, he lifted him in his Arms from the ground and stifled him, as remembering the death *Hercules* gave *Anteon*, that horrid Giant, that was said to be the son of the Earth. From all this I infer, that it may possibly be I may enjoy some of these prerogatives but not that of not being wounded; for experience has often taught me, that my flesh is tender, and not impenetrable, nor that of being above the power of Enchantments, for I have already seen my self clapt into a Cage, where all the world was not able to enclose me, had it not been by virtue of Enchantments; but since I escaped that, I am willing to believe that no other can touch me: So that these Enchanters seeing they cannot make use of their wicked artifices against my Person, venge themselves upon those things I love best, and strive to kill me, by misusing *Dulcinea*, in whom I live; and so I believe, that when my Squire carried my Embassy, they turned her into a Peasant, to be employed in so base an Office, as winnowing of wheat; but I say, that was neither red nor Buck wheat; but seeds of Oriental Pearls, and for proof hereof, let me tell your Magnitudes, that coming a while since by *Toboso*, I could never find *Dulcinea's* Palace, and *Sancho* my Squire, having seen her the next day in her own shape, which is the fairest in the world, to me she then seemed a foul coarse Country-wench, and not well spoken, whereas she is Discretion it self. And since I am not nor can be Enchanted, in all likelihood, it is she that is Enchanted, wrong'd, turned, chopped and changed, and in her my Enemies have revenged themselves

* The Names of great Ladies in Romances.

selves on me, and for her shall I live in perpetual sorrow, till I see her in her former being. All this I have spoken, that no body may reflect upon what *Sancho*, said of that sifting and winnowing of hers; for since to me she was changed, no wonder she was Metamorphos'd to him. *Dulcinea* is nobly born, and of the most worshipful Families in *Toboso*, which are many, antient, and good, of which I warrant she has no small share in her; for her that Town shall be famous in after-ages, as *Troy* for *Helen*, and *Spain* for * *Cava* tho with more honor and reputation: On the other side I would have your Honours know that *Sancho Panza* is one of the pleafantest Squires that ever served Knight Errant; sometimes he has such sharp simplicities, that it is no small pleasure to consider whether he be fool or knave, he has malice enough to be a knave, but more ignorance to be thought a fool; he doubts of every thing, and yet believes all; when I think sometimes he will tumble headlong into the depth of folly, he blurs out some piece of Wit that lifts him to the Clouds. In fine, I would not change him for any other Squire, tho I might have a City to boot, therefore am in doubt whether it be good to send him to the Government your Greatness has bestowed on him, tho I see in him a certain fitness for this you call governing; for, with a little polishing his understanding he would be as much Master of his government as the King is of his Customs: Besides, we know by experience, that a Governour needs not much learning, or other abilities; for there are an hundred that scarce can read a word, and yet they govern as sharp as Eagles, the main point is, that their intention be good, and they desire to be in the right in all things, for they will never want Counsellors to teach them what they shall do, as your Governours that are Sword-men and no Scholars, who sit on the Bench with an Assessor. My advice to him would be, that he neither take Bribe, nor lose his due, and some small matters which are still in my Breast and shall out at a fit time to *Sancho's* profit, and the benefit of the Island he shall govern.

Thus far were the Duke, Dutcheſs, and *Don Quixote*, gone in their discourse, when they heard a great noise of people in the Palace, and *Sancho* came into the Hall unlook'd for, in a maze, with a Dish-clout before him, and after him ma-

* *Cava* the Nickname of *Florinda* Daughter to Count *Julian* who betray'd *Spain* to the *Moors* in revenge because she was ravish'd by King *Roderick*.

ny Kitchen Boys, or Scullions and other inferior people, one brought a little kneading-trough of water, which by the colour and foulness seemed to be dish-water, he followed and persecuted *Sancho*, and sought by all means to clap the vessel under his chin, and another would have washed him. What's the matter there (quoth the Dutcheſs?) What is the matter? What is't you do with that honest man? What? do not you consider he is Governour Elect? To which the Barber-Skullion replied, This Gentleman will not suffer himself to be washed according to the custom, as my Lord the Duke and his Master were. Yes marry will I (said *Sancho*) in a great huff: but I would have cleaner Towels and clearer Sudds, and not such filthy hands; for there is no such difference betwixt my Master and me, that they should wash him with Water of Angels and me with the Devils Ley: The customs of Countries and of great Mens Palaces are so far good, as they are not offensive; but your way of scouring here is worse than a good Flogging. My Beard is clean, and I need no such refreshing; and he that comes to wash me, or touch a hair of my Head (of my Beard, I say) Sir-reverence of the Company, I'll give him such a Cuff, that I'll set my Fift in his Skull; for these kind of Ceremonies and Latherings look more like Affronts than civil Entertainment of Guests. The Dutcheſs was ready to die with laughing, to see *Sancho's* Passion, and to hear his Expressions: But *Don Quixote* was not very well pleas'd to see him so ill dress'd with his smutty Towel, and hemm'd in by so many of the Kitchen Pensioners; so making a low Bow to the Duke and Dutcheſs, as it were asking their leave to speak, with a grave Voice he said to the Skoundrels, Hark ye Gentlemen, Pray let the Youth alone, and get you gone the way you came, or any other, if you have a mind to it, for my Squire is as cleanly as another, and those Troughs are no fitter for him than Ladies Drinking-cups: take my Advice, and leave him, for neither he nor I can abide Jest. *Sancho* caught his words out of his mouth, and went on, saying, No, let 'em come to make Sport with the Lubber; for they had as good fancy it is now midnight, as that I'll endure 'em: let 'em bring a Comb hither, or what they will, and curry my Beard, and if they find any thing foul in it, let 'em shear me to fitters. Then quoth the Dutcheſs, still laughing, *Sancho* is in the right in all he does or shall say; he is clean, as he says, and needs no washing; and if our Custom please him not, let him take his Choice: and besides, you Ministers of Cleanliness have been very idle and careless, I know not whether I may say presumptuous, to bring to such

such a Person and such a Beard, instead of a Bason and Ewre of pure Gold, and Diaper Towels, your kneeding Troughs and Dish-clouts: but you are unmannerly Rascals, and like wicked Wretches must needs shew the grudge you bear to the Squires of Knights Errant. The Rascal Regiment, and even the Sewer who came with them, thought verily the Dutchess was in earnest: So they took the Dish-clout from *Sancho's* Neck, and slunk away from him, much ashamed and out of Countenance. He seeing himself out of that, as he thought, great Danger, kneel'd before the Dutchess, saying, From great Ladies great Favours are still to be expected: this which your Worship has now done me, cannot be otherwise recompenc'd than by desiring to see my self an armed Knight Errant, that I may employ all the days of my Life in the Service of so high a Lady. I am a poor Husbandman; my Name is *Sancho Pança*; Children I have, and serve as a Squire; if in any of these I may serve your Greatness, I will be swifter in obeying, than your Ladiship in commanding. 'Tis well seen *Sancho*, quoth the Dutchess, that you have learn'd to be courteous in the very School of Courtesie; I mean, it appears you have been bred up under *Don Quixote*, who is the Cream of Complement, and the Flower of Ceremonies, or Sillimonies, as you say: Well fare such a Master and such a Servant; the one as the North-star of Knight Errantry, the other as the Constellation of Squirely Fidelity: Rife, Friend *Sancho*, for I will repay your Courtesie, in making my Lord the Duke, as soon as he can, perform the Promise he has made you, of being Governour of the Island. With this their Discourse ceased, and *Don Quixote* went to his Afternoon's Nap, and the Dutchess desired *Sancho*, if he were not very sleepy, to spend the Afternoon with her and her Damsels in a cool Room. *Sancho* answered, That tho' it was true he us'd in the Afternoons to take a Nod of about five hours, yet to do her Goodness Service, he would endeavour not to take any that day, and would obey her Command, and so he did. The Duke gave fresh Orders for *Don Quixote's* Usage to be like a Knight Errant, without differing a jot from the ancient manner that is reported of treating those Knights.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXIII.

Of the pleasant Discourse that pass'd betwixt the Dutchess and her Damsels, with Sancho Pança; worthy to be read and observ'd.

WELL, the Story tells us, that *Sancho* slept not that day, but, according to his Promise, came, when he had din'd, to see the Dutchess, who being much pleas'd to hear him, made him sit down by her on a low Chair; tho' *Sancho*, out of pure good Manners, would stand: but the Dutchess bid him sit as he was Governour, and speak as he was a Squire, tho' on both accounts he deserv'd the very Seat of *Cyd Ruy Diaz* the Champion. *Sancho* shrug'd up his Shoulders, obey'd, and sat down; and all the Dutchess's Women and Damsels stood round about her, attending with great Silence to *Sancho's* Discourse: but the Dutchess spok first, saying;

Now we are all alone, and no body hears us; I would my Lord Governour would resolve me some Doubts I have, arising from the printed History of the great *Don Quixote*; one of which is, That since honest *Sancho* never saw *Dulcinea* (I mean the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*) nor carried her *Don Quixote's* Letter (for it was left in the Note-Book in *Sierra Morena*) how he durst feign the Answer, and that he found her winnowing of Wheat; this being a jest and a lye, and so prejudicial to the Lady *Dulcinea's* Reputation, and so unbefitting the condition and fidelity of a faithful Squire.

Here *Sancho* arose without answering a word, and with his body bent, and his finger on his lips, went quite round the Room, lifting up the Hangings: which done, he came and sat down again, and said; Now I see Madam, that no body lies in wait to hear us, besides the By-standers, I will answer without fear or apprehension to all you have ask'd, and all you will ask me. And first of all I say, That I take my Master *Don Quixote*, for an incurable Mad-man, tho' sometimes he says things, which in my opinion, and so in all theirs that hear him, are so discreet, and so handsomly put together.

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* This *Cyd Ruy Diaz*, as has been noted in the first Tome, was a famous Spanish Commander against the Moors.

her that the Devil himself cannot speak better; but for all that it is truly and certainly fix'd in my Noddle that he is quite Frantick. Now this being ground in my mazardl dare make him believe any thing that has neither head nor tail, as was the answer of that Letter, and another thing that hapned six or eight days ago, which is not yet in print, to wit, the Enchantment of my Lady *Dulcinea*; for I have made him believe she is Enchanted tho there is no more truth in't than that the Moon is made of green Cheese. The Dutchess desir'd him to tell her that Enchantment or cheat; which he did just as it hapned, at which the hearers were not a little delighted. And the Dutchess holding on her discourse, said, I have one scruple leaps in my mind, touching what *Sancho* has told me, and a certain buzzing about my ears which seems to say to me; If *Don Quixote de la Mancha* be such a shallow Mad-man and Widgin, and *Sancho Pança* his Squire knows it; and yet for all that, serves and follows him, and relies on his vain promises; doubtless, he is as very a Mad-man and Block-head as his Master, which being so as it is, it will be very unfitting for the Lady Dutchess to give *Sancho*, an Island to Govern; for how can he govern others, who cannot govern himself. By'r Lady (quoth *Sancho*) that scruple comes pat to the purpose, but bid it speak plain, or as it will; for I know it says true; and if I had been wife, I would long since have left my Master: but this was my fate, and my vile Errantry, I cannot withstand it, I must follow him, we are both of one Town, I have eaten his bread, I love him well, he is thankful, he gave me the Ass-colls, and what is more than all, I am faithful, and therefore it is impossible any chance should part us, but the grave: and if your Altitude will not bestow the promis'd Government on me, with less was I born, and perhaps, the misfing of it may be better for my conscience; for tho I be a fool, yet I understand the Proverb that says, *The Ant had wings to do her hurt*, and it may be, *Sancho* the Squire may sooner go to Heaven, than *Sancho*, the Governour. *Here is as good bread made, as in France; and in the night Joan is as good as my Lady; and unhappy is that man, that is to break his fast at two of the clock in the afternoon; and there's no stomach a handfoul bigger than another, and as the saying is, a Belly full is a Belly full, tho it be but of chapt Hay; and the little Fowls in the air, have God for their Provider and Caterer; and four yards of coarse Cuenca cloath, keep a man warmer than four of fine Serge of Segovia; and when we once leave this world, and are put into the earth the Prince goes in as narrow a path as the day-Labourer; and*

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the Popes body takes up no more room than a Sextons, tho the one be taller than the other; for when we come to the pit, all are even, or * made so in spite of their teeth, and so good-night. And I say again that if your Lady-ship will not give me the Island as I am a fool, I'll not care a straw as I am a wife man: for I have heard say, *The nearer the Church, the further from God*; and, *All is not gold that glisters*, and that from the Oxen, plough and yokes, the Husband-man *Bamba* was chosen King of Spain: and that *Roderick* from his tissues, sports, and riches, was cast out to be eaten by Snakes if the Rimes of the old *Ballads* don't lye. Why no more they dont (said *Dona Rodriguez*, the old Waiting-woman, that was one of the Auditors) for there is a *Ballad* that says, *Don Roderick* was put alive into a Tomb full of Toads, Snakes, and Lizards, and some two days after from within the Tomb he cried with a low and pitiful Voice, *Now they eat, now they eat me in the place where I sinn'd most*: and according to that, this Man has reason to say, he had rather be a Labourer than a King, to be eaten to death by Vermin.

The Dutchess could not forbear laughing, to see the simplicity of her Woman, nor admiring to hear *Sancho's* Proverbial reasons, to whom she said; Honest *Sancho* knows, that when a Knight makes a Promise, he will perform it tho' it cost him his Life. My Lord and Husband the Duke, tho' he be no Errant, yet he is a Knight, and so he will fulfil his Promise of the Island, in spite of Envy, or the Worlds Malice. Be of good chear, *Sancho*; for when you least dream of it, you shall be seated in the Chair of your Island, and of your Estate, and shall grasp your Government in your Robes of Tissue. All that I charge you, is, that you take care how you govern your Vassals, for you must know they are all well born, and Loyal. As for governing, quoth *Sancho*, there's no need of giving me any charge; for I am naturally Charitable and Compassionate to the Poor, and of him that does well, they will not speak ill; and by my troth they shall play me no foul play: I am an old Bird, and not to be catch'd with Chaff, and I can rouse my self when I see time, and I will let no Cobwebs drop into my Eyes, for I know where my Shoe wrings me: This I say, because honest Men shall have Hand and Heart, but wicked Men neither Foot nor Fellowship. And methinks, for matter of Government, there is no more in it, but begin-

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* The common sort in Spain are bury'd without Coffins. which is the reason *Sancho* is made to suppose, if the Grave be not long enough they bury the Body with them in it: A clownish ignorant Notion, but never practis'd.

ning, and perhaps when I have been Governour a Fortnight, I may manage the Place, and know as well how to Govern, as to labour in the Field to which I was bred. You are in the right, *Sancho*, quoth the Dutchess, for no Man is born wife, and Bishops are made of Men, and not of Stones. But to return to our Discourse that we had touching the Lady *Dulcinea's* Enchantment, I am more than assur'd, that all *Sancho's* design of putting a trick upon his Master, and making him think the Country Wench was *Dulcinea*, and that if his Master knew her not, it must be because of her being Enchanted was all invented by some of those Enchanters that persecute *Don Quixote*; for I certainly know from good hands, that the Country Wench who leapt upon the Ass-Colt, was, and is *Dulcinea*, and that *Sancho* thinking to be the Deceiver, is himself deceiv'd; and there is no more doubt to be made of this, than of things we never saw: And know *Sancho*, that here we have our Enchanters too, that love, and tell us plainly and truly, what passes in the World, without Tricks or Devices; and believe me, *Sancho*, that leaping Wench was, and is *Dulcinea*, who is as much enchanted as the Mother that bore her, and when we least think of it, we shall see her in her proper shape, and then *Sancho* will be undeceiv'd. All that may be, quoth *Sancho*, and now will I believe all that my Master told me of *Montesinos's* Cave where he said he saw our Mistress *Dulcinea*, in the same Apparel and Habit, I said I had seen her in, when I Enchanted her at my pleasure; and it may be, Madam, all was just contrary, as you say; for it could not be said of my small Capacity, that I should in an Instant make such a Witty Lye; neither do I think that my Master is so mad, that upon so poor and weak a persuasion as mine, he should believe a thing so incredible; but for all that good Lady do not think me to be Knavish, for such a Dunce as I am, is not bound to dive into the Thoughts and malicious Contrivances of most wicked Enchanters. I feign'd that, to scape my Master's Chiding, and not with any purpose to offend him; and if it fell out otherwise, God is above who judges all Hearts. 'Tis true, said the Dutchess; but tell me, *Sancho*, what is that you said of *Montesinos's* Cave? I should be glad to hear it. Then *Sancho* told her word for word, all that has been said concerning that Adventure: Which when the Dutchess heard, she said; From this Accident may be gather'd, that since the great *Don Quixote* says he saw there the same Country Wench that *Sancho* saw at their coming from *Toboso*, without doubt it is *Dulcinea*, and that the Enchanters are very busie and precise in this Af-

fair,

fair. So say I, quoth *Sancho*, and if my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* is Enchanted, at her peril be it, for I'll have nothing to do with my Master's Enemies, who are many, and wicked ones. True it is, that she I saw was a Country Wench, and for such I took her, and so I judg'd her to be, and if that were *Dulcinea*, I'll not meddle with her, nor shall it lye at my Door, come on't what will. It were pretty that at every turn I should be call'd in question. *Sancho* said it, *Sancho* did it, *Sancho* this, and *Sancho* that, as if *Sancho* were some Scoundrel, and not the same *Sancho Panza* that is now in Print all the World over, as *Samson Carrasco* told me, who at least, is one that is Bacheloriz'd in *Salamanca*, and such Men cannot lye, but when they list, or it much concerns them; so there is no reason any Man should fall upon me, and since I have a good Name, and as I have heard my Master say, Better have a good Name, than much Wealth, let 'em clap that Government upon me, and they shall see wonders; for he that has been a good Squire, will be a good Governour. All that honest *Sancho* has spoken, quoth the Dutchess, are *Catonian* Sentences, or at least taken out of the very Bowels of *Michael Verinus*, *Florentibus occidit annis*. Well, well, to speak as thou dost, *A bad Cloak often hides a good Drinker*. Truly Madam, said *Sancho*, I never drunk excessively in my Life, to quench my thirst sometimes I have, for I am no Hypocrite; I drink when I am dry, and when I am not, and when it is given me that I may not seem nice and unmannerly; for what Heart of Marble is there, that will not pledge a Friends Carouse? but tho' I take my Cup, I go not away drunk: Besides, your Knight Errants Squires usually drink Water, for they always travel through Forests, Woods, Meadows, Mountains, craggy Rocks, and meet not with a Pittance of Wine, tho' they would give an Eye for it. I believe it, said the Dutchess, and now *Sancho*, thou may'st go repose thy self, and afterwards we will talk at leisure, and give order that thou may'st clap that Government upon thee as thou say'st. *Sancho* again gave the Dutchess thanks, but desir'd her she would do him the kindness, that his Dapple might be well look'd to, because he was the delight of his Heart. What Dapple, quoth she? My Ass, said *Sancho*, for to save calling him so, I say my Dapple: And when I came into the Castle, I desir'd this Waiting-Woman to have a care of him, and she grew so loud with me, as if I had call'd her ugly or old; tho' it is fitter for them to feed Asses than to set off Rooms: Lord God, a Gentleman of my Town could not endure these

* old

* old Waiting-Women. Some Peasant, quoth *Dona Rodriguez* the Waiting-Woman; for if he had been a Gentleman and well bred, he would have extoll'd them above the Moon.

Hold there, no more, quoth the Dutchess; Peace *Dona Rodriguez*, and be you quiet Master *Sancho*, and let me alone to see that *Sancho's* Ass be made much of; for as he is *Sancho's* Household stuff, I will hold him on the Apples of my Eyes. Let him be in the Stable, quoth *Sancho*, for neither he nor I are worthy to be one minute upon those Apples of your Greatness's Eyes; and I would as soon stab my self as consent to that: For tho' my Master says, That in Compliments we must rather exceed than fall short; yet in these Assish, and beastly ones, we must be sure to be very exact, and nice. Carry him *Sancho*, quoth the Dutchess, to thy Government; for there thou mayst cherish him at thy pleasure, and manumit him from his labour. Don't think you have spoken very largely Lady Dutchess, quoth *Sancho*, for I have seen above two Asses go to Governments, and 'twould be no novelty for me to carry mine.

Sancho's Discourse renew'd the Dutchess's Laughter and Satisfaction; and sending him to repose, she went to tell the Duke all that had pass'd between them, and both of them plotted and gave order to put a Jest upon *Don Quixote* that might be a famous one, and suitable to the Knightly Rules, of which sort they play'd him many Pranks, so proper and handsome, that they are the best among all the Adventures of this great History.

* The Spanish word is *Duena*, which are old Women kept by Ladies only for *Siarc*, and to make up the number of their Attendance, as also to have an eye over the Young Maids, for Women of Quality keep many, by the Maids they are hated as Spies upon their Actions, and by others they are accounted no better than Bauds to them, so that they are odious to all.

C H A P.

C H A P XXXIV.

How notice is given for the dis-enchanting of the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, which is one of the most famous Adventures in all this Book.

Great was the Pleasure the Duke and Dutchess receiv'd in *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panza's* Conversation; and they resolv'd to play them some Tricks, that might have the Resemblance and likeness of Adventures. They made that which *Don Quixote* had told them concerning the Cave of *Montesinos*, the Ground of a notable Jest they put upon him: But what the Dutchess most admir'd at, was, that *Sancho's* Simplicity should be so great, that he should believe for an infallible Truth, that *Dulcinea* was Enchanted, whereas he himself had been the Enchanter and the Contriver of that Business: So giving orders to their Servants for all they would have done, about a Week after they carried *Don Quixote* to a Boar-hunting, with such a Troop of Wood-men and Hunters, as if the Duke had been a crown'd King. They gave *Don Quixote* a Hunters sute, and to *Sancho* one of the finest green Cloth: but *Don Quixote* would not put on his, saying, that shortly he must return again to the hard exercise of Arms, and therefore could carry no Ward-robcs or Sumpters. But *Sancho* took his, meaning to sell it upon the first opportunity that offer'd.

The wisht for Day being come, *Don Quixote* arm'd and *Sancho* clad himself, and upon his Dapple (for he would not leave him, tho' they had given him a Horse) thrust himself amongst the Troop of the Wood-men. The Dutchess was richly attir'd, and *Don Quixote* out of pure Breeding and Manners took the Reins of her Palfrey, tho' the Duke would not consent; at last they came to a Wood that was betwixt two high Mountains, where taking their Posts, securing the lanes and paths, and the Hunters divided into several stands, the chase began with great noise, hooting and hollowing, so that they could not hear one another, as well for the cry of the Dogs, as for the sound of the Horns. The Dutchess alighted, and with a sharp Javelin in her hand, took a stand, by which she knew some wild Boars us'd to pass: The Duke also alighted, and *Don Quixote*, and stood by her, *Sancho* stay'd behind them all, but stirr'd not from Dapple, whom he durst not leave, lest some

It chance should befall him, and they had scarce lighted, and set themselves in order with some Servants, when they saw there came a huge Boar towards them, pursu'd by the Dogs, and follow'd by the Hunters, gnashing his Teeth and Tusks, and foaming at the Mouth. *Don Quixote* seeing him, buckling his Shield to him, and laying hand on his Sword, went forward to receive him; the like did the Duke with his Javelin; but the Dutchess would have been foremost of all, if the Duke had not stopp'd her. Only *Sancho*, when he saw the stout Beast, left Dapple, and began to scud as fast as he could, and striving to get up into a high Oak, he could not compass it, but being in the midst of it, holding by a bough, and striving to get to the top, he was so unlucky, and unfortunate that the Bough broke, and as he was tumbling down, he hung in the Air by a snag of the Oak, before he came to the Ground, and seeing himself in that perplexity, and that his green Coat was torn, and thinking that if the wild Beast should come that way, he might lay hold on him, he began to cry out and call for help so outrageously, that all these heard who, and saw him nor, thought verily some wild Beast was devouring him. Finally, the Tusky Boar was laid along, with many Javelins struck through him, and *Don Quixote* looking behind him at *Sancho's* Noise, for he knew him by his note, saw him hanging on the Oak with his head downward, and Dapple that never left him in all his Calamity close by him; and *Cid Hamete* says, that he seldom saw *Sancho* without Dapple, or Dapple without *Sancho*, such was the Love and Friendship betwixt the couple: *Don Quixote* went and unhung *Sancho*, who seeing himself free and on the Ground, beheld the torn place of his hunting Suite, and it griev'd him to the Soul, for he thought he had in that Suite at least an Inheritance. And now they laid the large Boar athwart upon a great Mule, and covering him with Rosemary bushes, and Myrtle boughs, he was carry'd as a Victorious Spoil, to a great Field-Tent, that was set up in the midst of the Wood, where the Tables were laid in order, and a Dinner made ready, so plentiful and well dress'd, that it well shew'd the Bounty and Magnificence of him that gave it.

Sancho, shewing the wounds of his torn Garment to the Dutchess, said, If this had been hunting of the Hare, my Coat had not been in such a Miserable condition: I know not what pleasure there can be in looking for a Beast, that if he reach you with a Tusk, may kill you: I remember I have heard an old Song that says;

May

*May Beasts let out, and lick thy Gore,
Like Favilla's in days of yore.*

He was a Gothish King, quoth *Don Quixote*, who going a hunting in the Mountains, was devour'd by a Bear. That's it I say, said *Sancho*, I would not have Kings and Princes thrust themselves into such dangers, for their pleasure; for what pleasure can there be to kill a Beast that has committed no fault? You are in the wrong *Sancho*, said the Duke; for the exercise of hunting wild Beasts is more convenient and necessary for Kings and Princes than any other. Hunting is a representation of War, in it are us'd Stratagems, Sights, and Frauds, to overcome the Enemy with safety; in it there is suffering of cold and intolerable heats, sleep and idleness are banish'd, the strength is confirm'd, and the Limbs made active. In short, 'tis an Exercise that may be us'd without prejudice to any body, and to the pleasure of many, and the best of it is, that it is not common, as other kinds of Sports are, except Hawking, which also is peculiar to Kings and Princes. Therefore *Sancho* change thy opinion, and when thou art a Governour, use Hunting, and thou shalt find thy self a hundred times the better for it. Not so, quoth *Sancho*, 'tis better for your Governour to have his Legs broken and be at home: 'twere very good that when Men come about their business to seek him weary and tir'd, he should be taking his Pleasure in the Woods: 'twould be a sweet Government I faith. In troth, Sir, Hunting and Pastimes are rather for idle Companions than Governors: My Sport shall be to play at Whisk at *Christmasts*, and at Nine-pins on *Sundays* and *Holy-days*; for your Hunting does not suit my humour, nor does it agree with my Conscience. Pray God, *Sancho*, it be so, quoth the Duke, for to do and to say, go a several way. Let be as 'twill, said *Sancho*, for a good Pay-Master values no Security, and God's help is better than early rising; and the Belly carries the Legs, and not the Legs the Belly: I mean, that if God help me, and I do honestly what I ought, without doubt I shall Govern like a Stag. Ay, ay, put your Finger in my Mouth, and see whether I bite or no. God's Curse and the Curse of all his Saints light on thee, cursed *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*: and when shall we hear thee, as I have often told thee, make a wise Speech, without a Proverb? My Lords, I beseech you leave this Dunce; for he will grind your very Souls, not with his two, but his two thousand Proverbs; as seasonable and pat as the Health I wish him, or my self, if I give ear to them.

them. *Sancho's* Proverbs, quoth the Dutchess, are never the less to be valu'd for their number, because of their sententious brevity. For my part, they are more pleasing to me than others, tho they be better tim'd and adapted.

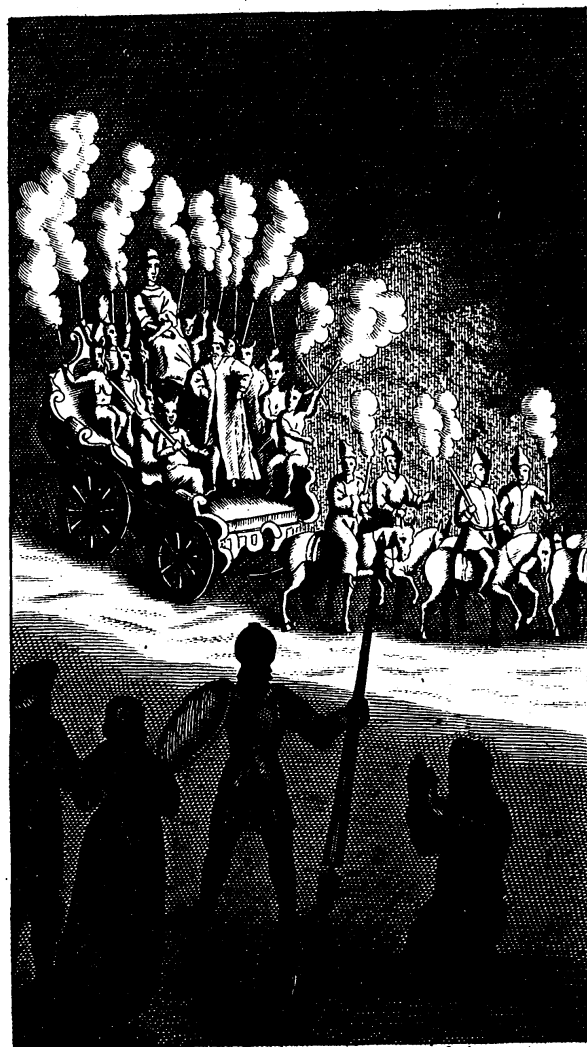
After these and such like diverting Discourses, they went out of the Tent to the Wood, where visiting their Nets to see whether any Game had fallen into them, the Day was soon past, and the Night came on, and not so light and calm as the time of the Year requir'd, it being about Midsummer, but a certain dull glimmering of light it had was advantageous to the Duke's Design. As it grew to be quite dark a little after the shutting in of the day, it seem'd on a sudden as if all the Wood had been in a Flame on all sides, and immediately there were heard here and there, this way and that way, an infinite number of Cornets, and other Warlike Instruments as it were of many Troops of Horse that pass'd through the Wood: The light of the Fire and the sound of the Martial Instruments, did as it were blind, and stunn'd the Eyes and Ears of the standers by, and of all those that were in the Wood. Next they heard abundance of Moorish Cries, such as they use when they joyn Battle; Drums and Trumpets sounded, and Fifes; all, as it were, in an instant, and so fast, that he must be senseless who had not been surpriz'd at the confus'd variety of sounds. The Duke was astonish'd, the Dutchess dismay'd, *Don Quixote* wonder'd, *Sancho* trembl'd; and in short, even they that knew the Cause of it were frighted: Their fear caus'd a general silence, and a Post in a Devils Weed pass'd before them, sounding, instead of a Cornet, a huge hollow Horn that made a hoarse and terrible noise. Hark you, Post, quoth the Duke, Who are you? Whither go you? And what Warlike Troops are they that seem to cross the Wood? To which the Post answer'd, in a horrible and bold Tone: I am the Devil, I go to seek *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; they that come this way, are six Troops of Enchanters, who bring the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, on a Triumphant Chariot; she comes here Enchanted with the brave Frenchman *Montesinos*, to give Orders to *Don Quixote*; how she may be disenchanted. If thou wert a Devil, as thou say'st quoth the Duke, and as thy shape shews thee to be, thou would'st have known that Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; for he is here before thee. Upon my Soul and Conscience, quoth the Devil, I did not reflect on it, for I am so distracted with sundry sorts of Affairs, that I had quite forgot the chief for which I came. Certainly, said *Sancho*, this Devil is an honest Fellow, and
a good

a good Christian; for if he were not, he would never have sworn by his Soul and Conscience: And now I believe, there are honest Folks even in Hell. Then the Devil without alighting, looking towards *Don Quixote* said; The unlucky, but Valiant Knight *Montesinos*, sends me to thee, *The Knight of the Lions*, and I wish I may see thee in their Paws, commanding me to tell thee from him, that thou expect him in the very place where I shall find thee, because he brings with him her they call *Dulcinea del Toboso*, in order to give thee Instructions how thou shalt disinchant her; and now I have done my Message, I must away, and the Devils like me be with thee; and good Angels guard the rest. And this said, he blew his Monstrous Horn, and turn'd his back, and went away without staying for any Answer.

Every one began afresh to admire, especially *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*: *Sancho*, to see that in spite of Truth, *Dulcinea* must be Enchanted: *Don Quixote*, to think whether that were true that besel him in *Montesinos's* Cave, and being wholly plung'd in these Thoughts, the Duke said to him; Does your Worship design to stay, *Don Quixote*? Should I not quoth he? Here will I stay Courageous and Undaunted, tho' all the Devils in Hell should close with me. Well, quoth *Sancho*, if I hear another Devil and another Horn like the last, I'll stay in *Constantinople* as soon as here.

Now it grew darker, and many Lights began to fly about the Wood, like the dry Exhalations of the Earth in the Skie, that seem to us to be shooting Stars: Besides, there was a terrible noise heard, just like that of your creaking Wheels of Ox-Wains, from whose piercing squeak, they say, Bears and Wolves do fly, if there be any in the way they pass. To this Tempest another was added, that increas'd the rest, which was, that it seem'd as if in all four Corners of the Wood, there were four Engagements or Battles at the same time: For on this side there was a sound of terrible Cannon-shot, on the other an infinite number of Small Arms were discharg'd, the Shouts of the Combatants seem'd to be heard near at hand, the Moorish Cries were reiterated at a distance. In fine, the Trumpets, Cornets and Horns, Drums, Cannons and Guns, and above all, the fearful noise of the Carts, all together made a most confus'd and horrid sound, which try'd *Don Quixote's* utmost Courage to endure it: But *Sancho* was quite gone, and fell in a swoon upon the Dutcheffes Coats, who receiv'd him, and commanded they should cast cold Water in his Face; which done, he recover'd his Senses, just as one of the Carts of those creaking Wheels came to the place.
Four

four lazy Oxen drew it, cover'd with black Cloaths ; at every Horn they had a lighted Torch ty'd, and on the top of the Cart there was a high Seat made, upon which a Venerable Old Man sat, with a Beard as white as Snow, and so long that it reach'd to his Girdle ; his Garment was a long Gown of black Buckram : For the Cart being full of Lights, all within it might very well be discern'd and seen ; two ugly Devils guided it, clad in the said Buckram, with such monstrous Faces, that *Sancho*, when he had seen them once, wink'd, that he might see them no more ; when the Cart came up before them, the Venerable Old Man rose from his Seat, and standing up with a loud Voice said, *I am the wise Lygandens* ; and the Cart pass'd on, without speaking a word more. After this, there pass'd another Cart in the same manner, with another Old Man Enthron'd ; who making the Cart stay, in a Tone no less Grave than the other, said ; *I am the wise Alquife, the great Friend to Urganda the unknown* ; and on he went : And straight another Cart came on, the same pace ; but he that sat in the chief Seat, was no Old Man, as the rest, but a good Robustious Fellow, and ill favour'd, who when he came near, rose up as the rest, and with a Voice more hoarse and devilish, said ; *I am Archelaus the Enchanter, mortal Enemy to Amadis de Gaule, and all his Kindred* : And so on he pass'd. All these three Carts made a stand at a little distance, and the troublesome noise of their Wheels ceas'd, and then there was heard not a noise, but the sound of sweet and harmonious Musick, which comforted *Sancho*, and he took it for a good sign, and therefore said to the Dutchess, from whom he stir'd not a foot, nor a jot. Madam, where there is Musick, there can be no ill. Nor, quoth the Dutchess, where there is light and brightness. To which *Sancho* reply'd, the Fire gives light, and your Bonfires are bright, as we see by these about us, and yet they might happen to burn us : but Musick is always a sign of Feasting and Jollity. You shall see that, quoth *Don Quixote*, for he heard all, and was in the right, as you will find in the next Chapter.



Tome 2.

fol. 205.

C H A P. XXXV.

A Continuation of the Information given to Don Quixote, concerning the disenchanted of Dulcinea, with other admirable Accidents.

WHEN the delightful Musick drew near, they discover'd one of those that are call'd Triumphant Chariots come towards them, drawn by six dun Mules, but cover'd with white Linen, and upon each of them came a Penitent with a lighted Torch, cloath'd in the same manner, all in white: the Cart was twice or thrice as big as the others, and at the top and sides of it were twelve other Penitents, as white as Snow, all with their Torches lighted, a Sight that at once caus'd Admiration, and Terror: And on a high Throne sat a Nymph, clad in many Veils of Cloath of Silver, a world of Golden Sprigs and Branches glimmering all about her, which made her Cloathing, tho' not rich, yet very gay, her Face was cover'd with a fine Transparent piece of Tiffany, so that its Folds being no hindrance, amidst them appear'd the Face of a most Beautiful Damfel; and the many Lights made them easily distinguish her Beauty and Years; which, in all likelihood, reach'd not to twenty, nor were under seventeen: Next her came a Figure clad in a long Gown, like the Robes of Magistrates, down to its Feet; its Head was cover'd with a black Veil: But as soon as the Cart came to be just over against the Duke and Dutchess and *Don Quixote*, the Musick of the Waits ceas'd first, and then that of the Harps and Lutes which sounded in the Cart; and the Gown'd Shape rose up, unfolding its Garment on both sides, and taking the Veil off from its Head, discover'd plainly the Picture of raw-bon'd Death, at which *Don Quixote* was troubl'd, *Sancho* afraid, and the Duke and Dutchess made shew of some timorous concern. This living Death standing up, with a drowzy Voice, and a Tongue not quite waking, began in this manner.

* Behold great Merlin! Fam'd in History;
Tradition holds me for the Devil's Bastard,
The Mighty Monarch of the Mysttick Art,
And Register of deep Astrology!
The Curse of envious Ages, that conspire

To obscure

*To obscure the bright Exploits of Valiant Knights,
My dearest Friends; in whose defence I've sworn
My Potent Magick, and resistless Charms.*

*What're the Nature of Enchanters seem,
Rough, Devilish, Cruel, breathing Fire and Hell;
Yet mine's a tender Make, soft, piteous, good,
And still inclin'd to all that need my Skill.*

*In the dark Caverns of th' Infernal King,
Where my retreated Soul is entertain'd
In forming Circles, and erecting Schemes;
The peerless Dulcinea's mournful Voice
Arriv'd my Ears; I knew her foul Mishap,
Her Transformation from a goodly Dame
To a vile Country Drab; I mourn'd the change
Which fain I would retrieve, and soon turn'd o're
Twice Fifty thousand Volumes of my Art,
Dark and uncouth, the Library of Hell.
At last I found the Leaf, then clos'd my Soul
Within the hollow of this Skeleton
Fierce and affrightful, and am come to tell
The secret Cure to this lamented Ill.*

*O Glory thou of all that ever wore
Hard Coats of Steel, and adamantine Shields!
Thou Light and Lanthorn, Path, North Star, and Guide
To such who bravely shake off sluggish sleep,
And quit their Beds of Down for toilsom Arms!
To thee, Oh never to be prais'd enough!
Thou Prudent Valiant Knight, the Star of Spain,
And thy own Mancha's Splendor! In a word
To thee Don Quixote I this Truth declare!
That to recover to her pristine Form
The peerless Dulcinea, 'tis ordain'd
That Sancho Pança, thy most faithful Squire,
Bare his broad Buttocks, and without Remorse
Bestow Three thousand and three hundred stripes
On his own Flesh, and each to vex and smart,
And grieve him sore; this is the Will of Fate,
And all th' Infernal Authors of her Woe,
Who chose me out to publish their Decree.*

By Gad, quoth Sancho, I say nothing of Threethousand;
but I will as soon give my self three stabs, as three lashes;
the

the Devil take this kind of disenchanting. What have my Buttocks to do with Enchantments? By the Lord, if Mr. *Merlin* has found no other means to disenchant the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, she may go Enchanted to her Grave. Goodman Rascal, quoth *Don Quixote*, you Garlick Stinkard; I shall take you, and bind you to a Tree, as naked as your Mother brought you forth, and give you not only Three thousand three hundred, but Six thousand six hundred, so well laid on, that you shall not claw them off at Three thousand three hundred plucks, and speak not a word, for I'll tear out thy very Soul. Which when *Merlin* heard, quoth he, It must not be so, for the stripes honest *Sancho* is to receive, must be with his good will, and not perforce, and at what time he will, for no time is prefix'd him; but it is lawful for him, if he will save one half of this beating, to receive it from another hand that may lay it on well. Neither my own, nor another's, nor a heavy, nor a light, quoth *Sancho*, no hand shall touch me: Am I, in the Devil's Name, *Dulcinea del Toboso's* Mother? That my Buttocks should pay for the offence of her Eyes? My Master indeed, he is a part of her, since at every turn he calls her my Life, my Soul, my Sustainance, my Prop; he may be whipp'd for her, and do all that is fitting for her disenchanting, but for me to whip myself, I renounce it.

Scarce had *Sancho* ended his Speech, when the Silver Nymph that came next to *Merlin's* Ghost, taking off her thin Veil, discover'd her Face, which seem'd to all extraordinary beautiful, and with a manly Grace and Voice not very amiable, directing her Discourse to *Sancho*, said, Oh thou unhappy Squire, Soul of Lead, Heart of Oak, and Bowels of Flint, if thou had'st been bid, thou brazen-fac'd Thief, to cast thy self from a high Tower down to the ground; if thou had'st been desir'd, thou Enemy of Mankind, to eat a dozen of Toads, two of Lizards, and three of Snakes; if thou had'st been perswaded to kill thy Wife and Children with some bloody and sharp Scimitar; no wonder thou should'st shew thy self nice and squeamish: but to make a stir about three thousand three hundred Lashes, which the poorest School-boy that is, has once a month, it admires, astonishes, and affrights all the pitiful Bowels of the Auditors, and of all them that in process of time shall come to hear of it: Cast, oh miserable and hard-hearted Animal! cast, I say, thy skittish Mules eyes upon these little ones of mine, compar'd to shining Stars, and thou shalt see them weep drop after drop, and stream after stream, making Furrows, Tracks, and Paths, on the fair
Fields

Fields of my Cheeks. Let it move thee, knavish and untoward Monster, that my flourishing Age (which is yet but in its Teens, for I am nineteen, and not yet twenty) does consume and wither under the coarse shape of a rustick Country-Wench; and if now I seem not so to thee, 'tis a particular favour done me by Master *Merlin*, who is here present, only that my Beauty may make thee relent; for the Tears of an afflicted Fair turn Rocks into Cotton, and Tygers into Lambs. Lash, lash that thick flesh of thine, untam'd Beast, and rouse up thy Courage from Sloth, which makes thee only fit to eat till thou burst, and set at liberty my smooth Flesh, the gentle Disposition, and the Beauty of my Face; and if for my sake thou wilt not be mollify'd, and reduc'd to some reasonable terms, yet do it for that poor Knight that is by thee; for thy Master; I say, whose Soul I see sticks in his Throat, not ten inches from his Lips, expecting nothing but thy rigid or mild Answer, either to come out of his mouth, or to return to his stomach. *Don Quixote* hearing this, felt his Throat, and turning to the Duke, said; Before God, Sir, *Dulcinea* has said true; for here my Soul indeed sticks in my Throat like a Bullet in a Cross-bow. What say you to this, *Sancho*, quoth the Dutchess? I say what I have said, quoth *Sancho*, that the Lashes I bernounce. Renounce, thou would'st say *Sancho*, said the Duke. Your Greatness must pardon me, said *Sancho*, I am not now in a condition to mind Niceties, or the difference of two or three Letters, more or less; for these Lashes I am to give my self, or must be given me, do so trouble me, that I know not what to do or say: but I would fain know of my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, where she learn'd this way of entreating she uses; she comes to desire me to tear my flesh with Lashes, and calls me Leaden Soul, and Untam'd Beast, with a Catalogue of ill Names, that the Devil would not endure. Does she think my Flesh is made of Brass? or will her Disenchantment be worth any thing to me or no? What basket of white Linen, of Shirts, Caps, or Socks (tho' I wear none) does she bring with her to soften me, but Railing and more Railing, knowing the usual Proverb is, *An Ass laden with Gold will go lightly up hill*; and that *Gifts enter stone Walls*; and *Serve God and work hard*; and *Better a Bird in the hand than two in the Bush*. And then my Master too, that should stroke my Back, and much me, that I might become as soft as Wool and carded Cotton, says, he will tie me naked to a Tree; and double the number of my Lashes; and these compassionate Gentlefolks ought to consider, that they do not only desire a Squire to whip himself, but a Governour, as if

it were no more than drinking after Cherries: Let 'em learn, let 'em learn with a pox, to know how to ask and to pray, and to use Breeding, for all times are not alike; and Men are not always in a good Humour: I am just ready to burst with Grief, to see my green Coat torn, and now you come to bid me whip my self of my own accord, when I have no more mind to it than to turn * *Carique*. By my Faith, *Sancho*, quoth the Duke, unless you become as soft as a ripe Fig, you shall finger no Government. 'Twere good indeed that I should send my Islanders a cruel flinty-hearted Governour, that will not be mov'd at the Tears of afflicted Damfels, nor at the Entreaties of discreet, imperious, ancient, wise Enchanters. To conclude, *Sancho*, either you must whip your self, or be whip'd, or not be a Governour. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, may I not have two days respite to consider? No, by no means, quoth *Merlin*; now at this instant, and in this place, this business must be dispatch'd, or *Dulcinea* shall return to *Montesinos's* Cave, and to her prison being of a Country-Wench; or as she is, she shall be carried to the *Elyzian* Fields, there to expect till the number of these Lashes be fulfill'd. Go to, honest *Sancho*, said the Dutchess, be of good Cheer, shew your Gratitude for your Master's bread you have eaten, to whom all of us are indebted for his pleasing Condition, and his high Chivalry. Give thy Consent, Child, to this Whipping, and hang the Devil, and let Fear go whistle, a good Heart conquers ill Fortune, as thou well know'st. To this *Sancho* answer'd quite from the purpose: for speaking to *Merlin*, he said to him, Tell me, Master *Merlin*, how came it that the Devil-Post who pass'd by here, deliver'd his Message to my Master from Sir *Montesinos*, bidding him in his Name expect him here, because he came to give order, that my Lady *Dulcinea* should be disenchanting, where is he, that hitherto we have neither seen *Montesinos* nor his Likeness? To which *Merlin* answer'd; Friend *Sancho*, the Devil is an Ass, and an arrant Knave: I sent him in quest of your Master, but not with any Message from *Montesinos*, but from me, for he is still in his Cave, plotting, or to say truer, expecting his disenchantment, for yet he wants something towards it; and if he owe thee ought, or thou have any thing to do with him, I'll bring him thee, and set him where thou wilt: and therefore now make an end, and yield to this disciplining, and believe me, it will do thee much good, as well

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* *Cariques* are the petty Kings in the West-Indies.

for thy Soul, as for thy Body: for thy Soul, in regard of the Charity thou wilt perform; for thy Body, because I know thou art of a sanguine Complexion, and it can do thee no hurt to let out some blood. What a company of Physicians there are in the World, said *Sancho*? even the very Enchanters are Physicians. Well, since every body tells me so (tho' I cannot think it) I am content to give my self the three thousand three hundred Lashes, upon condition that I may lay them on whensoever I please, without being ty'd to days, or times, and I will endeavour to discharge the Debt as soon as possible, that the World may enjoy the Beauty of the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, since it proves, contrary to what I thought, that she is fair. It must be also upon condition, that I will not draw blood with the Whip, and if any Lash happen to fall short, it shall stand good upon the account. *Item*, that Mr. *Merlin*, if I forget any part of the number (since he knows all) shall have a care to tell them, and to let me know how many I want, or if I exceed. For your exceeding, quoth *Merlin*, there needs no telling; for as soon as you come to your just number, *Dulcinea* shall instantly be disenchanted, and shall come in most thankful manner to seek honest *Sancho*, to gratifie and reward him for the good deed. So you need not be concern'd about exceeding or falling short, and God forbid I should cheat any body of so much as the value of a Hair. Well, quoth *Sancho*, a Gods name be it, I yield to my ill Fortune, and on the aforesaid conditions accept of the Pennance.

Scarce had *Sancho* spoken these words, when the Waits began to play, and a world of Guns were shot off, and *Don Quixote* hung about *Sancho's* Neck, kissing his Cheeks and Forehead a thousand times. The Duke, the Dutchess, and all the By-standers, seem'd to be wonderfully pleas'd, and the Cart began to go on, and passing by, the fair *Dulcinea* bow'd her Head to the Duke and Dutchess, and made a low Courtesy to *Sancho*; and by this the merry Morn came on apace, the Flowers of the Field began to bloom and rise up, the liquid Crystal of the Brooks, murmuring through the gray Pibbles, went on to pay Tribute to the Rivers that expected them; the Sky was clear, and the Air serene, the Light undisturb'd, each apart, and all together were Signs that the Day which trod upon the heels of *Aurora* would be bright and clear. The Duke and Dutchess being satisfy'd with the Hunting, and the well contriv'd and happy Success of their Design, return'd to their Castle, with an intention to second their Jest; for to them nothing in earnest could be more pleasing.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXVI.

Of the strange and never-imagin'd Adventure of the afflicted Matron, alias, the Countess Trifaldi, with a Letter that Sancho Pança wrote to his Wife Teresa Pança.

THE Duke had a Steward of a very pleasant and ready Wit, who play'd *Merlin's* part, and contriv'd the whole Furniture for the last Adventure; he it was that made the Verses, and that a Page should act *Dulcinea*. Finally, with his Lords leave, he plotted another piece of work, the pleasantest and strangest that can be imagin'd.

The Dutchess ask'd *Sancho* the next day, whether he had yet begun his Task of the Penance, for the disenchanting of *Dulcinea*? He told her he had, for the last night he had given himself five Lashes. The Dutchess ask'd him with what? He answer'd, with his hand. Those, quoth the Dutchess, are rather Claps than Lashes: I am of opinion, that the sage *Merlin* will not be satisfy'd with that easie Performance; 'twill be requisite that *Sancho* make a Scourge of Briars, or a hard Discipline that may smart; for Letters writ in blood stand good; and the Liberty of so great a Lady as *Dulcinea* will not be purchas'd so easily, or at so small a rate. To which *Sancho* replied, Give me, Madam, a convenient Discipline or Lash, and I will scourge my self with it, provided it does not smart too much; for let me tell your Worship, that tho' I am a Clown, yet my Flesh is more like soft Cotton than harsh Broom; and there's no reason I should kill my self for another's good. You say well, quoth the Dutchess; to morrow I'll give you a Whip that shall fit, and agree with the tenderness of your Flesh, as if it were a kin to it. To which, quoth *Sancho*, your Highness must understand, my Lady, that I have written a Letter to my Wife *Teresa Pança*, giving her an account of all that has happen'd to me since I parted from her; here I have it in my bosom, and it wants nothing but the Supercription: I would have your Discretion read it; for methinks it runs as becomes a Governour, I mean, in the Stile that Governours should write. And who indited it, said the Dutchess? Who should, said he, Sinner that I am, but I my self? And did you write it, quoth she? Not at all, said he; for I can neither write nor read, tho' I can set my Mark.

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Let's

Let's see your Letter, quoth the Dutchess; for I warrant you shew the nature and sufficiency of your Wit in it. *Sancho* drew the Letter open out of his bosom; and the Dutchess taking it of him, read the Contents, as follows.

Sancho Pança's Letter to his Wife Teresa Pança.

IF I were well lash'd, I got well by it: If I got a Government, it cost me many a good Lash. This, my Teresa, at present you understand not; hereafter you shall know it. You must know now Teresa, that I am resolv'd you shall go in your Coach; which is the business in hand; for any other sort of going, is going upon all four. You are now a Governour's Wife guess you whether any body will snarl at you. I send you a green Hunters Suit, that my Lady Dutchess gave me; fit it so, that it may serve our Daughter for a Coat and Bodies. My Master Don-Quixote, as I have heard say in this Country, is a Mad Wiseman, and a pleasant Coxcomb; and that I am ne'er a whit short of him. We have been in Montefinos's Case: and the sage Merlin has laid hold on me for the dis-enchanting my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, whom you there call Aldonza Lorenzo, when I have given my self three thousand three hundred lashes lacking five; she will be as much disenchanted as the Mother that bore her; but let no body know this; for if you advise about your business, some will cry 'tis white, others black. Within this little while I shall go to my Government, whither I go with a great desire to make money; for I have been told, that all your Governours at first go with the same design. I will consider on't and send you word whether it be fit for you to come to me or no. Dapple is well and remembers him heartily to you; and I will not leave

leave him tho I were to go to be Great Turk. My Lady Dutchess kisses your hands a thousand times: Return her two thousand; for there's nothing costs less nor is better cheap, as my Master tells me, than Complement. God Almighty has not yet been pleas'd to bless me with a Cloak bag, and anther hundred Pistoles, like those you wot of: But be not griev'd, my Teresa, for he is safe who rings the Bells, and the Government shall pay for all; only one thing troubles me; for they tell me, that when I have once tasted I shall eat my fingers after it; which if it should prove true, it would cost me dear tho your lame and maim'd men get a good living by Begging and Alms: so that one way or other you shall be rich and happy: God make you so, and keep me to serve you.

From this Castle
July 20. 1614.

Your Husband the Governour,

Sancho Pança.

When the Dutchess had done reading the Letter, she said to *Sancho*, in two things the good Governour is out of the way; the one in saying or intimating, that this Government has been bestow'd on him for the Lashes he is to give himself, whereas he knows, and cannot deny it, that when my Lord Duke promis'd it him, there was no dreaming in the World of Lashes; the other is, that he shews himself in it very covetous, and I would not have it prove unlucky; for, Covetousness is the root of all evil, and the covetous Governour does ungovern'd Justice. I had no such meaning, Madam, quoth *Sancho*; and if your Worship thinks the Letter is not written as it should be, let it be torn, and we'll have a new one, and perhaps it may be worse if it be left to my Noddle. No, no, quoth the Dutchess, 'tis well enough, and I'll have the Duke see it. So they went to a Garden where they were to dine that day; the Dutchess shew'd *Sancho's* Letter to the Duke, at which he was well pleas'd. They din'd, and when the Cloth was taken away, and they had entertain'd themselves a pretty while with *Sancho's* pleasing Conversation,

on a sudden they heard the doleful sound of a Fife, and of a hoarse and unbrac'd Drum; all of them seem'd to be surpriz'd at this confus'd, martial, and sad Harmony, especially *Don Quixote*, who was so disturb'd he could not sit still in his Seat: for *Sancho* there is no more to be said, but that Fear carried him to his usual Sanctuary, which was the Dutcheß's Side, or her Lap; for in good earnest, the Sound they heard was most sad and melancholy. And being all thus in amaze, they saw two Men come in before them into the Garden, clad in Mourning-weeds, so long, that they dragg'd on the ground; these came beating of two great Drums, cover'd in like manner with black; with them came the Fife, black and besmear'd as well as the rest. After these there follow'd a Person of a Giantly Body, wrap'd up, and not clad in a coal-black Cassock, whose Train was extravagantly long, and over the Cassock he wore a broad black Belt, at which there hung an unmeasurable Scimitar, with black Hilt and Scabbard; upon his Face he wore a transparent black Veil, thro' which might be seen a huge long Beard, as white as Snow. His Pace was very grave and stay'd, keeping time with the sound of the Drum and Fife. To conclude, his Hugeness, his Motion, his Blackness, and his Attendance, might well surprize all that beheld and knew him not. Thus he came with the State and Formality aforesaid, and kneel'd before the Duke, who with the rest that were there expected him standing: but the Duke would not by any means hear him speak till he arose, which the prodigious Scare-crow did; and standing up, he pluck'd his Veil from off his Face, and discover'd the most horrid, long, white, and thick Beard, that ever humans eyes beheld till then; next he pull'd up and let loose from his broad and spreading Breast, a majestic loud Voice, and fixing his eyes on the Duke, said:

Most high and mighty Sir, My Name is *Trifaldin* with the white Beard, Squire to the Countess *Trifaldi*, otherwise call'd the *Afflicted Matron*; from whom I bring an Embassy to your Greatness, which is, that your Magnificence be pleas'd to give her Leave and Licence to enter and relate her Grievs, which are the most strange and admirable that ever troubled Thoughts in the World could think: but first of all, she would know whether the valorous and invincible Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* be in this your Castle, in search of whom she comes afoot, and without breaking her fast, from the Kingdom of *Candaya*, even to this your Dukedom; which may and ought to be look'd upon as a Miracle or piece of Enchantment: she is at the Gate of this Fortrefs or Country

try House, and only expects your Permission to come in. Thus he spoke, then cough'd, and stroak'd his Beard from the top to the bottom with both his hands, and very calmly expected the Duke's Answer; which was: Honest Squire *Trifaldin* with the white Beard, it is long since we had an account of the Misfortune of the Countess *Trifaldi*, whom Enchanters have caus'd to be stil'd, *The Afflicted Matron*: tell her, stupendious Squire, she may come in, and that here is the Valiant Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, from whose generous Nature she may safely promise her self all Aid and Assistance: And you may also tell her from me, that if she need my Favour, she shall not want it; since I am oblig'd to it by being a Knight, to whom the favouring of all sorts of her Sex is peculiar and proper, especially Matron Widows ruin'd and afflicted, as her Ladiship is. Which when *Trifaldin* heard, he bent his Knee to the ground, and making signs to the Drum and Fife, to play, he return'd back out of the Garden in the same manner he came in, leaving all the Company in admiration at his Shape and Dress.

The Duke turning to *Don Quixote*, said; In fine Sir Knight, neither the Clouds of Malice or Ignorance can darken or obscure the light of Valour and Vertue. This I say, because it is scarce six days since your Bounty has been in this my Castle, and yet the sad and afflicted come from remote parts a foot, and fasting, and not in Coaches or on Dromedaries, to seek you, confiding that in this most strenuous Arm they shall find the remedy for their Grievs and Troubles, thanks be to your brave Exploits, that spread over and fly round the whole World. Now could I wish, my Lord, quoth *Don Quixote*, that same blessed Clergy-Man were present here, who the other day at Table, seem'd to be so disgusted at; and to bear such a grudge against Knights Errant, that he might see with his Eyes, whether those Knights are necessary in the World: he might at least be made sensible that Persons under extraordinary Afflictions and Sorrows in matters of great moment, and enormous misfortunes do not go to seek redress at the Houses of Scholars or some poor Country Sextons, nor to your Gentleman that never stirr'd from home, nor to the lazy Courtier that rather hearkens after News which he may report again, than endeavours to perform Deeds and Exploits, that others may relate and write. The redress of Grievs; the succouring of necessities; the Protection of Damfels; the comfort of Widows, is had from no sort of Persons so well as from Knights Errant; and that I am one, I give Heaven infinitely thanks, and shall not repine at any mi chance that may

may befall me in this Honourable Exercise. Let this Matron come and demand what she will; for I remit her Redress to the strength of my Arm and to the undaunted Resolution of my couragious Spirit.

CHAP. XXXVII.

*A Continuation of the famous Adventure of the
* Afflicted Matron.*

THE Duke and Dutches were extreemly glad to see how well *Don Quixote* answer'd their Expectation. Then *Sancho* said, I should be loth this Mistress Matron should lay any stumbling block in the way of the promise of my Government; for I have heard a *Toledo* Apothecary say, and he talk'd like a Starling, that where these kind of Women had to do, there could no good come on't: Lord, what an Enemy that Apothecary was to them! whence I infer, that since all your old Waiting-Women, of what Condition or Quality soever, are troublesome and impertinent; those must be much worse that are afflicted as this Countess * Three Skirts, or Three Tails; for Tails and Skirts, are all one: Peace, Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; for since this Lady Matron comes from so remote Parts to seek me, she is none of those the Apothecary has in his Bed-Roll: Besides, this is a Countess; and when your Countesses become Waiting-Women, 'tis either to Queens or Empreses, and in their own Houses they are most absolute Ladies, and are serv'd by other Waiting-Women. To this, quoth *Dona Rodriguez*, who was present, My Lady Dutches has Women in her Service that might have been Countesses, if Fortune had pleas'd. But the weakest go to the Wall and let no Man speak ill of Waiting-Women, and especially of ancient Maids; for tho' I am none, yet I well and clearly perceive the advantage your Maiden Waiting-Women have over Widow-Women, and one pair of Sheers went between us both. For all that, quoth

Sancho,

* The Spanish word is *Duena* which signifies an old Waiting-Woman, or Governante, as it is render'd in *Quevedo's Fictions*.

* *Trifaldi*, the Name of the Countess, signifying three Skirts or Tails.

Sancho, there is so much to be sheer'd in your Waiting-Women, according to my Apothecary, that it is better not to stir this Business, for fear it stink. These Squires, quoth *Dona Rodriguez*, are ever malicious against us; for, as they are Fairies that haunt the out-Rooms, and every foot spy us, whilst they are not at their Devotions, which is most of the Day, they spend their time in railing at us, unburying our Bones, and burying our Reputation. Well, let me tell these moving Blocks that in spite of them, we will live in the World and in Houses of good Fashion, tho' we starve for it, and cover our delicate or not delicate Flesh with a black Weed, as they cover a Dunghil with Tapistry, at the passing by of a Procession. I faith if I had time and leisure enough, I would make all that are present, and all the World besides know, that there is no Virtue, but is contain'd in a Waiting-Woman. I believe, said the Dutches, my honest *Dona Rodriguez* is in the right; but she must stay for a fit time to answer for her self and the rest of Waiting-Women, to confound that wicked Apothecary's ill Opinion, and to root it out altogether from the Great *Sancho's* Breast. To which *Sancho* answer'd, Since my Head is fill'd with the Air of a Governor, all Squirely Fumes are gone out, and I care not a wild Fig for all your Waiting-Women.

They had gone on with this Waiting-Woman Discourse, had they not heard the Drum and Fife play again, by which they understood that the afflicted Matron was coming in, the Dutches ask'd the Duke whether they should meet her, since she was a Countess and a Noble Person. As she is a Countess, quoth *Sancho*, before the Duke could answer, I think fit that your Greatness meet her: but as she is a Waiting-Woman, that ye stir not a foot. Who bids thee meddle with that, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*? Who, Sir, said he? I my self, who may meddle, as a Squire, that have learnt the Rules of Courtesie in your Worships School, who are the most Courteous and best bred Knight in all Courship; and in these Affairs, as I have heard you say, It is as bad to over-do as to under-do ones Part; and a word to the wise is enough. 'Tis even so as *Sancho* says, quoth the Duke, we will see what kind of Countess she is, and by that guess what respect is due to her. By this the Drum and Fife came in, as formerly: And here the Author ended this brief Chapter, beginning another, which continues the same Adventure, one of the notablest in all the History.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

The Afflicted Matron recounts her Ill-Errantry.

After the Musick there enter'd the Garden, about some twelve old Waiting-Women divided into two Ranks, all clad in large Mourning Weeds, as it seem'd of Mill'd Serge, with white Veils of thin Muslin, so long that only the edge of their black Weeds appear'd. After them came the Countess *Trifaldi*, whom *Trifaldin* with the white Beard led by the Hand, clad all in finest unnap'd Bayes; for had it been napp'd, every tuft of it would have been as big as your biggest Pease: Her Tail or Train, call it whether you will, had three Corners, which was born by three Pages, clad likewise in Mourning, and making a sightly and Mathematical shew with those three acute Angles, the pointed Skirt made, whence belike she was call'd the Countess *Trifaldi*, as if we should say the Countess of the three Trains; and *Benengeli* says it was true, and that her right Name was the Countess *Lobuna*, because there were many Wolves bred in her Earldom, and if they had been Foxes, as they were Wolves, they would have call'd her the Countess * *Zorrana*, by reason that in those parts it was the Custom that Great ones took their Appellations from the thing or things that did most abound upon their Estates: But this Countess taken with the strangeness of the three-fold Train, left her Name of *Lobuna*, and took that of *Trifaldi*. The twelve Waiters and their Lady came a Procession pace, their Faces cover'd with black Veils, and not transparent, as *Trifaldins* was, but so close that nothing could be seen through them. Just as the Matronly Squadron came in, the Duke, the Dutchess, and *Don Quixote* stood up, and so did all that beheld the large Procession. The twelve made a stand, and a Lane, through the midst of which the Afflicted came forward, *Trifaldin* still leading her by the Hand, which the Duke, the Dutchess, and *Don Quixote* seeing, they advanc'd about a dozen Paces to meet her. She kneeling on the ground, with a Voice rather course and hoarse, than fine and clear, said, May it please your Greatnesses to spare this Courtesie to your Servant; I say, to me your Servant; for such

* *Lobo* is Spanish for a Wolf, and *Zorra* for a Fox, whence these two words are compounded.

such is my Affliction, that I shall not know how to answer as I ought, by reason that my strange and unheard of Misfortune has transported my Understanding I know not whither, and sure 'tis far off, since the more I seek, the less I find it. He were void of it Lady, quoth the Duke, who by your Person could not judge of your Worth, which without any more looking into, deserves the Cream of Courtesie, and the Flower of all mannerly Ceremonies: So taking her up by the hand, he led her to sit down in a Chair by the Dutchess, who in like manner welcom'd her with much Civility. *Don Quixote* was silent, and *Sancho* long'd to see the Face of *Trifaldi*, and some of her many Waiting-Women; but it was impossible, till they of their own accord unveil'd themselves. All being quiet and still, they expected who should first break silence, which was done by the afflicted Matron, in these Terms.

* Confident I am, most Powerful Sir, most Beautiful Lady, and most Discreet Auditors, that my most Miserableness shall find in your most Valourous Breasts shelter, no less pleasing than generous and compassionate; for it is such as is able to make Marble relent, to soften the Diamonds, and to mollifie the Steel of the hardest Hearts in the World; but before it be expos'd in the Market-place of your hearing, I will not say your Ears, I should be glad to know, whether the Purifiediferous *Don Quixote de la Manchissima*, and his Squirreliferous *Panga* be in this Gang, this Assembly, this Company. *Panga* is here, quoth *Sancho*, before any Body else could answer, and *Don Quixotissimo* too, therefore most Afflictidissimus *Matrionissima*, you may speak what you willissimus, for we are all ready and Promptissimus to be your Servantissimus's. Then *Don Quixote* rose up, and directed his Speech to the Afflicted Matron and said; If your Troubles, Sorrowful Lady, can promise themselves any hope of Remedy, by the Valour and Force of any Knight Errant; Behold, here are my poor and weak Arms, that shall be employ'd in your Service. I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose Function is to succour the Needy, which being so, as it is, you need not, Lady, to use any Rhetorick, or to seek any Preambles; but plainly and without Circumstances, tell your Grievs; for they shall be heard by those, who if they cannot redress, will at least commiserate them.

Which when the Afflicted Matron heard, she made as if she would, and did fall at *Don Quixote's* Feet, and striving to

* A Russian Speech contriv'd on purpose, and imitated by *Sancho*.

to embrace them, said; Before these Feet and Legs I fall down, Oh invincible Knight, because they are the Basis and Pillars of Knight Errantry, these Feet will I kiss, on whose Steps the whole Remedy of my Misfortunes doth hang and depend. Oh Valorous Errant! whose true Exploits do obscure and darken the fabulous ones of the *Amadis*, *Esplanians*, and *Belianises*. And leaving *Don Quixote*, she laid hold on *Sancho Panga*, and griping his Hands, said; Oh thou the faithfullest Squire that ever serv'd Knight Errant, in past or present Times! Of a greater extent in goodness than is the Beard of my Usher *Trifaldin*; well may'st thou boast, that in serving *Don Quixote*, thou serv'st the whole Troop of Knights that have worn Arms in the World Epitomiz'd: I conjure thee, by thy most faithful loyal Goodness, that thou be a good Intercessor with thy Master, that he may instantly favour this most humble and most unfortunate Countess. To which *Sancho* answer'd, As to my goodness, Lady, being as long and as large as your Squire's Beard, that very little concerns me; may my Soul be bearded and whisker'd when I shall depart this life, which is all I value, for I make little or no account of the Beards of this World: but without all this wheedling, or begging, I will desire my Master, for I know he loves me well, and the more, because now in a certain business he has need of me, to aid and assist your Worship as much as he can: But pray uncage your Griefs, and tell them us, and let us alone to understand them. The Duke and Dutches were ready to burst with laughing, as those who had contriv'd this Adventure, and commended in their Thoughts the Wit and Dissimulation of *Trifaldi*, who sitting her down again said;

The famous Kingdom of *Candaya*, which is between the great *Trapobana* and the South Sea, about two Leagues beyond Cape *Comorin*, had for its Queen the Lady *Dona Maguncia*, Widow to King *Archipiela*, her Lord and Husband, in which Matrimony they had the Princess *Antonomasia*, Heiress to the Kingdom: The said Princess was bred and grew up under my Charge and Direction, because I was the ancientest and chiefest Matron that waited on her Mother. It fell out then, that times coming and going, the Child *Antonomasia* came to be fourteen Years of Age, and so perfectly Beautiful, that Nature could give no further addition to it. Discretion it self was a snotty Nose to her, that was as Discreet as fair, and she was the fairest in the World, and is still, if envious Fates and inflexible Destinies have not cut the thread of her Life: but sure they have not; for Heaven will not permit, that

that Earth sustain such a loss, as would be the lopping off a bunch from the fairest Vine in the World before it is ripe. A vast number of Princes fell in Love with this, never by my rude Tongue sufficiently extoll'd Beauty, and these were, as well Neighbours as Strangers, among whom, a Private Gentleman durst raise his Thoughts to the Heaven of that Beauty, one that liv'd in Court, confiding in his Youth and Gallantry, and other Abilities and Endowments, and the sharpness and readiness of his Wit. For I must tell your Greatnesses, if it be no offence, that he play'd on a Guitar, as if he made it speak, he was a Poet and a great Dancer, and could make such Bird-Cages; that he might have gotten his Living at that Trade, if he had been reduc'd to great necessity: So that all these Parts and Ornaments, were able to overthrow a Mountain, much more a delicate Damsel: But all his gentile Carriage, all his Graces, all his fine Behaviour and Abilities, could have little prevail'd, to reduce my Child's Fortrefs, if the impudent Thief had not conquer'd me first. First, the cursed Rascal Vagabond sought to get my good will, and to bribe me, that I, false Keeper, should deliver him the Keys of my Fortrefs. To conclude, he inveigld my Understanding, and obtain'd my consent, by means of I know not what Toys and Trifles he gave me: but that which chiefly overthrew, and made me fall, was some Verses, I heard him sing one Night at a grated Window, that look'd into a Lane where he lay, which were as I remember these.

SONG.

*Killing are the shafts which fly
From my Sweet, but cruel Foe;
Pierc'd I bleed, I faint, I die;
But 'tis double Death and Woe
Not to tell my Malady.*

The Ditty seem'd to me most precious, and his Voice as sweet as Sugar, and many a time since have I thought, seeing the mischance I fell into, by these and such like Verses, and have consider'd, that Poets ought to be Banish'd all good and well-govern'd Commonwealths, as *Plato* advis'd, at least lascivious Poets; for they write Verses, not such as those of the Marques of *Mantua*, that delight and make Women and Children weep, but piercing Witricisms, that like soft Thorns, pierce the Soul, and wound it like Lightning, leaving the Garment sound; and again he sung.

SONG.

SONG.

*Death! Come take my flying Breath,
Come, but in Disguise, sweet Foe!
Let me not thy coming know,
Least the pleasing thought of Death
Make Life back again to flow.*

Other kinds of Songs and Ballads he had, which being sung, Enchanted, and written, Surpriz'd; now when they stoop so low as to make a kind of Verse in *Candaya*, then in use call'd *Roundelays*, there was your dancing of Souls, your tickling with Laughter, your perpetual Motion of Body: and finally, the very Quick-silver shaking of all the Senses. Therefore Gentlemen I say, that such Rhymers ought justly to be Banish'd to the Island of Lizards: But the fault is none of theirs, but of simple Creatures that commend them, and foolish Wenches that believe in them: And if I had been as good a Waiting-Woman, as I ought to have been, his over-night Conceits would not have mov'd me, nor should I have given Credit to these kind of Speeches: I live dying, I burn in the Ice, I shake in the Fire, I hope hopeless, I go, and yet stay; with other impossibilities of this stamp, of which his Writings are full: And then, your promising the Phoenix of *Arabia*, *Ariadne's* Crown, the Horses of the *Sun*, the Pearls of the South, the Gold of *Tyber*, and *Balsam* of *Pancaia*: And here they are most liberal in promising that, which they never think to perform. But whither, ay me unhappy Woman, do I stray? What folly or what madness makes me recount other Folks faults, having so much to say of my own? Ah me again, unfortunate, for not the Verses, but my Folly vanquish'd me; not his Musick, but my Lightness, my Ignorance, and my want of Sense open'd the way, and made plain the path to *Don Clavijo*, for this is the aforesaid Gentleman's Name; so that I being the Bawd, he was many times in the Chamber of the, not by him, but me, betray'd *Antonomasia*, under colour of being her lawful Spouse; for tho a Sinner I am, I would not have consented, that without being her Husband, he should have touch'd the bottom of her Shooe-sole. No, no, Matrimony must ever be the Colour in all these Affairs, that shall be manag'd by me; only there was one mischief in it, that *Don Clavijo* was not her Equal, he being but a private Gentleman, and she such an Heiress. A while this Juggling

was.

was hid and conceal'd, by the sagacity of my Wariness, till a kind of swelling in *Antonomasia's* Belly, at last discover'd it, the fear of which made us all three enter into Counsel, and it was agreed, that before the mischance could come to light, *Don Clavijo* should demand *Antonomasia* for his Wife before the * Vicar, by Virtue of a Note of her Hand, which she had given him, promising to be so: This was contriv'd by my Wit, and so strong, that *Sampson* himself could not have broke it. The matter was put in practise, the Vicar saw the Note, and took the Ladies Examination; she confess'd plainly, he committed her Prisoner to a very honest Sergeants House.

Then, quoth *Sancho*, have you Sergeants too in *Candaya*, Poets, and Roundelays? I swear I think the World is the same every where: but make an end, Madam *Trifaldi*; for it is late, and I long to know the end of this long Story. I will, answer'd the Countess.

* In Spain, when a Young Couple have promis'd one another Marriage, and the Parents obstruct it, either Party may have Recourse to the Vicar, who examining the Case, has full Power to bring them together, and this it is that the Countess here ridiculously alludes to in her Story.

C H A P. XXXIX.

In which Trifaldi prosecutes her Stupendious and memorable History.

AT every word that *Sancho* spoke, the Dutchesis was as well pleas'd as *Don Quixote* enrag'd: And commanding him to be silent, the Afflicted went on, saying;

The short and the long was this, after many Questions and Answers, by reason the Princess stood ever stiffly to her Tackling, the Vicar gave judgment in favour of *Don Clavijo*, whereat the Queen *Dona Maguncia Antonomasia's* Mother was so full of wrath, that some three days after we bury'd her. Without doubt she dy'd, quoth *Sancho*. Sure enough, answer'd *Trifaldin*, for in *Candaya* they don't use to bury the living, but the dead.

Well,

Well, Master Squire, said *Sancho*, it has been seen ere now, that one only in a Swoon, has been bury'd thinking he was dead; and methinks that Queen *Maguncia* ought rather to have swoon'd than dy'd, for life mends many things; and the Princesses Crime was not so great, that she should so resent it. If she had Marry'd a Page or any other Servant of her House, as I have heard many have done, the mischance had been irreparable: But to Marry so worthy and so understanding a Gentleman as has been describ'd to us, truly, truly, tho' twere an oversight, yet 'twas not so great as we think it; for according to my Masters Rules, who is here present, and will not permit me to lye, as Scholars become Bishops, so private Knights especially if they are Errant, may become Kings and Emperors. Thou art in the right *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for a Knight Errant, give him but two Inches of good Fortune, is in *potentia proxima* to be the greatest Sovereign in the World. But let the Afflicted proceed; for to me it appears, the bitterest part of her sweet Story is behind. The bitterest, do you say, quoth she? Indeed so bitter, that in comparison of it Wormwood is sweet, and Elicampne pleasant.

The Queen being stark dead, and not in a Trance, we bury'd her and scarce had we cover'd her with Earth, and taken our *Ultimum vale*, when *Quis talia fando temperet à lachrymis*? The Gyant *Malambruno*, *Maguncia's* Cousin German, appear'd upon her Grave on a Wooden-Horse, who besides his Cruelty, was also an Enchanter, and with his Art to revenge his Cousins death, and *Don Clavijo's* boldness, and for despight of *Antonomasi's* oversight, Enchanted them upon the same Tomb, turning her into a brazen Ape, and him into a fearful Crocodile of unknown Metal, and betwixt them both is set an Inscription in the same Metal, written in the *Syriack* Tongue, which being translated into the *Candayan*, and now into the *Castilian*, contains this Sentence:

These two bold Lovers shall not recover their natural Form, till the Valiant Manchegan come to single Combat with me; for the Destinies reserve this unheard of Adventure only for his great Valour.

This done, he unsheath'd a broad and unwieldy Scimitar, and taking me by the Hair of the Head, made as if he would have cut my Throat, or shear'd off my Head at a blow. I was amaz'd, my Voice cleav'd to the Roof of my Mouth, I was troubl'd extremly; but I took Heart as well as I could, and

and in a dismal and trembling tone, I told him such strange things, as made him suspend the Execution of his rigorous punishment. In fine, he made all the Waiting-Women of the Court who are now here present, be brought before him, and after he had exaggerated our fault, and revild the very Being of Waiting-Women, their wicked Wiles and worse Sleights, and laying my fault upon them all, he said, he would not capitally punish us, but with other lasting pains, that might give us a civil and continu'd death. And in the very same instant and moment that he had said this, we all felt the Pores of our Faces open'd, and that all about them we were prick'd, as it were with the Points of Needles, immediately we clapp'd our Hands to our Faces, and found them just as you shall see them now.

With this the Afflicted, and the rest of the Waiting-Women lifted up their Veils which they had on, and shew'd their Faces all with Beards, some red, some black, some white, and some Py-ball, at which sight the Duke and Dutcheß admir'd; *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were astonish'd, and all the standers by surpriz'd, and *Trifaldi* proceeded:

Thus that Felonious and ill minded *Malambruno* punish'd us, covering the softness and smoothness of our Faces with these rough Bristles: Would to God he had rather beheaded us with his unwieldy Scimitar, and not so dim'd the sight of our Faces with these Flocks that cover us; for, Gentlemen, if we rightly consider it, and what I am now going to say, I would speak with my Eyes running a Fountain of Tears, but the Consideration of our Misfortunes, and the Seas that hitherto have flow'd, have drawn them as dry as Ears of Corn, and therefore let me speak without Tears: Therefore I say, whither shall a Waiting-Woman with a Beard go? What Father or Mother will take Compassion on her? Who will relieve her? For when her Flesh is at the smoothest, and her Face tortur'd with a thousand sorts of Slops and Washes she can scarce find any body that will care for her; What then will become of her when she wears a Wood upon her Face? O Matrons, my Companions, in an ill time were we born, in an unlucky hour our Fathers begot us: And so saying, she made shew of falling into a swoon.

C H A P. XL.

Of Matters that relate and appertain to this Adventure, and to this memorable History.

Really and truly, all they that delight in such Histories as this, ought to be thankful to *Cid Hamet* the first Author of it for his Curiosity in setting down the minutest Circumstances, without omitting the smallest matter, but bringing all distinctly to light. He describes the Thoughts, reveals the Imaginations, answers Secrets, clears Doubts, resolves Arguments: To conclude, he exposes the least Atoms of each curious desire. Oh famous Author! Oh happy *Don Quixote*! Oh renown'd *Dulcinea*! O pleasant *Sancho*! May you all together, and each apart live long, to the delight and general Recreation of Mortals. The Story tells us, that just as *Sancho* saw the Afflicted faint away, he said, As I am an honest Man, and by the Memory of the *Pangas*, I never heard or saw, nor my Master never told me, nor could he ever conceit in his Fancy such an Adventure as this. A thousand Devils take thee, not to curse thee, for an Enchanter as thou art, Gyant *Malabrundo*, and hadst thou no kind of Punishment for these Sinners but bearding of them? Why, had it not been better and fitter for them, to have taken away the upper half of their Noses, tho' they had snuff'd for it, and not to have clapt these Beards on them? I'll hold a wager they have no Money to pay for shaving. You are in the right, Sir, quoth one of the Twelve, we are not worth so much as will cleanse us, therefore some of us have us'd a remedy of sticking Plaisters, which apply'd to our Faces, and pluckt off on a suddain, make them as plain and smooth as the bottom of a Stone Morter; for tho' in *Candaya* there be Women that go up and down from House to House to take away the* Down of the Body, and to trim the Eye-brows, and other slobber-sawces relating to Women, yet we my Ladies Women would never admit them, because they smell something like Bawds, tho' they would be thought Saints, and

* There are a sort of Women Shavers in Spain, that take the Down off Womens Faces and sell them Washes, and these are commonly reputed to be given to Bawding.

and if *Don Quixote* do not help up us, we are like to go with Beards to our Graves. I would rather lose mine amongst Infidels, quoth *Don Quixote*, than not ease you of yours.

By this *Trisfaldi* came to her self again, and said the very jingling of this Promise, Valiant Knight, reach'd my Ears in the midst of my Trance, and has help'd to restore me to my Senses: Therefore once again, Renown'd Errant and untam'd Sir, let me beseech you that your gracious Promise be put in Execution. It shall not lie at my door, quoth *Don Quixote*; Tell me Lady what I am to do, for my Mind is very ready to serve you. Thus it is, quoth the Afflicted, from hence to the Kingdom of *Candaya*, if you go by Land, there are Five thousand Leagues, wanting two or three; but if you go through the Air and in a direct line, about I three thousand two hundred and twenty seven. You must know too, that *Malabrundo* told me, that when Fortune should bring me to the Knight who is to deliver us, he would send a Horse much better, troubl'd with fewer failings than your Hirelings, which is the self-same wooden Horse, on which the Valiant *Pierres* stole and carry'd away the Fair *Magalona*, which Horse is govern'd by a Pin he has in his Forehead, that serves for a Bridle, and he flies in the Air as swiftly as if the Devils themselves carry'd him. This Horse, according to ancient Tradition, was made by the Sage *Merlin*, and he lent him to his Friend *Pierres*, who perform'd long Journeys upon him, and stole away, as is said, the Fair *Magalona*, carrying her through the Air at his Crupper, leaving all that beheld him on Earth in a staring gaze; and he lent him to none but those he lov'd, or who paid him best. Since the Great *Pierres* till now, we have not heard that any else has come upon his Back: *Malabrundo* got him from thence by his Art, and keeps him, making use of him in his Journeys, which he takes every foot through all parts of the World; and he is here to day, and to morrow in *France*, and the next day at *Jerusalem*: and the best is, that this Horse neither ears nor sleeps, nor needs shoeing; and he Paces so smooth in the Air without Wings, that he who rides him, may carry a dish full of Water in his Hand, without spilling a drop, he goes so soft and so easie, which made the Fair *Magalona* love to ride him. Nay, quoth *Sancho*, as for your smooth and easie going, my Dapple bears the Bell, tho' he goes not through the Air; but upon Earth I'll turn him loose to all the Pacers in the World. They all laugh'd, and the Afflicted went on: And this Horse, if *Malabrundo* will grant an end of our Misfortune, within

half an hour after Night will be with us; for he told me, that the sign that I had found the Knight who would procure our Liberty, should be the sending of that Horse, to the place with speed and safety. And how many, quoth *Sancho*, may ride upon that Horse? The Afflicted answer'd, Two; one in the Saddle, and the other at the Crupper; and most commonly these two are Knight and Squire, when some stolt'n Damsel is wanting. I would fain know, Afflicted Madam, quoth *Sancho*, what this Horse's Name is? His Name, quoth she, is not like *Bellerophons* Horse *Pegasus*, or *Alexander's* the great *Bucephalus* or *Orlando Furioso's* *Brilladoro*, or *Reynaldo de Montalvans*, *Bayarte*, or *Rogeros Frontino*, or *Bootes*, or *Perithous*, the Horse of the *Sun*, nor *Orelia Roderick* the last unhappy King of the Goths his Horse, in that Battle where he lost his Life and Kingdom together. I'll hold a wager, said *Sancho*, that since he has none of all these famous known Names, neither has he that of *Rozinante* my Master's Horse's Name, which goes beyond all those that have been mention'd. 'Tis true, quoth the Bearded Countess, however he has a Name that fits him very well, which is * *Clavileno* the Swift: First, because he is of Wood; and then, because of the Pin in his Forehead; so that for his Name, he may compare with *Rozinante*. I dislike not his Name, said *Sancho*; but what Bridle or what Halter is he govern'd with? With the Pin I have told you, said *Trifaldi*, which being turn'd as pleases the Party that rides him; he will go either through the upper Region of the Air, or else almost brushing and sweeping along the Earth, or in a mean which ought to be sought in all well-order'd actions. I would fain see him, quoth *Sancho*, but to think that I'll get up on him, either in the Saddle, or at the Crupper, were to look for Pears on an Elm. 'Twere good indeed, that I who can scarce sit upon Dapple, and a Pack-Saddle as soft as Silk, should get upon a Wooden-Crupper without a Cushion or Pillow: By Gad, I'll not bruise my self to take away any body's Beard; let every body shave themselves as well as they can, for I'll not go so long a Journey with my Master: Besides, there is no need of me for the shaving of these Beards, as there is for the disenchanted of my Lady *Dulcinea*. Yes marry is there, said *Trifaldi*, and so much, that I believe, without you we shall do nothing. In the Name of God and the King, quoth *Sancho*, What have

* A Name compounded of the Spanish words *Clavo* a Nail, or Pin, and *Leno* Wood.

have the Squires to do with their Masters Adventures, they must reap the Credit of ending them, and we must bear the burden? Body of me, if your Historians would say, Such a Knight ended such an Adventure, but with the help of such and such a Squire, without whom it had been impossible to end it, 'twere something; but that they shall write barely, *Don Paralipomenon*, Knight of the Three Stars, ended the Adventure of the Six Hob-goblins, without naming his Squires Person that was present at all, as if he were not alive, I like it not, my Masters; I tell you again, Gentlemen, my Master may go alone, much good may it do him, and I'll stay here with my Lady Dutchess, and it may be when he comes back, he shall find the Lady *Dulcinea's* business advanced thirty per Cent. for I design at spare times, and when I have leisure to give my self a whipping, that shall brush off the very Hair. For all that, quoth the Dutchess, if need be, you must bear him Company, honest *Sancho*, for good People will intreat you, and it is not reasonable that through your unnecessary fear, these Gentlewomens Faces should remain so rough, for it were a great pity. Once again in the Name of God and the King, quoth *Sancho*, if this Charity were to be perform'd for some retir'd Damsels, or some young School-Girls, a Man might undertake any hazard; but to endure it only to unbeard Waiting-Women a pox on't: I would I might see 'em bearded from the highest to the lowest, from the nicest to the neatest. You are still bitter against Waiting-Women, Friend, quoth the Dutchess, you are much addicted to the *Toledo* Apothecary's Opinion; but on my faith you have no reason, for I have Women in my House, that may be a Pattern for Waiting-Women, and here is *Dona Rodriguez*, that will make it out. Your Excellency, quoth *Rodriguez*, may say what you will, God knows all, whether we be good or bad; Bearded or smooth, as we are our Mothers brought us forth as well as other Women, and since God cast us into the World, he knows to what end; and I rely upon his Mercy, and no bodies Beard. Well, Mistress *Rodriguez*, Lady *Trifaldi*, and the rest of your Company, quoth *Don Quixote*, I hope Heaven will look upon your Sorrows with tender Eyes, for *Sancho* shall do as I will have him, I wish *Clavileno* were once come, and that I might encounter *Malambruno*; for I know, no Razor would trim you with more ease, than my Sword would shave *Malambruno's* Head from his Shoulders, for God permits the wicked but not for ever. Ah! quoth the Afflicted, now may all the Stars of the Heavenly Region look upon your Greatness,

Valorous Knight, with a gentle Aspect, and infuse all Prosperity and all Valour into your Mind, and make you the Shield and Succour of all dejected and revild Waiting-Womanship, abominable to Apothecaries, backbited by Squires, and scoff'd at by Pages, and the Devil rake the Quean that in the Flower of her Youth did not put her self into a Nunnery, rather than be a Waiting-Woman, unfortunate as we are, for tho' we descend in a direct Male Line from *Hector* the Trojan, yet our Mistresses will never leave bethouing of us, tho' they might be Queens for it: O Gyant *Malambruno*, for tho' thou art an Enchanter, thou art most sure in thy Promises, send the Matchless *Clavileno* to us, that our misfortune may have an end; for if the heats come on, and these Beards of ours last, woe be to our ill Fortune.

This *Trifaldi* said with so much feeling, that she drew Tears from all the Spectators Eyes, and even moisten'd *Sancho's*; so that now he resolv'd to accompany his Master to the very end of the World, if the taking off the Wool from those Venerable Faces depended on it.

CHAP. XLI.

Of *Clavileno's* Arrival, with the end of this tedious Adventure.

IT grew now to be night, and with it the expected time when *Clavileno* the famous Horse was to come, whose delay troubled *Don Quixote*, thinking that *Malambruno's* deferring to send him, argu'd, that either he was not the Knight for whom the Adventure was reserv'd, or that *Malambruno* durst not come to single Combat with him: but on a sudden four Savages enter'd the Garden, clad all in green Ivy, bringing on their Shoulders a great wooden Horse. They set him upon his legs on the ground; and one of them said, Let him that has the Courage get upon this Engine. I don't get up, quoth *Sancho*, because I have no Courage, and am no Knight. And the Savage went on, saying, And let his Squire, if he has one, ride behind; and let him be assur'd, that no Sword but *Malambruno's* shall offend him: and there needs no more but turning that Pin which is on the Horse's Neck, and he will carry them in a moment where *Malambruno* attends: but lest the height and distance from the Earth make them light-

light-headed, let them cover their eyes till the Horse neigh, a sign that they have then finish'd their Voyage. This said, with a slow pace, they march'd out the same way they came.

The *Afflicted*, as soon as she saw the Horse, with the very tears in her eyes, said to *Don Quixote*; Valorous Knight, *Malambruno* has kept his word, the Horse is here, our Beards increase, and each of us with every hair of them beseech you to shave and shear us, since there is no more to be done, but that you and your Squire both mount, and begin this your happy new Journey. That I will willingly, said *Don Quixote*, my Lady *Trifaldi*, without a Cushion or Spurs, that I may not delay time, so much do I desire to see you and all these Gentlewomen smooth and clear. That shall not I, quoth *Sancho*, neither willingly nor unwillingly; and if this shaving cannot be perform'd without my riding at the Crupper, let my Master seek some other Squire to follow him, and these Gentlewomen some other means of smoothing themselves; for I am no Wizard, to delight in travelling through the Air. And what will my Islanders say, when they hear their Governour walks upon the Wind? Besides, there being three thousand and odd Leagues from hence to *Candaya*, if the Horse should be tir'd, or the Giant take pet, we may be half a score years ere we return; and then perhaps there would be neither Island nor Dry-land in the World to acknowledge me: and since 'tis an old Saying, that *Delays are dangerous*, and *He that will not when he may*, &c. these Gentlewomen's Beards must excuse me, for 'tis good sleeping in a whole skin; I mean, I am very well at home in this house, where I receive so much kindness, and from whose Owner I hope for so great Favour, as to become a Governour. To which the Duke said, Friend *Sancho*, the Island I have promis'd you is not moveable nor fugitive; it is so deeply rooted in the Centre of the Earth, that a great many Pulls will not loosen or stir it from the place: and since you know, that I know there is none of these prime kind of Employments to be purchas'd without some kind of Bribe, more or less; yours for this Government shall be, that you accompany your Master *Don Quixote* to end and finish this memorable Adventure; and whether you return on *Clavileno* with such brevity as his Speed promises, or that your adverse Fortune bring and return you home a foot like a Pilgrim from Inn to Inn, and Tavern to Tavern, whenever you come back, you shall find your Island where you left it; and your Islanders with the same desire to receive you for their Governor as they always had, and my good Will shall always be the same; and doubt not, Master *Sancho* of this,

in so doing you would much wrong the desire I have to serve you. No more Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I am a poor Squire, and cannot bear so many Complements on these Shoulders: Let my Master get up, blindfold me, and recommend me to God Almighty, and tell me whether, when I mount into this high flying, I may pray to God, or call upon the Angels to assist me. To which *Trifaldin* answer'd, You may recommend your self to God, or to whom you will; for *Malambruno*, tho' he be an Enchanter, is a Christian, and performs his Enchantments with much sagacity, and very warily, without meddling with any body. Go to then, quoth *Sancho*, God and the Holy Trinity of * *Gaeta* help me. Since the memorable Adventure of the Pulling-Mills, quoth *Don Quixote*, I never saw *Sancho* so fearful as now; and if I were as Superstitious as some are, his pusillanimity would a little disturb my Mind. But come hither *Sancho*, by the Companys leave, I will speak a word or two with you.

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Now they were hud-wink'd, and *Don Quixote* perceiving that all was as it should be, laid hold on the Pin, and scarce had he put his Fingers to it, when all the Waiting-Women, and as many as were present, lifted up their Voices, saying; God be thy Guide, Valorous Knight; God be with thee, undaunted Squire: Now, now you fly through the Air, piercing it swifter than an Arrow: Now you begin to surprize and astonish all that behold you from the Earth. Sit fast Valorous *Sancho*; for thou totter'st, take heed thou fall not; for thy fall will be worse than the bold Youth's that desir'd to drive his Father, the Sun's Chariot. *Sancho* heard the Voices, and getting close to his Master, and clasping his Arms about him, said; Sir how comes it they say we are so high, since we can hear their Voices? And methinks they talk here hard by us. Ne're mind that, quoth *Don Quixote*, for these transactions, and this flying being a thousand Leagues remote from the ordinary course of things, thou may'st hear and see what thou wilt, and do not squeeze me so hard, for thou wilt throw me down: And truly I know not why thou should'st thus tremble and be afraid; for I dare swear, in all my life, I never rode an easier pac'd Horse, he goes as if he never mov'd from the place: Friend, banish fear; for the business goes on as it should do, and we sail before the Wind: That's true, quoth *Sancho*; for the Wind lies as hard upon me on this side, as if a thousand pair of Bellows were blowing me, and it was true enough, for a great pair of Bellows was playing upon him.

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Malambruno is contented and satisfied as his heart could wish, the Waiting-womens Chins are smooth and clean, and the Princes Don Clavijo and Antonomafia are in their pristine Being; and when the Squirely Whipping shall be accomplish'd, the white Pigeon shall be free from the pestiferous Jer-Falcons that persecute her, and in her lov'd Lullers arms; for so it is ordain'd by the sage Merlin, Proto-Enchanter of Enchanters,

When Don Quixote had read the Letters on the Parchment, he understood plainly that they spoke of the disenchanting of *Dulcinea*, and giving many thanks to Heaven for that with so little danger he had perform'd so great an Exploit as reducing the Faces of the venerable Waiting-women who were not now to be seen, to their former smoothness; he went towards the Duke and the Dutchess, who were not as yet come to themselves; and taking the Duke by the hand, said, Courage, noble Sir, all's nothing, the Adventure is now ended, without any hazard, as you may plainly see by the Writing there in that Scrowl. The Duke (like one that rises out of a profound Sleep) by little and little came to himself, and in the same manner the Dutchess, and all those that were down in the Garden, with such Tokens of Surprise and Astonishment, that they even seem'd to perfwade that those things had hapned to them in earnest which they counterfeited in jest. The Duke read the Scrowl with his eyes half shut; and then with open arms went to embrace Don Quixote, saying, he was the bravest Knight that ever was seen, Sancho look'd up and down for the Afflicted, to see what manner of Face she had now she was dis-bearded, and whether she was as beautiful as her gallant Presence seem'd to promise. But they told him, that as *Clavileno* came down burning through the Air, and lighted on the ground, all the Squadron

dron of Waiting-women with *Trifaldi* vanish'd, and now they were shav'd and unfeather'd.

The Dutchess ask'd Sancho how he had far'd in that long Journey? To which he answer'd, I perceiv'd Madam (as my Master told me) that we pass'd through the Region of Fire, and would have uncover'd my self a little; but my Master, whose leave I ask'd, would not let me: yet I who have a certain itch of Curiosity, and a desire to know what is forbidden me, softly, without being observ'd, drew up the handkerchief that blind'd me a little above my Nose, and there I saw the Earth, and methoughts it was no bigger than a grain of Mustard-seed, and the Men that walk'd upon it, somewhat bigger than Hazel-nuts, that you may judge how high we were then. To this the Dutchess said, Take heed, Friend Sancho, what you say; for it seems you saw not the Earth, but the Men that walk'd on it: for it is plain, that if the Earth shew'd no bigger than a grain of Mustard-seed, and every Man like a Hazel-nut, one Man alone would cover the whole Earth. 'Tis true indeed, quoth Sancho; but I look'd on one side of it, and saw it all. Look you, Sancho, quoth the Dutchess, one cannot see all of a thing by one side. I can't tell what belongs to your seeing, Madam, quoth Sancho; but you must think, that since we flew by Enchantment; by Enchantment, I might see the whole Earth and all the Men, which way soever I look'd: and if you believe not this, neither will you believe, that uncovering my self about my eyebrows, I saw my self so near Heaven, that betwixt it and me there was not a handful and a half; and I dare swear, Madam, that 'tis a huge thing: and it hapned that we went that way where the seven She-goat Stars were: and on my Soul and Conscience, having been a Goat-herd in my own Country in my Youth, as soon as I saw them, I had a great mind to divert my self a while with them, and methinks I had burst if I had not done it. Well, as I thought so I did, without speaking a word to any body; no, not to my Master himself: fair and softly I lighted from *Clavileno*, and play'd with the Goats, which are as beautiful as Violets and such pretty Flowers, about three quarters of an hour, and *Clavileno* stir'd not from the place, nor mov'd forward all the while. And while honest Sancho was playing with the Goats, quoth the Duke, What Diversion had Don Quixote? To which Don Quixote

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in so doing you would much wrong the desire I have to serve you. No more Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I am a poor Squire, and cannot bear so many Complements on these Shoulders: Let my Master get up, blindfold me, and recommend me to God Almighty, and tell me whether, when I mount into this high flying, I may pray to God, or call upon the Angels to assist me. To which *Trifaldi* answer'd, You may recommend your self to God, or to whom you will; for *Malambruno*, tho' he be an Enchanter, is a Christian, and performs his Enchantments with much sagacity, and very warily, without meddling with any body. Go to then, quoth *Sancho*, God and the Holy Trinity of **Gaeta* help me. Since the memorable Adventure of the Pulling-Mills, quoth *Don Quixote*, I never saw *Sancho* so fearful as now; and if I were as Superstitious as some are, his pusillanimity would a little disturb my Mind. But come hither *Sancho*, by the Company's leave, I will speak a word or two with you.

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dron of Waiting-women with *Trifaldi* vanish'd, and now they were shav'd and unfeather'd.

The Dutchess ask'd *Sancho* how he had far'd in that long Journey? To which he answer'd, I perceiv'd Madam (as my Master told me) that we pass'd through the Region of Fire, and would have uncover'd my self a little; but my Master, whose leave I ask'd, would not let me: yet I who have a certain itch of Curiosity, and a desire to know what is forbidden me, softly, without being observ'd, drew up the handkerchief that blinded me a little above my Nose, and there I saw the Earth, and methoughts it was no bigger than a grain of Mustard-seed, and the Men that walk'd upon it, somewhat bigger than Hazel-nuts, that you may judge how high we were then. To this the Dutchess said, Take heed, Friend *Sancho*, what you say; for it seems you saw not the Earth, but the Men that walk'd on it: for it is plain, that if the Earth shew'd no bigger than a grain of Mustard-seed, and every Man like a Hazel-nut, one Man alone would cover the whole Earth. 'Tis true indeed, quoth *Sancho*; but I look'd on one side of it, and saw it all. Look you, *Sancho*, quoth the Dutchess, one cannot see all of a thing by one side. I can't tell what belongs to your seeing, Madam, quoth *Sancho*; but you must think, that since we flew by Enchantment; by Enchantment, I might see the whole Earth and all the Men, which way soever I look'd: and if you believe not this, neither will you believe, that uncovering my self about my eyebrows, I saw my self so near Heaven, that betwixt it and me there was not a handful and a half; and I dare swear, Madam, that 'tis a huge thing: and it hapned that we went that way where the * seven She-goat Stars were: and on my Soul and Conscience, having been a Goat-herd in my own Country in my Youth, as soon as I saw them, I had a great mind to divert my self a while with them, and methinks I had burst if I had not done it. Well, as I thought so I did, without speaking a word to any body; no, not to my Master himself: fair and softly I lighted from *Clavileno*, and play'd with the Goats, which are as beautiful as Violets and such pretty Flowers, about three quarters of an hour, and *Clavileno* stir'd not from the place, nor mov'd forward all the while. And while honest *Sancho* was playing with the Goats, quoth the Duke, What Diversion had Don Quixote? To which Don Quixote

* The Spaniard call the Constellation of the Pleiades, Las Siete Cabrilas, or the seven young She-Goats.

Quixote answer'd; Since all these things are quite out of their natural course, 'tis not much that *Sancho* should talk thus. I can say this for my self, that I neither look'd up nor down, neither saw I Heaven or Earth, Seas or Sands: true it is, I perceiv'd I pass'd through the Region of the Air, and came near to that of Fire; but I cannot think we pass'd beyond that; for the Region of Fire being between the Heaven of the Moon and the utmost Region of the Air, we could not come to the Heaven, where the seven Goats are that *Sancho* talks of, without burning our selves: which since we did not, either *Sancho* lyes, or he dreams. I neither lye nor dream, quoth *Sancho*; and if you don't believe me, ask me the Marks of those Goats, and by them you shall see whether I tell true or no. Tell them *Sancho*, quoth the Dutchess. Two of them, quoth *Sancho*, are Green; two Carnation, two Blue, and one Motley colour'd. That's a new sort of Goats, quoth the Duke, in our Region of the Earth we have no such colour'd ones. Oh! you may be sure, quoth *Sancho*, there's difference betwixt heavenly and earthly Goats. Tell me *Sancho*, quoth the Duke; did you see amongst those Shes ever a † He-Goat? No Sir; quoth *Sancho*, but I have heard say, that none of them pass beyond the horns of the Moon. They would ask him no more concerning his Journey; for they fancy'd that *Sancho* would not stick to ramble all over Heaven, and to tell all that was doing there, without stirring out of the Garden. To conclude, this was the End of the Adventure of the *Afflicted Matron*, which was occasion of Mirth to the Duke and Dutchess, not only for the present, but for their whole Life time; and furnish'd *Sancho* with matter of Talk for many Ages, if he were to live so long. But *Don Quixote* whispering *Sancho* in the ear, said to him; *Sancho*, since you will have us believe all that you have seen in Heaven, I will have you believe what I saw in *Montesinos's Cave*; and I say no more.

† This is equivocal, because *Cabron* signifies a He-Goat, and is us'd so express a Cuckold.

C H A P. XLII.

Containing the Advice Don Quixote gave Sancho Pança before he went to govern the Island; with other matters of consequence.

THE Duke and Dutchess were so pleas'd with the happy and diverting Event of the Adventure of *The Afflicted*, that they resolv'd to go on with their jests, seeing so fit an opportunity offer'd to make them pass for earnest; so having contriv'd and given Orders to their Servants and Vassals, that they should obey *Sancho* in his Government of the promis'd Island; the next day after the jest of *Clavileno's* flight, the Duke bid *Sancho* prepare, and put himself in order to go to be Governour; for now his Islanders wish'd for him as they would for Showers in a dry *May*. *Sancho* made an Obedience to him, and said; Since I came down from Heaven, and since from on high I beheld the Earth, and saw it so small, I was partly cool'd in my eager desire of being a Governour; for what Greatness can there be in commanding in a grain of Mustard-seed? or what Dignity or Power in governing half a dozen Men about the bigness of Hazel-nuts? for to my thinking, there were no more on all the Earth. If it would please your Lordship to give me ever so little in Heaven, tho' 'twere but half a League, I would take it with a better Will than the biggest Island in the World. Look you, Friend *Sancho*, quoth the Duke, I can give no part of Heaven to any body, tho' it were no bigger than my nail; for these Favours and Graces are only at God's disposal. What is in my power I give you, that is, an Island right and straight, round and well proportion'd, and extraordinary fertile and abundant, where, if you have the Art, you may with the Riches of the Earth hoard up the Treasure of Heaven. Well then, quoth *Sancho*, give us this Island, and in spite of Rascals I'll strive to be such a Governour that I may go to Heaven: and this not through any desire I have to leave my poor Cottage, or to become great, but because I long to know how it relishes to be a Governour. If once you get a sinack of it, *Sancho*, quoth the Duke, you will be ready to eat your Fingers after the Government, so sweet a thing it is to command, and to be obey'd. I warrant, when your Master comes to be an Emperour (for without doubt he will be one as his

his Affairs go on) he will not easily be drawn from it; and it will grieve him to the Soul to have been so long without it. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I imagine 'tis good to command, tho' it be but a herd of Cattel. With thee would I live and die *Sancho*, quoth the Duke; for thou know'st a little of every thing; and I hope thou wilt be as good a Governour as thy Wisdom seems to promise; and let this suffice: and observe, that to morrow, without delay, thou shalt go to the Government of thy Island, and this Afternoon thou shalt be fitted with convenient Apparel to carry with thee, and all things necessary for thy Departure. Cloath me, quoth *Sancho*, as you will; for howsoever ye cloath me, I shall still be *Sancho Pança*. You are in the right, quoth the Duke; but the Robes must be suitable to the Office or Dignity which is profess'd: for it were not fit that a Lawyer should be clad like a Souldier, or a Souldier like a Priest. You, *Sancho* shall be clad partly like a Lawyer, and partly like a Captain; for in the Island I give you, Arms are as requisite as Learning, and Learning as Arms. As for Learning, I have little of that, quoth *Sancho*, for as yet I scarce know my A. B. C. But 'tis enough that I have my Christ's Cross ready in my Memory to be a good Governour. I'll manage my Weapon till I fall, and so God help me. Having so good a Memory, quoth the Duke, *Sancho* cannot do amiss.

By this time *Don Quixote* came, and understanding what they were about, and that *Sancho* was so speedily to go to his Government, with the Duke's leave he took him by the hand, and carry'd him to his Chamber, intending to advise him how he should behave himself in his Employment. When they were in *Don Quixote's* room he shut the door after him, and in a manner forc'd *Sancho* to sit down by him, and with a stay'd Voice said; I return infinite Thanks to Heaven, Friend *Sancho*, for that good Fortune has advanc'd to meet and receive you, before I have been attended by any. I who had assign'd over the Reward of thy Service upon my happy Success, am yet but on the way to Preferment; and you, beyond all reasonable Expectation, have obtain'd your Desires sooner than was due. Others bribe, sollicite, importune, rise early, pray, press, and do not obtain what they aim at; and another comes, who, without knowing how, or which way, leaps into the Employment, that many more sued for; and here the Proverb is pat to the purpose, that says, *Give a Man luck, and throw him into the Sea*. Thou, who in my opinion art a very Goose, without early rising or sitting up late, without any labour, only the Air of Knight Errantry,

Being

being breath'd upon thee, without any more ado art Governour of an Island, as if it were a matter of nothing. All this I say, *Sancho*, that thou may'st not attribute this Happiness to thy Deserts, but give Thanks to God who sweetly disposes all things; and in the next place to the greatness of the Profession of Knight Errantry. Thy Heart being thus dispos'd to believe what I have said, be attentive, Oh my Son, to this thy *Cato*, that will advise thee, be thy North-star and Guide, to direct and bring thee to a safe Port, out of this troublesome Sea into which thou art going to lanch; for your great Offices and Employments are nothing but a deep gulf of Confusions. First of all, O Son, thou must fear God; for to fear him is Wisdom; and being wise, thou can'st err in nothing. Secondly, Thou must consider who thou art, and know thy self, which is the hardest kind of Knowledge that can be imagin'd. From this Knowledge thou wilt learn not to swell like the Frog that would be equal to the Oxe; for if thou do this, thou shalt soon rowl down the Wheel of thy Madness, and come to bethink thy self thou wert but a Hog-keeper.

That's true, quoth *Sancho*, but 'twas when I was a Boy; for afterwards, when I grew to be somewhat Mannish, I kept Geese, and not Hogs: But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpose; for all those that govern, don't come from the Loins of Kings.

'Tis true, said *Don Quixote*; therefore those that have no noble Beginnings, must mix the Gravity of the Charge they exercise with mild Sweetness; which, guided by Wisdom, may free them from malicious Backbiting, from which no State or Calling is free. Be not ashamed, *Sancho*, of the Meanness of thy Family, and think it no Affront to say, thou com'st of Husbandmen; for if thou art not ashamed thy self, no body will seek to make thee so; and always strive, rather to be humble and virtuous, than proud and vicious. An infinite number from low Beginnings have ascended to the Supreme Pontifical and Imperial Dignities: and to confirm this, I could bring thee so many Examples as would tire thee. Note, *Sancho*, that if you make Virtue your Medium, and strive to do vertuous Deeds, you need not envy those that are born of Princes and great Men; for Blood is inherited, but Virtue is atchieved; and Virtue is of worth by it self alone, more than Birth. Which being so as it is, if perchance any of thy Kindred come to see thee when thou art in thy Island, do not reject, nor affront him; but entertain, welcome, and make much of him, for this will be pleasing

sing to God, who would have no body despise what he has made; and in this thou wilt also do what is due to good nature. If thou have thy Wife with thee, for it is not fit that those who are to govern long should be without them) teach her, instruct her, refine her natural Rudeness; for many times all that a discreet Governour gets, a clownish Woman spills and loses. If thou chance to be a Widower, a thing that may happen, and desire to marry again, take not such a one as may serve thee for a Bait and Fishing-rod to take Bribes: for let me tell thee, the Husband must be accountable for all that his Wife receives as he is a Judge, and at the general Resurrection shall pay fourfold what he has not satisfy'd for in his life-time. Never pronounce Judgment rash or wilfully, which is very frequent with ignorant Judges, who pretend to be skillful. Let the Tears of the Poor find more Compassion, but not more Justice, than the Information of the Rich. Endeavour, as well to find out the Truth among the Promises and Corruptions of the Rich, as the Sobs and Importunities of the Poor. When Equity should or may take place, lay not all the rigour of the Law upon the Delinquent; for the Name of a rigorous Judge is not better than that of the Compassionate. If the Rod of Justice bend, let it not be with the weight of a Bribe, but with the weight of Mercy. When thou happen'st to judge thy Enemies case, turn away thy Eyes from thy Injury, and fix them on the matter of Fact. Let not thy own Passion blind thee in another man's Cause; for the Errors thou shalt commit therein, for the most part are incurable; or if they be redress'd, it must be with the expence of thy Wealth and Credit. If any beautiful Woman come to demand Justice of thee, turn thy eyes from her tears, and thy ears from her Lamentations, and consider at leisure the sum of her Requests, unless thou mean that thy Reason should be drown'd in her Tears, and thy Honesty in her Sighs. Him thou art to punish with Deeds, revile not with Words; since to a Wretch the Punishment is sufficient, without adding ill Language. For the Delinquent that falls under thy Jurisdiction, consider that the miserable Man is subject to the Temptations of our deprav'd Nature; and, as much as thou can'st, without grievance to the contrary Party, shew thy self mild and gentle; for tho' God's Attributes are equal, yet to our Sight his mercy is more precious and more eminent than his Justice. If, *Sancho*, thou follow these Rules and Precepts, thy days shall be long, thy Fame eternal, thy Rewards full, thy Happiness unspeakable, thou shalt marry thy Children as thou wilt, they and thy Grandchildren shall have

Titles,

Titles, thou shalt live in Peace and Love of all Men, and when thy Life is ending, Death shall take thee in a mature old Age, and thy Great-grandsons shall close thy Eyes with their tender and delicate hands. These I have hitherto given thee, are Documents that will adorn thy Soul: hearken now to those that must serve for the ornament of thy Body.

C H A P. XLIII.

The second part of Don Quixote's Instructions to Sancho Pança.

WHO could have heard this Discourse, and not have held *Don Quixote* for a most prudent and well-meaning Person? But as it has been often said in the course of this large History, he was only besotted when he touch'd upon his Chivalry, and in the rest of his Talk he shew'd a clear and solid Judgment; so that every foot his Actions betray'd his Judgment, and his Judgment his Actions: But in these second Documents he now gave *Sancho*, he shew'd a great deal of Gayety, and equally poiz'd his Judgment and his Madness. *Sancho* hearken'd most attentively to him, and strove to bear in mind his Instructions, as thinking to observe them, and by them to be very well deliver'd of his big-swohn Government: and *Don Quixote* proceeded, saying;

As for the governing thy own Person and Household, *Sancho*, the first thing I enjoin thee, is, to be cleanly, and to pare thy Nails, not letting them grow as some do, whose Ignorance has made them think 'tis a fine thing to have long Nails; as if that Excrement and Superfluity which they suffer to grow, were only their Nails, whereas they are rather like the Talons of a Hawk: a foul and extraordinary Abuse. Go not ungirt or loose, for a slovenly Garment is the sign of a careless Mind, unless this kind of slovenly Looseness be for some cunning end; as it was judg'd to be in *Julius Cesar*. Consider discreetly what thy Government may be worth; and if it will afford thee to bestow Liveries on thy Servants, give them decent (and serviceable ones, rather than gawdy or slightly, and so divide thy Cloth amongst thy Servants and the Poor: I mean, if thou canst keep six Pages, keep three, and give the rest to the Poor; so shalt thou have Pages in Earth and in Heaven: and vain-glorious Men have not found out this new

way of giving Liveries. Eat no Garlick nor Onions, that thy Pefantry may not be known by thy breath: walk leifurely and fpeak ftay'dly; but not as if thou didft listen to thy felf, for all kind of affectation is naught. Eat little at dinner, but lefs at fupper; for the health of the whole body depends on the ftomack. Be temperate in drinking; remembering that too much Wine neither keeps fecret nor performs promife. Take heed *Sancho* of chewing on both fides, or eructing be- fore any body.

I underftand not your eructing (quoth *Sancho*.) To eruct (quoth he) is to belch; and this is one of the fouleft words our language has, tho it be very fignificant; fo neat people have gotten the Latin word, and call belching eructing, and belchers eructers: and tho fome perhaps underftand not this expreffion, 'tis no great matter, for ufe and custom will by degrees introduce it fo that it will be eafily underftood, and this is enriching of a language, which is in the power of the multitude and custom. Truly Sir (faid *Sancho*) one of your counfels, which I defign to remember, fhall be not to belch, for I ufe to do it often. Eruct *Sancho*, not belch (quoth *Don Quixote*.) Eruct I will fay (quoth he) from hencefor- ward, and not forget it.

In the next place, *Sancho*, you muft not intermix your Difcourfe with that multiplicity of Proverbs you ufe; for tho Proverbs be witty fhort Sentences, yet you bring them in fo by head and fhoulders, that they are rather Abfurdities than Sentences. As for that, quoth *Sancho*, only God Al- mighty can mend it; for I have more Proverbs than a Book will hold, and when I fpeak they come fo thick into my mouth, that they fall out, and ftrive one with another, who fhall come out firft: but my tongue throws out the firft it meets, tho they be nothing to the purpofe, but I will have a care hereafter to fpeak none but fuch as fhall be fuitable to the gravity of my place; for *where there is plenty, the Guefts are not empty; and he that cuts, does not deal; and he is fafe who ftands under the Bells; And his judgments rare, that can fpend and fpare.* So, fo *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) go on trump up thy Proverbs now no body hinders you, the more you are told of a thing, the more you do it: I bid you leave your Proverbs; and in an instant you have fpew'd out a Litany of them, and as much to our purpofe, as, *To morrow I found a horfe-shoe.* Look ye *Sancho*, I don't find fault with a Proverb brought in to fome purpofe; but to load and heap on Proverbs at a venture makes a difcourfe fulfome and mean.

When

When thou get'ft on Horfe-back, do not lean thy Body back upon the Crupper, nor carry thy Legs ftiff down, and ftadling from the Horfes Belly; nor yet fo loofly, as if thou wert ftill riding on thy Dapple, for riding makes fome look like Gentlemen, and others like Grooms. Let thy Sleep be moderate; for he that riles not with the Sun, lofes the Day: And obferve, *Sancho*, That diligence is the Mother of good Fortune; and Sloth her oppofite never could fatisfie a good defire. This laft advice that I mean to give thee, tho' it be not for Ornament of thy Body, yet I would have thee fix it in thy Memory; for I believe it will be of no lefs ufe to thee, than thofe I have hitherto given thee, and it is, That thou never difpute of Families, comparing them together, fince of neceffity amongft thofe that are compar'd, one muft be the better; and he thou debafeft, will hate, and he thou ex- toll'ft will not thank thee. * Let thy Apparel be clofe Bree- ches, and Stockings, a long Waftecoat, and a Coat fome- what longer; but no wide knee'd Breeches, for they become neither Gentlemen nor Governors. This is the advice that occurs for the prefent; as time and occafions ferve hereafter, fo fhall my Inftuctions be, provided thou be careful to let me know how thou doft.

Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I am fatisfy'd you have told me no- thing but what is Good, Holy, and Profitable: But to what purpofe, if I remember nothing of it? True it is, that a- bout not letting my Nails grow, and marrying again if need be, will not out of my Noddle; but your other flabber- fawces, your Tricks and Quillets, I neither do, nor ever fhall remember them any more than I do laft years Clouds: Therefore I pray let me have them in Writing; for tho' I can neither write nor read, I'll give them to my Confeffor, that he may beat and hammer them into me, at a time of need. God is my Life, quoth *Don Quixote*, how ill it looks in a Governor, not to write or read! for you muft under- ftand, *Sancho*, that for a Man not to read, or to be left-hand- ed, argues that either he was the Son of mean Parents, or fo unhappy and untowardly, that no good could prevail on him. That is a very great defect, and therefore I would have thee learn to write your Name at leaft. I can fign my Name, quoth *Sancho*, for when I was a Parifh Officer in

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* This Tranflation of Apparel cannot be exact, becaufe there is no- thing in the Englifh Garb to answer the Spanifh words, which are Calça enterá, Ropilla, Herrerueto & Greguefcos.

our Town, I learn'd to make some Letters, such as they use to mark Bales of Stuff, which they said spelt my Name: Besides, I'll feign that my right hand is maim'd, and so another shall Sign for me; for there's a remedy for every thing but Death: And since I have the Power in my own Hands, I'll do what I please: For according to the Proverb, *It is good to have a Friend at Court*, and I being a Governour, am more than a Friend at Court. Ay, ay, let 'em handle and see, and play upon me; let 'em come for Wool, and I'll send them away shorn; when God loves a Man, he can soon find the way to his House; and the rich Man's Follies pass for Sentences in the World: So I being rich, and a Governor, and liberal too, as I design to be, no body will see my faults. No, but pray daub your self with Honey, and the Flies will devour you *What you have, that you are sure of*, quoth a Grandam of mine: *And Might overcomes Right*. Oh God's Curse light on thee, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, Threescore thousand Devils take thee and thy Proverbs; thou hast been an hour ratling of 'em out, and every one of 'em is to me like a fresh pull upon the Rack. I'll answer for it, these Proverbs will one time or other carry thee to the Gallows; for them thy Subjects will deprive thee of thy Government, or they will rise in Rebellion. Tell me, where dost thou find them, Dunces? Or how dost thou apply them, Ninny-hammer? For it makes me sweat and labour as if I were digging, to speak one, and apply it rightly. By the Lord, Master, quoth Sancho, a small matter makes you angry: Why the Devil do you fret because I make use of my own Goods? For I have no other, nor any other Stock but Proverbs upon Proverbs: And now four come in my way, that would hit pat here, and fit like Hand and Glove; but I will say nothing, for now true Silence is call'd Sancho, Thou art none of that Sancho, quoth Don Quixote; for thou art so far from true Silence, that thou art impertinent Talk, and Positiveness; yet I would fain know what four Proverbs those are that came into thy mind, so fit for the purpose; for I can think upon none, and yet I have a good Memory. Where can there be any better? said Sancho, than *Never clap thy Thumbs betwixt two Cheek-Teeth*. And when a Man says, *get out of my House, what business have you with my Wife? There's no answer to be made*. And, *Whether the Pitcher hits the Stone, or the Stone hits the Pitcher, it is bad for the Pitcher*. All which fit to a hair. Let no Body contend with his Governour, or with him that has Power over him, for he'll get the worst on't, as he does who puts in his Finger betwixt two Cheek-Teeth, and tho' they

they be not Cheek-Teeth, so they be Teeth, 'tis the same thing. And whatever the Governour says, there is no replying, even as when a Man says, *Get you out of my House, and, What will you have of my Wife?* And for that of the Pot and the Stone, a blind Man may see into it: So that *he who sees the Moat in another Man's Eye, let him see the Beam in his own*, that it may not be said by him, *The dead Woman was frighted at her that was beheaded*. And you know, Sir, that *the Fool knows more in his own House, than the Wise Man does in anothers*. Not so, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, for the Fool knows nothing, neither in his own House, nor another Man's, because no wise Structure can be rais'd upon the Foundation of his Folly: And let us leave this, Sancho, for if thou Govern ill, it will be thy fault, but the shame will be mine: Yet it is a comfort to me that I have done my Duty in advising thee seriously, and as discreetly as I could, and thus I have perform'd what I was oblig'd to and had promis'd. God speed thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy Government, and deliver me from the scruple I have that thou wilt turn thy Island topsie turvy, which I might prevent, by letting the Duke know who thou art, and informing him how all that fat and little Carcass of thine, is nothing but a Sack of Proverbs and Knavery. Sir, quoth Sancho, if you think I am not fit for this Government, from hence forth I quit claim to it, for I love the little black of the Nail of my Soul, better than my whole Body: And I can live as well being plain Sancho with Bread and an Onion, as being a Governour with Capons and Partridges: And whilst we are asleep, all are alike; great and small, poor and rich; and if you consider on't, you will find that you alone put me into this vein of Governing: For I know no more what belongs to Governing of Islands than a Vulture, and if you imagine that the Devil must fetch me for being a Governour; I had rather be Sancho, and go to Heaven, than a Governour and go to Hell. By Heavens, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, for these last words thou hast spoken, I think thee worthy to Govern a thousand Islands; thou hast a good inclination, without which no Science is worth any thing; Serve God, and endeavour not to err in thy first Intentions; I mean, that thou always have a firm purpose and design to do the best in all business that shall occur, because Heaven always favours good desires, and let's go Dine: for I believe now the Lord and Lady expect us.

C H A P. XLIV.

How Sancho Pança was carry'd to his Government, and of the strange Adventure that besel Don Quixote in the Castle.

IT is reported, that in the Original of this History, it appears, that *Cid Hamete* having written this Chapter, his Interpreter translated it not as he writ it, which was making a kind of complaint against himself, for undertaking so scant and barren a History, as this of *Don Quixote*, as thinking himself oblig'd always to speak of him and *Sancho*, without daring to launch out into other more diverting and grave Episodes, and Digressions, and he said, That to have his Invention, his Hand and his Pen, ty'd to one only Subject, and to speak by the Mouths of few Persons, was a most insupportable Labour, and of no advantage to the Author: So that to avoid this inconveniency, in the first Part he made use of some Novels, as that of *The Curious Impertinent*, and the other of *The Captive Captain*, which are, as it were, separate from the History, tho' the rest there related, are accidents that happen'd to *Don Quixote* himself, which could not but be set down: He was also of Opinion, as he said, that many led away by the attention *Don Quixote's* Exploits require, would not mind his Novels, and would either run them over in haste, or with dislike without reflecting on the Artificial Contrivance of them, which would plainly appear, had they come abroad by themselves without the mixture of *Don Quixote's* Follies, or *Sancho's* Simplicities. Therefore in this Second Part, he would not insert any loose or pertinent Novels, but only some Episodes that might resemble them, arising from such Passages as Truth it self offers; and even these sparingly, and in as few words as could express them: and since he confines and ties himself up to the narrow bounds of this Relation, tho' he has an Understanding, Sufficiency and Ability fit to treat of all the World; his Request is, that his Labour may not be contemned, but rather that he be commended, not for what he Writes, but for what he has forbore to Write: and then he goes on with his History, saying:

That when *Don Quixote* had Din'd, the same Day he gave *Sancho* his Instructions, in the Afternoon he let him have them

them in Writing, that he might seek some body to read them to him: But as soon as ever he had given him them, he lost them, and they came to the Duke's Hands, who shew'd them to the Dutchess; and both of them afresh admir'd *Don Quixote's* Madness, and his Wit at once: And so going on with their Jest, that Afternoon they sent *Sancho* well Attended to the Place, that to him was to be an Island.

It fell out then, that the Management of this Business was committed to a Steward of the Dukes, a Man of Sense, and very Witty; for there can be no Wit where there is not Sense; it was he that acted the Countess *Trifaldi's* Part, so ingeniously as has been related: Being thus qualify'd, and having his Master's Instructions how to behave himself towards *Sancho*, he perform'd his Task to a Miracle. Now it happen'd, that as soon as *Sancho* saw the Steward, *Trifaldi's* very Face appear'd to him in his, and turning to his Master, he said; Sir, the Devil take me from this place this Moment as I stand, if you don't confess, that this Steward of the Dukes here present, has the very Countenance of the Afflicted Matron. *Don Quixote* earnestly beheld the Steward, and having thorowly view'd him, said to *Sancho*: There is no need of the Devils taking thee just as thou stand'st, for I know not what thou mean'st, for the Afflicted Matrons Face is just the same as the Steward's is: But for all that the Steward is not the Afflicted Matron, for that would imply a palpable contradiction, and now 'tis no time to examine those Points, which were entering into an intricate Labyrinth. Believe me, Friend; it is requisite to Pray to God very earnestly, to deliver us from these damn'd Witches and Enchanters. 'Tis no jesting matter, quoth *Sancho*, for I heard him speak before, and methought the very Voice of *Trifaldi* sounded in my Ears. Well, I will be silent: But yet I will be upon the watch hereafter, to see whether I can discover any other token to confirm or take away my Jealousie. You may do so, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; and you shall give me notice of all you discover in this Business, and of all that shall befall you in your Government.

In fine, *Sancho* set out attended by a great Troop, clad like a Lawyer, and over all he had a large Tawny Riding-Coat of watred Chamblet, and a Hunters Cap of the same, he rode upon a He Mule after the Genet fashion, that is the *Stirrops short*, and behind him, by the Duke's Order, his Dapple was led, with Trappings, and Assish Furniture all of Silk: *Sancho* turn'd his Head now and then to look upon his Ass, with whose Company he was so well pleas'd, that

he would not have chang'd to have been Emperor of Germany. At parting, he kiss'd the Duke's Hands, and receiv'd his Master's Blessing, who gave it him with Tears, and *Sancho* receiv'd it blubbering.

Now Reader let honest *Sancho* go in Peace and in a good hour, and expect two bushels of Laughter, which his behaviour in his Government will furnish you with when you hear it, and in the mean time, mark what befel his Master that very Night: For if it make you not laugh out-right, yet it will force you to shew your Teeth, and grin like an Ape; for *Don Quixote's* Affairs must either be celebrated with Admiration or laughter. 'Tis reported then, that *Sancho* was scarce departed, when *Don Quixote* mis'd him, and if it had been possible for him to have revok'd his Commission, or taken away his Government, he would have done it. The Dutchess perceiv'd his Melancholy, and ask'd him why he was so sad? For if it were for *Sancho's* absence, she had Squires and Waiting-Women, and Damsels in her House that would do him all the Service he should desire. True it is Madam, quoth *Don Quixote*, that I am troubl'd at *Sancho's* absence: But that is not the principal cause that makes me appear sad: And of those many offers your Excellency makes me, I only accept and make choice of the good will with which they are made; and for the rest, I humbly beseech your Excellency that you give me leave in my Chamber to serve my self.

Truly Sir, quoth the Dutchess, it must not be so; for four of my Damsels, as fair as four Flowers, shall wait upon you. They will be no Flowers to me, quoth he, but Thorns to pierce my Soul. They may as well fly as enter into my Chamber, or come near me. If your Greatness will continue your Favours towards me, tho' unworthy, leave me to my self, that I may serve my self within my own Doors, that I may raise a Wall betwixt my Desires and my Modesty, and I will not break this Custom for all the Bounty your Highness will use towards me. To conclude, I will rather lie in my Cloathes, than consent that any body shall help to undress me. Enough, enough, good Sir, quoth the Dutchess, for my part, I'll give order that not so much as a Fly shall come within your Room, much less a Damsel: I am none of those that would make *Don Quixote* transgress in point of Decency, for as near as I can guess, that which most exerts it self among his many Vertues, is his Modesty. Dress and undress your self, alone, after your own Fashion, how and when you please, and no body shall hinder you, for

for in your Chamber you shall find all things necessary for a Person so reserv'd, that no corporal necessity may oblige you to open it. Long live the Great *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and may her Name be far extended upon the Globe of the Earth, since she deserv'd to be belov'd by so Modest and so Valiant a Knight; and the Gracious Heavens infuse into *Sancho Panga* our Governor's Heart, a desire to finish the whipping of himself speedily, that the World may enjoy the Beauty of so great a Lady. To which, *Don Quixote* said, your Highness has spoken like your self; for no ill thing can proceed from the Mouth of so good a Lady, and *Dulcinea* will be the more happy, and more esteem'd in the World, because your Greatness has prais'd her, than if she had the Praises of the best Rhetoricians in the World. Well, Sir, quoth the Dutchess, 'tis now Supper-time, and the Duke expects us; come Sir, let us Sup and you shall go to Bed betimes, for your yesterdays *Candaya* Journey was not so short, but it has left some weariness in you. I feel none at all Madam, quoth he, for I dare swear to your Excellency, that in my Life-time I never rode an easier Beast, nor a better goer than *Clavileno*; and I know no reason why *Malabrundo* should lose so swift and so gentle a Horse, and burn him without more ado. You may imagine, quoth she, that he repenting him of the hurt he had done *Trifaldi* and her Company, and many others; and of the wickedness, that as a Wizard and Enchanter he had committed, would destroy the Instruments of that Profession, and so burnt *Clavileno* as the chiefest of them; and that which did most disquiet him, roving up and down; and so with his burnt Ashes, and the Trophy of the Scrole, *Don Quixote's* Valour is eterniz'd.

Don Quixote again gave fresh thanks to the Dutchess; and when he had Sup'd, retir'd to his Chamber alone, without permitting any body to come in to serve him, he was so afraid to meet with occasions that might induce him to forget the Vertuous decorum due to his Lady *Dulcinea*, having ever before his Eyes the goodness of *Amadis*, the Flower and Mirror of Knights Errant. He shut the Door after him, and undress'd himself by the light of two Wax Candles, and as he pull'd off his Hose, O ill luck, unworthy such a Person, there fell, not Sighs, or any thing that might discredit his cleanly neatness, but about four and twenty Stitches in a Stocking, which made it look like a Lattice-window: The good Knight was extreemly afflicted, and would have given an Ounce of Silver for a Dram of green Silk: Green Silk I say, because his Stockings were green.

Here *Benengeli* exclaim'd saying; Oh Poverty, Poverty, I know not what mov'd that famous *Cordova* Poet, to call thee holy thankless gift. For I that am a Moor, know very well by the Communication I have had with Christians, that Holiness consists in Charity, Humility, Faith, Obedience and Poverty: But for all that I say, a Man had need have special Grace from God, to be contented, and poor, unless it be with such a kind of Poverty as one of the greatest Saints speaks of: *Esteem all things as if you had them not, and this is call'd Poverty of Spirit.* But thou, second Poverty of which I speak, why dost thou intrude upon Gentlemen, and such as are well born, more than upon other People? Why dost thou make them cobble their Shooes, and wear on their Jerkins some Silk, some Hair, and some Glass Buttons? Why must their Ruffs for the most part, hang in rumples, and not be set in a Mold? *And by this you may perceive how ancient the use of Starch is, and of setting Ruffs.* He proceeds; Unhappy he, who being well born, puts his Credit to shifts, faring ill with his Door lock'd to him, making a dissembling Hypocrite of his Tooth picker, with which he comes into the Street picking his Teeth, tho' he has eaten nothing that requires such cleanliness: Unhappy he, I say, whose Honour is subject to frights, and who thinks that at a League distance others discover a patch upon his Shooe, the greasiness of his Hat, the bareness of his Coat, and the sharpness of his Maw.

All this was renew'd in *Don Quixote* by the rent in his Stocking: But his comfort was, that *Sancho*, had left him a pair of Boots, which he thought to put on the next day. Finally, to Bed he went heavy and pensive, as well for want of *Sancho's* Company, as for the irreparable misfortune of his Stocking, whose Stitches he would have taken up, tho' it had been with Silk of another colour, which is one of the greatest tokens of Want a Gentleman can shew in the Course of his tedious Misery. He put out the Lights; 'twas hot, and he could not sleep; so he rose from his Bed, and open'd a little the Shutter of a bar'd-Window that look'd into a curious Garden; and as he open'd it, he perceiv'd and heard People stirring and talking in the Garden; he listen'd to them, and they below rais'd their Voices, so that he could hear these words;

Do not pre'ss me to sing *Emerencia*, being you know that ever since this Stranger has been in the Castle, and my Eyes beheld him, I cannot sing but weep; besides my Lady sleeps not very sound; and I would not have her know we are here
for

for all the World; and tho' she should sleep, and not wake, yet my singing, were in vain, if this new *Aneas* sleep, and wake not to give ear to it, since he is come into my Country to leave me scorn'd and forsaken. Do not fancy that, Friend *Altisidora*, said the other, for doubtless the Dutches and every body else in the House is asleep, except the Lord of thy Heart, and the Alarm of thy Soul, for now I heard him open his Window, and he is certainly awake: Sing my poor griev'd Creature, in a low and sweet Tone, to the Musick of thy Harp; and if the Dutches should perceive it: our excuse shall be, that we are here by reason 'tis so hot within Doors. 'Tis not for our being here, *Emerencia*, quoth *Altisidora*! But that I am not willing my Song should discover my Heart; and that I should be taken by those that have no knowledge of the powerful force of Love, for a whimsical light Hufwife: But come what will on it, *better shame in the Face than sorrow in the Heart*: with that she began to play on a Harp most sweetly. Which when *Don Quixote* heard it amaz'd him, for that moment he bethought himself of the infinite Adventures of that nature at Windows, Grates, Gardens, of Musick, Courting, and Fopperies that he had read in his mad Books of Knighthood; and straight he imagin'd that some Damfel of the Dutches was in Love with him, and that Modesty oblig'd her to conceal her Affection, he was afraid lest she should prevail upon him, but firmly purpos'd not to be vanquish'd; so recommending himself, Heart and Soul, to his Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, he resolv'd to hearken to the Musick: and that they might know he was there, he feign'd a Sneeze, which not a little pleas'd the Damsels, who desir'd nothing else but that he should listen to them: So *Altisidora* having try'd and tun'd her Harp, began this Song.

* *Thou that bury'd ev'ry Night in
Holland Sheets, with Legs outspread,
And thy Arms thrown o're thy Head
Lyst, and dream'st of War and Fighting.*

*Pride of Chivalry! Whose bold
Courage Mancha ne're cou'd fellow;
Brighter and more Chaste than Yellow
Beams of fine Arabian Gold.*

Hear

Hear a Virgins doleful Sighs
Tall of growth, but curs'd with Passion!
Whose Soul suffers Conflagration
From the two bright Suns thy Eyes.

Full of Fierceness, and dire Dudgeon,
While you ramble for Adventures,
You have hung me on the Tenters,
Yet refuse to bring the Surgeon.

Tell me, O thou Valiant Knight!
(Plagues redouble on thy Head!)
Where a Devil wert thou bred?
Sure upon some Mountains height.

Such thy Cruelty, I'd swear
Tygers gave thee suck with Blood;
Or within some shaggy Wood
Thou wert dry nurs'd by a Bear.

Well may Dulcinea brag on
(Lady of Gigantick Size)
The proud Conquest of her Eyes,
That could tame a very Dragon.

Oh that I were in her Place!----
Hang me if I wou'd not give
My best Fringes, as I live!
And my Petticoat all Lace.

For thy dear Embraces; and if
That's deny'd, to sit o'th Bed
Looking thy Sagacious Head,
Combing out the Lice and Dandriff.

No---- that Honour's much too great
For a Wretch of so mean Merit;
And 'twill please my humble Spirit
If I may but stroak thy Feet.

Oh what Night-Caps I'd present ye!
Socks too wrought with Silver Stitches,
Many a Pair of Damask Breeches
Cloaks of Holland eke good Plenty.

Then

Then for Jewels---- Pearls like Pidgeons
Eggs, or Walnuts ev'n the least;
Such as from the West to th' East
Ne're were Match'd, but by as big ones.

Do not from Tarpeian Gallery
Cruel Nero! Without pity
View this Burning of my City,
And encrease it with thy Raillery.

Young I am, a tender Honey,
Not a past fifteen on Honour!
Fourteen and three quarters---- no more.
As I hope for Matrimony.

Whole from Head to Foot, and strait
Without Stays and padded Dresses.
When I walk, my Lillie Tresses
Dangling sweep the ground in State.

But my Mouth you'll say's too spacious----
Well, for once I grant ye that Sir;
Yet my Nose is short and Flat Sir,
And my Teeth are bright Topazes.

For my Voice, and Skill in Singing.
If you've Ears you can't but seek it----
And my Humour----tho' I speak it----
Is, it may be, no less winning.

All this Beauty, and much more a
Conquest of thy Carming Face is;
I'm a Damsel of her Grace's,
And my Name's Altsidora.

Here the fore wounded *Altsidora* ended her Song, and the Consternation of the Court'd *Don Quixote* began, who fetching a deep sigh, said within himself, That I should be so unhappy an Errant, that no Damsel can see me, but she falls in Love with me: That *Dulcinea del Toboso* should be so unfortunate, that they will not let her alone to enjoy my incomparable Constancy: Queens, what would you have with her! Empreßes, why do you persecute her! Damsels of fourteen or fifteen Years, why do you bait her! Leave, leave the poor
Creature.

Creature; let her Triumph, Glory, and Rejoyce in the Lot Love gave her, in subduing to her my Heart, and delivering her my Soul. Look ye, enamour'd Troop, to *Dulcinea* alone am I soft as Wax and Dough, and to all others hard as Flint: For her I am Honey; for you bitter Aloes. To me only *Dulcinea* is Beautiful, Discreet, Modest, Gay, well born: and all others foul, foolish, light, and of mean descent. Nature threw me into the World to be only hers, and no body's else: Let *Altisidora* Weep or Sing: Let the Lady despair for whom I was bang'd in the Castle of enchanted Moor. * *Dulcinea's* I am, right or wrong, hers Pure, Civil, and Modest, in spite of all the powerful Witchcrafts on the Earth; and with this he clapt to the Window, and all in a Passion and troubl'd, as if some misfortune had befallen him, he got to Bed, where for the present we will leave him, because the Great *Sancho Pança* calls upon us, who is to begin his famous Government.

* Alluding to the Adventure of Maritornes and the Carrier in the first Part of the History.

C H A P. XLV.

How the Great Sancho Pança took Possession of his Island, and the manner of his beginning to Govern.

O Thou perpetual Surveyour of the Antipodes, Torch of the World, Eye of Heaven, sweet promoter of the Bottle, one while *Titan*, another *Phœbus*; sometimes an Archer, other whiles a Physician; Father of Poetry; Inventer of Musick; thou who always risest, and tho' it seem so, yet never settest. To thee I direct my Discourse O Sun, by whose help Man begets Man: Thee I call upon to assist me and enlighten my dark Wit, that I may punctually run through the Narration of the Great *Sancho Pança's* Government; for without thee I am dull, lukewarm and disorderly: Thus then I proceed.

Sancho with all his Troop came to a Town, in which were about a thousand Inhabitants, and was one of the best the

the Duke had: They told him the Island was call'd *Barataria*, either because the Town was call'd * *Baratario*, or else because he had obtain'd his Government so cheap. When he came to the Town Gates, for it was wall'd, the Officers came out to welcom him; the Bells rung, and all the Inhabitants, made shew of a general gladness, and carry'd him with much Pomp to the great Church, to give God thanks: Then after some ridiculous Ceremonies, they deliver'd him the Keys, and receiv'd him as perpetual Governor of the Island *Barataria*. His Apparel, his Beard, his fatness, and the shortness of this new Governour, made all the People admire that knew not the Jig of the matter, and even those that knew it, which were many. In fine, when he came out of the Church, they carry'd him to the Judgment Seat, and plac'd him in it, and the Duke's Steward said to him; It is an old Custom, my Lord Governor, in this Island, that he who comes to take Possession of this famous Island, must answer to a difficult and intricate Question that is put to him, and by his Answer the Town guesses at and judges of their New Governor's Capacity, and accordingly, either rejoyces or is disturb'd at his coming.

Whilst the Steward said this to *Sancho*, he was looking upon some great Letters that were written upon the Wall over against his Seat; and because he himself could not read, he ask'd what Painting that was on the Wall? It was, answer'd him; Sir, the Day is set down there when your Honour took Possession of this Island, and the Inscription runs thus; *This Day, being such a Day of the Month and Year, the Lord Don Sancho Pança took Possession of this Island, long may he enjoy it.* And who is it they call *Don Sancho Pança*, said *Sancho*? Your Honour, quoth the Steward; for no other *Pança* has come into this Island, but he that is now in the Chair. Well, mark you Friend, quoth *Sancho*, there belongs no † *Don* to me, nor was there ever any in all my Family, I am plain *Sancho*, my Father was call'd *Sancho*, my Grandfather *Sancho*, and all were *Pança's* without any addition of *Dons* or *Domas*, and I believe in this Island the *Dons* are as thick as Stones: But 'tis enough, God knows my meaning; and perhaps if my Government last but four Days to an end,

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* *Barato* in Spanish is Cheap.

† *Don* is a Title that properly belongs only to Families of Note, but of late is grown very common, which is it that *Sancho* here would ridress.

I'll weed out these *Dons*; which being so numerous are likely as troublesome as the Gnats. On with your Question, Master Steward, I'll answer you as well as I can, whether the Town be troubl'd or pleas'd.

At this time two Men came into the Court; the one clad like a Husbandman, the other like a Taylor, with a pair of Sheers in his Hand; the Taylor said, My Lord Governour I and this Husbandman are come before your Worship, because this honest Man came yesterday to my Shop, and I, saying your Reverence, am a Taylor, and a free Man, God be thanked, and shewing me a piece of Cloth ask'd me, Sir, will there be enough here to make me a Capouch? I having measur'd the Cloth, answer'd him yes: He fancy'd, as I imagin'd, right, that I would certainly steal some of his Cloath, grounding his conceit on his own Malice, and the ill Opinion he had of Taylors; and reply'd, bidding me see whether there were enough to make two: I smelt his drift, and said yes; and my Gentleman continuing in his first Knavish intention, went on multiplying Capouches, and I still adding more yeas, till we came to five, and just now he came for them, I gave em him, and he will not pay me for the making, but requires me to pay for, or return him his Cloth. Is all this truth, quoth *Sancho*? Yes, my Lord, said the Fellow; but pray, Sir, let him shew the five Capouches he has made me; with all my Heart, quoth the Taylor, and immediately taking his Hand from under his Coat, he shew'd five Capouches in it, one upon each Finger, and said, Here are the five Capouches this honest Man asks for, and upon my Soul and Conscience I have not a Shread of Cloth left, as any Workman shall judge. All the Court laugh'd at the number of Capouches, and the strange Tryal. *Sancho*, after a little considering on it, said; Methinks, in this Suit there needs no delay, but a short and plain Judgment; my Sentence therefore is, that the Taylor lose his Labour, and the Husbandman his Cloath, and that the Capouches be given to the poor Prisoners, and let no more be said on't. So the Judgment was executed.

Next there came before him two ancient Men; the one had a Cane which he us'd as a Staff, and the other who had none said, Sir, I lent this honest Man long since, Ten Crowns in good Gold, to do him a kindness, to be repaid upon demand; I forbore asking for them a good while, because I would not put him to more trouble to repay me, than he had been at when he borrow'd them of me; but thinking he neglected to pay me, I have ask'd him more than once or twice



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twice for my Money, which he not only refuses to return me, but denies them, and says, I never lent him the Ten Crowns, or if I did lend them, that he has paid me: I have no Witnesses, either of the Loan, or of the Payment; because he has not paid, now I would desire you to give him his Oath: And if he will swear he has paid me, I forgive him before God and the World. What say you to this, honest old Man with the Staff? quoth *Sancho*, The old Man answer'd, Sir, I confess he lent them me, and hold down your Rod, * for since he refers himself to my Oath, I will swear that I have restor'd and repay'd them really and truly. The Governour held down his Rod, and in the mean time, he with the Staff, gave it the other old Man to hold, whilst he was to swear, as if it had hindred him; so with his Hand he made a Cross over the Rod of Justice, saying, 'Twas true he had lent him the Ten Crowns he demanded; but that he had truly restor'd and paid them into his own Hand, and because he had forgot it, he was continually demanding them. Which when the Great Governour saw, he ask'd the Creditor what he could say against his Adversary? He answer'd, that doubtless his Debtor spoke Truth, for he took him to be an honest Man, and a good Christian, and it might be he had forgotten, how or when he paid him, and that from thence forward he would never demand any thing of him. The Debtor took his Staff again, and making an Obedience, was departing the Court; which when *Sancho* saw, and that he was going without any more ado, and seeing the others Patience, he let fall his Head on his Breast, and clapt the Index of his right Hand upon his Nose and Eye-brows, and was a pretty while as it were considering, and by and by lifted up his Head, and commanded the old Man with the Staff to be call'd back. He came, and *Sancho* seeing him, said, Honest Man, give me that Staff, for I have a use for it. With all my Heart, quoth the old Man; here it 'tis, Sir, and gave it him. *Sancho* took it, and giving it the other old Man, said, Go in God's Name, now you are paid. I Sir, said the old Man? Why, can this Cane be worth Ten Crowns? Yes, said the Governour, or else I am the veriest Blockhead in the World: And now you shall see whether I have a Brain or no to Govern a whole Kingdom: So he commanded the Cane to be broken before all the Company, which

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* The way of Swearing in some Cases, is to hold down the Rod of Justice, and making a Cross upon it to swear by that.

which was done, and in the hollow of it they found the Ten Crowns. They were all surpriz'd at this, and look'd upon their Governor as a second *Solomon*. They ask'd him whence he gather'd that the Ten Crowns were in the Cane? He answer'd, That by seeing the old Man that was to Swear, give his Adversary the Staff whilst he took his Oath, and then Swear he had given him the Money truly and really; and when he had ended his Oath, demand his Staff of him again, it came into his Fancy, that within it the Money was hidden; by which it might appear, That tho' Governors were meer Asses, yet sometimes it pleases God to direct them in their judgments; and besides, he had heard the Curate of his Parish tell of such an Accident as this, and that he had a special Memory, for were it not that he forgot all he desir'd to remember, there would not be such a Memory in all the Island. At last the old Men, one affirm'd, and the other paid, departed, the standers by were astonish'd; and he that wrote down *Sancho's* Words Actions and Behaviour, could not resolve, whether he should set him down a Fool or a wise Man.

As soon as this Suit was ended, there came a Woman into the Court, holding fast a Man clad like a Rich Grazier, and crying aloud, Justice, Lord Governour, Justice; and if I find it not on Earth, I will seek it in Heaven. My dear Lord Governour, this wicked Man met me in the open Fields, and has made use of my Body, has handled me like a Dishclout; and, unhappy Woman that I am, has taken from me that which I have kept these Three and twenty Years, defending it against Moors and Christians, Natives and Strangers; I have been as hard as a Cork Tree, and kept my self as entire as the Salamander in the Fire, or as the Wooll amongst the Bryars, and this Man must come now with his clean Hands, to handle me. That is to be try'd yet, quoth *Sancho*, whether this Sparks Hands be clean or no; and turning to the Fellow he said. What have you to answer to that Womans Complaint? He all in a fright answer'd, Sir, I am a poor Grazier, and deal in Swine; and this Morning I was going out of this Town after Selling, with Reverence be it spoken, four Hogs and the Duties and Officers Cheats cost me little less than they were worth: As I went toward my Village, by the way I met with this good Matron, and the Devil, the Author of all Mischiefs, yok'd us together: I paid her what was reasonable, but she not satisfy'd, laid hold on me, and would not let me go till she brought me hither: She says I forc'd her, but I swear she Lyes; and this is true to a tittle. Then the Governour ask'd him whether he had any Silver

Money

Money about him? He said he had in a Leather Purse in his Bosom some Twenty Crowns in Silver. He commanded him to take it out, and deliver it just as it was to the Plaintiff; which he did trembling: The Woman receiv'd it, and making a thousand Moorish Ducks to the Company, and praying to God for the Governour's Life and Health, that was so Charitable to poor Orphans and Maidens, went out of Court, laying fast hold with both her Hands on the Purse, tho' first she look'd whether 'twere Silver within or no. She was scarce gone, when *Sancho* said to the Grazier, who had the Tears standing in his Eyes, and his Heart going after his Purse; Honest Fellow, run after yonder Woman, and take the Purse from her whether she will or no, and bring it me hither. He spoke not to a Fool or a deaf Man, for he instantly flew like Lightning, and went to perform what was commanded him. All the standers by were in suspense expecting the end of that Suit, and a little after, both Man and Woman return'd clinging together faster than at first, she with her Coat tuck'd up and the Purse in her Lap, and he striving to get it from her, but in vain, she defended it so stoutly, crying out and saying, Justice in the Name of God and the World: Look you, my Lord Governour, how impudent and audacious this Varlet is, who in the midst of the Town, and in the Street, would take away my Purse that you commanded him to give me. And has he got it, said the Governour? Got it, said she? I had rather lose my Life than the Purse: I am a pretty Child I faith for that; you must set other manner of Dogs upon me than this poor nasty sneak. Pincers, Hammers, Beetles, Chissels, shall not get it out of my Clutches; nay, not the Claws of a Lion; they shall rather get my Soul out of my Flesh. She says right, quoth the Fellow, I yield to her; I have no more Power, I confess my strength is not sufficient to take it away. Then said the Governour to the Woman, You, Honesty, Virago, give me that Purse hither, which she did; and the Governour restor'd it again to the Man; and said to the Powerful, and not overpowered Woman, Harke ye, Sister, if you had shew'd but half the Valour and Resolution in defending your Body, that you did for your Purse, the Strength of *Hercules* could never have forc'd you: Get you gon a God's Name, and with a Pox, and stay not in this Island, nor within six Leagues round about it, on pain of two hundred Lashes: Get you gon immediately, I say, you mischievous, shameless and false Jade. The Woman was frighted, and away she went like a Sheep-biter, and out of humour; and the Governour said to

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the

the Man, Honest Fellow, get you home a God's Name with your Money, and hereafter, unless you design to lose it, pray have not a mind to yoke with any Body. The Man thank'd him as rudely as he could, and went his way: And the standers by afresh admir'd their new Governor's Judgments and Sentences. All which being Recorded by the Historiographer, was immediately written to the Duke, who with impatience expected it. And here let us leave honest *Sancho*, for his Master calls us away, being overjoy'd at *Altisidora's* Musick.

C H A P. XLVI.

Of the terrible jingling and cattish fright Don Quixote was put into in the Progress of Altisidora's Love.

WE left the Great *Don Quixote* wholly rapt in considerations rais'd in him by the Musick of the enamour'd Damfel *Altisidora*; to Bed he went with them, and as if they had been Fleas, they gave him no rest or quiet, and to these were added those of his torn Stockings: But Time which is swift and stops at nothing, passing away upon the hours, the Morning came on quickly: Which when *Don Quixote* saw, he left his soft Bed, and discarding Laziness, put on his Chamber Apparell and his Boots, to hide the misfortune of his Stockings. He threw his Scarlet Mantle over him, and put on his Head a green Velvet Cap, lac'd with Silver Lace; his Belt he hung at his Shoulder, with his Trusty cutting Blade; he laid hold on a pair of Beads which he always carry'd about him; and with much State and Majesty, went to the Anti-Chamber, where the Duke and Dutchess were ready Dress'd, and as it were, waiting for him: And as he pass'd through a Gallery, *Altisidora* and the other Damfel her Friend, were purposely expecting him; and as soon as *Altisidora* saw him, she pretended to faint away, and her Friend got her into her Lap, and in all haste went to unlace her. *Don Quixote* who saw it, coming near them, said, Now I know whence these Fits proceed. I know not from whence, said her Friend, for *Altisidora* is the healthiest Damfel in all this House, and I never perceiv'd so much as a Sigh from her since I have known her: A mischief on all Knights Errant in the World, if all be so ungrateful: Pray, Sir, get you gone;

Chap. 46. DON QUIXOTE.

gone; for as long as you are here, this poor Wench will not come to her self. To which *Don Quixote* said, Pray Madam let a Lute be left in my Chamber at Night, and I'll comfort this afflicted Damfel the best I can; for whilst love is yet but young, it is generally an approv'd Remedy to deal plainly with the Party. With this he went away, that he might not be taken notice of by any that should happen to see him there: He was no sooner gone, but the fainting *Altisidora* coming to her self, said to her Companion, By all means let him have the Lute; for undoubtedly *Don Quixote* will give us a Song, and being his, it must needs be good.

They went away presently to let the Dutchess know what had happen'd, and that *Don Quixote* ask'd for a Lute; and she being mightily pleas'd, Plotted with the Duke and her Damfels, to play him a Trick that might be more pleasant than hurtful; and so well pleas'd at their contrivance, they expected Night, which came on as speedily as the Day had done, which the Duke and Dutchess spent in merry Discourse with *Don Quixote*; and the same Day the Dutchess really and truly dispatch'd a Page of hers, who in the Wood acted the Enchanted *Dulcinea's* Part, to *Teresa Panza* with her Husband *Sancho's* Letter, and the bundle of Cloaths he had left to be sent her, charging him to bring her a true Relation of all that pass'd betwixt them.

This done, and it being now eleven of the Clock at Night, *Don Quixote* found a Lute in his Chamber; he run'd it, open'd the Window, and heard People walk in the Garden, and having again try'd the Strings, and made it as sweet as he could, he spit and clear'd his Throat, and then with a hoarse, yet tunable Voice, he sung the following Song, which he had compos'd the same Day.

1.

*Love takes the Spirit off the Hinges,
It's force doth oft undo the Latch,
And careless idleness the Spring is
That snaps the Soul in Puppy-snatch.*

2.

*Those who stitch and always sew,
And eke from work ne'er lost are found,
I say, Love's Grievs can't on 'em blow,
Nor yet its Poison run aground.*

3.

*Maids that live retir'd always,
Wishing and desiring Marriage,*

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*Silent Honesty doth praise,
And eke doth trumpet out their Carriage.*

4.
*Such Squires as be Errant Knights,
Or in Court lead along their Life,
Courting the looser Female Wights,
Do make an honest Maid a Wife.*

5.
*Some Loves arise from points of East,
Loves that are held with Hostesses,
And straightways set in Line of West,
Still ending when the parting is.*

6.
*The Fickle Love that new come is,
Is here to Morrow, gone to Day,
Because the potent Images
Fast painted on the Soul ne'er lay.*

7.
*'Tis not right, nay 'tis amiss
To paint 'ye Picture upon Pic-
ture, where a former Beauty is,
The second needs must lose the Trick.*

8.
*Dulcinea I have writ
On clean Paper of my Spirit,
And the right Engraving's knit
So, that nothing e're can stir it.*

9.
*In Lovers what most look'd on is,
Is holding fast and Constancy,
For which Love still doth Miracles,
And sometimes lifts us up on high.*

Thus far *Don Quixote* had gone in his Song, the Duke, Dutchess, *Altisidora*, and almost all the People in the Castle listening to him, when on a sudden from an open Gallery that was directly over *Don Quixote's* Window, they let down a Rope at which there hung at least an hundred jangling Bells, and after it they power'd out a bag full of Cats, which had all of them lesser Bells ty'd to their Tails. The Bells and the Cats made so great a noise, that the Duke and Dutchess who had contriv'd the Jest, were themselves frighted, and *Don Quixote* full of fear and amaz'd, and such was his ill luck, that two or three of the Cats got in at the Bars of his Chamber Window, and leaping up and down, it look'd as if a Legion

Legion of Devils were about it. They put out the Candles that were burning there, and were seeking how to get out: the Cord, at which the Bells hung, was pull'd up and down without ceasing; and most of the People in the Castle, that knew not the meaning of the Business, were astonish'd. *Don Quixote* got him on his legs, and laying hold on his Sword, began to thrust and slash at the Window, crying out aloud, *Avaunt ye wicked Enchanters, avaunt ye haggish Rabble;* for I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, against whom your wicked Plots cannot prevail, or have any power: and turning to the Cats that were in his Chamber, he let fly at them; they took to the Window, and there got out: but one of them seeing himself so baited by *Don Quixote's* slashes, leapt upon his Face, and with his Nails and Teeth laid hold on his Nose, which put him to such pain, that he roar'd out as loud as he could: The Duke and Dutchess hearing it, and considering what it might be, ran up in all haste to his Chamber, and opening it with a Master-key, found the poor Knight striving with all his might to pull the Cat from his face. They call'd for Lights, and saw the unequal Combat: The Duke came to part the Fray, and *Don Quixote* cry'd aloud, Let him alone; leave me hand to hand with this Devil, this Witch, this Enchanter; for I'll make him know the difference betwixt me and him, and who *Don Quixote de la Mancha* is: but the Cat not regarding his Threats, growl'd, and held fast. But at length the Duke loos'd, and flung him out of the Window. *Don Quixote's* Face was claw'd all over, and his Nose not very sound; yet he was very angry that they would not let him finish the Battel he was so deeply engag'd in with that vile Enchanter. They caus'd some *Unguentum Album* to be brought, and *Altisidora* her self, with her fair hands, bound up the Wounds; and as she dress'd him whisper'd in his ear, All these Disasters befall thee, thou stinty Knight, for the sin of thy hard-hearted Obstinacy; and God grant that *Sancho* thy Squire may forget to whip himself; that thy beloved *Dulcinea* may never be deliver'd from her Enchantment, nor may'st thou enjoy her, or come to her bed, at least while I live, who adore thee. To all this *Don Quixote* answer'd not a word, but fetch'd a deep sigh, and then laid him down on his bed, thanking the Duke and Dutchess for the Favour; not that he was afraid of that Cat-tish jangling Enchanting Crew; but because he was made sensible of their good Wills in coming to relieve him. The Duke and Dutchess left him to his Rest, and went away sorrowful for the ill success of the Jest; for they thought not that

that Adventure would have prov'd so hurtful to *Don Quixote*, for it cost him five days Retirement and keeping his Bed, where another Adventure befel him, more pleasing than the former, which the Historian will not relate as yet, that he may return to *Sancho Pansa*, who was very diligent and no less pleasant in his Government.

C H A P. XLVII.

Containing a Continuation of Sancho's Behaviour in his Government.

THE Story tells us, That *Sancho*, from the Judgment-Seat, was conducted to a sumptuous Palace, where, in a great and spacious Hall, was spread a royal and most neat Table. As soon as he came in the Waits play'd, and four Pages came up to serve Water for his hands, which *Sancho* took with great state. The Instruments ceas'd, and *Sancho* sat him down at the upper end of the Table, because there was no other Seat, nor any other Napkin laid but that. One took his Standing at his Elbow, that afterwards prov'd to be a Physician, with a Whale-bone Rod in his hand. Then they took off a rich white Towel, which cover'd many sorts of Fruits, and great variety of several dishes of Meat. One that seem'd to be a kind of Student, said Grace; a Page put a lac'd Bib under *Sancho's* Chin; and another who play'd the Sewer's part, set a dish of Fruit before him: but he had no sooner eaten a bit, when he with the Rod touching the Dish, it was on a sudden taken from before him; but the Sewer set up another. *Sancho* would have tasted of it; but before he could touch it, he with the Rod was at it, and a Page set it away with as much expedition as the Fruit: which when *Sancho* saw, he was surpriz'd; and looking at the Company, ask'd whether that Meat were to be eaten only in conceit? To which he with the Rod made answer, It must be eaten, my Lord Governour, according to the Use and Custom of Governours in other Islands. I, Sir, am a Physician, and have a Salary in this Island for being so to the Governours of it; and I am much more careful of their Health than of my own, studying night and day, and observing the Constitution of the Governour, that I may the better know how to cure him when he falls sick: and the principal thing I do, is, to be present

present with him at Meat, and to let him eat what I think fit for him, and to take away what I imagine may do him hurt, or be naught for his Stomach: and therefore I now commanded the dish of Fruit to be taken away, because it is too moist; and the other Dish, because it was too hot, and had much Spice, which causes Thirst; and he who drinks much kills and consumes the radical Moisture, wherein Life consists. So then, quoth *Sancho*, that dish of roasted Partridges, which to me seems to be well season'd, will do me no hurt at all. To which the Physician answer'd, You shall not eat of them, Sir, as long as I live. Why so, quoth *Sancho*? The Physician answer'd, Because *Hippocrates* our Master, North-star and Light of Physick, says in an Aphorism of his, *Omnis saturatio mala, perdisis autem pessima*: that is, All Repletion is bad, but that of Partridges worst of all. If so, quoth *Sancho*, pray see, Master Doctor, which of all these Dishes will be most wholesome for me, and do me least hurt, and let me eat of that, without banging of it with your Rod: for as I hope to live I am ready to die with Hunger; and to deny me my Viſuals (in spite of Master Doctor, and let him say what he will) is rather the way to shorten than to prolong my Life. You are in the right, my Lord Governour, quoth the Physician; and therefore my Opinion is, that you touch not those boil'd Conies, because they are a hairy sort of Diet; that Veal, if it were not roasted, and souc'd, might be tasted, but as 'tis it can't be. Then, quoth *Sancho*, that great dish that stands smoaking there, methinks 'tis an **Olla Podrida*, and by reason of the diversities of things there are in it, I cannot but meet with something that will do me good. *Abst*, quoth the Physician, far be such an ill Thought from us: there is nothing in the World that is worse Nutriment than an *Olla Podrida*, fit only for your Prebends and Rectors of Colleges, or for your Country Weddings: let them be banish'd the Tables of Governours, where nothing ought to be seen, but what is nice and dainty: and the reason is, because always, in all places, and by all persons, simple Medicines are in more esteem than Compounds; because in Simples there can be no Mistake, but in Compounds there may, by altering the quantity of the things which make the Composition; but what I know is fit for the Governour to eat at present to preserve his Health, and confirm it, is, an hundred of small Wafers, and a few thin slices of Quince-Marmelade, to settle his Stomach, and help Digestion.

When

An Olla Podrida is all sorts of Meat boil'd together.

When *Sancho* heard this, he lean'd back upon his Chair, and earnestly look'd at the Physician, then very gravely ask'd him his Name, and where he had studied. To which he answer'd, My Name, my Lord Governour, is Doctor *Peter Rezio de Aguero*; I was born in a Town call'd *Tirte a fuera*, which is between *Carauel* and *Almodobar del Campo*, upon the right hand; and I took my Degree of Doctor in the University of *Osuna*. To which *Sancho*, swelling with Choler, said; Well, Master Doctor *Peter Rezio* of *Aguero*, born at *Tirte a fuera*, a Town on the right hand as we go from *Carauel* to *Almodobar del Campo*, and Graduated in *Osuna*, get you strait out of my sight, or I vow by the Sun, I'll get me a Cudgel, and beginning with you, will lay about me, till I leave not a Physician in all the Island, at least such as I know to be ignorant: for your wise, prudent, and discreet Physicians, I will hug them, and honour them as Divine Persons. I say again, *Peter Rezio*, get you gone, or else I'll take the Chair I sit upon, and dash it against your Head, and let me be call'd in question for it, when I give up my Office, for I will clear my self, by saying I did God good service in killing a bad Physician, the Plague of the Commonwealths: and let me eat, or else take your Government again; for an Employment that will not afford a Man his Victuals, is not worth a straw. The Doctor was in a Confection, seeing the Governour in such a Passion, and would have withdrawn out of the Hall, but that just then a Post-horn sounded in the Street, and the Sewer looking out of the Window, turn'd back, saying, An Express is come from my Lord Duke, and brings some important Dispatch. The Post came in, sweating and staring, and drawing a Packet out of his bosom, deliver'd it to the Governour. *Sancho* gave it to the Steward, and bid him read the Superscription, which was this; *To Don Sancho Pança, Governour of the Island Baratavia; to be deliver'd into his own hands, or to his Secretary.* Which when *Sancho* heard, he said, Who is here, my Secretary? And one that was by answer'd, I Sir; for I can Write and Read, and am a Biscayner. If you are so, quoth *Sancho*, you may well be Secretary to the Emperour himself: open the Packet, and let's hear the Contents. The new-born Secretary did so; and having view'd the Contents, said, It was a Business that requir'd Privacy. *Sancho* commanded the room to be clear'd, and only the Steward and the Sewer to stay; the rest, with the Physician, went out; and then the Secretary read the following Letter.

I am

I Am inform'd, My Lord Don Sancho Pança, that some Enemies of mine, and of that Island, design one of these Nights to give it a furious Assault: It is requisite to be watchful, and stand upon your Guard, that they may not surprise you. I am also inform'd by faithful Spies, that four Persons have enter'd that Island in disguise to kill you, because they stand much in awe of your Conduct: be circumspect, have a care who comes to speak to you, and eat of nothing that is presented you. I will take care to relieve you if you are in any distress, and in all cases you will behave your self as is expected from your Prudence.

From this place, Aug. 4. at Four
a Clock in the Morning.

Your Friend,

The DUKE.

Sancho was astonish'd, and the Stewards by seem'd to be no better; and turning to the Steward, he said, I'll tell you what is fit to be done, and that presently: Clap me Doctor *Rezio* into a Dungeon; for if any body kill me, it must be he, and that with so vile and trivial a Death as Hunger: I am also of opinion, said the Sewer, that you eat nothing of all that is upon the Table; for it was presented by Nuns, and it is an old Saying, *That the Devil lurks behind the Cross.* I grant ye so, quoth *Sancho*, and therefore at present give me only a piece of Bread, and some four pound of Grapes; for in them there can be no Poyson, and I cannot live without eating: and if we must be provided against these Wars that threaten us, 'twere fit to be well victuall'd; for the Guts uphold the Heart, and not the Heart the Guts. And do you Secretary answer my Lord Duke, tell him his Commands shall be most punctually obey'd; commend me to the Dutches, and tell her, I beg she will not forget to send my Letter and Bundle by a special Messenger to my Wife *Teresa Pança*, which I shall look upon as a particular Favour, and I will be careful to serve her to the utmost of my power: and by the way, you may crowd in my Service to my Master *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that he may see I am thankful for his Bread: and you, like a good Secretary, and an honest Biscayner, may in the rest add what you will or shall think fit. And take away here; and give me something to eat; for I'll deal with all the Spies, Murderers, and Enchanters, that shall assault me and my Island.

Now a Page came in, saying, Here's a Country-man that would speak with your Honour about a business of Importance, as he says. 'Tis a strange humour of these Men of Business,

finess, quoth *Sancho*: Is it possible they should be so foolish as not to understand that these are not proper times for Business? Why, Are not we that govern, we that are Judges, Men of Flesh and Blood? and is it not fit that we should ease our selves when necessity requires, unless they think we should be made of Marble? By Heavens, and upon my Conscience, if my Government last, as I have a fancy it will not, I'll handle some of these Men of Business. Well, bid this honest Fellow come in for once; but see first that he be not one of the Spies, or of my Murderers. No Sir, quoth the Page, for he is a very dull Soul to see to; and either my Skill is small, or he has no more harm in him than a piece of good Bread. There's no danger, said the Steward, for we are all here. Sewer, quoth *Sancho*, were it not possible, now Doctor *Rezio* is not here, that I might eat a bit of some substantial Meate, tho' it were but a Crust and an Onion? To night at Supper, quoth the Sewer, amends shall be made for your Dinner, and your Honour shall be satisfied. God grant it, quoth *Sancho*: and now the Countryman came in, one of a very goodly presence, and that shew'd a thousand miles off that he was a good harmless Soul. The first thing he said, was, Which is my Lord Governour? Who should it be, quoth the Secretary, but he that sits in the Chair? I humble my self to his Presence then, quoth the Countryman; and kneeling on his knees, desir'd his hand to kiss. *Sancho* refus'd it, and commanded him to rise, and to say what he would. The Countryman did so, and said;

I, Sir, am a Husbandman, born at *Miguel Turra*, a Town some two Leagues from *Ciudadreall*. Here's another *Tirte á fuera*, quoth *Sancho*: Say on Friend, for let me tell you, I know the place very well, and it is not far from my Town. The Business, Sir, is this, quoth the Husbandman; I, by God's Blessing, and the full Consent of the Catholick Roman Church, am Married, and have two Sons that are Students; the youngest studies to be a Batchelor, and the eldest to be Master. I am a Widower, for my Wife died; or, to speak more properly, a wicked Physician kill'd her, for he purg'd her when she was with Child: and if it had pleas'd God that she had been deliver'd, and it had been a Son, I would have let him to study to have been Doctor, that he might not have envy'd his Brothers, the Batchelor and Master. So that, quoth *Sancho*, if your Wife had not been dead, or if they had not kill'd her, you had not now been a Widower? No, Sir, by no means, quoth the Husbandman. We are much the nearer, quoth *Sancho*: go on Friend, for 'tis time to sleep rather than

than to dispatch Business. I say, quoth the Husbandman, that my Son who was to be the Batchelor fell in love in the same Town with a Maiden call'd *Clare Perlerina*, Daughter to *Andrew * Perlerino* a rich Farmer; and they have not this name of *Perlerino's* from their Family, or by Descent, but because all of this race and name have the Palsie; and to mend their name, they were called *Perlerino's*; and indeed the Maid is as fair as an Oriental Pearl: and viewing her on the right side, she is like a flower in the Field; but on her left, not so well, for there she wants an eye, which she lost by the Small-pox: and tho' her Face is pitted deep and thick, yet her Lovers say, those are not Pits, but Graves where her Admirers Souls are buried. She is so cleanly, that because she will not defile her Face, she wears her Nose, as a Man may say, tuck'd up, as if it fled from her Mouth, and for all that, it becomes her mighty well; for she has a wide Mouth: and were it not that she wants ten or twelve small Teeth and Grinders, she might pass among, and not be out-done by, the handsomest. As to her Lips, there is nothing to be said of them, for they are so thin and slender, that if it were the fashion to reil Lips, they might make a Skein of hers; but being of a different colour than what is commonly us'd in Lips, they are wonderful; for they are speckled with blue green, and russet: and pray pardon me, my Lord Governour, for so particularly describing her Perfections, who after all is to be my Daughter; for I love her, and do not dislike her.

Describe what you will, quoth *Sancho*, for I please myself with the Description: and if I had din'd, there were no better Desert for me than your Relation.

I humbly thank you, Sir, for that, quoth the Husbandman; but a time will come that I may be thankful, if I be not now: and if I could describe to you her Shape, and the height of her Body, 'twould admire you: but that cannot be, because she is crooked, her Knees and her Mouth meet, and for all that it plainly appears, that if she could stand upright, she would touch the Roof with her Head, and long ere this, she would have given her hand to my Son to be his Wife, but that she cannot stretch it out, 'tis so knotted and crumpl'd up; and for all that its Comeliness and good Shape appears in her long and gutter'd Nails.

'Tis very well, quoth *Sancho*, and I make account, Friend, that now you have describ'd her from Head to Foot. What is it you would be at now? Come to the point without Circumlocutions,

* *Perlella*, in Spanith, is the Palsie; and those who have it they call *Perlaticos*: whence, this Name.

cumlocutions, or Fetches, or Digressions, or Additions. I would desire you, quoth the Husbandman, to give me a Letter of Recommendation to her Father, desiring him to consent to this Marriage, since our Fortunes and natural Endowments are equal; for to say the truth, my Lord Governour, my Son is possess'd, and there's not a day passes, but the wicked Spirits torment him two or three times; and having once fall'n into the Fire, his Face is as wrinkl'd as a piece of Parchment, and his Eyes are somewhat bleer'd and running, and he is as sweetly temper'd as an Angel; and were it not that sometimes he beats and buffets himself, he were a very Saint.

Will you any thing else, honest Friend, quoth *Sancho*? One thing more, quoth he, but that I dare not tell it; but let it out, it shall not rot in my Breast, let what will come on't. I desire, Sir, you would give me three hundred, or six hundred Duckats towards my Batchelor's Portion, I mean, to help him to furnish his House, for they will live by themselves, without being subject to the Impertinencies of Fathers in Law. Will you have any thing else, quoth *Sancho*? and be not afraid or asham'd to tell it. No truly, quoth the Husbandman. And he had scarce said it, when the Governour rising up, laid hold of the Chair he sat on, saying, I vow to *Jove*, Goodman *Splayfoot*, unmannerly Clown, unless you fly this moment, and hide your self out of my Presence, I'll break your head with this Chair, you Whore-son Rascal, Describer for the Devil: do you come at this time of day to ask of me six hundred Ducats? And where have I 'em, Stinkard? And if I had 'em, why should I give 'em you, sottish Knave? What-a-pox care I for *Miguel Turra*, or all the Lineage of the *Perlerino's*! Get thee out of my sight, or I swear by my Lord Duke's Life, I'll do as I have said: Thou art not of *Miguel Turra*, but some sly Rascal sent from Hell to tempt me. Tell me, Impudence, how should I have six hundred Ducats, when 'tis not yet a day and a half since I came to the Government? The Sewer made signs to the Husbandman to get him out of the Hall; who did so, hanging his Head, and seemingly very fearful lest the Governour should vent his Passion on him; for the cunning Knave knew very well how to act his part. But let us leave *Sancho* in his Passion, and Peace be among the Company, and let us return to *Don Quixote*; for we left his Face bound up, and dress'd for his Cattish Wounds, of which he was not quite heal'd in eight days; upon one of which this besel him, which *Cid Hamete* promises to relate with the same Exactness and Sincerity as he usually does the most trivial matters in this History.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVIII.

What hapned to Don Quixote with Donna Rodriguez, the Duchesses Waiting-woman; with other accidents, worthy to be Written, and kept in Eternal Remembrance.

THE ill-wounded *Don Quixote* was exceeding Musty and Melancholy, with his Face Bound up, and Mark'd, not by the Hand of God, but by the Nails of a Cat, Misfortunes incident to Knight Errantry, Six Days past ere he came abroad. Upon the Night of one of them as he lay Awake and Sleepless, thinking on his Misfortunes, and his being Persecuted by *Altifidora*, he perceiv'd that some body open'd his Chamber-Door with a Key, and immediately imagin'd that the Amorous Damzel came to Attack his Chastity, and to put him to the hazard of forfeiting the Fidelity due to his Mistress *Dulcinea del Toboso*. No, said he, believing his own fancy, and this so Lowd that he might easily be heard, no Beauty in the World shall make me leave her that is Engraven and Imprinted in the midst of my Heart, and in the most hidden part of my Bowels. Whether thou Lady of my Soul art Transform'd into a foul breath'd Country Woman, or in to a Nymph of the Golden *Tagus*, weaving Webs made of Silk and Gold Twist; or whether thou art with *Merlin* and *Montesinos*, where they please: For wheresoever thou art, thou art mine; and wheresoever I am, I will be thine.

His Speech ended, and the Door open'd both together. Up he stood on the Bed, wrapp'd from Head to Foot in a Yellow-sattin Quilt, a Woollen Cap upon his Head, his Face and Mustachoes bound up; his Face because of the Scratches, his Mustachoes, that they might not Sink or fall down: In which Garb he lookt like the strangest Hobgoblin, that can be imagin'd. He fix'd his Eyes upon the Door; and when he thought to have seen the Vanquish'd and Wounded *Altifidora* enter, he saw it was a most reverend Matron, with a long white gather'd Vaile, so long that it Cover'd and Wrapp'd her from Head to Foot: Betwixt her Left Hand Fingers she had half a Candle lighted, and with her Right Hand she Shaddow'd her self, to keep the Light

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from her Eyes, which were hidden by a great pair of Spectacles: She came treading softly, and moving her Feet gently. *Don Quixote* from his Watch-tower beheld her: And when he saw her Dress and observ'd her Silence, he thought it had been some Hag or Magician, that came in that habit to do him some shrewd turn; and began to Bless himself as fast as he could. The Vision came somewhat near; but being in the midst of the Chamber, she lifted up her Eyes, and saw how hastily *Don Quixote* was Crossing himself; and as he was afraid seeing such a Figure; so she was no less affrighted at his: For as soon as she saw him so lank, and Yellow in the Quilt, and with the Roulers that Disfigur'd him, she cry'd out, saying, Jesus, What's this? And with the sudain Fright, the Candle dropt out of her hand, and being in the Dark, she turn'd back to be gone; but for fear stumbl'd upon her Coats, and had a sound Fall. *Don Quixote* full of dread, began to say, I conjure thee, Fantome! Or what e're thou art, to tell me who thou art, and what thou wilt have with me: If thou art a Soul in Purgatory, tell me, and I will do what I am able for thee: For I am a Catholick Christian, and love to do good to all the World: For, to that effect I took upon me the Order of a Knight Errant, which I Profess, whose Duty extends even to do good to the Souls in Purgatory. The Bruis'd Matron who heard her self thus Conjur'd, by her own fears guess'd at *Don Quixotes*, and with a low and piteful Voice answer'd him, Good Sir (if you be *Don Quixote*) I am no Apparition, or Fantome, nor Soul in Purgatory, as I believe you fancy: But *Donna Rodriguez*, my Lady Dutcheffes Matron of Honour, who come to you about one of those grievances you usually Redress. Tell me, *Donna Rodriguez* (quoth *Don Quixote*) do you come about some Peice of Procuring? For let me tell you, if you do, there's no good to be done with me for any body, thanks to the peerless Beauty of my Mistress *Dulcinea del Toboso*: So that let me tell you, *Donna Rodriguez*, setting aside all Amorous Messages, you may go light your Candle again, and return and we will talk of what you shall think fit, and any thing you please, saying as I say, all kind of provocative wheedles. I Sir, Messages from any body, answer'd the Matron? You know me not faith: I am not so stale yet, that I should fall to those trifles, for, God be Prais'd, I have Life and Flesh, and all my Teeth and my Grinders in my Mouth, except some few the Rheums that are so common in this Country of *Aragon*, have snatch'd away, but stay a little Sir, I'll go out and light

light my Candle, and I'll come in an Instant, to relate my Sorrows to you, as to the Redresser of all there are in the World: And so without staying for an answer, she left the Room, where *Don Quixote* lay still and pensive expecting her. But straight a Thousand Fancies came into his Head, concerning this new Adventure, and he thought it would be very ill done, or worse contriv'd, to endanger the breach of his Vow'd Faith to his Mistress, and said to himself, Who knows whether the Devil, who is so Subtle and Crafty, designs to deceive me now with this Matron, tho' he has not been able to do it with Emperresses, Queens, Dutcheffes, Marquesses and Countesses: for I have often hear'd say and that by many well experienc'd Men, that he will rather catch a Man with a foul than a fair one: And who knows whether this privacy this opportunity and stilness may not rouse my sleeping desires; and make me fall in my old Age, where I never stumbl'd before? In such like cases 'tis better to Fly than to try the Combat: But sure I am out of my Wits, since I Talk thus Idly; for sure it is not possible that a White Vail'd, Lank and Spectacled * old waiting Woman should move or stir up a Lascivious Thought in the ungodliest Mind in the World. Why is there any old waiting Woman in the World that has soft Flesh? Is there any upon Earth that is not Foolish, Nice, and Coy? Avaunt then, you Matronly Troops, unprofitable for Man's Delight. How well did that Lady, of whom it is reported that she had two old waiting Womens Statues, with their Spectacles and work Cushions before her † Seat when she receiv'd Visits, as if they had been at work? And those Statues serv'd as well to set out her Room, as if they had been real old Women. This said, he flung from the Bed intending to have shut the Door, and not have let Mistress *Rodriguez* come in: But as he was going to do it, she was come back with a white Wax-candle Lighted: And when she saw *Don Quixote* near her, wrap'd in his Quilt, his rowlers about his Face, his woollen Cap, and a thick Cloth about his Neck, she was Frighted again: And stepping two or three steps back ask'd, Am I safe, Sir

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Knight?

* The Spanish Word us'd here and in many other places in Duenna, which signifies one of the old Women, Ladies in Spain keep f'r State, and there being none such in England, I know not by what Name to call it.

† The Spanish is *Eltrado* being part of the Rooms lifted on small Steps above the rest and cover'd with a Carpet where the Ladies sit upon rich Cushions.

Knight? for I look upon it as no very honest sign, that you are out of your Bed. 'Twere fit I asked that question of you (quoth *Don Quixote*;) and therefore let me know, whether I shall be safe from being Assaulted and Ravish'd. By whom (quoth she?) By you (said *Don Quixote*;) for neither am I of Marble, or you of Brass; nor is it now Noon-day, but Mid-night and something later, as I think: And we are in a more private and close place than the Cave, where the bold Trayterous *Aeneas* enjoy'd the fair and compassionate *Dido*: But give me your Hand Mistress, for I desire no other Security, but my own Continency and Circumspection. And so saying, he Kiss'd his own Right-hand; and took hold of hers, which she gave him with the same Solemnity.

Here *Cid Hamete* makes a Parenthesis, and Swears by *Mahomet*, he would have given the best of two Suits he had, to have seen them both go so join'd and link'd from the Chamber-door to the Bed. In fine, *Don Quixote* went into his Bed, and *Donna Rodriguez* sat down in a Chair a pretty way from it, without taking off her Spectacles, or setting down the Candle. *Don Quixote* crowded up together, and cover'd himself all over, leaving nothing but his Face bare: So both of them being still; the first that broke Silence was *Don Quixote*, saying, Now Mistress *Rodriguez*, you may open and disgorge all you have in your troubled Heart, and griev'd Bowels, which shall be by me heard with chaste Ears, and reliev'd with compassionate Actions.

I believe no less, said the Matron; for from your graceful and pleasing Presence, none but so Christian an answer could be expected. The Case then is good Sr. *Don Quixote*, that tho' you see me set in this Chair, and in the midst of the Kingdom of *Aragon*, in the Habit of a distress'd and miserable old Governante: I was Born in *Asturias de Oviedo*, and of a Family allied to the best of that Province, but my hard Fortune, and the neglect of my Parents, who grew Poor before their time, (God knows how) brought me to the Court at *Madrid*, where as the best shift, and to avoid other Inconveniencies, my Friends plac'd me to serve as a Chamber-maid to a worthy Lady; and tho' I say it, for Plain-work, Hemming and Starching, I was never out-done by any in all my Life. My Friends left me at Service, and return'd home, and not long after went it is likely to Heaven, for they were extraordinary good and Catholick Christians; thus was I left an Orphan, and stinted to the wretched Wages and hard Allowance that is given at Court, to such kind of Servants. At that time without any Encouragement given by me, a Squire of the

House

House fell in Love with me. He was an Elderly man, big-bearded and Personable, and above all, as good a Gentleman as the King, for he was of the Mountains. We kept not our Loves so close but that they came to my Ladies Ears, who without any more ado, with full consent of our holy Mother the Catholick Roman Church, caus'd us to be Married. The Fruit of this Matrimony which was a Daughter, was the end of all my good Fortune, if I had any, not that I dyed in Child bed, for I Miscarried not, but because my Husband not long after dyed of a Fright, and had I now time to relate it, I know you could not but wonder at it. With this she began to Weep bitterly, and said, Pardon me, good Sr. *Don Quixote*, for I cannot forbear but as often as I remember my unfortunate Husband, the Tears trickle down my Eyes. Lord God! How stately he would carry my Lady behind him, upon a lusty Mule, as black as Jear, (for then Coaches and Chairs, were not in Fashion, as they say now they are) and then Ladies rode behind their Squires: And I cannot but tell you this Tale, that you may observe the niceness and good Breeding of my Husband. As he was going into Saint James's Street in *Madrid*, which was somewhat narrow, a Judge of the Court, with two Serjeants before him, was coming out; and as soon as my honest Squire saw him, he turn'd his Mule, as if he would wait upon him: My Lady who rode behind, ask'd him softly, What art thou doing Sor? Do'st not mind that I am here? The Judge very civilly stopp'd his Horse, and said, Keep your Way Sir, for it is my Duty to wait on my Lady *Casilda*; (for that was my Ladies Name) Still my Husband was earnest with his Cap in his Hand, and would have waited on the Judge; which when my Lady saw, full of wrath and anger, she pull'd out a great Pin, or rather, as I believe, a little Bodkin out of her Case, and thrust it into his Back, so that my Husband cry'd out, and wrigling his Body, my Lady and he came to the ground together. Two of her Lacquies came to take her up, the same did the Judge and the Sergeants. The Gate of *Guadalajara* was in an uproar, (I mean the idle People thereabouts. My Lady was fain to walk home a Foot, and my Husband got him to a Barber-Surgeons, saying he was run quite through the Lungs. This good Breeding of my Husband, was bruited abroad, insomuch, that the very Boys in the Streets jeer'd him; so that for this reason and because, he was somewhat short Sighted, my Lady turn'd him away; for Grief whereof, I verily believe he dy'd: I was left a Widow and helpless, with a Daughter to boot, who still en-

creas'd in Beauty like the Foam of the Sea. Finally because I had the Reputation of an excellent *Sempstress*, my Lady Dutcheſs, who was newly Married to my Lord Duke, would needs bring me with her, to this Kingdom of *Aragon*, together with my Daughter; where in proceſs of time ſhe grew up, and was the pretieſt Creature in the World: She ſings like a *Lark*; ſhe Dances like a *Fairy*, and trips like a *Doe*; ſhe Writes and Reads like a School-maſter, and caſts Accompts like an Uſurer: Of her Cleanlineſs I ſay nothing, for the Water that runs is not cleaner; and ſhe is now if I forget not, Sixteen Years five Months and three Days old, one or two more or leſs. In fine a rich Farmer's Son that lives in one of my Lord Dukes Villages, not far from hence, fell in Love with this Daughter of mine, and to be ſhort, (I know not how) they met, and upon Promise of Marriage he had his Will of my Daughter, and will not keep his Word, and tho' the Duke knows it; for I have Complain'd to him often of it, and beſeech'd him to Command the young Farmer to Marry my Daughter, he turns his deaf Ears and will ſcarce hear me, and the reaſon is, that the cozening Knaves Farmer is Rich, and lends him Money, and every Foot is bound for his ſharping Tricks, and therefore he will not by any means diſpleaſe or offend him. Therefore I beſeech you Sir, to take upon you the redreſſing of this Wrong, either by entreaties or by force; ſince all the World ſays, you were Born to right Wrongs, and protect the Needy: Conſider that my Daughter is an Orphan; conſider her Beauty, her Youth, and all the good Parts I have told you of; for on my Soul and Conſcience, among all the Damſels my Lady has, there is none worthy to untie her Shoe, and one of them they call *Altiſidora*, who is counted the Airieſt and Sprightlyeſt, compar'd with my Daughter falls ſhort of her a Mile: For let me tell you Sir, *All is not Gold that glitters*; for this *Altiſidora* is more Conceited than Beautiful, rather Bold than Modest, beſides ſhe is not very Sound, for ſhe has ſuch a ſtrong Breath, that no Body can endure to ſtand by her a moment; nay and my Lady the Dutcheſs too, but mum, they ſay *Walls have Ears*. What ails my Lady Dutcheſs, I conjure you by my Life, Miſtreſs *Rodriguez*? (quoth *Don Quixote*) Being ſo conjur'd, (ſaid ſhe) I cannot but Answer to your Queſtion with all Sincerity. Do you mark Sir, (quoth ſhe) that Beauty of my Ladies, that ſmoothneſs of her Face, which is like a poliſh'd Sword, thoſe two Checks of Milk and Vermilion, in one of which ſhe has the Sun, the other the Moon; and that Air in her Gate, which makes her tread as if ſhe

deſpis'd

deſpis'd the Ground, ſhe goes on, and looks as if ſhe were all Health, let me tell you then Sir, the may thank God for't in the firſt place, and next two Iſſues ſhe has in both her Legs, at which runs out all the ill Humour, and the Phyſicians ſay ſhe is full of it. Holy *Mary*! (quoth *Don Quixote*) Why is it poſſible that my Lady Dutcheſs has ſuch Drains? I ſhould ſcarce have believ'd it if bare Foot Friars had told me ſo; but ſince *Donna Rodriguez* ſays it, it muſt be ſo, yet from ſuch Iſſues, and ſuch Places, no ill Humour, but Liquid-amber can diſtil; well now I verily believe that this making of Iſſues is a thing very neceſſary for the Health. Scarce had *Don Quixote* ended this Speech, when at one clap the Chamber door was thrown open, and with the Fright, *Donna Rodriguez*'s Candle fell out of her Hand, leaving the Room as dark as Pitch, next the Matron felt they laid two Hands on her Throat ſo hard, that they gave her no time to yawl, and another Perſon nimbly taking up her Coats, with a Slipper, (in all likelihood) began to give her ſo many Jerks, that 'twas a thouſand Pitties; and tho' *Don Quixote* had ſome Compaſſion on her, yet he ſtirr'd not from his Bed, and knew not what the matter was. He lay ſtill, and ſilent; fearing leſt the Whipping bout might at laſt light upon him, and his Fear prov'd not vain, for when the ſilent Executioners had well curri'd the Matron, (who durſt not complain) they came to *Don Quixote*, and unwrapping him from the Sheet and the Quilt, they pinch'd him ſo hard and ſo often, that he could not forbear going to Cuff's in his own Defence: All this paſſ'd in wonderful Silence. the Scuffle laſted near half an Hour; the Apparitions vaniſh'd; *Donna Rodriguez* tuck'd up her Coats, and bewailing her Miſfortune, got out of the Door without ſpeaking a Word to *Don Quixote*, who in Pain and all over pinch'd, Sad and Penſive, remain'd alone; where we will leave him deſirous to know who was the perverſe Enchanter that had ſo dreſt him: But that ſhall be told in due time; for *Sancho Pança* calls, and the Order of this Hiſtory forces us away.

CHAP. XLIX.

What hap'ned to Sancho as he went the Rounds in his Island.

WE left the famous Governour moody and angry with the Knowish describing Country-man; who being instructed by the Steward, and the Steward by the Duke made Sport with *Sancho*; but he held them all tuck tho a Fool, a Numskul and a Jolterhead; and said to those about him, and to Doctor *Peter Rezio*, (who as soon as the Secret of the Dukes Letter was over, came into the Hall again) Now I plainly perceive, that Judges and Governours are, or ought to be made of Bräfs, that they may not be sensible of the Importunities of men of Business, who at all Hours and all Times would be haer'd and dispatch'd, minding only their own Business, whatever comes of the rest; and if the poor Judge does not hear and dispatch them; either because he cannot, or because they come not at a fit Time to have Audience; then they Back-bite and Curse him, gnaw his Bones and unbury his Ancestours. Oh! Foolish Nonsensical man of Business, be not so hasty, wait a fit Time and Opportunity to prefer your Suit; come not at Dinner-time or Bed-time, for Judges are Flesh and Blood, and must satisfy Nature, unless it be I who do not Feed mine, thanks to Master Doctor *Peter Rezio Tirte afuera* here present, who would have me die for Hunger, and yet stands in it, *That this Death is Life*; such a Life God grant him and all his Profession, I mean such ill Physicians, for the good deserve Laurels and Palms.

All that knew *Sancho*, admir'd him, when they heard him speak so Elegantly, and knew not what to attribute it to, unless it were, that Offices and Places of trust do either quicken the Understanding or altogether dull it. In short, Doctor *Peter Rezio Aguiro de Tirte afuera*, Promis'd him he should Sup that Night- tho he transgress'd all *Hypocrites* his Aphorisms. With this the Governour was satisfy'd, and expected with Impatience the coming of Night and Supper, and tho' time seem'd to him to stand still and not to move, yet at length it came, much long'd for by him, and he had to Supper cold minc'd Beef with Onions, and some overgrown Calves-feet. He fell to as contentedly as if they had given him Godwits of *Milan*, Pheasants of *Rome*, Veal

Veal of *Sorrentum*, Partridges of *Moron*, Geese of *Lauajos*: And in the midst of his Supper, he turn'd to the Doctor, and said, Look ye, Master Doctor, from hence forward never mind to give me Dainties, or exquisite Meats to eat, for you will pull my Stomach quite off the Hinges, because it is us'd only to Goat, Beef, Bacon, Pork, Turnips and Onions, and if you come to me with your Court dishes, they make my Stomach squeamish, and many times I loath 'em. The Sewer may take care to provide me that they call * *Olla podrida*, and the more it has of the Name the better it relishes, and into it you may cram what you will so it be eatable, and I will be mindful of you and make you amends another Day; and let no man play the Fool with me, for either we are or we are not: *Let's be Merry and Wife, for when the Sun rises he Shines upon all*: He Govern this Island without losing my Due, or taking Bribes; and therefore let every man mind his Business and look to't, for they must understand, *there's Rods in Pifs for them*; and if they put me to it they shall see Wonders: *For if you daub your selves with Honey, the Flies will eat you*. Truly my Lord Governour, (quoth the Sewer) you are in the right in all you Speak; and I Promise you in the Name of all the Islanders of this Island, that they will serve you with all Diligence, Love and Affection; for your sweet and mild way of Governing now in the beginning obliges them neither to act nor speak any thing offensive to your Worship. I believe it, (quoth *Sancho*) and they were very Asses if they did or thought otherwise; and I say again, Let there be a care had for my Diet and Dapples Provender, which is the most material Business in Hand; and so when 'tis time, let us go the Rounds, for I design to cleanse this Island from all kind of Filth, Vagabonds, Idlers and Stroulers, for you must understand my Friends, that lazy idle People in a Common-wealth, are like Drones in Hives, that eat the Honey which the labouring Bees gather. I intend to encourage Husbandmen to preserve the Privileges of the Gentry, to Reward Virtuous Persons, and above all to reverence Religion, and to honour Religious Men. What think ye of this Friends? Do I speak to the purpose or do I talk idly? So well Sir, (said the Steward) that I wonder to hear a Man so void of Learning as you are, for I think you don't know your Letters, deliver such Sen-

* *Olla podrida*, is a Pot with all sorts of Meat, but the Word *Podrida* signifies Rotten, to which *Sancho* alludes, but means that the more sorts of Meat are in it the better.

Sentences and Instructions, so far beyond what was expected from your Wit by all that sent you, and by all us that came with you. Every Day we see novelties in the World, jets are turn'd into earnest, and those that mock are mock'd.

Night came, and the Governour supp'd with Master Doctor *Rezio's* leave. They made ready to go the Rounds, the Steward, Secretary, and Sewer went with him as also the Historiographer, who was to write down his Actions, together with the other Officers, being so many in number that they made a little Battalion. *Sancho* went in the midst of them with his Rod of Justice, which was the best of the Sight. They had not walkt many Streets of the Town, when they heard the clashing of Swords, thither they made, and found only two men together by the Ears; who seeing the Officers coming, stood still, and the one of them said; In the Name of God and of the King, is it allow'd to Rob in the midst of this Town, and for men to strip others in the Street. Softly honest Friend, (quoth *Sancho*) and tell me what's the reason of this Fray, for I am the Governour. The other Party said, My Lord Governour, I'll tell you briefly the matter, you must understand Sir, that this Gentleman just now at the Gaming-House here over the way, has won above a thousand Royals, (God knows by what Trick) and I being present judg'd many a doubtful cast on his side, contrary to what my Conscience dictated to me. He put up his Winnings, and when I expected he should have given me a † Crown gratuity, as is usually given to men of Worth as I am, (who stand by at all Adventures, to give false Judgment, and prevent Quarrels) he Pocketed the Mony, and got him out of the House: I came after him in a pet, yet with courteous Language, intreated him to give me if it were but eight Royals, since he knew me to be an honest Man, and that I had no other Trade or Livelihood, for my Friends brought me up to nothing, nor left me nothing; and this cunning Skab, (who is as great a Thief as *Cacus*, and as arrant a Cheat as ‡ *Andradilla*) would give me but four Royals; so you may see my Lord

† The Spanish Word is Barato, properly signifying Cheap, but among Gamesters it means that which Winners give among the Lookers on, which is ever us'd by Spaniards, and many live upon it, for it is expected as a due, and sometimes to make the Reward the greater these Standers by give Judgment wrongfully for the Winner.

‡ *Andradilla*, was a Famous Cheat in Spain, as *Clansey*, *Nor-ton*, *Bedloe*, *Dangerfield* and others in England.

Lord Governour how little Shame and Conscience he has; but 'yfaith if you had not come, I would have made him vomit out his Winnings, and he should have known who he had to deal with. What say you to this, (quoth *Sancho*) The other answer'd, that all his Adversary had said was true, that he would give him but four Royals, because he had often before given him; and they that expect a free Gift must be mannerly, and take any thing that is given them in good part, without standing upon Terms with the Winner, unless they knew him to be a Cheat, and that what he Won was unlawfully gotten; and that there was no greater a Sign of his being an Honest man and not a Thief, (as the other said) than his giving nothing, because Sharpers are always in Fee with the Lookers on, who know them. That's true, (quoth the Steward) What's your Pleasure Sir, to do with these Men? This is what is to be done, (quoth *Sancho*) do you good, bad or indifferent Winner, give your Hackster here a Hundred Royals immediately, besides you shall disburse Thirty more for the poor Prisoners: And you, that have neither Trade nor Employment, and live odly in this Island take your Hundred Royals, and by to morrow get you out of the Island, nor to return in ten Years, on Pain if you transgress of finishing your Bannishment in another Life, being hang'd upon a Gibbet, by me, or at least by the Hang-man, by my Command, and let no man argue the Case, for I'll lay him by the Heels. The one disburs'd, the other receiv'd; this man went out of the Island, that home to his House, and the Governour said, Well, it shall cost me a Fall, but I will put down these Gaming-houses, for I have a Conceit that they are very prejudicial. This at least, (quoth one of the Officers you cannot put down, because it belongs to a man of Quality, and he loses a great deal more at the Years end, than he gets by his Cards. Against other petty Gamesters you may shew your Authority, for they do more mischief, and conceal more abuses, than Gentlemen of Qualities Houses, where your Famous Sharpers dare not use their flights of Hand; and since the Vice of Play is become so common a Practice, 'tis better to suffer it in Houses of Fashion, than in mean ones where they Catch a poor Cully after Midnight and Fley him alive. Well, (quoth *Sancho*) there's much to be said in this Case.

And now one of the Sergeants men came holding a Youth, and said, Sir, this Youth was coming towards us, and as soon as he had a glimpse of the Justice he turn'd his Back, and began to run like a Stag, a Sign he is some Delinquent; I ran after

after him, and had it not been that he stumbled and fell, I had never over-taken him. Why didst thou run Fellow? (quoth *Sancho*) to which the young man answer'd, Sir, to avoid the many Questions your Officers use to ask. What Trade are you of? A Weaver, (said he) And what do you weave? Spears for Lances, with your Worships good leave. You are a pleasant Companion Sir, and you pretend to play the Jester, 'tis very well, and whither went you now? To take the Air Sir. And where in this Island do they use to take the Air? Where it blows. Good, you answer to the purpose and are a witty Lad, but do you suppose that I am the Air, and that I blow a stern on you, and drive you to Prison. Here lay hold on him, carry him away, for to Night I'll make him Sleep without Air in the Prison. By the Lord, (quoth the Youth) you shall as soon make me King, as make me Sleep this Night in Prison. Why, (quoth *Sancho*) have not I Power to apprehend thee, and free thee when I please? For all your Power, (said the Youth) you shall not make me Sleep this Night in Prison. No, you shall see that, (quoth *Sancho*) carry him presently where he shall see his Error; and lest the Jaylor should for a Bribe befriend thee, I'll lay a Penalty of Two thousand Crowns upon him, if he let thee stir a Foot out of the Prison. All that is a Jest, (said the Youth) the Business is, that all the World shall not make me Sleep this Night in Prison. Tell me thou Devil, (quoth *Sancho*) hast thou some Angel to deliver thee, and take off the Shackles I design to have clapp'd on thee? Well Sir, (quoth the Youth very pleasantly) let's come to reason and to the matter. Suppose you Command me to be carried to Prison, and I have Shackles and Chains put upon me, and am clapt into a Dungeon, and there are extraordinary Penalties laid upon the Jaylor if he let me out, and he obeys his Orders, yet for all that, If I will not Sleep, but keep awake all Night without closing my Eyes, can you with all your Authority make me Sleep against my Will? No indeed, (said the Secretarie) the Fellow is in the right. So that (quoth *Sancho*) your forbearing to Sleep is only to have your own Will, but not to contradict mine. No Sir, (quoth the Youth) not in the least. Well God be with you, (quoth *Sancho*) get you home to Sleep, and God send you good rest, for I will not disturb it; but let me advise you, from hence forward not to jest with Officers of Justice, for you may meet with one that will break your Head with your Jest. The young man went his way, and the Governour continu'd his Round.

A while after there came two Sergeants with a Person in hold, and said, Sir, here's one that seems to be a man, and is a Woman, and no ill-favour'd one in Man's Cloaths. They clapt two or three Lanterns to her Face, and by their Light discover'd a Womans Countenance, to look too, of about sixteen Years of Age; her Hair tuck'd up in a Caul of Gold and Green-silk, as Fair as could be seen; they view'd her all over, and saw she had on a pair of Carnation-silk Stockings, and White-taffata Garters Fring'd with Gold, and Seed Pearl; her long Breeches were of Cloth of Gold, and the Ground-work Green, with a loose Cassock or Coat of the same, under which she had a Doublet of Cloth of Gold, the Ground White: Her Shooes where White Mens Shooes, she had no Sword, but a very rich Dagger, and many very good Rings upon her Fingers. To conclude they all lik'd her very well, but none of them knew her. The Townsmen said, they could not guess who she should be; and they that were the Contrivers of the Tricks against *Sancho*, were most surpriz'd because that Accident was none of their ordering, so they were in suspence, to see what would be the Issue of it. *Sancho* was amaz'd at the maidens Beauty, and askt her Who she was, whither she went, and what had mov'd her to cloath her self in that Habit? She fixing her Eyes on the Earth, with a modest Bashfulness answer'd, Sir, I cannot tell you in Publick, what concerns me so much to be kept Secret: only this let me tell you; I am no Thief nor Malefactor, but an unhappy Maid, forc'd by Jealousie, to transgress the Laws of Decency. Which when the Steward heard, he said to *Sancho*: Sir, Command the Company aside, that this Gentlewoman may tell her Tale with less Shame. The Governour gave his Command, and all of them went aside, but the Steward, the Sewer and Secretary. Being thus private the Maid proceeded saying. I Sir, am Daughter to *Peter Perez Mazorch*, Farmer of the Wool of this Town, who often uses to go to my Fathers house, There's no likelihood in this Madam, (quoth the Steward; for I know *Peter Perez* very well, and know that he has never a Child, either Male or Female; besides you say he is your Father, and by and by you add, that he uses to go often to your Fathers house. I thought upon that too, (quoth *Sancho*) Why alas, (quoth she) I am so Frighted, that I know not what I say; but the Truth is, that I am Daughter to *James de la Llana*, whom I believe you all know. This may be, (said the Steward) for I know *James de la Llana*, who is a Gentleman of Worth and Estate, and has a Son and a Daughter, and

and since he has been a Widower, there's none in this Town, can say he has seen his Daughters Face, for he keeps her so close, that he scarce allows the Sun to look on her: And for all that, Fame speaks her wondrous Beautiful. 'Tis true, (quoth the Maid) and I am that Daughter; now whether Fame Lie or no, as to my Beauty you may be judges, since you have seen me; and with this she began to Weep tenderly. Which when the Secretary saw, he wisper'd the Sewer in the Ear, and told him; doubtless some matter of Consequence has befallen this poor Virgin, since she who is so well Born is abroad in this Habit, and at this time of the Night. There's no doubt of that (quoth the Sewer) for her Tears too confirm the Suspicion, *Sancho* Comforted her the best he could, and bid her without fear, tell what had Befall'n her; for all of them would use their utmost endeavours to Serve her. The Business, Gentlemen, quoth she, is this, My Father has kept me close these Ten Years; for so long it is since my Mother Dy'd: In the House we have a Chappel, where Ma's is said, and I in all this time have seen nothing but the Sun by Day, and the Moon and Stars by Night: Neither know I what Streets, or Marker-places, or Churches are, nor Men, except my Father, a Brother of mine, and *Peter Perez* the Farmer, who because he uses to come commonly to our House, it came into my mind to say he was my Father, because I would conceal the right. This keeping me close, and denying me to stir so much as to Church, has this good while troubled me and I had a mind to see the World, at least, the Town where I was Born, as thinking this longing of mine was not any breach of the Decency, Maids of my Quality ought to observe: When I heard talk of Bull baitings, Running with Reedes, and Acting of Plays. I ask'd my Brother who is a Year younger than I, what kind of things those were, and many others, which I have not seen; and he told me as well as he could: But all only serv'd the more to enflame my desire of seeing. In fine, to make short with my Misfortune, I entreated my Brother, I would I had never done it, and then she renew'd her Tears. Then said the Steward, On, Lady, and make an end of telling us what has befallen you: For you keep us all in Suspence, with your Words, and your Tears. I have but few Words to say (quoth she) yet many Tears to Weep, for they are the fruits of extravagant Desires. The Maids Beauty had possess'd it self of the Sewers Heart, and he held up his Lantern again, to see

her

her afresh; and it seem'd to him, that she Wept not Tears but Seed-pearl, or Morning-Dew, nay, that they were Oriental Pearls; and he wish'd, that her Misfortune might not be so great as her Sighs and Tears seem'd to make it. The Governour was mad at the Wenches tediousness in telling her Story; and bid her make an end and hold them no longer in suspence, for it was late, and they had much of the Town to Walk. She betwixt broken Sobs, and half-fetch'd Sighs, said, My Misfortune is nothing else, but that I desir'd my Brother to Cloath me in Mans Apparel, in one of his Suits; and that some Night or other he would carry me to see the Town, when my Father was a Sleep. He importun'd by my Intreaties, condescended to my Request; and putting this Suit on me; and he putting on another of mine, that fits him, as if it were made for him: For he has never a Hair upon his Face, and might be taken for a most Beautiful Maid: This Night somewhat above an Hour ago, we went abroad; and rambling up and down have gone thro' the whole Town; and going homeward, we saw a great Troop of People coming towards us; and my Brother said, Sister, this is the Round, take you to, your Heels, and clap Wings to them, and follow me, that we may not be known, for it will be ill for us; and this said, he turn'd his back, I won't say, to Run, but to Fly: I within four or five Steps fell down for fear; and then came this Officer that brought me before you; where for my vile longing, I am put to shame before so many People. So that, Madam, (quoth *Sancho*) no other Misfortune has befall'n you; nor was it Jealousy, as you said in the beginning of your Tale, that made you go abroad? Nothing, said she, has befallen me, nor was it any Jealousy, but only a desire of seeing a little of the World, and that extended no further than the Streets of this Town. All the Maid had said was confirm'd by the coming now of two other Sergeant's Men with her Brother, whom one of them overtook when he fled from his Sister: He had nothing on but a rich Petticoat, and a Mantle of Blew-damask with a broad Gold Lace on it; his Head without any kind of Dressing or Ornament, but his own Locks; which by reason of their Colour and Curle seem'd to be Rings of Gold. They stept aside with the Governour, the Steward, and the Sewer, and not letting his Sister hear, ask'd why he came in that Habit? And he with the same modest bashfulness told the same Tale his Sister had done; at which the Enamour'd Sewer was wonderfully Pleas'd. But the Governour said to them, Truly Gentlefolks this

has

has been a very Childish action, and there needed not so many Sighs and Tears and delays to tell such a piece of foolish Boldness; for it had been enough if you had said, We, such and such a one, went out of our Fathers House only for Curiosity to walk up and down the Town, and there had been an end, without your Sighing and your Whining a God's Name. You say true Sir (quoth the Maid) but you may think I was so troubl'd, that I could not tell how to behave my self. There's nothing lost (quoth Sancho) let's go, and we will leave you in your Father's House; perhaps he has not Mis'd you; and from hence forward be not so Childish, nor so covetous of seeing the World: *For an Honest Maid is better at Home with a broken Bone, than a Gadding: And a Woman and a Hen are Lost by Stragling.* And she that desires to see, has a mind to be seen, and I say no more. The Youth thank'd the Governour for the favour he did them, in conducting them Home, whither they went, for it was not far from thence. Being come to the House, the Youth threw a little Stone at one of the Iron-bar'd Windows; immediatly there came down a Maid-servant, that Sat up for them, open'd the Door, and in they went leaving those without to Admire their graceful Behaviour and Beauty, as also the desire they had to see the World by Night, without stirring out of the Town: But they attributed it to their tender Age. The Sewers Heart was peirc'd, and he resolv'd the next Day to demand her of her Father for his Wife, assuring himself he would not deny him, because he was the Dukes Servant: Sancho too had a longing and fancy to Marry the Youth with his Daughter *Sanchica*; and he decreed to put the matter in practice very soon, as thinking that a Governours Daughter was fit for any Husband. So the Round ended for that Night; and some two Days after his Government, which cut off and destroy'd all his Designs, as hereafter shall appear.

C H A P.

C H A P. L.

Where it is declar'd, who the Enchanters and Executioners were that Whipp'd the Matron, and Pincht and Scratcht Don Quixote; with the Success the Page had who carri'd the Letter to Teresa Panca, Sancho's Wife.

C I D Hamete, the most exact Searcher into the Minute atoms of this true History, says, That when *Donna Rodriguez* went out of her Chamber, to go to *Don Quixote's* Lodging, another old Waiting-woman that Lay with her, perceiv'd it; and as all of them Love to see, pry, and peep into every thing, she went after her so softly, that the good *Rodriguez* did not discover it, and as soon as the Waiting-woman saw her go in to *Don Quixote's* Room that she might not break the Custom of all old Governants, which is to carry Stories, she went immediatly to whisper it to the Dutcheß, and told her that *Donna Rodriguez* was in *Don Quixote's* Chamber. The Dutcheß told the Duke, and ask'd his Leave, that she and *Alfisdora* might go see what that Matron would have with *Don Quixote*, the Duke granted it, and both of them very softly came to *Don Quixote's* Door, and stood so close that they heard all that was spoken within; and when the Dutcheß heard that *Rodriguez* had turn'd the Springs of her Issues a running in the Streets, she could not bear with it, nor *Alfisdora* neither; so full of Rage and greedy of Revenge, they rush'd into the Chamber, Claw'd *Don Quixote* with their Nails, and Scourg'd the old Woman, as has been related; for Affronts that are directly levell'd against Womens Beauty, and their Pride, do highly provoke their wrath, and inflame them in the desire of Revenge.

The Dutcheß told the Duke what had pass'd, at which he was well pleas'd: And the Dutcheß proceeding in her intention of making Mirth and Pastime with *Don Quixote*, dispatcht the Page that Acted the Enchanted *Dulcinea's* Parr, for *Sancho* being busied in his Government, had forgot it to *Teresa Panca* with her Husbands Letter, and another from her self, and a String of fair Coral for a token,

Now the Story tells us, that the Page was very Ingenious and Witty, and being desirous to please his Lord and Lady, went with a very good will to *Sancho's Town*; and before he entred into it, saw a company of Women Washing at a Brook, whom he ask'd whether they could tell him, if there Liv'd in that Town a Woman, whose Name was *Teresa Pança*, Wife to one *Sancho Pança*, Squire to a Knight call'd *Don Quixote de la Mancha*? At this question a young Wench that was Washing there, stood up and said, That *Teresa Pança* is my Mother, and that *Sancho* my Father, and that Knight our Master. Well then Damsel (quoth the Page) come and lead me to your Mother; for I bring her a Letter and a Present from your said Father. That I will with all my Hart Sir, said the Wench, who seem'd to be about Fourteen Years of Age, little more or less; and leaving the Cloaths she was Washing to another Companion of Hers, without Dressing her Head or putting on Stockings and Shooes, for she was Bare-legg'd, and with her Hair about her Ears, she leap'd before the Page's Beast he Rod on, and said, Come Sir, for our House is just as you come into the Town, and there you shall find my Mother with Sorrow enough, because she has not heard from my Father this great while. Well, I have such good News for her (quoth he) that she may thank God for it. At length, Leaping, Running, and Jumping, the Girl got to the Town, and before she came into the House, cry'd out aloud at the Door, Come out Mother *Teresa*, come out, come out, for here's a Gentleman has Letters and other things from my good Father; at which noise *Teresa Pança* her Mother came out, Spinning a Lock of Flax, with a Russel Petti-coat, so short that it look'd as if it had been Cut off at the Placket, and a Russel Waistcoat of the same, and her Smock hung out about it. She was not very Old, but lookt to be above Forty: But was Strong, tough, Sinewy and Raw-bon'd; who seeing her Daughter, and the Page a Horse-back, said, What's the matter, Child? What Gentleman is this? A Servant of my Lady *Teresa Pança's*, quoth the Page, and immediatly flung himself from his Horse, with great Submission went to prostrate himself before the Lady *Teresa*, saying, My Lady *Teresa*, give me your Hand to Kils, as you are Lawful and particular Wife to my Lord *Don Sancho Pança*, proper Governour of the Island *Barataria*. Ah Lord Sir, forbear I pray don't do so, quoth *Teresa*, for I am no Court Dame, but a poor Country Woman, a Ploughmans Daughter, and Wife to a Squire Errant, and not a Governour. You are (quoth

(quoth the Page) the most worthy Wife, of an Arch-worthy Governour, and for a proof of what I say, I pray receive this Letter, and this Token, and then he pluck'd out of his Pocket a String of Coral, set in Gold, and put it about her Neck, and said, This Letter is from my Lord Governour, and another I bring, and these Corals are from my Lady Dutcheffs who sends me to you. *Teresa* was amaz'd and so was her Daughter: And the Wench said, Hang'me, if our Master *Don Quixote* have not a Hand in this Buisness, and he it is that has given my Father this Government or Earldom he has so often promis'd him. It is even so (quoth the Page) for it is for *Don Quixote's* sake, that my Lord *Sancho Pança* is now Governour of the Island *Barataria*, as you shall see by this Letter. Read it, good Sir, said *Teresa*, for tho' I can Spin, I cannot Read a jot; nor I neither, added *Sanchica*, but stay a little and I'll call one that shall; whether it be the Curate himself, or the Bachelor *Sampson Carrasco*, who will both come hither with all their Hearts to hear News from my Father. You need not call any body, said he; for tho' I cannot Spin, yet I can Read, and will Read it: So he did throughout; but, because it was before Inserted, it is not now set down here: Then he drew out the Dutcheffes, which was as follows.

Friend *Teresa*, your Husbands good Parts, his Wit and Honesty, mov'd and oblig'd me to request the Duke my Husband, to give him the Government of one of the many Islands he has. I am inform'd he Governs like a Hawk, for which I am very glad, and so is my Lord Duke; for which I give Heaven many Thanks, that I have not been deceiv'd in making choice of him for the said Government; For let me tell Mistress *Teresa*, 'tis a very difficult thing to find a good Governour in the World; and so God deal with me as *Sancho* Governs. I have sent you my Dear a string of Coral Beads set in Gold, I could wish they had been Oriental Pearls; but something is better than nothing: Time will come when we shall know one another, and

converse together; and God knows what will come of it.

Commend me to Sanchica your Daughter, and bid her, from me, to be in a readiness; for I mean to Marry her highly when she least thinks of it.

They tell me that in your Town there are large Acorns; I pray send me some two dozen of them, and I shall value them much as coming from you; and write to me at large, that I may know of your Health and Well-being; and if you want any thing you need only gape and your Mouth shall be your Measure; so God keep you. From this Town

Your loving Friend

The Dutcheſs.

Lord! quoth Teresa, when she heard the Letter, What a good plain humble Lady 'tis? God bury me with such Ladies, and not with your stately ones, that are in Fashion in this Town, who think because they are Jantle-folks, the Wind must not touch them; and they go as haughtily to Church, as if they were Queens at least, and they think it a disgrace to 'em to look upon a poor Country-woman: But look you here's a good Lady, who tho she be a Dutcheſs calls me Friend, and uses me as if I were her equal; may I see her equal to the highest Steeple in all Mancha, and as for the Acorns Sir, I will lend her Ladyship a whole Peck, of such as People may flock to see and admire for their bigness; and now Sanchica, do thou see that this Gentleman be made made Welcome; set his Horse up, and get some Eggs out of the Stable, and cut some Bacon, he shall Fare like a Prince, for the good News he has brought us, and his good Face deserves no less; in the mean time I will go tell my Neighbours this good News, and to our Father Vicar, and Master Nicholas the Barber, who have been, and still are so much thy Fathers Friends. Yes marry will I, (quoth Sanchica) but hark you, you must give me half that String, for I don't think my Lady Dutcheſs such a Fool, that she would

would send it all to you. 'Tis all thine Daughter, said Teresa, but let me wear it a few Days about my Neck, for in truth it cheers my very Heart. You will be as glad (quoth the Page) when you see the Bundle I have in my Portmantau, which is a Garment of fine Cloth, the Governour wore only one Day a Hunting, and he has sent it all to Mistress Sanchica. Long may he Live, (quoth Sanchica) and he that brings it too. Teresa went out with her Corals about her Neck, and plaid with her Fingers upon her Letters, as if they had been a Timbrel, and meeting by chance with the Curate and Sampson Carrasco, she began to Dance, and say, 'Tis now we shall be all great, we have catch'd the Government, and now let the Proudest Gentlewoman of 'em all meddle with me, and I'll shew her a new Trick for't. What madness is this, Teresa Panza, said they, and what Papers are those? No madness, (quoth she) but these are Letters from Dutcheſses and Governours, and these I wear about my Neck are fine Corals, that is the Ave-Maries, and the Pater-nosters are of beaten Gold, and I am a Governels. Now as God shall help us Teresa, said the Curate, we understand you not, nor do we know what you mean. There you may see (quoth Teresa) and gave them the Letters. The Curate read them that Sampson Carrasco might hear, so he and the Curate lookt one upon the other, wondring at what he had read. The Bachelor ask'd, who had brought those Letters? Teresa answer'd they might go home with her and see the Messenger; who was a Youth as Fair as a Golden Pine-apple, and that he brought her another Present worth twice as much. The Vicar took the Corals from her Neck and view'd them over and over, and assuring himself that they were right, began to wonder afresh, and said; I swear by my Coat, I know not what to say or think of these Letters and Tokens; for on the one side, I see and am sensible of the fineness of these Corals; and on the other, I read that a Dutcheſs sends to beg two dozen of Acorns. Come crack me that Nut quoth Carrasco. Well, let us go see the Bearer of this Letter, and by him we shall be inform'd in these Doubts that occur.

They did so, and Teresa went back with them; they found the Page sitting a little Barley for his Beast, and Sanchica cutting a Rasher to Fry with Eggs for the Pages Dinner, whole meen and garb pleas'd them both; and after they had courteously saluted him, and he them, Sampson ask'd him to tell them some News of Don Quixote and Sancho; for tho' they had read Sancho's and the Dutcheſses Letters, yet they were perplex'd and could not guess what Sancho's Govern-

ment should mean, especially of an Island, since all or most that were in the Mediterranean Sea, belong'd to his Majesty. To which the Page answer'd, That Master *Sancho Pança* is a Governour, is not to be doubted; but whether it be an Island he Governs or no I don't concern my self, 'tis enough that it is a Town of above a Thousand Inhabitants, and as for the Acorns, let me tell you; my Lady Dutchess is so plain and humble, that her sending for Acorns to this Country-Woman is nothing, for I have known her send to borrow a Comb of one of her Neighbours, and you must understand, the Ladies of *Aragon*, tho' they be as Noble, yet they stand not so much upon their Points, nor are they so lofty, as the *Castilians*, but deal much more plainly. Whilst they were in the midst of this Discourse, *Sanchica* came leaping with her Lap full of Eggs, and ask'd the Page: Tell me Sir, does my Father wear Trunk-breeches, since his being Governour? I never minded it, quoth the Page, but sure he does. Oh God! quoth she what a Sight it would be, to see my Father in his Trunks: Is it not a strange thing, that ever since I was Born, I have had a longing to see my Father in Trunk-breeches. You'll see him with much more than that comes too, quoth the Page, if you live: By the Lord if his Government lasts but two Months, he is likely to Travel with a Beaver to keep off the Sun. The Vicar and Batchelor plainly perceiv'd that the Page play'd the wagg with them; but the goodness of the Coral-beads, and the Hunting Suit *Sancho* sent confounded them again, for *Teresa* had shew'd them the Cloaths, and they could not but Laugh at *Sanchica's* longing, especially when *Teresa* said, Master Vicar, pray will you hearken out if there be any body going towards *Madrid* or *Toledo*, that they may buy me a round Farthingale cleyver and well made, just in the Fashion, and of the best sort, for in truth I mean to credit my Husbands Government as much as I can, and if I am anger'd I'll to Court my self too, and have my Coach as well as the best, for she that has a Governour to her Husband, may very well have it and maintain it. And why not Mother? (quoth *Sanchica*) and the sooner the better, tho' they that see me sit with my Mother in the Coach should say, Look ye on Mistress *Whackam*, good-man Garlick-eaters Daughter, how she is set and stretcht at ease in the Coach, as if she were a Pope *Joan*; but let them tread in the Dirt, and let me go in my Coach, with my Feet above the ground: A Pox on all Back-biters; *The Fox fares best when he is caw'd*. Am I in the right Mother? Much in the right

right Daughter, (quoth she) and my good *Sancho* foretold me all these Blessings and many more; and thou shalt see Daughter, I'll never rest till I am a Countess; for all is but beginning once to be such, and as I have often heard thy good Father say, (who is also the Father of Proverbs): *Look not a gift Horse in the Mouth*. When a Government is given thee take it, when an Earldom catch it, and when they whistle to thee with a good Gift, snap at it: It were pretty if aith to lie snoring a Bed, and not let in good Fortune when she knocks at your Doors. And what care I (quoth *Sanchica*) if he that sees me in State and Majesty, says, *Set a Beggar a Horse-back*, &c. When the Curate heard all this, he said, I cannot believe, but all the Stock of the *Panças* were Born with a Bushel of Proverbs in their Bellies, I never saw any of them that did not scatter them at all times, and upon all occasions. Right, (quoth the Page) for Master *Sancho* the Governour uses them every Foot; and tho' many of them are nothing to the purpose, yet they delight, and my Lady Dutchess and the Duke, applaud them. Then still you affirm Sir, quoth the Batchelor, that this Business of *Sancho's* Government is true, and that there is a Dutchess in the World that sends him Presents, and Writes to him; for we, tho' we see them, and have read the Letters, yet we cannot believe it, and we think that this is one of *Don Quixote* our Countryman his Inventions, who thinks all things are done by way of Enchantment; so that I could find in my Heart to feel and touch you, to see whether you are an airy Embassador, or a man of Flesh and Blood. Sir, (quoth the Page) all I know of my self is, that I am a real Embassador, that Master *Sancho Pança* is an effective Governour, and that my Lord Duke and the Dutchess may give, and have given the said Government, and I have heard say the said *Sancho Pança* behaves himself most nobly in it; whether there be any Enchantment in this or no you may dispute among your selves, for I know no more, by an Oath I shall swear, which is, By the Life of my Parents, who are alive, and I love them very well. It may very well be, (quoth the Batchelor) but *dubitat Augustinus*. Doubt it who will (quoth the Page) I have told you the Truth, which shall allways prevail above lies, as the Oyl above the Water, and if not *operibus credite & non verbis*, one of you go with me, and you shall see with your Eyes what you will not believe by the help of your Ears. That Journey is for me, (quoth *Sanchica*) you shall carry me behind you Sir, and I'll goe with all my Heart to see my Father. Governours Daughters (said he) must

must not Travel alone, but attended with Coaches and Horse-Litters, and good store of Servants. Marry (quoth *Sancho*) I can go as well upon a young Ass-colt, as in a Coach; you have a dainty Piece of me no doubt. Peace wench (said *Teresa*) thou know'st not what thou say'st, and this Gentleman is in the right; the case is alter'd; when thy Father was *Sancho*, then might'st thou be *Sancho*; but now he is a Governour, a Lady, and I know not whether I talk to the purpose. Madam *Teresa*, says more than she is aware of (quoth the Page) and now pray let me Dine and be quickly dispatcht, for I must return this afternoon. Then (quoth the Curate) you shall do Penance with me to Day, for Mistress *Teresa* has more good Will than good Cheer, to welcome so good a Guest. The Page refus'd, but for his better Fare, was forc'd to accept of the Kindness; and the Curate carried him very willingly, that he might have time to ask at leisure after *Don Quixote* and his Exploits. The Batchelor offer'd *Teresa* to Write the Answers of her Letters, but she would not have him concern'd in her Affairs, for she look'd upon him as a jeering Wag, so she gave a Cake, and a couple of Eggs to a young Acolite of the Church, who could Write, and he writ two Letters for her, one for her Husband, and the other for the Dutchess, all of her own dictating which are none of the worst in this great History, as you may see hereafter.

CHAP. LI.

A farther Account of Sancho's Government, with other Passages, such as they are.

THE Day appear'd after the Governours Rounding Night, which the Sewer spent without any Sleep, his Head running upon the Face, Air, and Beauty, of the disguis'd Damsel, and the Steward spent the remainder of it in Writing to his Lord, *Sancho Panza's* Words and Actions, both which he equally admir'd; for his Words and his Actions, had a certain mixture of Discretion and Folly.

The Governour in fine got up, and by Doctor *Peter Rezio's* appointment, broke his fast with a little Conserve, and a Draught or two of cold Water, which *Sancho* would willingly

ingly have exchang'd for a piece of Bread and bunch of Grapes, but seeing there was no Remedy he bore with it, tho' with much grief of Mind, and Offence to his Stomach; for *Peter Rezio* made him believe, that few Dishes, and those dainty ones, did quicken the Wit, which was the only thing for Persons that bore Rule, and weighty Offices; who are to make more use of the strength of the Understanding, than of that of the Body. By means of this Sophistry, *Sancho* endur'd Hunger, inasmuch that in his Heart he curs'd the Government, and those that gave it him, yet for all his Hunger, in the strength of his Conserve he sate in Judgment that Day, and the first thing that came before him, was a Doubt which a Stranger propos'd to him, the Steward, and the rest of the Fraternity being present, and it was this.

Sir, a mighty River divided two parts of one Lordship, (I pray Sir be attentive, for it is a Case of great Importance, and somewhat difficult) I say then, that upon this River there was a Bridge, and at the end of it a Gallows, and a kind of Court of Judicature, in which there were commonly four Judges, who judg'd according to the Law the Owner of the River, Bridge and Lordship had establish'd which was this: If any one be to pass from one side of this Bridge to the other, he must first Swear whither he goes, and what his Business is; If he Swear true, let him pass, if he lie let him be Hang'd upon the Gallows that appears there without Remission. This Law being publish'd and the rigorous Conditions of it, many went over, and presently by their Oaths, it appear'd they said true, and the Judges let them Pass freely. It fell out that they took one mans Oath, who Swore and said, that he went to be hang'd upon that Gallows, and had no other Business. The Judges were at a stand, and said, If we let this man Pass, he ly'd in his Oath, and according to the Law he ought to Die; and if we hang him, he Swore he went to die upon the Gallows, and having Sworn truly, by the same Law he ought to be Free. It is now Sir Governour, demanded of you, what should be done with this Man, for the Judges are doubtful and in suspence, and having heard of your profound Judgment, they sent me to you, to desire you on their behalfs, to give your Opinion in this intricate and doubtful Case.

To which *Sancho* answer'd, Truly these Judges that send you to me might have sav'd a Labour, for I am one that have as much Wit as a Setting-dog, but howsoever repeat me the Business once again, that I may understand it, and per-

haps I may hit the Mark. The man repeated the same thing over and over again, as he had told it before; and *Sancho* said, In my Opinion it is instantly resolv'd, as thus; the man Swears he goes to die upon the Gallows, and if he die so, he Swore true, and so by the Law deserves to Pass free; and yet if he be not hang'd, he Swore false, and by the same Law he ought to be hang'd. 'Tis just as my Lord Governour has said (quoth the Messenger,) and as for the right understanding of the Case, there is no more to be said or doubted. I say then (quoth *Sancho*) that they let that part of the Man pass that spoke Truth, and let them Hang that which told a Lye, and so the condition of the Law will be literally fulfill'd. Why Sir (said the Stranger) then the Man must be divided into two parts, the Lying and the True, and if he be divided he must needs Dye, and so there is nothing of the Law fulfill'd, and it is expressly necessary, that the Law be observ'd. Come hither honest Fellow (quoth *Sancho*) either I am a very Dunce, or this Passenger you Speak off has the same reason to Dye, as to Live and passe the Bridge; for if the Truth save him, the Lye Condemns him equally; which being so as it is, I am of opinion that you tell the Judges that sent you to me, That since the reasons to Save or Condemn him are equally ballanc'd, that they let him pass Freely; for it is ever more commendable to do good, than hurt; and this I would give under my Hand if I could Write; and in this Case I have not spoken from my self; but I remember one precept amongst many others, that my Master *Don Quixote* gave me the night before I came to be Governour, which was; That when Justice was any thing doubtfull, I should incline and adhere to Mercy; and it has pleas'd God I should remember it in this Case, which has fall'n out so. 'Tis right (quoth the Steward,) and sure *Licurgus* Law-giver to the *Lacedemonians*, could not have better decided it than the Great *Sancho Pança* has done. And now this mornings Audience may end, and I will give order that the Governour may Dine plentifully. That is it I desire (quoth *Sancho*) and let's have fair Play: Let me Dine, and then let Cases and Doubts pour down upon me, and I'll whip them away in a trice.

The Steward was as good as his Word, believing it a thing against Conscience to Starve so discreet a Governour: Besides, his design was to make an end with him that Night, playing him the last Jest, he had in his Commission. It happen'd then, that having Eaten contrary to the Prescriptions and

and Orders of the Doctor *Tirte suera*, when the Cloth was taken away, there came in a Post with a Letter of *Don Quixote* to the Governour. *Sancho* Commanded the Secretary to Read it to himself, and if there were no secret in it, to Read it aloud. The Secretary did so, and running it over, first said, It may well be Read-out, for what *Don Quixote* writes to you, deserves to be Engraven and Written in Letters of Gold and thus it is.

Don Quixote's Letter to Sancho Pança, Governour of the Island Barataria.

When I thought (Friend *Sancho*) to have heard News of thy Negligence and folly, I heard of thy Discretion, for which I gave particular thanks to Heaven. I hear thou Govern'st as if thou wert a Man, and that thou art a Man as if thou wert a Beast, so humbly dost thou Demean thyselfe; but I would have thee take notice, That it is often very necessary and convenient to thwart the humility of the Heart, to support the Authority of a Place, for the Ornament of the Person that is in Eminent Offices, must be suitable to their Greatness, and not proportion'd to the Inclination of his mean Condition. Go well Clad; for a Stake well dress'd, looks not like a Stake; I do not bid thee wear Foppish, Gawdy things; nor to Dress thy self like a Souldier being a Judge, but that thou wear such Apparel as thy Place requires; so it be handsom and neat. To get the good will of those thou Govern'st, among the rest, thou must do two things; the one,

one, is to be Courteous to all, which I have already told thee of; and the other, to see that there be plenty of Provisions; for there is nothing that more afflicts the Hearts of the poor than hunger and Dearth.

Do not put out many Edicts, and those thou do'st pass, see they be good, but chiefly that they be observ'd and kept; for Laws not kept, are the same as if they were not made; and rather shew that the Prince had Wisdom and Authority to make them, than Valour to see them Observ'd: And Laws that only threaten, and are not Executed, become like the Beam, that was King of the Frogs, that at first scar'd them, but in time they despis'd, and got up on it.

Be a Father to Virtue, but a Father-in-law to Vice.

Be not alwaies Severe, nor alwaies Merciful, choose a mean betwixt these two Extremes, for this is a point of discretion.

Visit the Prisons, the Shambles, and the Markets, for in such Places the Governours presence is of great Consequence.

Comfort the Prisoners that hope to be quickly dispatcht.

Be a Terror to the Butchers, that they may be fair in their Weights, and keep Hucksters in Awe for the same Reason.

Shew not thy self, tho' indeed thou wert so, which yet I beleive not Covetous, given to Women, or a Glutton; for when the Town, and those that Converse with thee, have found out thy Blind-side there will they Play their Engines upon thee, till they cast thee down Head-long into the depth of Perdition.

View

View and re-view, Read over again and again the Instructions I gave thee in Writing, before thou went'st from hence to thy Government, and thou shalt see thou wilt find in them, if thou observe them, a good Support to help thee to bear with the difficulties and troubles that are incident to Governours.

Write to thy Lord and Lady, and shew thy self Grateful; for Ingratitude is the Daughter of Pride, and one of the greatest Sins that is; and he that is Thankful to those who have done him good, gives a Testimony that he will be so to God who has done him so much good, and dayly does continue it

My Lady Dutchess dispatcht a Messenger on purpose with thy Apparel; and another present of thy Wife Teresa Panca; every minute we expect an answer.

I have been somewhat indispos'd of late on account of a Cattish affair that happen'd to me not very advantageous to my Nose, but 'twas nothing; for as there are Echanterers that misuse me, there are others that defend me. Let me know whether the Steward that is with thee had any hand in Trifaldi's actions as thou didst suspect; and let me also hear of all that befalls thee, since the way is so short; besides, I think to leave this idle Life e're long, for I was not born to it.

A Business has offer'd, that I believe will put me out of the Favour of these Noble Persons; but tho' it much concerns me I care not a Strain, for indeed I had rather comply with my Profession, than with their Wills, according to the saying; Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.

I

I write thee this Latin, because I think, since thy being Governour thou hast learnt to understand it. And so farewell, God keep thee, and send that no man pittie thee.

Thy Friend,

Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Sancho gave great attention to the Letter, and those that heard, applauded it for a very discreet one. Then Sancho rose from the Table, and calling the Secretary lockt himself up with him in his Bed-chamber, and without further delay would answer his Master *Don Quixote*; and bid the Secretary Write what he dictated, without adding or diminishing the least, which he did; and the Letter in answer was to this effect.

Sancho Panca's Letter to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

MY Business and Employments are so great, that I have not leisure either to scratch my Head, or pare my Nails, which is the reason they are so long, (God help me) This I say dear Sir, that you may not wonder, that hitherto I have not given you an Account of my well or ill being at this Government; in which I am now more Hungry, than when you and I travell'd in the Woods and Wildernesses.

My Lord Duke wrote to me the other Day, by way of advice, that there were certain Spies entered the Island to kill me; but hitherto I have discover'd none but a certain Doctor, who has an allowance in this Town, to kill as many Governours

ours as come to it; his Name is Doctor Peter * Rezio de Agüero Born in Tirte a fuera; that you may see whether the Name be not sufficient to make me suspect he will be the Death of me. This same Doctor says of himself, that he cures not Diseases when they are in being, but prevents them before they come; and the Medicines he uses, are abstinence upon abstinence, till he makes a Man nothing but bare Bones, as if Weakness were not a greater Disease than a Fever. In fine, he Starves me by Degrees, and I fret my self to Death for when I thought to have come to this Government to eat my Meat hot, and drink my Liquor cold, and to recreate my Body in Holland sheets on Feather-Beds; I am forc'd to do Penance as if I were an Hermite, and because I do it unwillingly, I believe at long run it will carry me to the Devil.

Hitherto I have neither Finger'd any Perquisites, nor taken Bribes, and I know not the reason; for here they tell me that the Governours that use to come to this Island, before their Arrival, have either had a considerable Present, or much Money lent them by the Town; and that this is the usual Custom, not only in this Town but in others.

Last Night as I went the Rounds, I met with a fair Maid in mans Apparel, and a Brother of hers in womans; my Sewer fell in Love with the Wench, and resolv'd to take her to Wife, as he says; and I have chosen the Youth for

* The reason of this saying of Sancho's, is because in Spanish Rezio signifies strong or harsh, Agüero, is an Omen, and Tirte a fuera, is come out.

for my Son in Law, to Day both of us will make known our Designs to the Father of them both, who is one James de la Llana, a Gentleman and an old Christian, as much as you would desire.

I visit the Market-places, as you advise me, and yesterday found a Huckster that sold new Hazel-nuts, and it was prov'd against her, that she had mingl'd the new with a Busbel of old, that were rotten and without Kernels: I adjudg'd them all to be given to the School-boys who knew how to distinguish betwixt them; and gave Sentence against her, That she should not come into the Market-place in fifteen Days. I am told I did bravely: All I can tell you is, that it is the common report in this Town, That there is no worse People in the World than these Market-women, for they are all Impudent, Shameless and ungodly; and I believe it to be so by those I have seen in other Towns.

I am very well pleas'd that my Lady Dutcheß has Written to my Wife Teresa Panca, and sent her a Token, as you say, and I will endeavour at a fit time, to shew my self thankful: I pray do you kiss her Hand in my Name, and tell her, I say her Kindness is not ill bestow'd, as shall hereafter appear.

I would not wish you to have any misunderstanding with those Lords, for if you be displeas'd with them, 'tis plain it must needs redound to my Dammage, and 'twill not be convenient, since you advise me not to be unthankful, you should be so to them that have shew'd you so much Kindness,

ness, and by whom you have been so well entertain'd in their Castle.

Your Cattish affair I understand not; but I suppose 'tis some of those ill Feats the wicked Enchanters are wont to use towards you; I shall know of you when we meet. I would fain have sent you something, but I know not what to send, unless it were some little Glister-pipes which they make very curiously in this Island, to serve with Bladders, but if my Office last, I'll get something worth the sending, right or wrong.

If my Wife Teresa Panca write to me, pay the Postage, and send me the Letter, for I have a wonderful Desire, to know of the estate of my House, my Wife and Children; and so God keep you from ill-minded Enchanters, and deliver me well and peaceably from this Government, for I doubt it, and think to lay my Bones here, according as the Doctor Peter Rezio handles me.

Your Worships Servant,

Sancho Panca the Governour.

The Secretary made up the Letter, and presently dispatcht the Post. Sancho's Tormentors joyning together, gave Order how they might dispatch him from the Government. That Afternoon Sancho spent in setting down Orders for the well Governing that, he imagin'd to be an Island. He ordain'd there should be no Haglers of Provisions; as also, That they might have Wines brought in from all Places whatsoever, only with this Proviso, that they should declare from whence they came, to have them Rated according to their Value and Goodness; and that whosoever put Water to it, or chang'd the Name, should die for it: He moderated the Prices of all kind of Apparel, especially of Shoes, as thinking them extravagantly dear. He settled Servants Wages, which were without any Limitation. He

set grievous Penalties upon such as should Sing bawdy or lewd Ballads, either by Night or Day. He ordain'd, That no blind man should sing Miracles in Verse, except they brought authentick Testimonies of they Truth of them; for he thought that most they Sung, were false and a discredit to the true. He created an Overseer of the Poor, not to persecute, but examine them to know if the were so; for under Colour of fain'd Maimness and false Sores, they are bold Thieves and lusty Drunkards. To conclude, he made such wholesome Constitutions, that to this Day they are observ'd in that Place, and call'd, *The Ordinances of the Great Governour Sancho Pança.*

CH A P. LII.

In which is related the Adventure of the second afflicted or sorrowful Matron, otherwise call'd Donna Rodriguez.

CId Hamete tells us, that *Don Quixote* being recover'd of his Scratches, thought the Life he led in that Castle, was much against the Order of Knighthood he profess'd; and therefore resolv'd to ask leave of the Duke and Dutchess to depart towards *Zaragoza*, the Tilting which was to be there now drawing near, where he thought to gain the Armour that uses to be given at it. And being one Day at the Table with the Duke and Dutchess, and beginning to put his intention in execution, and to ask leave; behold, unlookt for, two Women came in at the great Hall-door, clad (as it after appear'd) in Mourning from Head to Foot; and one of them coming to *Don Quixote*, fell down all along at his Feet, with her Mouth clinging to them; groan'd so sorrowfully and so profoundly, that she put all that beheld her into a great Confusion; and tho' the Duke and Dutchess thought it was some Trick their Servants would put upon *Don Quixote*; however seeing with what earnestness the Women sigh'd, groan'd and wept; they were a little doubtful and in suspense, till *Don Quixote* in great Compassion rais'd her from the ground, and made her discover her self, and take her Vail from her blubber'd Face: She did so, and appear'd to be (what could never be imagin'd) *Donna Rodriguez*

guez the old Waiting-woman of the House, and the other in Mourning was her wrong'd Daughter, abus'd by the rich Farmers Son: All were in admiration that knew her, especially the Duke and Dutchess, for tho' they knew her to be Foolish and Silly, yet they did not believe her to be quite Mad. In fine, *Donna Rodriguez* turning to the Lords, said May it please your Excellencies, to give me leave to impart a thing to this Knight, for it behoves me so to do, to put a happy end to an unlucky Business, into which the boldness of an ill-minded Raskal has thrust me. The Duke said, he gave her leave, and she might impart what she would to *Don Quixote*. She directing her Discourse to *Don Quixote*, said, It is sometime valorous Knight, since I related to you the Wrong and Treachery a wicked Farmer has done to my beloved Daughter, the Unfortunate one here now present; and you Promis'd me to undertake for her, and to right this wrong that has been done her; and now it has come to my Knowledge that you intend to depart this Castle, in quest of the good Adventures God shall send you, and therefore my request is, that before you scower the Ways you would Challenge this untam'd Rustick, and make him Marry my Daughter, according to the Promise he gave her before he coupled with her: For to think that my Lord Duke will do me Justice is a Folly, for the reason I told you in private; and so God give you much Health, and forsake us not. *Don Quixote* answer'd her, with much Gravity and Formality: Good Matron moderate your Tears, or rather dry them up, and save your Sighs, and I'll take upon me to right your Daughter, who had much better, not have been so easie in believing her Lovers Promises, which for the most part are light in making but heavy in accomplishing; and therefore with my Lord Dukes leave, I will presently set out in search of that ungodly young man, and will find and Challenge him, and Kill him if he deny to perform his Promise; for the chief design of my Profession is, to Pardon the humble, and to Chastise the Proud, I mean to succour the Wretched, and destroy the Cruel. You need not (quoth the Duke) be at the Pains of seeking the Clown, of whom the good Matron complains, nor need you ask me leave to Challenge him, 'tis enough, that I know you have done it; and let it be my Charge to give him notice that he accept the Challenge, and come to my Castle to answer for himself, where safe Lists shall be set up for you both, observing the Conditions, that in such Acts are and ought to be observ'd; and doing you both Justice equally, as all Princes are oblig'd to do, who grant

single Combat to those that Fight within their Dominions. Upon that Security and your Greatness leave, (quoth *Don Quixote*) here I say, that for this once I renounce my Gentility, and do equal my self to the meanness of the Offender, and so qualify him to Combat with me, and so tho' he be absent, I Challenge and desire him, for that he did ill to defraud this poor creature that was a Maid, and now through his Villany is none, and he shall either fulfill his Word he gave her to Marry her, or Die for it. Then plucking off his Glove he cast it into the midst of the Hall, and the Duke took it up, saying, That he, as he had already said, in his Vassals name accepted the Challenge, and appointed the prefix'd time six Days after, and the Lists to be in the Court of that Castle, and the usual Arms of Knights, as Lance and Shield and lac'd Armour, with all other pieces without deceit, advantage or fraud, seen and allow'd by the Judges of the Lists: But first of all 'tis requisite, that this honest Matron, and this ill Maid commit the right of their Cause, into *Don Quixote de la Mancha's* Hands, for otherwise there will be nothing done, neither will the said Challenge be put in Execution. I do, (quoth the Matron) and I too, said the Daughter, all blubber'd and shamefac'd, and in ill-taking. This agreement being made, and the Duke imagining what he would do in the Business: The mourners went their ways, and the Dutchess Commanded they should not be us'd as her Servants, but like Lady Adventurers, that came to her House to demand Justice, so they gave them Lodgings apart, and serv'd them as Strangers, to the astonishment of the other Servants who knew not what would be the end of the Folly and lightness of *Donna Rodriguez*, and her ill Errant Daughter.

At this time, to add the more to their Mirth, and make up the Farce, in came the Page that carri'd the Letter and tokens to *Teresa Pança*; whose arrival much pleas'd the Duke and Dutchess, who were desirous to know what befel him in his Journey, and asking him, The Page answer'd he could not tell them in publick, nor in few Words; but that their Excellencies would be pleas'd to reserve it for a private time, and the mean while would Entertain themselves with those Letters; and taking them out, he gave two to the Dutchess, the Supercription of the one was, *To my Lady Dutchess*, I know not of what Place; and the other, *To my Husband Sancho Pança, Governour of the Island Barataria, whom God prosper longer than me.* The Dutchess could not be quiet, till she had Read her Letter; so opening and

and Reading it to her self, seeing she might Read it aloud, she did so, that the Duke and the Standers by might hear it, as follows.

Teresa Pança's Letter to the Dutchess.

Madam,

I was very much Pleas'd at the Letter your Greatness Wrote to me, for in truth I had long wish'd for it: Your String of Corals was very good; and my Husbands Hunting-suit comes not short of it. All the Town rejoyces, That your Honour has made my Consort Governour, tho' there is none that will believe it, especially, the Curate, Master Nicholas the Barber, and Sampson Carrasco the Batchelor; but all is one to me, so it be true, as it is, let every one say what he will: But if I must Speak the Truth, had it not been for the Coral and the Sute I should not have believ'd it neither; for all in this Town take my Husband for a very Dunce, and cannot imagin what Government he is good for besides the governing of a Flock of Goats; God make him so and direct him as he sees best for his Children. I, Dear Lady, am resolv'd, with your Worships good leave, to lay hold of this good, and to go to the Court to Loll it along in a Coach, to fret out the Eyes of a Thousand that envy me already. And therefore I desire your Excellency to command my Husband to send me some stock of Money to purpose, because at Court expences are great; for a small Loaf is worth a Royal, and a Pound of Flesh thirty Maravedies, which is the Devil and all: And if he will not have me go, let him send me Word in time; for my Feet itch till I be jogging upon the way; for my Friends and Neighbours tell me, that if I and my Daughter appear Great and Stately at Court, my Husband will be better known by me than I by him; for that of necessity many will ask, What Ladies are these in the Coach? Then a Servant of mine answers, The Wife and Daughtier of Sancho Pança, Governour of the Island Barataria; and by this means Sancho will be known, and I shall be Honour'd, and so have at all.

U n 3

I am

I am as sorry as sorrowful may be, that this Year we have gather'd no Acorns in this Town, for all that, I send your Highness about half a Peck, which I cull'd out one by one, and went to the Mountain on purpose, and they were the biggest I could find; I could have wish'd they had been as big as Ostruch Eggs. Let not your Pomposity forget to Write to me, and I'll have a care to answer and inform you of my Health, and of all that may be worth Writing from this Place where I remain, Praying to God to preserve your Greatness, and not to forget me. My Daughter Sanchica and my Son Kifs your Hands. She that is more desirous to see, than to Write to your Honour,

Your Servant,

Teresa Panca.

Great was the Satisfaction they all receiv'd in hearing Teresa Panca's Letter, especially the Duke and Dutchess who ask'd Don Quixote's advice, whether, it were fit to open the Letter that came for the Governour, which she imagin'd was most exquisite. Don Quixote said, that to pleasure them he would open it; which he did, and saw the contents were these.

Teresa Panca's Letter, to her Husband
Sancho.

I Receiv'd thy Letter, my Sancho of my Soul, and I promise and Swear to thee as I am a Catholick Christian, I was within two Fingers bredth of running Mad for Joy: Look you Friend, when I came to hear that thou art a Governour, I thought I should have fall'n down Dead with meer gladness; for thou know'st, 'tis usually said, that suddain Joy as soon Kills as excessive grief. Thy Daughter Sanchica could not hold her Water for very Pleasure. The Suit thou sent'st me

me I had before me, and the Corals my Lady Dutchess sent, and the Letters in my Hands and the beaver of them present, and for all this I believ'd and thought that all I saw or felt was but a Dream: For who could think that a Goat-headed should come to be a Governour of Islands? And thou know'st Friend, that my Mother us'd to say, That 'twas necessary to Live long, to see much. This I say, because I think to see more, if I Live longer; for I don't intend to give over, till I see thee a Farmer or receiver of Customes, which are Offices, that tho' the Devil carry away him that Discharges them badly, yet for all that good store of Coyn goes thorow their Hands. My Lady Dutchess will let thee know how much I desire to go to Court; consider of it, and let me know thy mind, for I will endeavour to do thee Honour there, by going in my Coach. The Curate, Barber, Bachelour, nor Sexton cannot believe thou art a Governour, and say, 'tis all juggling or Enchantment, as all thy Master Don Quixote's Affairs are: And Sampson says, he will find thee out, and put this Government out of thy Noddle, and Don Quixote's Madnes out of his Coxcomb. I do nothing but Laugh at them, and look upon my String of Coral, and contrive how to make my Daughter a Gown of the Suit thou sent'st me, I sent my Lady Dutchess some Acorns, I would they had been of Gold: I prethee send me some Strings of Pearls, if they are in Fashion in that Island.

The news of this Town is, that Berueca married her Daughter to a scurvy Painter that came hither to Paint at Random. The Common Council of the Town bid him Paint the King's Armes over the Gate of the Town Hall; he demanded two Ducats, which they gave him before-hand; he wrought eight Days, and at last Painted nothing, and said; he could not hit upon Painting such a deal of Trumpery so he return'd them their Money; and for all this, he Marri'd with the Name of a good Workman; True it is, he has left his Pencil, and taken the Spade, and goes to the Field like a Gentleman. Peter de Lobo's Son has taken Orders and shav'd his Head,

with a design to be a Priest. Minguilla, Mingo Siluatos Grand Daughter hear'd of it, and Sues him upon a promise of Marriage; malicious Tongues will not stick to say, she has been with Child by him, but he denies it stiffly.

This Year we have no Olives, nor is there a drop of Vinegar to be had in all the Town. A Company of Soldiers pass'd by here, and carri'd away three Wenches from this Town with them, I will not tell thee who they are, for perhaps they will return, and there will not want some that will Marry them for better for worse. Sanchica makes Bone-Lace, and gets her eight Maravedies a Day clear, which she puts in a Box with a slit, to help to buy her Household-stuff; but now she is a Governours Daughter, thou wilt give her a Portion, without her working for it. The Stone-Fountain in the Market-place is dry'd up. A Thunder-bolt fell upon the Pillory, there may they all fall. I expect an answer to this, and thy Resolution touching my going to Court; and so God keep thee longer, than me, or as long; for I would not leave thee in this World behind me.

Thy Wife,

Teresa Panca.

These Letters were Extoll'd, Laugh'd at, Esteem'd and Admir'd; and to mend the matter, the Post came that brought one from Sancho to Don Quixote, which was also Read aloud; and brought the Governours Madnes in question. The Dutchess retir'd with the Page, to know what had befalln him in Sancho's Town, who told her all at large, without omitting any circumstance: He gave her the Acorns, and a Cheese too which Teresa gave him for a very good one, much better than those of Tronchon; the Dutchess receiv'd it with a great deal of Satisfaction, and so we will leave her, to tell the end of the Government of the Great Sancho Panca, the Flower and Mirror of all Island Governours.

C H A P.

C H A P. LIII.

Of the troublesome end and Conclusion of Sancho Panca's Government.

IT is a folly to think that the Affairs of this Life, should continue always in the same posture, for it rather seems to be ever in a Circular motion, or going round. The Spring follows the Summer, Summer the Autumn, Autumn the Winter, and Winter the Spring; and so time rouls about again in a continual round. Only the Life of Man runs on swifter than time, to its end, without hoping to be renew'd, unless in the next, which has no bounds to Circumscribe it. So says Cid Hamete a Mahometan Philosopher. For many without the light of Faith, only by natural instinct have understood the swiftness and uncertainty of this present Life, and the perpetuity of the eternal Life which is expected: But here the Authour Speaks it in regard to the celerity wherewith Sancho's Government ended, was consum'd, undone, and Vanish'd into a shadow and smoak. He being in Bed the seventh Night after so many Days of his Government, not cloy'd with Bread or Wine, but with Judging and Pronouncing Sentences, making Laws and putting out, Proclamations, when Sleep maugre and in despite of Hunger, began to close his Eye-Lids, heard such a noyse of Bells and Out-cries, as if the whole Island had been Sinking. He sat up in his Bed, and was very attentive, hearkning if he could guess at the cause of so great an Up-roar; but was so far from knowing it, that the noyse of a World of Drums and Trumpets added to that of the Bells and Cries, increas'd his Confusion, Fear and Horror; and rising up, he put on a pair of Slippers because of the Moistness of the Ground, and without any Night-gown upon him, or any thing like it, went out to his Chamber Door, at such time, as he saw at least Twenty Persons come running along the Galleries, with lighted Torches, and naked Swords in their Hands, all crying out-aloud, Arm, Arm, my Lord Governour, Arm; for a World of Enemies have entr'd the Island, and we are undone, unless your Valour and Conduct Receives us. With this Fury, Noyse, and Uproar, they came where Sancho was, astonish'd and besides himself at what he heard and saw; and when they came up to him, one of them said, Arm your self

self strait my Lord, unless you design to be destroy'd, and that all the Island perish, What should I Arm my self (quoth *Sancho*?) Or what do I understand what belongs to Arms or Succours? 'twere better leave these things to my Master *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who in a trice will dispatch and secure them; for I (sinner that I am) understand nothing of this hasty Service. Alas my Lord Governour said another, What Faint-heartedness is this? Arm your self, for here we bring you Arms Offensive and Defensive: March to the Market-place, and be our Guide and Captain, since you ought (being our Governour) to be so. Arm me a God's Name (quoth *Sancho*.) And immediatly they brought him two great Shields, which they had ready, and clapt them upon his Shirt, without letting him take any other Cloaths; one they put before, and the other behind, and they drew out his Arms at certain holes they had made, and Bound him very well with Cords, so that he was wall'd and Boarded up as strait as an Arrow without being able to bend his Knees or to move a Step. Into his Hands they put a Lance, on which he leant to keep himself up. When they had him thus, they bid him March and guide, and encourage them all; for that he being their Lanthorn, North, and Morning Star, their Affairs would have a prosperous Issue. How should I (wretch that I am) March (quoth *Sancho*?) when I cannot bend the Joints of my Knees, because these Boords that cling so close to my Flesh hinder me: Your only way is to carry me in your Armes, and to lay me a-twhart, or let me stand up at some Postern, which I will make good either with my Lance or Body. Fie Sir, said another, tis more your fear than the Boords that hinder your motion; make an end, and bestir your self; for it is late, and the Enemies increase, the cries grow Louder, and the Danger presses. At those perswasions and reproaches the poor Governour try'd to move, and fell to the Ground, with such force, that he thought he had broken himself to pieces; and now he lay like a Tortoise, enclos'd and cover'd with his Shell, or like a Flitch of Bacon clapp'd between two Boords, or like a Boat overturn'd upon a Flat; and for all his Fall, those drolling Companions had no compassion at all on him, but rather putting out their Torches, began to redouble their Cryes, and to reiterate their, Arm, Arm, in furious manner, running over poor *Sancho*, giving him an infinite number of Slashes, upon his Shields, so that if he had not shelter'd, and shrunk his Head up into them, the poor Governour had been in a woful plight.

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He being thus shrugg'd up in this strait, narrow compass, was in a terrible Sweat, and Recommended himself Heartily to God Almighty to deliver him from that Danger. Some stumbl'd upon him, others fell, and another would get upon him for a good while, and from thence, as from a Watch-Tower, govern'd the Army, and cry'd aloud, This way brave Boys, here the Enemies are thickest; make good this Breach; secure that Gate; down with those Scaling-Ladders, Wilde-fire-balls, Pitch and Rozin, and Kettles of Scalding Oyle: Intrench the Streets with Beds. In short, he nam'd all manner of Warlike Engines, Instruments, and Utensils us'd for the Defence of a City Assaulted; And the bruised *Sancho* who heard and suffer'd all, said to himself, Oh that it would please the Lord that this Island were once Lost, or that I were Dead or deliver'd from this Strait! Heaven granted his Petition, and when he least expect'd, he heard this Cry, Victory, Victory, the Foes are Vanquish'd. Now Lord Governour, rise, rise, enjoy the Conquest, and divide the Spoyle that are taken from the Enemies, by the Valour of your Invincible Arm, Lift me up, quoth the sorrowful *Sancho*, with a pittyful Voyce. They helpt to raise him, and being up, he said; Let the Enemy I have Vanquish'd be Nail'd to my Fore-head: I'll divide no Spoils of Enemies, but desire and intreat some Friend, if I have any, to give me a Draught of Wine for I am ready to Choke, and to Dry up this sweat for I am all Water. They Wip'd him, brought him Wine, and unboun the Shields from him; he sat upon his Bed, and with the very anguish of the Fright, and his Toyle, fell into a Swoond; and they who plaid that Trick with him were sorry they had carry'd it so far; but *Sancho* soon coming to himself their sorrow for his Swooning was mitigated. He ask'd them what a Clock it was? They answer'd him it was now Break of Day. He held his Peace, and without any more Words, began to Cloath himself, all Buri'd in silence. They all look'd upon him, expecting what would be the Issue of his hasty Dressing himself. At length he made himself ready, and very leasurly, for by reason of his Weariness he could not do it very fast, he went rowards the Stable, all that were there following him, and coming to Dapple he Embrac'd and gave him a loving Kiss on the Fore-head, and not without Tears in his Eyes, said, Come thou hither my Companion Friend, Fellow sharer in my Labours and Miseries; when I had to do with you and had no other Cares but how to Mend thy Furniture, and to Feed thy little Corps; Happy then

then were my Hours, Days and Years; but since I left thee, and mounted on the Towers of Ambition and Pride, a thousand Miseries, a thousand Toyls, Four thousand Turmoiles have possess'd my Soul. Whilst he Spoke these Words, he fitted on the Pack-saddle, no body saying any thing to him. Dapple being thus Pack-saddl'd, with much ado he got upon him, and directing his Words and Discourse to the Steward, the Doctor and many others there present, said, Make way, Gentlemen, and let me return to my former liberty; let me seek my former Life, that I may rise from this present Death: I was not Born to be a Governour, nor to defend Islands nor Cities from Enemies that would assault them: I can tell better how to Plough, to Digg, to Prune, and Plant Vineyards, then to give Laws, or defend Provinces and Kingdoms: Every Man to his Trade, I mean 'tis fit that every man should exercise the Calling to which he was Born; a Sickle is better in my Hand, than a Governours Scepter. I had rather fill my Belly with a good Dish of course Pottage, than be subject to the Niggardlines of an impertinent Physician, that would kill me with Hunger: I had rather solace my self under the shade of an Oak in Summer, and cover my self with a double Sheep skin in Winter quietly, than lay me down with the Toils of a Government in fine Holland-sheets, and be cloath'd in Sables: Fare you well Gentlemen, and tell my Lord Duke, that naked was I Born, and naked I am, I am neither Winner nor Loser: I mean, I came without a Cross to this Government. and I go from it without a Cross, contrary to what Governours of other Islands are us'd to do. Stand out of the way and let me go, for I must be wrapt all over in Sear-cloth, because I verily believe all my Ribs are bruist, thanks to the Enemy that tramp'd over me all this Night. You shall not do so my Lord Governour, quoth Doctor *Rezio*, for I will give you a Drink good against Falls and Bruises, that shall presently recover you; and as for your Diet, I Promise you to make amends, and you shall eat plentifully of what you please. 'Tis too late (quoth *Sancho*) I'll as soon turn *Turk* as stay; these Jestes are not good the second time; you shall as soon get me to stay here, or admit of any other Government, tho' it were serv'd up to me in Plate, as make me Fly to Heaven without Wings. I am of the Race of the *Pang's*, and we are all Head-strong, and if once we cry odd, odd it must be, tho' it be even, in spite of all the World. Here in this Stable, let my Ants-wings remain, that lifted me up into the

the Air, to be devour'd by Martlets and other Birds, and now let's again Walk upon Plain-ground; and tho' we wear no pink'd Spanish-leather Shoes, yet we shall not want course Pack-thread Sandals. *Like to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier. Let every man cut his Coat according to his Cloth*, and so let me goe, for it is late. To which the Steward said, My Lord Governour, we would willingly let you go, tho' we shall be very sorry to lose you; for your Sense and Christian Behaviour, oblige us to desire your Company; but you know that all Governours are oblig'd, before they depart from the Place they have Govern'd, to render first an Account of their Government, which you ought to do for the ten Days you have Govern'd; and so Gods Peace be with you. No man can ask any Account of me, said *Sancho*, but he whom my Lord Duke shall appoint; to him I go and to him I'll give a fitting Account; besides since I go from hence so Naked as I do, there can be no greater sign that I have Govern'd like an Angel. I protest (quoth Doctor *Rezio*) the great *Sancho* is in the right, and I am of Opinion that we let him go, for the Duke will be infinitely glad to see him: So all agreed, and let him go, offering first to bear him company, and whatsoever he had need of for himself, or for the conveniency of his Journey. *Sancho* told them, he desir'd nothing but a little Barley for *Dapple*, and half a Cheese and a Loaf for himself; for by reason of the shortness of the Way, he needed no other Provision. All of them embrac'd him, and he with Tears embrac'd them, and left them astonish'd as well at his Discourse, as his most positive and discreet Resolution.

CHAP. LIV.

Which treats of matters concerning this History and no other.

THE Duke and Dutches were resolv'd that *Don Quixote's* Challenge which he made against their Vassal for the *Cau's* afore-mention'd should go forward; and tho' the young man were in *Flanders*, whither he Fled because he would not have *Donna Rodriguez* to his Mother in Law, yet they design'd to put a *Gascon* Lackey in his Place, whole Name

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was *Tosilos*, instructing him first very well in all that he had to do. About two Days after, the Duke told *Don Quixote*, that within four Days his Adversary would be present, and appear in the Field like an arm'd Knight, and maintain that the Damsel lied in her Throat, if she affirm'd that he had promis'd her Marriage. *Don Quixote* was much pleas'd with this News, and promis'd himself to work Miracles in this Business, and look'd upon it as a special Happiness that an occasion was offer'd, wherein those Nobles might see how far the valour of his Powerful Arm extended; and so with great Joy and Satisfaction he expected till the four Days were over, which in the eagerness of his desire seem'd to him to be Four hundred Ages. Let us pass them by, as we let pass many other things, and let us go accompany the great *Sancho*, who betwixt mirth and mourning, was travelling upon *Dapple*, to seek out his Master, in whose Company he was better pleas'd than in being Governour of all the Islands in the World.

It happen'd, that having not gone very far from the Island of his Government, for he never stood to decide whether it were Island, City, Village or Town, that he Govern'd, he saw that by the way he went, there came six Pilgrims with their long Staves, of those Strangers that use to beg Alms Singing, who when he came near, stood all in a Body, and raising their Voices altogether, began to Sing in their Language, what *Sancho* could not understand except it were one Word, which plainly signified Almes, which he perceiv'd they begg'd in their Song. And he, (as saith *Cid Hamete*) being very Charitable, took half a Loaf, and half a Cheese out of his Waller, which was well provided, and gave it them, telling them by Signs he had nothing else to give them: They receiv'd it very willingly, and said, *Guelte, Guelte*, I understand not what you would have, good People, quoth *Sancho*. Then one of them took a Purse out of his Bosom, and shew'd it to *Sancho*. By which he understood they ask'd him for Money; but he putting his Thumb to his Throat, and his Hand upward, gave them to understand he had not a Cross, and spurring *Dapple*, broke through them; and as he pass'd by one of them who had been looking upon him very earnestly, laid hold on him, and casting his Arms about his middle, with a loud Voice, and in very good Spanish, said, God defend me what do I see? is it possible I have my dear Friend in my Arms, my honest Neighbour *Sancho Panza*? Yes surely I have, for I neither Sleep nor am Drunk. *Sancho* won-

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dred to hear himself so call'd by his Name, and to see himself embrac'd by a strange Pilgrim, and after he had gaz'd on him a good while, without speaking a Word, and with much Attention, he could never call him to mind: But his surprize being visible, the Pilgrim said, How now, is it possible Friend *Sancho Panza*, thou know'st not thy Neighbour *Ricote* the *Morisco*, the Chandler of thy Town? Then *Sancho* looking upon him more earnestly began to remember his Favour, and at last knew him perfectly; and so without alighting from his Ass, he cast his Arms about his Neck, and said, Who the Devil, *Ricote* should know thee, in this extravagant Disguise? Tell me who has made such a *French-fop* of thee? And how dar'st thou return to *Spain*? Where if thou art caught or known, woe be to thee: Unless you discover me *Sancho*, I am safe, quoth the Pilgrim; for in this Disguise no Body will know me; let's go out of the High-way into yonder Elm-Grove, for there my Companions intend to Dine and rest themselves, and thou shalt eat with them, for they are very good People, and there I shall have leisure to tell you what has befall'n me, since I departed from our Town in Obedience to his Majesties Edict, which so rigorously threatn'd the unfortunate People of our Nation, as you heard.

Sancho consented, and *Ricote* speaking to the rest of the Pilgrims, they went to the Elm-Grove, that appear'd a pretty way distant from the High-way. They flung down their Staves, and cast off their Pilgrims-weeds, and so remain'd in Hose and Doubler; and all of them young handsome Fellows, except *Ricote*, who was pretty well in Years; they had all Wallets; and all of them seem'd to be well stor'd at least with savory Bits to promote Drinking. They sat dowe upon the Ground, and making a Table-cloth of the Grass; lay'd upon it Bread, Salt, Knives, Wall-nuts, slices of Cheese, and clean Gammon of Bacon-bones; which tho' they could not be gnaw'd, yet they might be suck'd. They also laid out a sort of Black-meat, call'd *Cavier*, made of the Roës of Fish, a great provocative to Drinking, there wanted not Olives, tho' they were dry without any Pickle; yet savory, and made up a Dish; but that which was most remarkable in the Banquet, was six Leather bottles of Wine, for every one of them drew one out of his Waller; even honest *Ricote* himself, who had transform'd himself from a *Morisco* into a German or Dutch-man, lugg'd out his, not inferior in quantity to all the five. They began to Eat savory and lustrely, relishing every Bit they took upon a point of a Knife,

Knife, and very little of every thing; and then all of them together lifted up their Arms and Bottles in the Air, putting their own Mouths to the Mouths of the Bottles, their Eyes fix'd on Heaven, as if they had aim'd at it; and in this Posture shaking their Heads, to exprefs their liking to the Wine, they continu'd a good while, transmitting the Entrails of the Vessels into their Stomachs. *Sancho* observ'd all, and was griev'd at nothing, but rather to fullfil the Proverb he very well knew, *When thou art at Rome &c.* He ask'd the Bottle of *Ricote*, and so took his aim as well as the rest, and with no less Satisfaction than they: Four times the Bottles were lifted up, but there was no doing of it the Fifth, for they were now lank and as dry as a Bone, which turn'd their Joy into Sorrow; and now and then one of them would take *Sancho* by the right hand, and say, *Spaniard* and *Dutch-man* all one, *bon Compagno*. And *Sancho* answer'd, *Bon Compagno par Dio*, and with that would burst out a Laughing for an Hour together, without remembring as then any thing that had befall'n him in his Government; For cares use to have but little Power over the Time that men spend in Eating and Drinking. In fine, the end of their Wine, was the beginning of Sleep, which seiz'd them all, so they dropt down upon their Table and Cloth, only *Ricote* and *Sancho* watch'd it out, for they had eaten more and drunk less: So *Ricote* taking *Sancho* aside, they sat at the Foot of a Beech, leaving the Pilgrims buried in sweet Sleep, and *Ricote* without stumbling a jot into his *Morisco* Tongue, in pure *Castilian* Language, said to him as follows. Thou know'st very well *Sancho Pança* my Friend and Neighbour, how the Proclamation and Edict his Majesty Commanded to be Publish'd against those of my Nation, put us all into a Fear and Fright, at least me it did; and methought, that before the time limited us for our Departure out of *Spain*; the very rigour of the Penalty was executed upon me and my Children. I provided therefore in my Judgment wisely, as he who knows that by such a time, the House he lives in will be taken from him, and so secures another against he is to remove: I contriv'd I say, to leave our Town, all alone without my Family, and to seek some Place whither I might commodiously carry them, and not in such a hurry as the rest that went; for I plainly saw, and so did all our wiser sort, that those Proclamations were not only Threats, as some said, but true Laws to be put in Execution at their due time; and I was perswaded to believe this Truth, because

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I knew the villanous and foolish Designs of our Nation; and such as methought it was a divine Inspiration that mov'd his Majesty, to put so brave a resolution in Practice; not that we were all guilty; for some there were found and true Christians; but so few that they could not oppose those that were otherwise, and it was not fit to cherish a Snake in his Bosom, and to have Enemies within Doors. In fine we were justly Punish'd with the penalty of Banishment, which to some seem'd merciful and easy, but to us the terriblest that could be inflicted. Wheresoever we are, we Weep to think on *Spain*; for here we were Born, and it is our native Country, we find no where the Entertainment our Misfortune could wish, and in *Barbary*, and all parts of *Africk*, where we thought to have been receiv'd, entertain'd and cherish'd, there we are most offended and misus'd. We knew not our Happiness till we lost it, and the desire we all have to return to *Spain* is so great, that most of those, and they are many that speak the Language, as I do, come back hither and leave their Wives and Children there forsaken, so great is the love they bare their Country, and now I know, and find by Experience, that the saying is true, *Sweet is the love of ones Country*. I went (as I say) from our Town and came into *France*, and tho' there we were well receiv'd, yet I was willing to see all, and so pass'd on into *Italy*, and came into *Germany*, where I thought we might live with more Freedom, for the Natives do not stand much upon niceties, every one lives as he pleases, because in most part of it there is liberty of Conscience. I took a House in a Town near *Ausburg*, associated my self with these Pilgrims, who usually come for *Spain*, in great numbers every Year to visit the Places of Devotion here, which are their *Indies*, and certain gain, they Travel all the Kingdom over, and there is no Town where they fail of Meat and Drink at least, and a Royal in Money; and at the end of their Journey, they go away with a Hundred Crowns clear, which being chang'd into Gold, they carry out of the Kingdom, either in the hollow of their Staves, or the patches of their Weeds, or by some other slight, and convey them into their Countries, in spite of the Searchers of the frontier Towns, where they are examin'd. Now *Sancho*, my Design is to carry away the Treasure I left bury'd; which being without the Town, I may do it without danger, and so write or go over my self, from *Valencia* to my Wife and Daughter, who I know are in *Argiers*, and contrive how I may bring them to some Port of *France*, and from thence carry them into *Germany*, where we will expect how God will

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please to dispose of us ; for indeed *Sancho*, I know certainly that *Ricote* my Daughter, and *Francisca Ricote* my Wife, are Catholick Christians ; and tho' I am not altogether so, yet I am more a Christian than a Moor ; and I always pray to God, to open the Eyes of my understanding, and to let me know how I am to serve him, And what I admire, is, that my Wife and Daughter should rather go into *Barbary* than into *France*, where they might have liv'd like Christians. To which *Sancho* answer'd, Look you *Ricote*, perhaps they were not left to their Choice, for *John Ty-pieio* your Wives Brother carri'd them ; and he belike, being a rank Moor, would go where he thought best ; and I can tell you farther, that I believe 'tis in vain for you to seek what you left hidden, for we had News that your Brother in Law, and your Wife had many Pearls and much Gold taken from them, which they had not entred. That may very well be *Sancho*, (quoth *Ricote*) but I know they touch'd not my Treasure. For I would not tell them where it was hidden, fearing some Mischance, and therefore if thou wilt come with me *Sancho*, and help me to take it out, and conceal it, I'll give thee Two hundred Crowns to relieve thy Wants, for thou know'st, I know thou hast many.

I should do it, (quoth *Sancho*) if I were Covetous, and if I had been so ; this Morning I left an Employment, which had I kept, I might have made the Walls of my House of Gold, and in less than six Months have eaten in Plate ; so that as well for this reason, as because I think I should be a Traitor to my King, in favouring his Enemies, I will not go with thee, tho' thou wouldst give me Four hundred Crowns down, as thou Promisest me Two hundred. And what Employment was that thou left'st *Sancho* quoth *Ricote* ? I left the Government of an Island, (quoth *Sancho*) and such a one as i'faith you will scarce meet with such another in haste. And where is this Island, said he ? Where, quoth *Sancho* ? Why, two Leagues off, and it is call'd the Island *Barataria*. Peace *Sancho*, quoth *Ricote* ; for your Islands are out in the Sea, and there are no Islands on the Continent. No ! quoth *Sancho*, I tell you Friend *Ricote*, I left it this Morning, and Yesterday I Govern'd in it at my Pleasure like a *Sagittarius* ; but yet I left it, as thinking a Governours Office very dangerous. And what have you got by your Government ? quoth *Ricote*. I have gotten (said he) this Experience, that I know I am not fit to Govern any thing but a Herd of Cattel, and that in those kind of Governments there is no Wealth gotten, but with Labour, Toil, loss of Sleep and Sustainance ; for in your Islands the

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Governours surely eat but little, especially if they have Physicians that look to their Health. I understand thee not *Sancho*, quoth *Ricote* ; but methinks all thou say'st is meer Madness ; for who should give thee Islands to Govern ? Does the World want for abler Men than thou art to be Governours ? Hold thy Tongue *Sancho*, and come to thyself, and consider whether thou wilt go with me, as I have said, to help me, take out the Treasure I have hidden, for it may very well be call'd a Treasure ; and I will give thee enough to maintain thee. I have told thee *Ricote*, quoth *Sancho*, that I will not : Be satisfied, I will not discover thee, and go thy way, a Gods name, and leave me to mine ; for I know that what is well gotten is lost, but what is ill gotten, perishes with the Owner. I will not press thee *Sancho*, said *Ricote*, but tell me wast thou in our Town, when my Wife, my Daughter and my Brother in Law went away ? Mary was I quoth *Sancho*) and I can tell you, your Daughter appear'd so Beautiful, that all the Town went out to see her ; and every one said, she was the finest Creature in the World : She went weeping, and embrac'd all her Friends and Acquaintance, and as many as came to see her, and desir'd all to Pray for her, and this so feelingly, that she made me Weep, tho' I don't use it ; and i'faith many had a good mind to have conceal'd her, and to take her from her Uncle upon the Way ; but the Fear of transgressing the Kings Commands, made them forbear. He that shew'd himself most passionately in Love, was *Don Peter Gregorio*, that young rich Heir that you know ; he, they say, lov'd her very much, and since she went, was never seen any more in our Town, and we all thought he follow'd to steal her away ; but hitherto there is nothing known. I always suspected (quoth *Ricote*) that Gentleman lov'd my Daughter, but relying on my *Ricote's* Vertue, it never troubled me, to know that he lov'd her, for doubtless *Sancho*, thou hast heard say, that the *Morisco* Women, seldom or never for love Married with old Christians ; and so my Daughter, who, as I believe, rather minded Religion than Love, little minded this rich Heirs Courtship. God grant it quoth *Sancho* ; for it would be very ill for them both ; and now Friend *Ricote*, let me be gone from hence, for I intend this Night to see my Master *Don Quixote*. God be with thee Friend *Sancho*, for now my Companions are stirring, and it is time to be on our way ; then they two Embrac'd one another, *Sancho* mounted upon *Dapple*, *Ricote* went on his Pilgrims Staff ; and so they parted.

C H A P. LV.

Of matters that befel Sancho by the way, and others the best in the World.

Sancho's long stay with *Ricote* was the cause that he reach'd not the Dukes Cattle that Day, tho' he came within half a League of it, where the Night over took him, somewhat Dark and close, but being Summer time, it troubl'd him not much, and therefore went out of the way, intending to rest till the morning: But as ill luck would have it, seeking a convenient Place, he and Dapple fell into a most Dark and deep Pit, which was amongst certain ruinous Buildings; and as he was Falling, he Recommended himself withall his Heart to God, thinking he should not stop till he came to Hell, but it fell out otherwise; for within little more than three Fathoms, Dapple felt Ground, and he sat still upon him without any hurt or damage Receiv'd. He felt all his Body over, and held in his Breath to see if he were Sound or Crack'd any where: But finding himself well and whole, and in perfect Health, he thought he could never praise God sufficiently for the Favour he had done him: For he verily believ'd he had been Beaten into a Thousand Pieces: He felt with his Hands about the Walls of the Pit, to see if it were possible to get out without help; but found them all smooth, without any place to lay hold on, which griev'd him very much, especially when he heard Dapple Cry out tenderly and dolefully, and no marvel; for it was not through Wantonness, for he was not to say the Truth in very good Case. Alas! (quoth *Sancho* then) what sudain and unthought for Accidents beset Men that Live in this miserable World? Who would have thought that he, who yesterday was Inthron'd Governour of an Island, commanding Servants and Vassals, should to day be Buried in a Pit without any Body to help him, and without Servant or Vassal to come to his Relief? Here I and my Ass are like to Perish with Hunger, if we Dye not before, he of his Bruises, and I through Grief and Anguish: At least I shall not be so Happy as my Master *Don Quixote* was when he Descended and went down into that Inchant'd Cave of *Montesinos*, where he found better Welcome than if he had been at his own House: And it seem'd he found the Cloth ready Layd, and his Bed made; there he saw goodly and pleasant

fant Visions: And here (I beleive) I shall see nothing but Toads and Snakes: Unfortunate Man that I am; what is my Madnes and Pride come to? My Bones will be taken out of this Place, (when it shall please Heaven that I am found) Bare, White and Smooth, and my trusty Dapples with them; by which perhaps it will be known who we are, at least by those who shall have been inform'd that *Sancho* never stirr'd from his Ass nor the Ass from *Sancho*. Unhappy we! I say again, whom ill fortune would not permit to Dye in our Country and amongst our Friends, where, tho' our Misfortune had found no relief; yet we should not have wanted fame to Pity, and at the last Gasp, to close our Eyes. Oh my Companion and Friend! How ill have I Rewarded thy Faithful Service? Forgive me, and Pray to Fortune in the best manner thou canst, to Deliver us from this miserable Calamity into which we are both fallen; and I here promise to Place a Crown of Laurel on thy Head, that thou may't look like a Poet Laureat, and I will double thy allowance of Provender. Thus *Sancho* lamented, and his Ass hearkn'd to him, without answering a Word: Such was the trouble and anguish in which the poor wretch was at that time. In fine having spent the whole Night in complaints and lamentations, Day came on, with whose Light and Brightness *Sancho* saw there was no manner of possibility of getting out of that Well without help, and began again to Lament and make a Noyse, to see if any Body heard him; but all his Crying out was in vain, for in all the Country round about, there was none to hearken to him, and then he concluded himself Dead. Dapple lay with his Mouth upwards open, and *Sancho* so order'd it, that he set him upon his Leggs; and taking a piece of Bread out of his Waller, which had run the same Fortune with them, he gave it his Ass, which came not amiss to him; and *Sancho* said to him, as if he understood it, *A Fat Sorrow is better than a Lean*. By this he discover'd on the one side of the Pit a great Hole, through which a Man might pass bending and contracting himself a little. *Sancho* drew to it, and got through upon all-four, and saw that within it was large and spacious, and he might well perceive it, for at that you might call the Roof, the Sun shin'd in, so that it made all visible, he also saw that it dilated and spread it self through another spacious Concavity; which when he spy'd, he return'd to his Ass, and with a Stone began to break down the Earth of the Hole, so that in a little while he made way for his Ass to go out, which he did, and *Sancho* leading him by the Halter went forward along the Cave,

during that time: Physicians have Persecuted me, and Enemies have Bruis'd my Bones; neither have I had leisure to take Bribes, or to Receive my due; which being so as it is, I deserv'd not (in my opinion) to come out in this manner: *But Man proposes and God disposes; and God knows what's best and what is fit for every one; and let every Man suit himself to the times, and no Man say, I'll Drink no more of such Water, for where we expect Mountains we sometimes scarce find a Mole-hill, and God knows my mind, 'tis enough, and I say no more, tho' I could.* Be not angry, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, or vex at what thou hear'st, for then thou wilt never have done; so thou come with a good Conscience, let them say what they will; for you may as soon lock up the Winds, as tye up the Tongues of Slanderers. If a Governour comes rich from his Government, they say he has play'd the Thief; and if poor, that he has been a weak Cox comb. I warrant you (quoth *Sancho*) this bout, they will rather take me for a Foole than a Knave. This Discourse held them till they came surrounded with Boys and other People to the Castle, where the Duke and Dutchess were in an open Gallery, expecting *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, who would not go up to see the Duke till he had taken care of *Dapple* in the Stable, for he said he had but very ill Entertainment in his last Nights Lodging, which done he went up to see his Lord and Lady, and falling on his Knees before them said. I my Lords, because your Greatnesses would needs have it so, without any Desert of mine, went to Govern your Island, *Barataria: Naked I enter'd, and Naked I come out of it, I am neither Winner nor Loser*, as those may say who were Eye Witnesses. I have Resolv'd Doubts, determin'd Law suits, and was ever ready to Starve; because such was the will of Master Doctor *Peter Rejio*, Born at *Tirte a fuera*, that Island and Governour Physician; Enemies set upon us by Night; and having put us in great Danger, they of the Island say they were deliver'd, and got the Victory, through the Valour of my Arm; and may God Prosper them as they Speak truth in this Particular. In fine, I have summ'd up all the Burdens and the Cares this Governing brings with it, and find by my account, that my Shoulders cannot bear them: *Nor are they a weight for my Ribbs, nor Arrows for my quiver*; and therefore, lest I should be cast away in my Government, I have cast it away, and Yesterday morning I left the Island as I found it, with the same Streets, Houses, and Roofs it had when I came into it. I have Borrow'd nothing of no body, nor Hoorded up any thing; and tho' I thought to have made

made some useful Ordinances, I did not, as fearing they would not be kept, which is as much as if they had never been made. I left the Island (as I say) without any other Attendance, but *Dapple*: I fell into a Pit, went forward in it, till this Morning by the light of the Sun, I saw the way out, yet not so ealy, but that if Heaven had not provided me my Master *Don Quixote*, there I had stuck till the end of the World. So that my Lord Duke, and my Lady Dutchess, here is *Sancho Panza* your Governour, who in these ten Days he has Govern'd, has only learnt to know that he cares not for Governing, not only an Island, but even the whole World. This being pre-mi'd, Kissing your Honours Hands, imitating the Boys Play, who cry, do you Leap, and then let me Leap; So I Leap from the Government, and go over to my Master *Don Quixote's* Service: For in fine, tho' with him I Eate my Victuals sometimes in Fear, yet I have my Belly-full; and so that be, all's one to me, whether it is with Carrots, or Partridge.

With this *Sancho* ended his long Discourse: *Don Quixote* all the while dreading he would have said a Thousand Impertinences; but seeing him end with so few, he thank'd Heaven in his Heart: And the Duke Embraced *Sancho*, and said, He was sorry in his Soul that he left the Government so quickly; but that he would cause some Office of less Trouble, and more Profit in his Estate to be given him: The Dutchess also Embrac'd him, and Commanded he should be made much of, for he seem'd to be scurvily Battered and in a bad condition.

CHAP. LVI.

Of the unmerciful and never seen Battle betwixt Don Quixote and the Lackey Tosilos, in defence of the Matron Donna Rodriguez's Daughter.

THE Duke and Dutchess repented not the Jest that was put upon *Sancho* in the Government they gave him; especially, because that very Day their Steward came, and told them exactly all the Words and Actions, *Sancho* did and said during that time; and finally, so describ'd the Assault of the Island, and so set out *Sancho's* Fears, and Sallies, that they were not a little pleas'd.

After this, the History tells us, that the Day of the appointed Battle came, and the Duke having oft instructed his Lackey *Tosilos*

Tosilos how he should behave himself with *Don Quixote* to Overcome without Killing or Wounding him, gave order that the Spears should be taken off their Lances, telling *Don Quixote*, that Christianity, which he valu'd himself upon, did not allow that battle should be Fought with so much hazard and danger of their Lives; and that it was enough he granted him free Lifts in his Country, tho' it were against the Decree of the Holy Council, which prohibits such Challenges; and desir'd him not to drive on that business to the utmost extremity. *Don Quixote* bid his Excellency dispose of that business as be pleas'd, for he would obey him in all things. The dreadful Day being come, the Duke commanded a spacious Scaffold to be set up in the Place where the Judges of the Lifts might stand, and the Matron and her Daughter the Plaintiffs. A world of People was come from all the Neighbouring Towns and Villages to that new and rare Combat, neither the Living nor the Dead having ever seen, or heard talk of the like in that Country. The first that entred the Field and Lifts was the Marshall of the Field, who measur'd out the Ground, and travers'd all over, that there might be no deceit, nor any hidden thing to make them Stumble or Fall. Then the Women came in and Sat down in their Seats, with their Vails over their Eyes and Brests, expressing no little Sorrow; *Don Quixote* being present in the Lifts. A while after, the Grand Lackey *Tosilos*, appear'd on one side of the large Square attended with many Trumpets, and upon a lusty Courser, shaking the very Ground under him, his Visor down, and he all cover'd with strong and shining Armor, his Horse a High-Dutch Flea-bitten Jade, each Feet-lock having a quarter of an Hundred Weight of Wool upon it. The Valiant Combatant came, well Instructed by his Master, how he should behave himself towards the Valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, being warn'd that he should by no means Kill him, but endeavour to shun the first Encounter, to save the danger of his Death which was certain, if he met him full-but. He walk'd over the Place, and coming where the Marrons were stood a while to behold her that Demanded him for her Husband. The Marshall of the Lifts call'd *Don Quixote*, who had now appear'd in the Place, and together with *Tosilos*, Spoke to the Women, asking them, whether they agreed that *Don Quixote de la Mancha* should undertake their Cause. They said, They did, and allow'd of all in that case he should perform, as good and valid. By this the Duke and Dutchess were set in a Gallery, which fac'd the Lifts all which was cover'd with abundance of People, that expected to see the never before

before seen Action. The Conditions of the Combat were, That if *Don Quixote* overcame his Adversary, he should Marry *Donna Rodriguez's* Daughter; and if he were overcome, then his opposite was free from his Promise, and not ty'd to any Satisfaction. The Marshall of the Field gave them their Ground, that neither might have the Sun in his Eyes, and set each of them in their Places. The Drums beat, and sound of Trumpets fill'd the Air, the Earth shoke under them, and the Hearts of the gazing croud, were in Suspence, some fearing, others expecting the good or ill Success of this matter. To conclude, *Don Quixote* Recommending himself heartily to God and his Mistress *Dulcinea del Toboso*, stood expecting when the precise Signal for the Encounter would be given: But our Lackey was in another mind, and only thought upon what now I will tell you.

It seems, that as the stood looking upon his Female Enemy, she seem'd to him to be the Beautifullest Woman he ever saw in his Life, and the little blind Boy, who about the Streets is commonly call'd *Love*, would not lose the Opportunity that was offer'd him of Triumphant over a Skip-kennel soul, and adding it to the rest of his Trophies; and so coming up to him, fair and softly, without being perceiv'd by any Body, he struck a Dart two Yards long into the poor Footmans left-side, and pierc'd his Heart thorow and thorow, and he might safely do it; for Love is invisible, and goes in and out where he pleases without being accountable to any Body for his actions. Let me tell you then, that when the Signal for the Onset was given, our Lackey was transported, thinking on the Beauty of her he had made Mistress of his Soul, so he took no notice of the Trumpets sound, as *Don Quixote* did, who scarce heard it, when he set Spurs, and with as full speed as *Rosinante* would permit, went against his Enemy, and his good Squire *Sancho Pança*, seeing him set out cry'd aloud, God guide thee, Cream and Flower of Knights Errant, God give thee the Victory, since thou hast right on thy side: And tho' *Tosilos* saw *Don Quixote* coming toward him, yet he mov'd not a whit from his Place, but rather aloud call'd the Marshall of the Lifts, who coming to see what he would have *Tosilos* said, Sir, does not this Battle depend upon my marrying or not marrying that Gentlewoman? It was answer'd him, It does. Well then, (quoth the Lackey) I have a nice Conscience, which would be much burthen'd if this Battel should proceed: And therefore I say, I yield my self vanquish'd, and will Marry this Gentlewoman presently. The Marshall of the Lifts wondred at *Tosilos's* Words; and being

one of those that knew of the contrivance of that Business, could not tell what to answer. *Don Quixote* stopp'd in the midst of his Career, seeing his Enemy came not to meet him. The Duke knew not the reason why the Combat went not forward; but the Marshal of the Lists went to tell him what *Tosilos* said, at which he was surpriz'd, and in a great Passion. Whilst this was doing, *Tosilos* came where *Donna Rodriguez* was, and cry'd aloud, Mistress, I will Marry your Daughter, and therefore will never strive for that with Suits and Contentions, which I may have Peaceably, and without danger of Death. The Valorous *Don Quixote* heard this, and said, Since 'tis so, I am clear and free from my Promise, let him Marry a Gods name, and since he has got her well may he wear her. The Duke was now come down into the Lists, and drawing near to *Tosilos*, said; Is it true Knight, that you yield your self Vanquish'd, and that at the instigation of your timorous Conscience, you will Marry that Maid? It is Sir, quoth *Tosilos*, He does very well, quoth *Sancho* then, *For what thou wouldst give the Mousse, give the Cat, and he will free thee from Trouble.* *Tosilos* began now to unlace his Helmet, and desir'd them to help him quickly, for his Spirits and Breath fail'd him, and he could not endure to see himself so long shut up in that narrow compass. They took it off speedily, and now the Lackeys Face was plainly discover'd. Which when *Donna Rodriguez* and her Daughter saw, they cry'd out, saying This is a Cheat, this is a Cheat; they have put *Tosilos*, my Lord Dukes Lackey, in the Place of my true Husband; Justice in the Name of God and the King, against such Malice, not to call it Villany. Grieve not your selves Ladies, quoth *Don Quixote*; for this is neither Malice nor Villany, and if it be, the Duke is not in the fault, but vile Enchanters that persecute me; who envying that I should get the Glory of this Conquest, have converted the Face of your Husband into this, which you say is the Dukes Lackey; take my Council, and in spite of the malice of my Enemies, Marry him, for doubtless 'tis he you desire to have to Husband. The Duke hearing this, was ready to let fly all his Choller in Laughter, and said; The things that happen to *Don Quixote*, are so extraordinary, that I have a good mind to believe that this Footman of mine is not so; but let us use this slight and device, let us defer the Marriage only fifteen Days, and keep this Person that puts us in doubt, lock'd up, in which time perhaps he will return to his first Shape; for the ill will Enchanters bear *Don Quixote*, cannot last so long, especially since these Deceits and Transformations avail them

so little. O Lord! quoth *Sancho*, these wicked Elves do usually change one thing into another in my Masters affairs; not long since they chang'd a Knight he Conquer'd, call'd *The Knight of the Looking-glasses*, into the Shape of the Bachelor *Sampson Carrasco*, born in our Town, and our special Friend, and they turn'd my Mistress *Dulcinea del Toboso*, into a Rustick Country-wench, and so I imagine this will die a Footman, and live a Footman all the days of his Life. To which, *Rodriguez's* Daughter said, Let him be who he will that asks me for his Wife, I thank him for I had rather be a lawful Wife to a Lackey, than a cast Mistress to a Gentleman, and besides he that abus'd me is none. In short, the upshot of all was, that *Tosilos* should be kept up, till they saw what became of his Transformation. All cry'd, *Don Quixotes* was the Victory, and the most were sad and vext, to see that the expected Combatants had not beaten one another to pieces; as Boys are sad, when the Person they look for comes not out to be hang'd, when either the Party or the King pardons him. The people went away, the Duke and the Dutchess return'd with *Don Quixote* to the Castle, *Tosilos* was shut up, *Donna Rodriguez* and her Daughter were most joyful, to see that one way or other, that Business would end in Matrimony, and *Tosilos* hop'd no less.

CHAP. LVII.

How Don Quixote took his leave of the Duke, and what befel him with the witty wanton Altisidora, the Dutcheffes Damsel.

NOW it seem'd good to *Don Quixote*, to leave the idle Life he led in that Castle, thinking it a great wrong to his Person, to be shut up, and lazy among so many delights and dainties as were offer'd him, as a Knight Errant by those Nobles, and he believ'd he was to give a strict Account to Heaven, for that Idleness and Retirement, and so ask'd leave, one Day of the Duke and Dutchess, to depart; which they gave him, but seem'd to be very sorrowful that he would leave them. The Dutchess gave *Sancho Pança* his Wives Letters, who Wept at them, and said, Who would have thought, that such great hopes as the news of my Government, rais'd in my Wife *Teresa Panças* Breast, should end in this, that I must return to my Master *Don Quixotes* slavish Adventures? For all that I am glad to see that my *Teresa* was like her self, in fending the Acorns to the Dutchess, which if she had not sent, I had been sorry, and she had shew'd her self ungrateful. My comfort

fort is, that this kind of Present could not be call'd a Bribe; for I had my Government before she sent it, and 'tis very fit that they who receive a Benefit, shew themselves thankful tho' it be but with a trifle. In short, *Naked I came into the Government, and naked I go out of it*, and therefore I may say, (which is no small matter) with a safe Conscience, *Naked was I born, naked I am, I am neither winner nor loser*. This *Sancho* discours'd with himself at the time when he was to depart, and *Don Quixote* going out, (having taken his leave the Night before of the Duke and Dutcheſs) one Morning he appear'd arm'd in the Castle-court, all the People of the House beheld him from the Galleries, and the Duke and Dutcheſs too went to see him. *Sancho* was upon his *Dapple*, with his Waller, his Cloak-bag, and his Provision, very jocund, because the Dukes Steward, that had acted *Trifaldi*, had given him a Purse with two hundred Crowns in Gold, to supply his Wants by the way, and as yet *Don Quixote* knew nothing of this.

Whilst all were thus looking on him, on a sudden, from among the other Matrons and Damſels of the Dutcheſſes, the witty and wanton *Altifidora* beheld him, and in a diſſmal Tone ſaid.

Altifidora's Farewel to Don Quixote.

* NOW, in the Name of the Devil;
Why Sir Knight ſo uncivil
To be gone, and ne'er take any Leave of us?

Pray do not beſtir
So, with Whip and with Spur,
The Ribs and the Flank of your furious *Bucephalus*.

Perhaps thou miſtak'ſt,
The thing thou ſoſak'ſt,
For a *Serpent* inſtead of a *Dove*.

Beſe Monſter to wrong eſe,
The faireſt of Damſels;

Such as *Venus* ne'er ſaw in a *Cyprian Grove*.
More lovely than all the bright Nymphs of the Mountains,
That Gallop thro' Woods with *Diana* a Hunting.
Since cruel *Aeneas*, thou Fly'ſt from thy *Dido*,
Wherever thou go'ſt may they Curſe thee as I do;
May all but Miſchances and Vermin forſake thee,
And Blows, Baſtinadoes, and Belzebub take thee.

Are theſe your Requiteſ,
To tear out the Vitals;

Of one that was tender and true t'ye?

Is't a Knight-Errent's Part,
To Plunder the Heart

Of a Lady, and then Ride away with the Booty?
Three Night-caps moreover,
You bear from your Lover,

And

And a Pair of Silk-garters, alas!

That belong'd to a Couple

Of Legs, ſoft and ſupple,

Fair, as black and white Marble, and ſmoother than Glaſs.

And Sighs full Two thouſand, enough if but Flaſhes,

To burn down Two thouſand fair *Troys* into Aſhes.

With theſe, like *Aeneas*, thou Fly'ſt from thy *Dido*

Wherever thou go'ſt, may they Curſe thee as I do:

May all but Miſchances and Vermin forſake thee,

And Blows, Baſtinadoes, and Belzebub take thee.

May *Sancho's* hard Hart,

Never yield to the Smart,

Of the Penance he Promis'd to ſuffer:

May his Tail ne'er be ſwitch'd,

Nor thy *Doxie* bewitch'd,

Till the Day of her Death her Complexion recover;

May that Two handed Whore,

Thus Pay off the Score;

With a Face like a *Monkey* to jilt ye,

Thus ſhall my Revenge,

Take on her its full Swinge;

Since the Innocent oft goes to Pot for the Guilty.

May thy faireſt Adventures all turn to Miſchances,

May'ſt thou loſe all thy Courage, forget thy Romances:

And ſince like *Aeneas* thou Fly'ſt from thy *Dido*,

Wherever thou go'ſt may they Curſe thee as I do:

Let thy Conſtancy too, and thy Chaiſtneſs forſake thee,

And Blows, Baſtinadoes, and Belzebub take thee,

May'ſt thou loſe at *Back-Gammon*;

Faſe Dice put a Sham on,

Thy Cunning, if *Hazard's* the Game;

At *Loo* may'ſt thou ne'er,

Have a Trump to thy Share,

Nor once ſee the Face of all worſhipful *Pam*.

If thy Toe-nails thou pare,

Or thy Corns unware,

May the Pen-kniſe turn round in thy Hand,

May'ſt thou Cut till Blood follow,

And if Teeth that are hollow,

Thou draw'ſt for the Tooth-ach, may the Stump of 'em ſtand.

May'ſt thou paſs for a Nickapoop all the World o'er,

From **Parn* to *France*, and from *England* to *Dover*.

And ſince like *Aeneas* thou Fly'ſt from thy *Dido*,

Where ever thou go'ſt, may they Curſe thee as I do:

May all but Miſchances and Vermin forſake thee,

And Blows, Baſtinadoes, and Belzebub take thee.

Whilst

* Good Spanish Geography.

Whilst the griev'd *Altsidora* thus lamented, *Don Quixote* gaz'd on her, and without answering a Word, turning to *Sancho*, said, By thy Fore-fathers Lives, I Conjure thee my *Sancho*, to tell me one truth; tell me, hast thou the three Night-caps and the Garters this Love-sick Damsel speaks of? To which *Sancho* answer'd, The three Caps I have, but as for the Garters you may as well say it is now Midnight. The Dutchess wondred at *Altsidoras* Wantonness; for tho' she took her to be Bold, Witty and Airy; yet she never thought she would have proceeded so far, and knowing nothing of this Jest, she was the more surpriz'd. The Duke resolv'd to back the Jest; and therefore said, I do not like it well, Sir Knight, that having receiv'd such good Entertainment as has been made you in my Castle, you should presume to carry away three Night-caps at least, if not my Damsels Garters over and above, 'tis a Sign of a false Heart, not suitable to your Renown, therefore restore her Garters, if not I Challenge you to a mortal Combat, without fearing that your elvish Enchanters will chop or change my Face, as they have done my Lackey *Tosilos*, that was to have Fought with you. God forbid, (quoth *Don Quixote*) that I should unsheath my Sword against your most illustrious Person, From whom I have receiv'd so many Favours. The Night-caps I will restore, for *Sancho* says he has them; as for the Garters 'tis impossible; because neither he nor I have receiv'd them; and if this your Damsel will search her holes, I warrant her she finds them. I my Lord was never a Thief, nor never think I shall as long as I live, if God forsake me not. This Damsel speaks as she says, like one in Love, which is no Fault of mine, and therefore I have no reason to ask hers, nor your Excellencys Pardon, whom I beseech to have a better Opinion of me, and once more give me leave to depart. God send you worthy *Don Quixote*, (quoth the Dutchess) so good a Journey, that we may always hear happy News of your brave Exploits; and so God be with you; for the longer you stay, the more you encrease the Flames in the Damsels Hearts that behold you; and for mine, I'll Punish her so, that from hence forward she shall neither misbehave herself in Look or Action. Here me then but a word, oh Valorous *Don Quixote*, (quoth *Altsidora*) which is, That I beg thy Pardon for the Theft of my Garters; for in my Soul and Conscience I have them on; and I have committed the same Fault as the Butcher did who look'd for his Knife and had it in his Mouth. Did not I not tell you as much (quoth *Sancho*) I am a pretty Youth to conceal Thefts? For had I been that way given I had a cleaver opportunity for it in my Government. *Don Quixote* Bow'd his Head, and made an Obeysance to the Duke, Dutchess and Standers by, and turning *Rozinante's* Head, *Sancho* following him on *Dapple*, went out of the Castle, taking his way towards *Zaragoza*.

C H A P.

C H A P. LVIII.

How Adventures came so thick and three-fold upon Don Quixote, that they crowded one upon the Neck of another.

WHEN *Don Quixote* saw himself in open Field, free and disencumbred from *Altsidora's* Courtship, he thought he was in his Center, that his Spirits were reviv'd to prosecute a new the project of his Knight Errantry, and therefore turning to *Sancho*, said.

Liberty, *Sancho*, is one of the most precious Gifts Heaven has bestow'd on Men; the Treasure the Earth encloses and the Sea hides, cannot equal it. Life may and ought to be hazarded as well for Liberty, as for Honour; and on the contrary, Captivity, is the greatest evil that can befall Men. This I tell thee *Sancho*, because thou hast well observ'd the cheer and plenty we have had in the Castle we left. Yet a midst those savoury Banquets, and those Drinks cooled with Snow, methought I was pinch'd with Hunger, for I enjoy'd it not with the liberty I should have done, had it been my own; for the Duties of recompensing benefits and Favours receiv'd, are Tyes that curb a free Mind. Happy that Man to whom Heaven has given a piece of Bread, without the obligation of thanking any but Heaven alone. For all that (quoth *Sancho*) 'tis not fit for us to be unthankful for Two hundred Crowns we have receiv'd in Gold, which the Duke's Steward gave me in a Purse, and which I carry as a comforting Cordial next my Heart, against all accidents; for we shall not always find Castles where they will make much of us, but sometimes shall meet with Inns, where we may be Cudgell'd.

Thus the Errants, Knight and Squire discours'd, when, having Travell'd about half a League, they saw upon the Grass of a green Medow, about a Dozen Men with their Cloaks spread at Dinnor, and Clad like Husbandmen; near them they had, as it were, white sheets, with which they cover'd something that was underneath: They were set upright and stretcht at length, and plac'd a pretty distance one from another. *Don Quixote* came to those that were Eating, and Saluting them first courteously, ask'd what was under that linnen? One of them answer'd him, Sir, under this

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Whilst the griev'd *Altsidora* thus lamented, *Don Quixote* gaz'd on her, and without answering a Word, turning to *Sancho*, said, By thy Fore-fathers Lives, I Conjure thee my *Sancho*, to tell me one truth; tell me, hast thou the three Night-caps and the Garters this Love-sick Damfel speaks of? To which *Sancho* answer'd, The three Caps I have, but as for the Garters you may as well say it is now Midnight. The Dutchess-wondred at *Altsidoras* Wantonness; for tho' she took her to be Bold, Witty and Airy; yet she never thought she would have proceeded so far, and knowing nothing of this Jest, she was the more surpriz'd. The Duke resolv'd to back the Jest; and therefore said, I do not like it well, Sir Knight, that having receiv'd such good Entertainment as has been made you in my Castle, you should presume to carry away three Night-caps at least, if not my Damsels Garters over and above, 'tis a Sign of a false Heart, not suitable to your Renown, therefore restore her Garters, if not I Challenge you to a mortal Combat, without fearing that your elvish Enchanters will chop or change my Face, as they have done my Lackey *Tosilos*, that was to have Fought with you. God forbid, (quoth *Don Quixote*) that I should unsheath my Sword against your most illustrious Person, From whom I have receiv'd so many Favours. The Night-caps I will restore, for *Sancho* says he has them; as for the Garters 'tis impossible; because neither he nor I have receiv'd them; and if this your Damfel will search her holes, I warrant her she finds them. I my Lord was never a Thief, nor never think I shall as long as I live, if God forsake me not. This Damfel speaks as she says, like one in Love, which is no Fault of mine, and therefore I have no reason to ask hers, nor your Excellencys Pardon, whom I beseech to have a better Opinion of me, and once more give me leave to depart. God send you worthy *Don Quixote*, (quoth the Dutchess) so good a Journey, that we may always hear happy News of your brave Exploits; and so God be with you; for the longer you stay, the more you encrease the Flames in the Damsels Hearts that behold you; and for mine, I'll Punish her so, that from hence forward she shall neither misbehave herself in Look or Action. Here me then but a word, oh Valorous *Don Quixote*, (quoth *Altsidora*) which is, That I beg thy Pardon for the Theft of my Garters; for in my Soul and Conscience I have them on; and I have committed the same Fault as the Butcher did who look'd for his Knife and had it in his Mouth. Did not I not tell you as much (quoth *Sancho*) I am a pretty Youth to conceal Thefts? For had I been that way given I had a cleaver opportunity for it in my Government. *Don Quixote* Bow'd his Head, and made an Obeysance to the Duke, Dutchess and Standers by, and turning *Rozinante's* Head, *Sancho* following him on *Dapple*, went out of the Castle, taking his way towards *Zaragoza*.

C H A P. LVIII.

How Adventures came so thick and three-fold upon Don Quixote, that they crowded one upon the Neck of another.

WHEN *Don Quixote* saw himself in open Field, free and disencumber'd from *Altsidora's* Courtship, he thought he was in his Center, that his Spirits were reviv'd to prosecute a new the project of his Knight Errantry, and therefore turning to *Sancho*, said.

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Linnen are certain Images Carv'd in Wood, which are to be plac'd upon an Altar we are erecting in our Village: We carry them cover'd, that they may not be sullied and on our Shoulders that they may not be broken. If you please (quoth *Don Quixote*) I should be glad to see them, for Images that are carried so charily must doubtless be good ones. They are so sure enough (quoth one?) or else let their price speak for them; for there is never a one of them but cost above Fifty Ducats; and that you may know 'tis true, pray stay, and you shall see it with your Eyes: And rising he left his Dinner, and went to uncover the first Image, which appear'd to be St. *George* a Horse-back, with a Serpent in a Coile at his Feet, and his Lance run thorow the Throat of it, as Fierce as is usually Painted, the whole Image look'd as if it had been of beaten Gold. And *Don Quixote* seeing it, said, This Knight was one of the best Errants the divine War-fare had, his Name was *Don Saint George*, and he was a wonderful Defender of Damzels. Let's see this next. The Man discover'd it, and it appear'd to be St. *Martin* a Horse-back, Dividing his Cloak with the Poor Man: and *Don Quixote* no sooner saw it, but he said, This Knight too was one of our Christian Adventurers, and I beleive he was more Liberal then Valiant, as thou may'st see *Sancho* by his Dividing his Cloak, and giving the Poor Man half; and doubtless it was then Winter; for had it been Summer, he would have given him all, he was so Charitable. Not so (quoth *Sancho*) but he stuck to the Proverb, *To give and keep there is need of Wit*. *Don Quixote* Laugh'd, and desir'd them to take away another peice of Linnen, under which was the Image of the Patron of *Spain* a Horse-back, his Sword Bloody, Trampling on Moors, and Treading on Heads: And *Don Quixote* seeing it, said, Ay marry Sir, here's a Knight indeed, one of Christ's Squadron, this is call'd *Don Saint James*, Moorkiller, one of the Valiantest Saints and Knights in the World then, or in Heaven now. Then they discover'd another Peice, which cover'd Saint *Paul* falling from his Horse, with all the circumstances usually Express'd in the Picture of his Conversion: When he saw him so Lively represented that it look'd as if Christ were then Speaking to him, and *Paul* Answering, he said, This was the greatest Enemy the Church of God had in his Time, and the greatest Defender it will ever have, a Knight Errant in his Life time, and a quiet Saint in his Death, a Restless Labourer in the Vineyard of the Lord, a Doctor of Nations, whose School was Heaven, and Christ himself his Reader and Instructor. Now there were no more Images:

Images: And so *Don Quixote* Commanded them to Cover them again, and said to those that Carried them, I take it as a good Omen Brethren, to have seen what I have seen; for those Saints and Knights were of my Profession, which is, to exercise Armes; only the difference betwixt them and me is, that they were Saints, and Fought Divinely; I am a Sinner, and Fight Humanly; they Conquer'd Heaven by force of Armes, for Heaven suffers Violence, and hitherto I know not what I Conquer by the force of my Sufferings: But if my *Dulcinea del Toboso* were once Free from Hers, my Fortune being better'd, and my Judgment improv'd, perhaps I might take a better Course than I do: God grant, and avant Sin, quoth *Sancho* at this time. The Men wonder'd as well at *Don Quixote's* Figure as his Discourse, and understood not one half what it meant. They ended their Dinner and got up their Images, and taking leave of *Don Quixote* went on their way.

Sancho admir'd afresh, as if he had never known his Master, at his knowledge, thinking there was no History in the World, or Accident, which he had not ready at his Fingers ends, and grafted in his Memory, and said, Truly (Master of mine) if this that has befallen us to Day may be call'd an Adventure, it has been one of the most Delicious and Sweetest we have lighted upon in all our Travels; for we are come off without Blows or Fright, or laying Hand to our Swords, nor have we Beaten the Earth with our Bodies, or do we suffer Hunger, God be thanked that he has let me see this with these Eyes of mine. Thou say'st right *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) but thou must know that times are not always the same nor do they take the same course, and those which are commonly call'd ill Omens, by the Vulgar and are not grounded upon any natural Reason, ought to be reputed, and judg'd by a wise Man as good Luck. One of your Superstitious Fools, Rises in a Morning, goes out of his House, meets with a Frier of the Blessed Order of St. *Francis*, and as if he had met with a Griffin, turns his back and runs Home again. Another of the Family of *Mendoza* spils the Salt on the Table, and immediately a melancholy Fit seizes his Heart, as if Nature were bound to shew Signes of ensuing Mischances, in things of so small moment as these mention'd. A wise Man and good Christian ought not to be prying into what Heaven designs to do. *Scipio* comes into *Africa*, and leaping on Shore, stumbles, his Souldiers take it as an ill Omen, but he Embracing the Ground, said, Thou canst not Flye from me *Africk*, for I have fast

hold of thee in my Armes. So that *Sancho*, the meeting with these Images has been a most happy Accident to me. I believe you (quoth *Sancho*) and pray tell me the cause why the Spaniards before they enter into Battle, Invoking that St. *James* the Moor Killer cry, * *Santiago y cierra España*? Pray is *Spain* open that it needs to be Shut? Or what Ceremony is this? Thou art very silly *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) and take notice, That God has given *Spain* this great Knight of the red Cross for its Patron and protector, especially in the hard Conflicts the *Spaniards* have had with the Moors; and therefore they invoke and call on him as their Protector in all their Battels, and many times they have visibly seen him in them, Overthrowing, Trampling, Destroying and Killing the *Hagarene* Squadrons. † Many examples could I produce to confirm this, out of the true Spanish Histories.

Sancho changed his discourse, and said to his Master, Sir, I wonder at the Confidence of *Altifidora*, the Duchesses Damzel; that same Fellow call'd Love, has Wounded and run her Through to the purpose; they say he is a little Blind Boy, and that tho' he is Blear-Ey'd, or rather Blind; if he Aimes at a Heart tho' never so little, he certainly Hits and Strikes it through with his Dart. I have also heard say, that the Arrows of Love lose their Points and are beaten blunt against the Modesty and Reserv'dness of Maids, but upon this *Altifidora*, it seems they are rather whetted than dull'd. Look you *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) Love shows no respect of Persons, nor is it confin'd by Rules of Reason in its Proceedings, but is of the same nature as Death, which equally Sets upon the high Palaces of Kings, as the low Cottages of Shepherds, and when he takes entire Possession of a Soul, the first thing he does, is to banish Shame, without which *Altifidora* declar'd her desires, which rather Engendred in my breast Confusion than Pity. Notable cruelty (quoth *Sancho*) unheard of Ingratitude, I dare say for my self that the least Amorous word of hers would have humbled and made me her Vassal; ah whoreson, what a Heart of Marble, Bowels

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* The old Spanish Cry before Engaging Signifying, St. James and Close Spain, the first being an Invocation of the Saint and the latter part a mutual Exhortation from one Spaniard to another to stand close, that is close their Ranks and not to suffer themselves to be broken, and at the same time to Close with the Enemy

† Hagerene Squadrons, i. e. Moorish, because they are thought to be descended from Hagar.

of Brass, and Soul of Plaister of Paris you have? But I cannot imagine what this Damzel saw in you, that should so Vanquish her? What Gallantry? What Sprightlyness? What Air? What Face? Which of these alone, or altogether Enamoured her? for Truly, truly, I often gaze at you from the tip of your Toe to the Crown of your Head, and I see more in you to Fright than to cause Love: And having heard say, that Beauty is the first and principal Part which Enamours, you having none, I know not what the poor soul fell in Love with. Take notice *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) that there are two kinds of Beauty, one of the Mind, the other of the Body; that of the Mind moves and is seen in the Understanding, in Modesty, in good Behaviour, in Liberalitie, and in Breeding; and all these qualities may be found in an Il-favor'd-man; and when the Aim is at this Beauty, and not at that of the Body, it produces Love more powerfully and forcibly. I know *Sancho* I am not Beautyful, and yet I know too that I am not Deform'd, and it is enough for an Honest Man, that he is no Monster, to be Belov'd, so he have the Endowments, of the Mind I have told thee of. Thus Talking and Discoursing they got into a Wood that was out of the way, and on a suddain, before they were aware, *Don Quixote* found himself entangled in Nets of green Thread, that were set from one Tree to another; and not being able to imagin what it might be, said to *Sancho*, Methinks *Sancho*, this Adventure of these Nets is one of the strangest that can be thought on; Hang me if the Enchanters that persecute me, do not design to intangle me in them, and stop my way, in revenge for the rigour I have us'd towards *Altifidora*. Well, let them know that tho' these Nets, were made of hardest Diamonds as they are of green Thread, or stronger than that the Jealous God of the Black-Smiths entangled *Venus* and *Mars* in, I would break them as if they were Bull-Rushes or fine Spun Cotton. As he was about to go forwards and break through all on a sudden two most Beautyful Shepherdesses, or at least two that look'd like it, but that their Jerkins and Coats were of fine Cloath of Gold, coming out of the Thicket, appear'd before him, I say their Coats were of the richest Tissue, their Hair hung loose over their Shoulders, and might compare for Brightness with the Sun Beams, and they were Crown'd with Garlands, of green Bayes, and Red-flowergentle Interwoven: Their Age seem'd to be nor under Fifteen, nor past Eighteen. This was a sight that astonish'd *Sancho*, surpriz'd *Don Quixote*, made the Sun stop in his Career to behold them, and held all four in wonderful silence. In fine, the first that

spoke was one of the Shepherdesses, who said to *Don Quixote*, Hold Sir, and do not break our Nets which are spread there, nor to your Hurt, but for our Recreation; and because I know you will ask us why they are so plac'd, and who we are I will tell you briefly. In a Village about two Leagues from hence, where there are many Gentlemen of Quality, and Estates, it was agreed among several Friends and Relations, That they, their Wives, Sons and Daughters, Neighbours, Friends and Kindred, should come to make Merry in this Place, which is one of the Pleasantest here about, Forming among us a new Pastoral *Arcadia*, Clothing the Maids like Shepherdesses, and the young Men like Shepherds. We have got two Eclogues without Book, one of the Famous Poet *Garcilasso*, and the other of the most excellent *Camoens* in his own *Portugues Tongue*, which as yet we have not Repeated. Yesterday was the first Day we came hither; we have our Tents, pitched amongst these Trees, close by the brink of a goodly running Brook, which Waters all these Meadows. Last Night we spread our Nets on these Trees to Catch the poor Birds that being allur'd with our Call, should fall into them. If you please Sir, to be our Guest, you shall be Entertain'd Liberally and Courteously; for now into this Place comes neither Sorrow nor Melancholy. With this she was silent and said no more. To which *Don Quixote* answer'd; Truly (fairest Lady) *Astreon* was not more astonish'd when he saw *Diana* Bathing her self in the Fountain, than I have been in beholding your Beauty: I commend the manner of your pastime, and thank you for your kind Offers, and if I can serve you, you may command me, and be sure to be Obey'd; for my Profession is this, to shew my self thankful, and to do good to all sorts of People, especially of that rank your Person shews you to be; and if those Nets, as they take up but a little peice of Ground, should take up the whole compass of the Earth I would seek out new Worlds to pass thorough, rather then break them: And that you may give some credit to this bold Expression behold, he that promises you this, is no less than *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, if perchance this Name has reach'd your Ear: Ah Dear Friend (quoth the other Shepherdess) what good luck is this? Dye see this Gentleman before us? Well let me tell you, he is the Valiantest, the most Amorous, and the most Courteous in the World, if the History of his Famous Exploits which is in Print; and I have Read, does not Lye and Deceive us: I'll hold a Wager this Honest Fellow here with him, is (one) *Sancho Pança* his Squire, who has no Fellow for merry Wit. 'Tis true (quoth

Sancho.)

Sancho) I am that merry Fellow, and that Squire you Speak of, and this Gentleman is my Master, the very self same *Don Quixote* aforesaid and Historified. O Lord (quoth the other) let us intreat him Friend, to stay with us, for our Fathers and Brothers will be mighty glad of it, and I have heard Speak as well as you of his Valour and Wit; and above all they say of him, that he is the most Constant and Faithful Lover in the World, and that his Mistress is one *Dulcinea del Toboso*, who bears the Prize from all the Beauties in *Spain*. She does Justly (quoth *Don Quixote*) unless your Marchlefs Beauties bring it into Controversie: Do not Labour Ladies to Detain me; for the positive Duty of my Profession will let me rest no where.

By this there came a Brother of one of the Shepherdesses, where the four were, clad like them in a Shepherds Apparell and as Rich and Gay: They told him that Gentleman with them, was the Valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and the other *Sancho* his Squire, of whom he had some knowledge, as having read his History. The gallant Shepherd Saluted and desir'd him to come with him to their Tents, which *Don Quixote* was forc'd to grant, and so he did. And now the Nets were drawn and fill'd with divers little Birds, who deceiv'd with the Colour of them, fell into the danger they shun'd: There met in that Place above Thirty Persons, all gallantly Clad like Shepherds and Shepherdesses; and in a moment they were made to know who *Don Quixote*, and his Squire were; which was no small Satisfaction to them; for they knew him by his History: They came to the Tents, and found the Tables cover'd, Rich, abundant, and Neat: They Honour'd *Don Quixote* with the upper end; all of them Beheld, and Admir'd him, In fine, the Cloth being taken away, *Don Quixote* very gravely lifted up his Voice; and said, Tho' some will have it to be Pride; yet I say Ingratitude is the greatest of all the Sins that Men Commit, according to the saying, that *Hell is full of the Ungrateful*. This Sin I have us'd my utmost endeavours to avoid ever since I had the use of Reason, and if I can not repay one good turn with another, yet I make some Amends in good Will and Desire of doing it, and if that is not enough, I make them known, for he who tells abroad and publishes the Favours he receives, would repay them with the like if he could, for generally they that Receive, are inferior to those that give, and so God is above all because he gives above all, and the Gifts of Man cannot equal those of God by an infinite Disproportion, but a thankful Mind in some measure makes amends for this Defect.

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I therefore being thankful for the Kindness I have here Received, and not able to make a suitable Return, without exceeding the narrow limits of my Ability, Offer what I may and what I have of my own: And therefore I say that I will for two whole Days Maintain in the midst of the King's Highway which leads to *Zaragoza*, that these Ladies Disguiz'd like Shepherdesses here present, are the Fairest and most courteous Damzels in the World, excepting only the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, sole Mistrels of my Thoughts, without offence to all that hear me be it Spoken. Which when *Sancho* heard, who had given ear to him attentively, he cry'd out aloud and said, Is it possible there can be any body in the World, that dares say or Swear that this Master of mine is Mad? Pray Speak: You Gentlemen Shepherds, is there any Country Vicar, be he never so Wise, or never so good a Scholler, that can say what my Master has said? Or is there any Knight Errant, let him be never so much Fam'd for his Valour, that can offer what my Master has here offer'd? *Don Quixote* turn'd to *Sancho* his Face Burning with Anger, and said, Is it possible, O *Sancho*, that there is any Body in the World that will say, Thou art not a Coxcomb within and without, only edg'd with somewhat of Malice and Knavery? Who bids thee meddle with my Affairs, and in enquiring whether I am Wife or a Block-head? Peace and not a Word but Saddle *Rozinante*, if he is unsaddled, and let's go Perform what I have offer'd: For considering the Justice of my Cause, thou maist conclude all I meet with are Vanquish'd: And so in a great Fury, and with signs of Anger he rose from his Chair, the standers by Admiring, and doubting whether he had most of a wife or of a Madman. In short they Perswaded him not to undertake that Challenge, because they were fully satisfi'd of his grateful Nature, and there needed no new proof of his Valour there being enough related in the History of his Actions.

For all that *Don Quixote* proceeded in his purpose, and Mounted *Rozinante*, buckling his Shield, and taking his Lance, he plac'd himself in the midst of the Highway, not far from the green Meadow. *Sancho* follow'd him upon *Dapple* with all the Pastoral Flock they being desirous to see the Issue of that arrogant and strange Offer. *Don Quixote* standing (as I have said) in the mid way, made the Air ring with these Words: O you Passengers, and Travellers, Knights, Squires, People on Foot, or on Horseback, that either now pass this way, or are to pass within these ensuing two Days, know, that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, Knight Errant, is here ready to Maintain, that setting aside the Beauty of the Mistress of my

my Soul, *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the Nymphs that Inhabit these Meadows and Groves, are the fairest and civilest in the World: And he that is of a contrary opinion, let him come; for here I expect him.

Twice he repeated these self-same Words, and twice they were not heard by any Adventurer: But Fortune which directed his Affairs better and better, so ordain'd, that a pretty while after, there appear'd a Troop of Horse-men on the way, many of them with Lances in their Hands, and all going in a heap together, and apace. They that were with *Don Quixote*, as soon as ever they saw them, turn'd thir backs; and got far enough out of the way, for they knew if they stay'd, they might be in some Danger. Only *Don Quixote* with an undaunted Heart stood still; and *Sancho Pança* warded himself with *Rozinante*'s Buttocks. The Troop of Lances came on, and one that was formost cry'd out aloud to *Don Quixote*, saying, Out of the way, Madman: For these Bulls will beat thee to Pieces. Go to, ye Skoundrels, quoth *Don Quixote*, your Bulls signify nothing to me, tho' they were the Fiercest that **Xarama* has Feeding on his Banks: Confess, ye Rakehells all at once, that what I have Proclaim'd here, is a truth, or else you shall stand Combats with me. The Heards-men had no leisure to answer, nor *Don Quixote* to get out of the way, tho' he would: And so the Troop of Wild Bulls, together with the tame Kine, and the multitude of Heards-men, and others, that carried them to be kept up in a Town, where they were the next Day to be Baited, Trampled over *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, *Rozinante* and *Dapple*, tumbling them all down upon the Ground. *Sancho* was Bruis'd, *Don Quixote* astonish'd, *Dapple* Batter'd, and *Rozinante* not very Sound: But in fine all of them got up, and *Don Quixote* in great haste Stumbling, and falling, began to run after the whole Heard, crying a loud, Hold, Stay; ye Elvish crue; for one only Knight expects you, who is not of the mind or opinion of those that say, *Make a flying Enemy a Silver-bridge*. But the hasty Runners stay'd never a whit the more for this; nor made any more Reckoning of his Threats than of the last Years Clouds.

Weariness stopp'd *Don Quixote*. So, fuller of Anger than Revenge, he sat in the way, expecting the coming of *Sancho*, *Rozinante*, and *Dapple*. At length they came, and Master and Man got up; and without taking Leave of the Fain'd or Counterfeit *Arcadia*, with more Shame than Satisfaction went on their way.

* The Bulls of *Xarama* are counted the Fiercest in Spain.

C H A P. LIX.

Of an extraordinary Accident that befel Don Quixote, which may be taken for an Adventure.

DON Quixote and Sancho Pança almost Choak'd with Dust and Tyr'd by the unmannerly Encounter of the Bulls, were Reliev'd by a Clear and Chrystalline Fountain, which they found in a cool Grove, by the Brink of which leaving *Roxinante* and *Dapple* lose without Bridle or Halter, the two way beaten, Master and Man sat down. *Sancho* repair'd to the Cup-board of his Wallets, and took out of them that which he call'd Eatables. He rins'd his Mouth: *Don Quixote* wash'd his Face; and with this Refreshment their Faint Spirits recover'd. *Don Quixote* Eat nothing for pure Grief, nor durst *Sancho* touch any Meate before him for pure good Manners, and expected his Master should first be his Taster: But seeing him wholly rapt in his Imaginations, without remembering to put a bit in his Mouth, he never open'd his: But laying aside all Kinde of Breeding began to Barrel up all the Bread and Cheese that was before him in his Stomack.

Eat, Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, cherish thy Life; for it concerns thee more than me, and leave me to Dye at the Hands of my Sorrows, and the force of my Misfortunes. I was Born, *Sancho*, to Live Dying, and thou, to Dye Eating: And that thou maist see I tell thee true; consider me in Printed Histories, Famous in Armes, Courteous in my Actions, Respected by Princes, Courted by Damzells, and now even now at last, when I hop'd for Bayes, Triumphs and Crowns purchas'd and deserv'd by my famous Exploits; have I seen my self this Morning Trampled on, Kick'd and Bruis'd by the Feet of base unclean Beasts: The Consideration of this Misfortune takes off the edge of my Teeth, duls my Grinders, and benumms my Hands, and altogether deprives me of my Appetite; so that I am almost in the mind to Starve my self which is the cruellest of all Deaths. So that, quoth *Sancho* (without loosing any time in Chewing) you will not make good the Proverb that says. *'Tis good to Dye with a full Belly.* I for my part do not design to Kill my self. I'll rather do as the Shoo-maker does, who stretches the Leather with

with his Teeth, till he makes it retch as he pleases; I'll draw out my Life by Eating till it come to the end that Heaven has allotted it; and let me tell you, Sir, there is no greater Madness in the World, than to Dispair as you do, and believe me, and after you have Eaten, lie down and Sleep a little upon the Down-beds of this green Grass, and you shall see when you wake, you will find your self somewhat eas'd. *Don Quixote* did so, thinking *Sancho* talk'd more like a Philosopher than a Fool, and said, If thou O *Sancho*, wouldst do what I shall now tell thee for me, my Comfort would be more certain, and my Sorrows not so great; which is, that whilst I following thy Counsel, Sleep, thou go out of the Way a little, and with *Roxinantes* reins, turning up thy Flesh to the Air, give thy self Three or Four hundred Lashes in part of the Three thousand, and odd, thou art to receive for the disenchanting of *Dulcinea*, for it is no small pity, that poor Lady should be Enchanted through thy carelessness and negligence. There is much to be said to that Point. (quoth *Sancho*.) let's both Sleep now, and God knows what will follow. Know Sir, that this Whipping in cold Blood, is a cruel thing, especially if it light upon a weak and ill Fed Body; let my Lady *Dulcinea* have Patience, for when she least thinks of it, she shall see my Skin torn to tatters with Lashes, and till Death all is Life, I mean I Live with a desire to fulfil my Promise. *Don Quixote* giving him Thanks, Eat something, and *Sancho* a great deal, leaving the two continual Friends and Companions, *Roxinante* and *Dapple* to their Free-will disorderly Feeding on the Pasture which was plentiful in that Meadow. They awak'd somewhat late, and up they got again, and went on their Way, making haste to come to an Inn, which seem'd to be about a League off: I say an Inn, for *Don Quixote* call'd it so; contrary to his ordinary Custom of calling all Inns Castles.

To it they came, they ask'd the Host whether he had any Lodging? He answer'd Yes, with all the Conveniency and Plenty they could expect in the City of *Zaragoza*. They alighted, and *Sancho* put up his Baggage into a Chamber, of which the Host gave him the Key: The Beasts he carried to the Stable, and gave them their Stint, and so went to see what *Don Quixote*, who sat upon a Seat made in the Wall would Command him, giving God hearty Thanks, that he had not taken the Inn for a Castle. Supper-time came on, so they retir'd to their Apartment. *Sancho* ask'd the Host what he had for Supper? To which he answer'd, he might Pick and

and Chuse, Ask and have; for that Inn was stor'd with Birds of the Air, the Poultry of the Earth, and the Fishes of the Sea. There's no need of all that, (quoth *Sancho*) for so we have a couple of roasted Chickens, 'twill be enough, for my Master has a weak Stomach, and eats little, and I am no very greedy-gut. The Host answer'd him, he had no Chickens, for the Kites had devour'd them. Why then let's have a tender Puller roasted, quoth he. A Puller forsooth! quoth the *Inn-keeper*, in good Faith, I sent above Fifty yesterday to the City to Sell, but bating Pullers, ask what you will. Why then, (quoth *Sancho*) there can be no want of Veal or Kid. We have none in the House now, said the Host, for it is all spent, but by next Week we shall have to spare. The matter is well mended, (quoth *Sancho*) I'll hold a Wager all these wants must be made up with abundance of Eggs and Bacon. By the Lord, (quoth the Host) my Guest has a pretty Fancy; I have told him I have neither Pullers nor Hens, and yet he would have Eggs. Think if you will of other Dainties, and talk no more of Hens. Odds Curse let's have done, quoth *Sancho*, and tell me what we shall have, without rambling Master Host. The Host said, The very Truth on't is, I have two Neats feet, like Calves feet; or two Calves feet like Neats feet, they are boil'd with Pease, Bacon and Onyons, and by this time they cry, Come eat me, Come eat me. I set my Mark upon them, quoth *Sancho*, and let no Man touch them; for I'll Pay more than another shall, and there could be no better Meat for me in the World, so they be Feet I care not whether they are Calves or Neats. No man shall touch them (said the Host) for my other Guests out of pure Gentility, bring their Cook, Caterer, and Provision with them. If you talk of Gentility, quoth *Sancho*, none more a Gentleman than my Master; but his Profession allows of no Larders or Butteries we clap us down in the midst of a Field, and fill our selves with Acorns or Medlars. This Discourse pass'd betwixt *Sancho* and the Host, but *Sancho* would answer no farther for he had already ask'd what Profession his Master was of. Supper-time came, *Don Quixote* went to his Chamber; the Host brought the Pot of Meat just as it was, and sate him down fairly to Supper.

It seems that in another Chamber next *Don Quixotes*, divided only by a thin Lath Partition, he heard one say, Let me beg of you *Don Jerome*, let us read another Chapter in the second Part of *Don Quixote* till our Supper comes. *Don Quixote* scarce heard himself nam'd, when up he stood, and attentively gave ear to their Discourse concerning him; and heard the

the aforesaid *Don Jerome* answer, Why would you have us Read such Nonsense, *Don John*, since it is impossible that he who has Read the first Part of *Don Quixote* should take any Pleasure in Reading the second. However (quoth *Don John*) 'tis not a amiss to read it: For there is no Book so bad, but has some good thing in it. That which most Displeases me in this is, that he makes *Don Quixote* out of Love with *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Which when *Don Quixote* heard, full of Wrath and Indignation he lifted up his Voice, and said, Woe'sever says that *Don Quixote de la Mancha* has or can Forget *Dulcinea del Toboso*, I will make him know at equal Arms, that he is far from the Truth, for the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* cannot be Forgotten; nor can *Don Quixote* be guilty of Forgetfulness. Constancy is his Device, and his Profession to preserve it with ease, and without doing himself any Violence. Who is that answers us, said they in the next Room? Who should it be (quoth *Sancho*) but *Don Quixote* himself, who will make good all he has said, or shall say; For a good Pay-master never grudges to give Security. Scarce had *Sancho* said this, when the two Gentlemen came into the Chamber for such they seem'd to be; and one of them casting his Arms about *Don Quixote's* Neck said, Neither can your Presence belie your Name, or your Name discredit your Presence; without doubt Sir, you are the right *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, North-pole and Morning-star of Knight Errantry, in spite of him that has endeavour'd to usurp your Name, and annihilate your Exploits, as the * Author of this Book I here deliver to you has done. And giving him the Book his Companion had, *Don Quixote* took it, and without answering a Word, began to turn over the Leaves, and a while after return'd it, saying, In the little I have seen, I have found three things in this Author worthy of reproof: The first is, some Words I have read in this Preface. The second, that his Language is *Aragonian*; for sometimes he Writes without Articles. And the third, which does evince his Ignorance is, that he errs and deviates from the Truth in the principal Part of the History: For here he says that *Sancho Pança* my Squires Wifes Name is *Mary Gutierrez*, which is not so, but *Teresa Pança*: And he that Errs in so main a Point may well be suspected to Err in all the rest of the History. To this *Sancho* said, A Pretty Jest of an Historian; sure he knows

* The Author of this Book, brings this in by way of Inveective against an Aragonian that had Published a second Part of *Don Quixote*, before this came abroad.

knows much what belongs to our Affairs, since he calls my Wife *Yeresa Pança*, *Mary Gutierrez*. Pray take the Book and gain Sir, and see whether I be there, and whether he has chang'd my Name. By what you say Friend (quoth *Don Jerome*) you should be *Sancho Pança* *Don Quixote's* Squire. I am (quoth *Sancho*) and I am proud of it. Well, in Faith (said the Gentleman) this Modern Author does not Treat you with that Decency your Person makes shew for: He represents you as a Glutton, an Ideor, and not at all Witty, but far different from the *Sancho* that is describ'd in the first Part of your Masters History. God forgive him (said *Sancho*;) he might have let me alone and not Remember'd me; for every Man knows his own business best, and the *Cobler* may not go beyond his Last. The two Gentlemen desired *Don Quixote* to go to their Chamber, and Sup with them; for they knew that Inn could not provide for him as he Deserv'd. *Don Quixote*, who was ever Courteous, condescended to their Request, and Supp'd with them: *Sancho* stay'd with his Fleesh-pot as sole Lord and Master; he Sat at the upper End of the Table, and with him the Inn-keeper, who was no less an admirer of his Neats-feet, than *Sancho*.

Whilst they were at Super *Don John* ask'd *Don Quixote* what News he had of his Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, whether she were Marry'd, or brought a Bed, or big with Child, or whether being still a Maid, with respect to her Honour, and good Name, she were mindful of *Don Quixote's* amorous Desires? To which he answer'd; *Dulcinea* is as much a Maid and my Inclinations the same as ever: Our Correspondence small as formerly; her Beauty transform'd into the Countenance of a coarse Country Wench: And then he gave them a particular account of her Enchantment, and what had befall'n him in *Montesinos's* Cave, with the Order the sage *Merlin* had given for Dis-enchanting of her, which was by *Sancho's* Whipping. Great was the Satisfaction the two Gentlemen receiv'd in hearing *Don Quixote* tell the strange Passages of his History, and they no less admir'd his Madnes, than his Elegant manner of expressing it; one while they thought him Wise, and immediately he was turn'd Fool, So that they knew not what medium to assign him, betwixt Wisedome and Folly.

Sancho ended his Supper, and leaving the Inn-keeper, well pickled, went to the Chamber where his Master was, and as soon as he came in said, I'll be hang'd Gentlemen if the Authour of this Book your Worships have, and I shall be long cater coufins; pray God, as he calls me Glutton, as you say, he does not call me Drunkard too. Yes marry does he (said *Don Jerome*;) me;)



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me ;) but I don't remember after what manner, tho' I know the expressions are Scandalous and False, as I perceive by *Sancho's* Physiognomy who is here present. Believe me Gentlemen, quoth he, that *Sancho* and that *Don Quixote* your History Treats of are not the same, that are mention'd in the History Compos'd by *Cid Hamete Benengeli* for we are they, my Master Valiant, Discreet and Amorous, and I simple and Pleasant ; but no Glutton nor Drunkard. I believe it (said *Don John*) and if possible, it should be order'd, that none should dare to Treat of the Great *Don Quixote's* Affairs, but *Cid Hamete*, his first Authour : As *Alexander* commanded that none but *Apelles* should dare to draw his Picture. Let whose will draw mine (quoth *Don Quixote* :) But let him not abuse me ; for Patience often fails when Injuries overload it. None (quoth *Don John*) can be done *Don Quixote*, that he cannot Revenge unless he Ward it off with the Shield of his Patience, which in my opinion is Great and Powerful. In this and the like Discourse they spent a great part of the Night, and tho' *Don John* would have *Don Quixote* Read more in the Book, to hear his Reflections, yet he could not prevail with him, saying, He made account he had Read it and concluded it to be but an Idle Pamphlet, and that he would not give the Author, if he should hear that he had medled with it the satisfaction to think he had Read it ; for our thoughts ought to be remov'd from filthy and obscene Things, much more our Eyes. They ask'd him whither he directed his Journey ? He answer'd to *Zaragoza*, to be at the Tilt for the Armour, that uses to be kept there Yearly. *Don John* told him, the new History, made mention, That *Don Quixote* whoever he was, had been there at a Running at the Ring, which was ill contriv'd, Dull, Poor in Show tho' abounding in absurdities. For that very Reason (quoth *Don Quixote*) I will not set Foot in *Zaragoza*, and so the World shall see what a Liar this Modern Historiographer is, and all Mankind shall perceive I am not the *Don Quixote* he Speaks of. You will do very well (quoth *Don Jerome*) for there is an other Tilting at *Barcelona*, where *Don Quixote* may shew his Valour. So I intend to do, (quoth *Don Quixote*) and therefore let me take Leave of you for it is time to go to Bed, and place me in the number of your greatest Friends and Servants. And me too (quoth *Sancho*) for perhaps I may be good for something.

With this they took Leave, and *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* retir'd to their Chamber, leaving *Don John* and *Don Jerome* in Admiration, to see what a medly he had made of Sense and

and Madneſs; and they verily believ'd theſe were the right *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*. and not thoſe the *Aragonian* Authour deſcrib'd. *Don Quixote* got up Early, and Knocking at the thin Wall of the other Chamber, took Leave of thoſe Gueſts. *Sancho* pay'd the Hoſt nobly, but advis'd him either to keep better Proviſion in his Inn. or Commend it leſs.

CHAP. LX.

What happ'n'd to Don Quixote in his way to Barcelona.

THE Morning was cool, and the Day promis'd no leſs, when *Don Quixote* left the Inn, inquiring firſt, which was the ready way to *Barcelona*, without coming to *Zaragoſa*; ſuch was the deſire he had to prove the new Hiſtorian a Liar, who (they ſaid) diſprais'd him ſo much. It fell out ſo, that in above ſix Days nothing happen'd to him worth Writing; at the end of which he was be-lighted out of his Way in a Thicket of Oaks or Cork-trees (for in this particular *Cid Hamete* is not ſo precise, as in other matters he uſes to be). The Maſter and man alighted from their Beaſts, and taking up their Lodging at the foot of the Trees, *Sancho* who had eaten plentifully gave himſelf up to Sleep; but *Don Quixote*, whom his Chimeras rather than Hunger kept waking, could not cloſe his Eyes, but rov'd in his Thoughts through a thouſand ſeveral Places: Sometimes he fancied himſelf in *Monteſinos's* Cave, and that he ſaw *Dulcinea* converted into a Country-wench, leap upon her Aſſe-Colt, another while the Sage *Merlin's* Words rang in his Ears, repeating to him the Conditions that were to be obſerv'd, and Methods to be us'd for diſenchancing of her. He was ſtark mad to ſee *Sancho's* Lazineſs, and want of Charity; for as he thought, he had only given himſelf five Lashes, a poor inconfiderable number to what was behind; and this ſo fretted and enrag'd him, that he fram'd this Diſcourſe to himſelf: If *Alexander* the Great cut the Gordian Knot ſaying, Cutting and undoing is all one, and yet for all that, was Lord of all *Asia*; the very ſame thing may happen in the diſenchancing of *Dulcinea*, if I ſhould Whip *Sancho volens nolens*; for if the Condition of this Cure be, that *Sancho* receive Three thouſand and odd jerks, what care I whether he give them, or another, ſince the ſtreſs lies upon his

his receiving of them, by what means ſoever they come.

With this Conceit he came up to *Sancho*, having firſt taken *Rozinante's* Reines, and ſo fitted them, that he might laſh him with them. He began to untruſt his Points; and it is a receiv'd Opinion, that he had but one before, which held up his Breeches. But he no ſooner touch'd him, but *Sancho* awak'd thoroughly and ſaid, What's the matter? Who is it touches and untruſſes me? 'Tis I (quoth *Don Quixote*) that come to make amends for thy Faults, and to eaſe my Troubles; I come to Whip thee *Sancho*: and to Diſcharge in part the Debt thou haſt taken upon thee. *Dulcinea* Periſhes; thou Liv'ſt careleſſly; I Dye with deſire; And therefore untruſt thy ſelf willingly; for I have a mind to give thee at leaſt Two thouſand Lashes in this Deſart. Not ſo, (quoth *Sancho*) Pray be Quiet, or by the living God, Deaf Men ſhall hear us: The Lashes I engag'd for, muſt be Voluntary, and not Forc'd, and at this time I have no mind to Whip my ſelf; 'tis enough I give you my Word that I will Jerk and Scourge my ſelf when I find an Inclination to it. There's no leaving of it to thy good Nature *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) for thou art hard Hearted, and tho' a Clown, tender of thy Fleſh; and ſo he ſtrugled and labour'd to Untruſt him; which when *Sancho Panſa* perceiv'd he ſtood to it, and ſetting upon his Maſter, Cloſed with him, and Tripping up his Heels, laid him upon his Back on the Ground, he clapt his right Knee upon his Breſt, and with his Hands held his, ſo that he neither let him ſtir nor Breath. *Don Quixote* Cry'd out, How now, Traytor, doſt thou Rebell againſt thy Natural Lord and Maſter? Doſt thou riſe againſt him that Feeds thee? * I neither make King, nor depole King, (quoth *Sancho*) I only help my ſelf that am my own Lord; do you promiſe me Sir, that you will be quiet, and not meddle with Whipping of me now, and I'll ſet you Loofe and Free; and if not, here thou Dieſt, Traytor, Enemy to *Donna Sancho*. *Don Quixote* Promiſed him, and Swore by the Life of his Thoughts, he would not touch ſo much as a Hair of his head, and that he would leave his Whipping himſelf, to his own free-will and choice when he would. *Sancho*, got up, and went a pretty way from him,

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* Henry the Baſtard, afterwards King of Caſtile being about to Murder Peter the lawful King, as they ſtrugled fell under him, and Bertran Claquin a French-man who ſerv'd Henry coming to his aſſiſtance, turn'd him a top of Peter, ſpeaking at the ſame time theſe Words that *Sancho* repeats.

and going to Lean against another Tree, felt something touch his head, and lifting up his Hands, lighted on two feet of a Man, with Hose and Shoes on. He quak'd for fear, and went to another Tree, and the same beset him, he cried out, calling to *Don Quixote* to help him, *Don Quixote* did so, and asking what had befall'n him? and why he was afraid? *Sancho* answer'd, That all those Trees were full of Mens Feet and Legs. *Don Quixote* felt them, and presently imagin'd what it might be, and said to *Sancho*, you need not fear; for these Feet and Legs you feel and see not, are doubtless of some Outlaws and Robbers, that are Hang'd on these Trees; for here the Officers of Justice Hang them by Twenty and thirty at a time, by which I guess I am near *Barcelona*; and it was true as he imagin'd. They lifted up their Eyes, and saw the High-way Mens Bodies hung in clusters upon those Trees.

By this time it was break of Day; and if the Dead Men had Frighted them, they were no less Pèrplex'd by above Forty Live *Banditti* who Hemm'd them in on a sudain, bidding them in the *Catalonian* Tongue, to be quiet, and Stand till their Captain came. *Don Quixote* was a Foot, his Horse unbridled, his Lance set up against a Tree, and in short Defenceless, and therefore was forced to Cross his Arms, and hold down his head, reserving himself for a better time and opportunity. The Thieves came to search *Dapple*, and began to leave him nothing he had, either in his Wallers or Cloke-bag; and it fell out well for *Sancho*, that the Duke's Crowns, and those he brought from home were in a Girdle he wore about him, yet for all that those honest Fellows would have look'd and search'd him to the very Entralles, had not their Captain come in just then, who seem'd to be about Four and thirty Years of Age, strongly made, and somewhat tall; his Looks serious, and his Complexion swarthy. He was Mounted on a lusty Horse, with his Armour on, and had four Pistols, call'd in that Country Fire-locks, which he wore two on each side. He perceiv'd that his Squires, for so they call those who follow that Trade, were going to Strip *Sancho*. He Commanded them to forbear and was instantly Obey'd, and so the Girdle escap'd. He wonder'd to see a Lance rear'd up against a Tree, a Shield on the Ground, and *Don Quixote* Arm'd and pensive, in the saddest Melancholy posture, that Sadness it self could frame. He drew near to him, saying, Be not so sad, honest Man, for you have not fall'n into the Hands of any cruel *Ostris*, but of *Rogue Guinart*, which are rather Com-

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passionate than Cruel. My Sadness proceeds not, quoth *Don Quixote*, for having fall'n into thy Power, Valorous *Rogue*, whose Fame is boundless, but from my own Carelessness because it was such, that thy Soldiers caught me without my Bridle, I being oblig'd, according to the Order of Knight Errantry, which I profess, to Live always upon my Guard, and at all Hours to be my own Centinel; for let me tell thee, Great *Rogue*, that if they had found me a Horse-back with my Lance and Shield, they would not easily have made me yield; for I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose Exploits are Famous throughout all the World. *Rogue Guinart* presently perceiv'd that *Don Quixote's* Infirmary proceeded rather of Madness than Valour, and tho' he had sometimes heard talk of him, yet he never could believe his Actions were true, nor could he be perswaded that such an humour should Reign in any Man's Heart, and he was wonderful glad he had met with him, to be certify'd of what he had heard say of him; and therefore said to him, Valorous Knight, vex not your self, nor do not look upon this as ill Fortune, for it may be, this that looks like a disaster, may turn to your benefit, for Heaven uses to raise those that are down, and to enrich the Poor by strange and unexpected means, such as Men could never think on. *Don Quixote* was about to have return'd him thanks, when they hear'd a noise behind them, as if there had been some Troop of Horses, but there was only one, on which came full speed a Youth, to see to, about some twenty Years of Age, Clad in Green-Damask, with Gold Lace on his Hose and loose Jerkin, with a Hat turn'd up behind, with close wax'd Boots, his Sword and Dagger, and Spurs Gilt, and a little Birding-Piece in his Hand, and two Pistols at his sides. *Rogue* turn'd his Head at the noise and saw this beautiful Figure, who coming up to him, said, In quest of thee I came, Valorous *Rogue*, to find in thee, if not a remedy, at least some ease in this my Misfortune; and to hold thee no longer in suspense, because I know thou know'it me not, I will tell thee who I am, that is, *Claudia Jeronima* Daughter to *Simon Forte* thy singular Friend, and only Enemy to *Clauguel Torrellas*, who is also thine, as being one of thy adverse Faction; and thou know'it that this *Torrellas* has a Son call'd *Don Vincent Torrellas*, or at least was so call'd not two Hours since; He then, to shorten my unfortunate Tale, I will tell thee in few Words what has befallen me: He saw me, Courted me, I gave Ear to him, and fell in Love with him unknown to my Father, for there

is no Woman, be she never so retir'd or closely look'd to, but she has time enough to fulfil her extravagant desires. In short, he promis'd me Marriage, and I gave him my Word, to be his, but we went no further: Yesterday I understood, that, forgetting his Obligation to me, he was contracted to another; and this morning went to be Married, This news disturb'd my Brain, and overcame my Patience; and my Father not being in Town, I had an opportunity to put my self into this Apparel thou seest, and Spurring on this Horse, I overtook *Don Vincent* about a League from hence, and without making any complaint, or hearing his Defence I Discharg'd this Piece, and these Pistols to boot, and as I believe lodg'd several Bullets in his Body, making way for my Honour to gush out with his Blood: There I left him to his servants, who neither durst, nor could defend him. I came to seek thee, that thou may'st conduct me into *France*, where I have Kindred, with whom I may Live; and withal, to desire thee to defend my Father, that the number of *Don Vincent's* Friends may take no cruel Revenge on him. *Roque* wondering at the Gallantry, Bravery, Comeliness and Enterprize of the Fair *Claudia*, said, Come Lady let us go see whether your Enemy be Dead, and afterwards we will see what is fittest to be done. *Don Quixote*, who had hearkned attentively to all that *Claudia* Spoke, and *Roque Guimar*, answer'd, said, No Man need take pains to defend this Lady; for I take it upon me, Give me my Horse and Armes, and expect me here, for I will go seek that Knight, and Alive or Dead, will make him perform his promise to so great a Beauty. Let no Man doubt it (quoth *Sancho*) for my Master has a very good hand at Match-making; and not long since, he forced another to Marry, who denied his Promise to another Maid; and had it not been that the Enchanters who persecute him, chang'd the true shape into that of a Lackey, by this time the said Maid had been none, *Roque*, who minded *Claudia's* business more than what the Master or Man said, understood them not; and commanding his Squires, to restore to *Sancho* all they had taken from *Dapple*, and also to retire to the place where they Lodg'd the Night before, he went away hastily with *Claudia*, to find the Wounded or Dead *Don Vincent*.

They came to the Place, where *Claudia* met him, and found nothing there but Blood newly shed; yet looking round about them, they discover'd some People upon the side of a Hill; they guess'd, and it prov'd true that it was *Don Vincent*, whom his Servants carry'd alive or dead; either

either to Cure or give him Burial: They made haste to overtake them, which they easily did, the others going but softly, and found *Don Vincent* in his Servants Arms, whom he entreated, with a weak and weary Voice to let him Die there, for the Pain of his Wounds would not suffer him to go any farther. *Claudia* and *Roque* flung themselves from their Horses, drew near to him, the Servants fear'd *Roque's* Presence; and *Claudia* was troubled to see *Don Vincent*; and so betwixt Compassion and Cruelty, she came to him, and laying hold of his Hands, said; If thou had'st giv'n me these according to our Agreement, thou had'st never come to this Extremity: The wounded Gentleman open'd his half shut Eyes, and knowing *Claudia*, said, I perceive, fair and deceiv'd Lady, thou art she that has Slain me; a Punishment not deserv'd, nor due to my Desires, with which, nor with any Action of mine, I never would, or could offend thee. Then belike, 'tis false said *Claudia*, that you went this Morning to be Marry'd to *Ellenor* the rich *Balthastro's* Daughter. No truly, said *Don Vincent*, my ill Fortune doubtless carry'd you that News, that you might kill me in your Jealousy, and since I resign my Life, betwixt your Arms, I think my self happy enough, and to assure you that this is true, squeeze my Hand, and if you will receive me for your Husband, for I can make you no other Satisfaction, for the Wrong you think I have done you. *Claudia* Squeez'd his Hand, and was her self struck to the very Heart: She fell in to a Swoond upon *Don Vincent's* Blood and Breast, and he into a mortal Trance. *Roque* was in a maze, and knew not what to do. The Servants went to fetch Water to fling in their Faces, and brought it, with which they Bath'd them. *Claudia* came to her self, but *Don Vincent* never did, for in the Fit he expir'd. Which when *Claudia* saw, being out of doubt; that her dear Husband was dead, she pierc'd the Air with her Sighs, and wounded Heaven with her Complaints: She tore her Hair, and scatter'd it in the Wind: With her own Hands she figur'd her Face, with all the shews of Grief and Affliction that could be imagin'd in a sorrowful Heart. Oh cruel and inconsiderate Woman! (said she) How easily wait thou mov'd, to put so cruel a Design in Execution? Oh raving force of Jealousy! to what desperate ends dost thou bring those that harbour thee in their Breasts? Oh my Husband! whom unhappy Fate, for being mine, has sent from the Nuptial-bed to the Grave. Such, and so sad were *Claudia's* Complaints, that they drew Tears from *Roque's* eyes which

were not us'd to shed them upon any Occasion : The Servants wept, and *Claudia* every moment Swoun'd, and all about look'd like a Field of Sorrow, and a Place of Misfortune. In fine, *Roque Guinart* order'd *Don Vincent's* Servants to carry his Body to his Fathers Town, that was near there to give him Burial. *Claudia* told *Roque* she would go to a Monastery, where an Aunt of hers was Abbess, where she thought to end her Days, accompany'd by a better and an eternal Spouse, *Roque* commended her good Intention, and offer'd to bear her Company whither she would, and to defend her Father from *Don Vincent's* Kindred, and from all the World that would hurt him. *Claudia* would by no means accept of his Company, and thanking him the best she could for his offer, took leave of him Weeping. *Don Vincent's* Servants carry'd away his Body, and *Roque* return'd to his People ; and this was the end of *Claudia Jeronima's* Love : But no Wonder, since the irresistible force of Jealousy contriv'd the Plot of her lamentable Story.

Roque Guinart found his Squires where he had order'd them to be, and *Don Quixote* amongst them, upon *Rozinante*, making a Speech to them, in which he perswaded them to leave that kind of Life so dangerous, as well for their Souls as Bodies ; but the most of them being *Gascoignes*, a wild and unruly People, *Don Quixote's* Discourse prevail'd nothing with them. When *Roque* was come, he ask'd *Sancho*, whether they had restor'd his Goods and Furniture which his Soldiers had taken from *Dapple*. *Sancho* answer'd Yes. only he wanted three Night-caps, that were worth three Cities. What is it you say Fellow ? Quoth one of them ; I have them, and they are not worth three Royals. 'Tis true, (said *Don Quixote*) but my Squire values them at that Rate, for the Parties sake that gave them me. *Roque Guinart* order'd them to be restor'd immediately, and Commanding his Men to draw up in a Line, he caus'd to be brought before them, all the Apparel, Jewels and Money, and all that since their last Sharing they had Robb'd ; and soon Rating it, returning what could not be divided, and reducing it into Money, he Shar'd it among all his Company, so Legally, and wisely, that he exceeded not an ace, nor fail'd in the least part of distributive Justice. This done, which contented, satisfi'd, and pleas'd them. *Roque* said to *Don Quixote*, If this exactness were not observ'd with these Fellows, there were no living with them : To which *Sancho* said, By what I have here seen, Justice is so good, that it is fit and necessary, even amongst Thieves.

Thieves themselves. One of the Squires heard him, and Cock'd his Piece, with which he had shot him through the Head, if *Roque Guinart* had not cry'd out to bid him hold. *Sancho* was amaz'd, and resolv'd not to open his Lips as long as he was in that Company.

Now there came one or more of the Squires, that stood Centinel upon the Road, to see who pass'd by, and to give notice to their Chief ; who said, Sir, not far from hence, on the Way that goes to *Barcelona*. there comes a great Troop of People. To which, quoth *Roque*, Hast thou discern'd whether they be of those that seek us, or those we seek ? Of the latter said the Squire. Then get you out all, quoth *Roque*, and bring them me either straight, and let not a Man escape. They did so, and *Don Quixote*, *Roque* and *Sancho* stay'd, and expected to see what the Squires brought ; and in the interim, *Roque* said to *Don Quixote*, Our Life will seem odd to *Don Quixote*, our Adventures and our Feats strange, new, and all of them dangerous ; and I do not wonder it should appear so ; for I confess truly to you, that there is no kind of Life more unquiet, nor more full of Fears than ours : I have been led into it by I know not what desire of Revenge, which has a power to trouble the quietest Hearts. I am naturally Compassionate, and well inclin'd ; but as I said, the Desire of revenging a Wrong done me, does so crush this good Inclination in me, that I continue in this Life, in spite of all my better Knowledge ; and as one Abyss calls upon another, and one Sin draws on another, so my Revenges have been so link'd together, that I not only undertake my own, but other mens ; but God is pleas'd, that tho' I see my self in the mid't of this Labyrinth of Confusions, I despair not of arriving at last to a safe Harbour. *Don Quixote* admir'd to hear *Roque* speak so judiciously and well ; for he thought that amongst those of the Profession of Robbing, Killing, and Plundering, there could be none so well spoken, and answer'd him : Master *Roque*, the beginning of Health consists in knowing the Disease, and in the Sick mans being willing to take the Medicines the Physician ordains. You are Sick, you know your Disease, and Heaven, or rather God, who is your Physician, will apply Medicines that may Cure you, which do usually heal by degrees, and not suddenly, and by Miracle ; besides, Sinners that have Sense, are nearer Amendment than those that want it ; and since you by your Discourse have shew'd your Prudence, there is no more to be done, but be of good Courage, and hope

for the recovery of your sick Conscience; and if you will save a Labour, and facilitate the Way of your Salvation, come along with me, and I will teach you to be a Knight Errant, where you will undergo so many Labours and Misfortunes, that taking them by way of Penance, you will climb Heaven in an instant. *Rogue* laugh'd at *Don Quixote's* Council; to whom changing the Discourse, he recounted the Tragical Story of *Claudia Feronima*, at which *Sancho* was very much troubled, for he was not a little taken with the Wenches Beauty, Spirit and Boldness.

By this the Squires return'd with their Prize, bringing along with them, two Gentlemen a Horse-back, two Pilgrims a Foot, and a Coach full of Women, and about half a dozen Servants, a Horse-back and a Foot, who waited on them, with two Muletiers that belong'd to the two Gentlemen. The Squires enclos'd them, the Conquerors and Conquer'd being all silent, and expecting the great *Rogue Guinart* should speak. He ask'd the Gentlemen, who they were? whither they went, and what Money they had? One of them answer'd him, Sir, we two are Captains of Spanish Foot, and have Companies at *Naples*, and are going to embark on four Gallies, we hear are bound for *Silicy*; we have about us Two or Three hundred Crowns, which we think is Riches enough, for Soldiers are not us'd to heap up Treasures. *Rogue* ask'd the Pilgrims the same Questions, who answer'd him they were a going to embark for *Rome*; and had a matter of threescore Royals betwixt them both. He would also be inform'd who they were in the Coach, whither they went, and what Money they had, and one of them a Horse-back said. My Lady *Donna Guimar de Quimones*, Wife to a Judge of *Naples*, with a little Daughter, one Maid, and an old Waiting-woman, are they that go in the Coach, six Servants of us wait on her, and we carry Six hundred Crowns. So that (said *Rogue Guinart*) We have here in all Nine hundred Crowns, and Sixty Royals; my Soldiers are about Sixty; let us see what comes to every mans Share, for I am a bad Arithmetician. When the Thieves heard this they cry'd aloud, Long live *Rogue Guinart*, in spite of the Sharks that seek to destroy him. The Captains were afflicted, the Lady grew sad, and the Pilgrims were not well pleas'd, to see their Goods thus Confiscated. *Rogue* kept them a while in suspense; but would no longer continue their Sadness, which might be seen in their Faces a Mile off; and turning to the Captains, said; You Gentlemen be pleas'd in Kindness

Kindness to lend me threescore Ducats, and you Madam fourscore, to content my Squadron that follow me; for we must live by our Calling; and so you may go your Ways freely, with a Pass I will give you, that if you meet with any other Squadrons of mine, which lie scatter'd here about, they may do you no hurt; for my design is not to wrong Soldiers, or any Woman especially such as are of Quality. The Captains infinitely extoll'd *Rogues* courteous Liberality, in leaving them their Money. The Lady would have cast her self out of the Coach to Kiss the great *Rogues* Feet and Hands; but he would by no means yield to it, but rather ask'd Pardon for the Injury done, which he was oblig'd to in compliance to the Duty of his wicked Employment. The Lady Commanded a Servant of hers immediately to deliver the fourscore Ducats, allotted him: The Captains had already disburs'd their Sixty, and the Pilgrims tender'd their scantling; but *Rogue* bid them be quiet, and turning to his People, said, Out of these Crowns, there are two due to each Man; and there remain twenty; let the poor Pilgrims have ten of them, and the other ten this honest Squire that he may speak well of this Adventure; and so bringing him necessaries to Write, of which he ever went provided, he gave them a Pass to the Heads of his Squadrons; and taking leave of them, let them go in Safety, and wondering at his Generosity, his graceful Presence, and strange Behaviour, looking upon him rather as an *Alexander the Great*, than an open Robber: One of the Thieves said in his *Catalonian* Language, This Captain of ours is fitter to be a Friar than a Robber; hereafter if he means to be so Liberal, let it be with his own Goods, and not with ours. The wretch spoke not so low but *Rogue* overhear'd him; who laying Hand to his Sword, almost clove his Head in two, saying, Thus I Punish ill-tongu'd sawcy Knaves: All the rest were amaz'd, and none durst speak a Word, such was the awe in which they stood of him. *Rogue* went aside, and wrote a Letter to a Friend of his at *Barcelona*, acquainting him, how the Famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that Famous Knight Errant so much talk'd of was with him, and he gave him to understand, that he was the Pleasantest, and most Sensible man in the World; and that four Days after, which was Mid-summer Day, he would Conduct him to the Strand before the City, Arm'd at all Points, upon his Horse *Rozinante*, and his Squire upon his Ass: And that he should let the *Niarrros* his Friends know so much, that they might share in the Sport with

with him, yet he could with the *Cadellos* his Adversaries might not partake of the Pastime, but that it could not be, because *Don Quixote's* Follies and Sensible intervals, and the pleasant Jest of his Squire *Sancho Pança*, must needs give a general Satisfaction to all men. He sent the Letter by one of his Squires; who changing his Thieves Habit into a Country-mans, went to *Barcelona*, and deliver'd it to whom it was directed.

CHAP. LXI.

What hap'n'd to Don Quixote at his Entrance into Barcelona, with other Accidents that have more of Truth than Ingenuity.

THREE Days and three Nights was *Don Quixote* with *Roque*, and had he been Three hundred Years, he could not have wanted something to observe and admire in his kind of Life: Here they lay, there they din'd; sometimes they fled without knowing from whom; and sometimes they waited and knew not for whom. They Slept standing, a broken Sleep, removing from Place to Place, always sending out Spies, placing of Centinels, blowing the Matches of their Muskets tho' they had but few; most of them carrying Fire-locks. *Roque* himself lay at Night apart from the rest, not letting them know where he was, because the many Proclamations the Vice-Roy of *Barcelona* had caus'd to be made against his Life, kept him restless and fearful, and he durst trust no Body, fearing his own People would either kill or deliver him up to Justice: A Life truly wretched and tiresome.

At length *Don Quixote*, *Roque* and *Sancho*, attended by six other Squires, set out through By-ways, and unfrequented Paths for *Barcelona*: They came to the Strand upon Midsummer-Eve at Night, and *Roque* embracing *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, to whom he gave the ten Crowns he had Promis'd, he left them after a thousand proffers of Service had pass'd on both sides. *Roque* return'd, and *Don Quixote* stay'd there, expecting Day just as he was a Horse-back; and it was not long before the white *Aurora*, began to appear in the East, reviving the Herbs and Flowers; an Harmonious

monious Noise of Waits and Kettle-drums at the same time delighting the Ears, mix'd with the the jingling of Morris Bells, and the trampling and Crys of Horse-men coming out of the City. *Aurora* now gave way to the Sun, who began to rise on the edge of the Horizon, with his Face as big as a Buckler. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* look'd all about them, and saw the Sea, which till then they had never seen. It seem'd to them most large and spacious, far exceeding the Lakes of *Ruydera*, they saw in *la Mancha*; they beheld the Gallies near the Shore which taking in their Aunings appear'd full of Flags and Streamers that wav'd in the Wind, and kiss'd and swept the water. Within, the Trumpets, Waits and Haut-bois founded, filling the Air both far and near with sweet and warlike Notes; they began to move and make shew of Skirmishing upon the calm water, a world of Gentlemen who came out of the City upon goodly Horses, and attended by rich Liveries, answering them. The Soldiers in the Gallies discharg'd an infinite number of Shor, which was answer'd from the Walls and Forts of the City. The Artillery with fearful Noise rent the Air, the long Pieces in the Prows of the Gallies echoing to it. The Sea was pleasant, the Land jocund, the Sky clear, only somewhat dimm'd with the Smoak of the Artillery, which altogether, seem'd to infuse and engender a sudden Delight in men. *Sancho* could not imagine how those Bulks that mov'd upon the Sea, could have so many Feet.

By this they a Shoar in the rich Liveries began to run on with loud Moorish cries and Shouts to the very Place where *Don Quixote* was surpriz'd and amaz'd; and one of them, which was he who had the Letter from *Roque*, said to *Don Quixote* aloud. Welcome to our City the mirour, the Lantern, the North-pole and Bright-star of all Knight Errantry, where it is most in Practice. Welcome I say, the Valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; not the false fictitious or Apocryphal, that has been shewn to us of late in false Histories; but the true, legal, and faithful one, he whom *Cid Hamete Benengeli*, the Flower of Historians describes to us. *Don Quixote* answer'd not a Word, nor did the Gentlemen stay for it; but winding themselves in and out with the rest that follow'd them, they wheel'd about *Don Quixote*; who turning to *Sancho*, said, These men know us well, I'll lay a Wager they have read our History, and that too of the *Aragonians* lately Printed. The Gentleman that spoke to *Don Quixote* came back again. and said to him; Worthy *Don Quixote*, come along with us, I beseech you; for we are

are all your Servants, and *Rogue Guinart's* great Friends. To which *Don Quixote* answer'd; If Courtesie produce Courtesie, then yours, Sir Knight, is Daughter or near of Kin to *Rogues*; carry me whither you will, for I am wholly yours. and at your Service, if you please to Command me. The Gentleman answer'd him no less Courteously; and so they all enclosing him in the midst of them, with sound of Drums and Waits, led him towards the City, where at his Entrance, as the Devil would have it, and the Boys who are worse than the Devil himself; two unlucky Rogues of them, crouded in among the Throng, and one of them lifting up *Dapples* Tail, and the other *Roxinantes*, thrust a Handful of Briars under each of them. The poor Beasts felt the new Spurs, and clapping their Tails close, increas'd their Pain, so that after a thousand Winces, they threw their Masters. *Don Quixote* out of Countenance and ashamed, went to take the Plume from his Coursers tail, and *Sancho* from *Dapples*. Those that led *Don Quixote*, would have punish'd the Boys for their Sauciness, but there was no doing of it, for they conceal'd themselves among the thickest of a thousand others that follow'd. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* mounted again, and with the same Applause and Musick, came to their Guide's house, which was Fair and Large, as became a Gentleman of Wealth; where we will leave him for the present, because *Cid Hamete* will have it so.

CHAP. LXII.

Containing the Adventure of the Enchanted-head, with other Impertinencies which must needs be related.

THE Name of the Gentleman that entertain'd *Don Quixote*, was *Don Antony Moreno*; he was Rich, Ingenious, and one that lov'd to be civilly and inoffensively Merry; who having *Don Quixote* now in his House, was contriving how he might expose his Madnes without prejudice to him, for those are no Jests that smart, nor are Pastimes worth any thing when they are hurtful to a third Person. The first things he did then, was to cause *Don Quixote* to be unarm'd, and to make him shew himself in that straight

Chamois

Chamois Apparel of his, (as heretofore we have Painted and describ'd him) in a Balcony which look'd into one of the chief Streets of the City, to be publickly seen by all People, and by the Boys, who look'd upon him as if he had been a *Monkey*. They in the Liveries began a fresh to fetch Careers before him, as if they had made them only for him, and not to Solemnize that Festival-day. *Sancho* was overjoy'd, as thinking he had found out, he knew not how nor which way, another Wedding of *Camacho*, or another House like *Don James de Miranda's*. or the Dukes Castle. That Day some of *Don Antony's* Friends din'd with him, all honouring *Don Quixote*, and treating him as a Knight Errant; which made him so Vain-glorious, that he was ready to burst with Pleasure. *Sancho* had so many Jests, that all the Servants of the House, and all that heard him, watcht every Word that came from his Mouth.

Being at Table, *Don Antony* said to *Sancho*; We have heard here honest *Sancho*, that you are so great a Lover of the brawn of a Pullet pounded and dress'd with Sugar, and of Balls of forc'd Meat, that when you can eat no more, you keep the rest in your Bosom till another time No Sir, 'tis not so, (said *Sancho*) you have been misinform'd, for I am more cleanly than greedy, and my Master *Don Quixote* who is here present, knows very well, that we are wont both of us to live eight Days upon a Handful of Acorns or Walnuts; 'tis true, if it happens they offer me a Cow, I am not slack to lay hold on her, I mean, I eat what is given me, and take things as I find them, and whosoever has said that I am an extraordinary Eater, and not cleanly, let him know he does me Wrong; and I should speak after another manner, were it not for the Company here at Table. Truly, (said *Don Quixote*) *Sancho's* parsimony and cleanliness in Eating may be Written and Engraven on Sheets of Brals, to remain as an eternal Memorial to ensuing Ages; true it is, that when he is Hungry, he seems somewhat Ravenous, because he eats apace and chews with both jaws at once; but for Cleanliness he ever strictly observes it; and whilst he was a Governour, he learnt to eat very neatly, insomuch that he would eat Grapes, nay even Pomegranate seeds with a Fork. How, (quoth *Don Antony*) has *Sancho* been a Governour? Yes, (said *Sancho*) and of an Island call'd *Barataria*; ten Days I Govern'd at my Will, in them I lost my rest, and learnt to despise all the Governments in the World. From thence I came Flying, and fell into a Pit, where I thought I should have

have dy'd, and escap'd out of it Maraculously. *Don Quixote* recounted all the particulars of *Sancho's* Government, to the great Satisfaction of the Hearers. The cloth being taken away, and *Don Antony* leading *Don Quixote* by the Hand, carry'd him into a private Chamber, in which there was no other kind of Furniture but a Table that seem'd to be of Jasper stone, standing upon one single Foot of the same, on which there was set a Head, that seem'd to be of Brass, just like the old Roman Emperours, from the Breast upward. *Don Antony* walk'd with *Don Quixote* up and down the Chamber, and having taken a good many turns about the Table, at last said: Worthy *Don Quixote*, now I am fully satisfy'd that no body hears us, or listens and the Door is fast, I will tell you one of the rarest Adventures, or rather Novelties, that can be imagin'd; provided, that what I tell you, shall be lay'd up in the obscurest recesses of Secresie. I Swear to perform it, said *Don Quixote*; and for farther Security, I will clap a Tombe-stone over it; for let me tell you *Don Antony*, for now he knew his Name, you converse with one, who tho' he has Ears to hear, yet he has no Tongue to tell; so that what is in your Breast, you may freely transmit into mine, and rest assured, that you have flung it into the Abyss of Silence. In confidence of that promise (answer'd *Don Antony*) I will make you admire at what you shall hear and see, and so you shall somewhat ease me of the trouble I am in, for want of somebody to communicate my secrets to, with which, every one is not to be trusted. *Don Quixote* was in suspense, expecting what would be the Issue of all these precautions; so *Don Antony* taking him by the Hand, he made him feel all over the Brazen Head and the Table, and Jasper Foot, and then said, This Head, Sir, was made and contriv'd by one of the greatest Enchanters or Magicians that has been in the World, and I beleive, by Birth he was a *Polander*, and Disciple to the famous *Lescot* of whom so many Wonders are related, he was here in my House, and for a thousand Crowns I gave him, fram'd me this Head, that has the property and quality to answer to any thing it is asked in the Ear: He us'd his tricks and devices, his Painting of Characters, his observing of Stars, look't to every tittle, and finally, brought this Head to the Perfection you shall see to-morrow, for on Fridays still it is mute, and this Day being so, we must expect till to-morrow; and so in the mean time you may think of what you will ask; for I know by experience, this Head answers truly to all that is ask'd. *Don Quixote* admir'd at the Ver-

ue and Property of the Head, and could scarce believe *Don Antony*, but seeing how short a time there was before the Trial, he would say no more, but that, he thank'd him for discovering to him so great a Secret: They went out of the Room, *Don Antony* Lock'd the Door after him, and they came into the Hall where the rest of the Gentlemen were: In the mean while, *Sancho* had related to them many of the Adventures and Accidents that had befall'n his Master. That after-noon they carry'd *Don Quixote* abroad not Arm'd, but Clad in the City Garb, with a loose Coat of Tawny Cloth, which in such weather might have made Frost it self Sweat: They gave orders to their Servants to Entertain *Sancho*, and not let him stir out of Doors. *Don Quixote* Rode not upon *Roxinante*, but on a lusty easy going he Mule, with good Furniture, they put his Coat upon him, and on his back unknown to him; they sow'd a piece of Parchment, on which was Written in great Capital Letters, *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha*. As soon as they began their Walk, the Scroll drew all mens Eyes to look on it, and they Reading, *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he admir'd to see how all that look'd on him Nam'd, and knew him; and turning to *Don Antony*, who went next him, said, Great is the Prerogative of Knight Errantry, since, it makes its Professors known and Renowned all the World over; for look you, *Don Antony*, even the very Boys of this City tho' they never saw me before, know me. 'Tis true, Sir, quoth *Don Antony*: For as Fire cannot be hid nor bounded, no more can Vertue but it must be known; and that which is gain'd by the exercise of Arms, exerts it self and Shines above any other,

It happ'ned, that *Don Quixote* Riding with this applause, a *Castillian* who read the Scroll at his Back, cry'd out aloud. The Devil take thee for *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; and art thou got hither without being Kill'd by those infinite bangs thou hast had on thy Shoulders? Thou art a Mad-man, and wert thou so in private, and within thy House 'twere a less Evil; but it is thy quality, to make all that converse or Deal with thee, Mad-men, and Cox-combs, as may appear by these Gentlemen that accompany thee. Get thee home, Fool, Ideot, and look to thy Estate, Wife and Children, and leave these Fopperies that crack thy Brains, and disturb thy Intellects. Friend, said, *Don Antony*, go your way, and give no Counsel to those that ask it not: *Don Quixote* is very Wise, and we who accompany him, are no Fools; Vertue is to be Honour'd wheresoever

it is found ; and so be gone with a Pox to you, and don't meddle where you have nothing to do. I Vow (quoth the *Castilian*) you are in the right ; for to give Counsel to this Man, is to strive against the Stream ; but for all that, it troubles me very much, that the Sense they say this Block-head has in all other things, should be lost in his Knight Errantry, and a Pox take me (as you wish *Sjr*) and all my Posterity, if from this time forward, tho' I should Live to the Years of *Mathusalem*, I give Counsel to any Man, tho' he desire it. The Counsellor went off, and the Shew went on ; but the Boys and all manner of People pressed so thick to read the Scrawl, that *Don Antony* was forc'd to take it off from him, as if he had done something else,

Night came on, they return'd Home, where there was a Ball of Ladys ; for *Don Antony's* Wife, who was a Lady of Quality, Pleasant, Beautiful and Discreet, invited other Friends of hers, to come to Honour her Guest, and to make merry with his strange Madness. Some of them came, they had a noble Supper, and the Ball began about ten a Clock at Night. Among the Ladies, there were two very Arch and Waggish, and tho' Virtuous, yet they took upon them a little Confidence to make their jests the more taking : These took out *Don Quixote* so often to Dance, that they tired not only his Body, but his very Soul. 'Twas pleasant to see the Figure *Don Quixote* made, Long, Lank, Lean, Pale, scant in his Apparel, Awkward and Unwieldy. The Ladies Wooed him as it were by Stealth, and he by stealth Disdain'd them as fast ; but seeing himself hard pressed by their Courtship he lifted up his Voice, and said, *Fugite partes adversæ*, leave me, ye unwelcome Thoughts, to my quiet : Get you farther off with your desires Ladies ; for she who is the Lady of mine, the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, will have none but hers Subdue and Conquer me : And so saying, he Sat him down in the mid't of the Hall upon the Ground, quite spent and disabled with Dancing. *Don Antony* caus'd him to be taken up in Mens Arms, and carried to Bed. The first that laid hold on him was *Sancha*, saying, In the Name of God, what meant you, to Dance thus ? Dye think that all that can fight, can Dance ? And all Knights Errant show Feats of Activity. I say, if you think so you are deceiv'd ; there are some that will rather Kill a Giant then cut a Caper : If you had been for an Antick-Dance, I would have sav'd you that labour ; for I can Skip like a *Satyr* ; but for your plain Dancing, I can say nothing to that. With this, and such like talk *Sancha* made



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made the Revellers Laugh, and put his Master to Bed, laying Cloaths enough on him, that he might Sweat out the Cold he had gotten by his ungain'd dancing.

The next Day *Don Antony* thought fit to try the Enchant'd Head; and so, lock'd himself into the Room where it was with *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, two other Friends, and the two Ladies that had so tir'd *Don Quixote* with Dancing: Who staid all Night with *Don Antony's* Wife. He told them its propertie, enjoying them Secrecy, and that it was the first Day of trying the Virtue of the Enchanted Head, and besides his two Friends, no living creature else knew the trick of that Enchantment; and if *Don Antony*, had not first discover'd it to them, even they would have been as much surpriz'd as the rest, for it could not be otherwise, the contrivance of it was so curious and cunning.

The first that put his Mouth to the Ear of the Head, was *Don Antony* himself, who in a low Voice, but so that he might be heard by all, said, Tell me Head, by the Virtue that is in thee, What do I think now? And the Head answer'd without moving the lips, but with a clear, and and distinct Voice, so that all the standers by understood it thus, I judge not of Thoughts. Which when they all heard, they were astonish'd, and the more, seeing there was not either in the Room, or any where about the Table, any humane Creature to answer. How many are we here (quoth *Don Antony* again?) And answer was made him in the same tone; There are you and your Wife, with two of your Friends, and two of her Friends, and a famous Knight called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and a Squire of his, whose Name is *Sancho Pança*. Here it was they all were astonish'd anew; here their Hair stood an end with the Fright! And *Don Antony* standing aside from the Head, said, This is enough to satisfy me that I was not deceiv'd by him that Sold thee to me, Wise Head, Talking Head, Answering Head, and admirable Head! Let another come, and ask what he will; and as Women for the most part are hasty and inquisitive, the first that came, was one of *Don Antony's* Wives Friends, and her question was this: Tell me Head, What shall I do to be very Beautiful? The answer was, Be very Virtuous; I have done, said she. Then came her Companion, and said, I would fain know Head, whether my Husband Loves me or no. And the answer was, Thou may'st know that by his usage. The Marri'd Woman stood by, saying, The question might have been spar'd; for good usage is the best sign of affection. Then

came one of *Don Antony's* Friends, and ask'd, Who am I? The answer was, Thou know'st, I ask thee not that; said the Gentleman, but whether thou know'st me? I do, it was answer'd; Thou art *Don Pedro Norris*. No more, O Head! let this suffice to make me know thou know'st all. And so stepping aside, the other Friend came and ask'd, Tell me, Head, What is it my eldest Son and Heir desires? I have told you, (it was answer'd) That I Judge not of Thoughts; yet let me tell you, your Son desires to Bury you: That is it (quoth the Gentleman); I plainly perceive and am sensible of and I ask no more. *Don Antony's* Wife came next, and said, Head, I know not what to ask thee, I would, only fain know of thee, whether I shall long enjoy my dear Husband. And the answer was, Thou shalt, for his Health and Temperance promise him a long Life, which many shorten by their Debauchery. Now came *Don Quixote*, and said, Tell me, thou that answer'st, Was that True or a Dream, which I say besel me in *Montesinos's* Cave? Shall *Sancho* my Squires Whipping be accomplished? Shall *Dulcinea* be Disenchanted? As for that of the Cave (quoth the Answerer) there is much to be said; it has a mixture of both sorts; *Sancho's* Whipping will go on slowly; but *Dulcinea's* Disenchantment shall come to a real end. I desire no more (said *Don Quixote*) for so *Dulcinea* be Disenchanted, I make account all my good Fortunes come upon me at a clap. *Sancho* was the last at asking, and his question was this; Head, shall I chance to have another Government? Shall I be free from this penurious Squires life? Shall I see my Wife and Children again? To which it was answer'd him: In thy House thou shalt Govern; whither, if thou return, thou shalt see thy Wife and Children; and leaving thy Service, thou shalt leave being a Squire. Very good (quoth *Sancho*) this I could have told before, my self, and my Fathers Horse could said no more. Beast (quoth *Don Quixote*) what answer would'st thou have? Is it not enough, that the answers this Head gives thee, are suitable to thy Questions? 'Tis true (said *Sancho*) but I would have had it speak plainer and say more. Thus the Questions and Answers ended: But the admiration of all the company, except *Don Antony's* Friends who knew the trick, ceased not. Which *Cid Hamete Behemelli* would forthwith declare; that he might not keep the World in suspense, believing there was some Witchcraft or Extraordinary Mystery in the said Head: And so he says, that *Don Antony Moreno*, in Imitation of another Head

which

which he saw in *Madrid*, fram'd by a Carver, caus'd this to be made in his House, to Divert himself, and surprize the Ignorant; and the Contrivance was in this manner.

The Table it self was of Wood, Painted and varnish'd over like Jasper Stone, and the Foot, on which it stood, was of the same, with four Eagle's Claws standing out to Support it the better. The Head which look'd like a Medal, or Picture of a Roman Emperour and of a Brass Colour, was all hollow, and so was the Table too; on which it was artificially fixt, that the joyning was not perceivable. The Foot of the Table was also hollow, answering to the Brest and Neck of the Head, the whole corresponding with another Chamber, that was under that where the Head was; and thorow all this hollowness of the Foot, Table, Brest and Neck of the Medal, there went a Tinpipe, made fit to them, that could not be perceiv'd. He that was to Answer, set his Mouth to the Pipe, in the Chamber underneath, Answering to this upper Room; so that the Voice ascended, and descended, as through a Trunk, so clearly and distinctly, that it was hardly possible to discover the Jugling. A Nephew of *Don Antony's*, a Scholler, a good Witty and Discreet Youth was the answerer; who being inform'd by his Uncle who where to be with him that Day in the Room, it was easie for him to answer readily and truly, to their first Questions, and to the rest he answer'd by guess and being a Man of Sense, Wittily. Moreover *Cid Hamete* saies, that this marvelous Engine lasted about ten or Twelve Days; but that it being spread abroad about the City, that *Don Antony* had an Enchanted Head in his House that answer'd all Questions; fearing lest it should come to the knowledge of the watchful Centinels of our Faith: Having acquainted the Inquisitors with the business, they commanded him to make away with it, lest it should scandalize the ignorant vulgar: But yet in *Don Quixote* and *Sancho's* opinion the Head was ever suppos'd still Enchanted and talkative; but indeed more to *Don Quixote's* satisfaction than *Sancho's*.

The Gentry of the City, to please *Don Antony*, entertain'd *Don Quixote*, and that his Madnes might make the more generall sport, appointed a Running at the Ring, about six Days after, which was disappointed as shall be told hereafter.

Don Quixote had a mind to walk about the City a Foot, fearing that if he went a Horseback, the Boys would Persecute him: So he and *Sancho*, with two Servants of *Don*

Antony's went a walking, It happen'd, that as they pass'd, through one Street, *Don Quixote* look'd up and saw written upon a Door in great Letters, *Here are Books printed*, which pleas'd him very much, for till then he had never seen any Press; and was very desirous to know the manner of it, In he went with all his retinue, where he saw them in one place working off the Sheets, in another Correcting, here Composing, there revising, and in Short, all the Variety that is usual in great Printing Houses. *Don Quixote* came to the Compositors, and ask'd what they had in Hand there? The Workmen told him; he wondr'd and pass'd farther. He came at length to one, and ask'd, what he was doing? The workman answer'd Sir, This Gentleman you see, and he shew'd him a good comely proper man and somewhat ancient, has Translated an Italian Book into Spanish; and I am composing of it here to be Printed.

What is the Name of it, (quoth *Don Quixote*?) To which the Author, answer'd, Sir, in Italian it is call'd *Le Bagatelle*, that is, in Spanish, the *Trifles*, and tho' it carries but a mean Name, yet it contains many great and substantial Matters. I understand a little Italian, said *Don Quixote*, and value my self upon Singing some *Stanzas* of *Ariosto's*: But tell me Sir, not that I would examine your skill, but only for Curiosity: Have you ever found in all your writing the Word *Pignata*? Yes, very often quoth the Author; And how did you Translate it, into Spanish said *Don Quixote*. How should I Translate it said the Author, but calling it *Pottage pot*? God's my Life said *Don Quixote*, how forward you are in the Italian Idiom? I'll lay a good wager that where the Italian saies, *Piace*, you Translate it *Please*; and where *Piu*, you say *More*; and *Su* is *Above*; and *Giu*, *Beneath*. Yes indeed do I said the Author; for those are their proper Significations. I dare swear (quoth *Don Quixote*) you are not known in the World, which is alwaies backward in rewarding flourishing Wits, and laudable Industry: Oh what a company of rare Abilities are lost in the World! What Wits cou'd up? What Virtues condemn'd; but for all that me thinks, this Translating out of one Language into another unless it be out of the Queens of Tongues, Greek and Latin, is just like looking upon the wrong side of Arras-hangings; that tho' the Figures may be seen, yet they are full of Threads which hide them, and they are not seen with the plainness and smoothness, as on the other side; and the translating out of easy Languages argues neither Wit nor Elocution, no more than the Copying out of

of one Paper into another; yet I infer not from this, that translating is not a laudable Exercise, for a man may be far worse employ'd, and in things less Profitable. I except amongst Translators our two Famous ones, the one, Doctor *Christopher de Figueroa* in his *Pastor fido*, and the other, *Don John de Xaurigui*, in his *Amynta*, where they happily leave it doubtful, which is the Translation or the Original. But tell me Sir, do you Print this Book upon your own Charge, or do you sell your Copy to some Bookseller? I Print it at my own Cost, said the Author, and I expect to get a thousand Crowns at least, by this first Impression; for there will be Two thousand Volumes, they will Sell at six Royals a piece roundly in a trice. You understand the matter well, said *Don Quixote*; it seems you are not acquainted with the Printers tricks, and the juggling there is among them. I promise you, when you have Two thousand Copies lying by you, you'll be so Sick of it you'll wonder, especially if the Book be but a little heavy, and not pleasant, and ingenious. Why, would you have me, (quoth the Author) let a Bookseller have my Copy, who would give me but three *Marvedies* a Sheet, and thinks he does me a Kindness in it too? I don't Print my Works to get Fame in the World, for I am by them well known in it, I must have Profit; for without that, Fame is not worth a Rush. God send you good Luck, said *Don Quixote*, so he pass'd on to another Form, where he saw some Correcting a Sheet, of a Book, entitled, *The light of the Soul*, and seeing it, he said, Such Books as these, tho' there are many of them ought to be Printed, for there are many Sinners in Fashion, and there is need of many Lights for so many as are in the Dark. He went on, and saw them Correcting another Book; and asking the Title, they answer'd him, it was call'd The second Part of the Ingenious Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, Compos'd by such a one, an Inhabitant of *Tordesillas*. I know that Book, said *Don Quixote*, and upon my Conscience, I thought it had been before now, burnt and turn'd to ashes as an idle Pamphlet; but it will take its turn as Thieves do at the Gallows. For fain'd Stories are so far good and delightful, as they come near the Truth, or the likeness of it; and the true ones are so much the better, by how much the truer; and saying so, with some Signs of distast, he left the Printing-house.

That very Day *Don Antony* contriv'd to carry him to the Gallies that lay on the Coast; at which *Sancha* much rejoic'd; because he had never seen any in his Life. *Don Antony* gave

notice to the Commander of the Gallies, that in the Afternoon he would bring his Guest, the Famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, to see them, all the City knew of it, and what happen'd to him there shall be declar'd in the ensuing Chapter.

CHAP. LXIII.

Of the ill chance that befel Sancho aboard the Gallies, with the strange Adventure of the beautiful Morisca.

DOn Quixote fram'd to himself, many Ideas concerning the answer of the Enchanted-head, but none of them hit upon the Imposture, and all con-center'd in the Promise of the dis-inchantment of *Dulcinea*; which he look'd upon as certain. That he ruminated upon, and rejoyc'd within himself, believing he should soon see the Accomplishment of it: And *Sancho*, tho' as has been said, he abhorr'd to be a Governor, yet he desir'd to bear Sway again, and to be obey'd; for such is the nature of Rule tho' it be but in jest. In short, that Afternoon *Don Antony Moreno*, with his two Friends, *Don Quixote* and *Sanebo*, went to the Gallies. The Commander who had notice of their coming, as soon as they were near the Sea-side, made all the Gallies strike, the Waits found-ed, and they put out their Pinnacle all cover'd with rich Carpets, and Crimson-velvet Cushions; and just as *Don Quixote* set his Foot into it, the Admiral-Galley discharg'd her Fore-castle Piece, and the rest of the Gallies did the same; and as *Don Quixote* mounted the Starboard-side, all the Gallies Crue, as the Custom is, when any man of Quality enters the Galley, gave him three Huzza's. The General, for so we will call him, who was a *Valencian* Gentleman of Quality, gave him his Hand, and embrac'd him, saying, This Day will I Mark with a White-stone, as one of the best I expect to see in all my Life time, in seeing *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, in whom it plainly appears the whole worth of Knight Errantry is con-center'd and abridg'd. *Don Quixote* answer'd in a manner no less obliging, being pleas'd above measure, to see himself treated so like a Lord.

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They all went a Stern, which was very well set out, and fare upon the Lockers: The Boat-Swain got him to the Fore-castle, and made the Sign with his Whistle to the Slaves to Strip, which was done in an instant. *Sancho* seeing so many naked Men, was astonish'd, and the more, when he saw them hoist Sail so nimbly, that he thought all the Devils in Hell had help'd them, but all this was nothing to what follow'd. *Sancho* sat in the mid-ships, next the aftmost Slave on the Star-board side, who being instructed what he was to do, laid hold on *Sancho*; and hoisting him up pass'd him to another, and the second to a third; so the whole Crue of the Slaves, beginning on the Star-board toss'd him from one Seat to another so violently, that poor *Sancho's* Sight fail'd him, and he certainly believ'd that the Fiends of Hell were carrying him away, and they gave not over, till they had pass'd him over all the Lar-board side, and set him down on the Stern; left the poor Soul tired, out of Breath and in a cold Sweat, not knowing what it was had happen'd to him. *Don Quixote*, seeing this Flight of *Sancho's* without Wings, ask'd the General, whether those were Ceremonies, us'd to such as came newly into the Gallie? For if they were, he who intended not to profess in them, lik'd no such Pastime; and he vow'd to God, that if any came to lay hold on him, to tumble him about, he would kick out his Soul; and so saying he stood up, and put his Hand to his Sword. At this instant they lower'd their Sail again, and with a terrible noise, let run the Main-yard from the Top-mast down by the Board. *Sancho* thought Heaven was off the Hinges, and falling upon his Head, which he shrunk down, and clapp'd for Fear betwixt his Legs. *Don Quixote* was not altogether as he should be, for he began to quake and shrink up his Shoulders, and grew pale. The Slaves hoisted the Main-yard with the same Fury and Noise they had before strook it, and all with such Silence, as if they had neither Voice nor Breath. The Boat-Swain made a Sign to them to weigh Anchor; and leaping toward the Fore-castle, in the mid't of them, with his Whip or Bulls-pizzle, he began to Fly-flap their Shoulders, and put off to Sea. When *Sancho* saw such a Company of red Feet move at once, for such he guess'd the Oars to be, he said to himself, I marry here are things truly Enchanted, and not those my Master speaks of. What have these unhappy Souls committed, that they are thus lash'd? And how dares this Fellow that goes Whistling up and down alone, whip so

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many? Well, I say this is Hell, or Purgatory at least. *Don Quixote*, who saw with what Attention *Sancho* beheld all that pass'd, said, Ah Friend *Sancho*, how speedily, and with how little Cost might you if you would, strip to your Waste, and place your self amongst these Gentlemen, and make an end of dis-inchanting *Dulcinea*? For having so many Companions in Misery, you would not be so sensible of Pain; and besides it might be, that the Sage *Merlin* might take every one of these Lashes, being well laid on, for ten of your own taking. The General would have ask'd what Lashes those were, and what Disenchantment of *Dulcinea's*? when a Marriner cry'd out, * *Monjui* makes Signs that there is a Vessel with Oars on the Coast Westward. Which said, the General leapt forwards, and cry'd out, Pull away my Hearts, let her not escape; this Vessel our Watch-tower discovers, is some Pirate of *Argiers*. The three other Gallies came up with their Admiral to receive Orders. The General Commanded two of them to stand out to Sea, and he with the other would keep along the Shore, that so the Vessel might not make its way from them. The Slaves pull'd hard, making the Gallies cut thro', as if they had Flown. Those that stood to Sea, about two Miles off discover'd a Vessel, which by their Eye they guess'd to carry about Fourteen or Fifteen Oars, as it prov'd to be true; which Vessel, when she discover'd the Gallies, made the best of her way, hoping by her Swiftnes to escape, but it succeeded not, for the Admiral Galley was one of the swiftest Vessels that Sail'd upon the Sea, and so gain'd upon the other so fast, that they in the Brigantine plainly saw, they could not escape; and so the Master of her would have had them forsaken their Oars and yielded, for fear of offending our General; but Fate which would have it otherwise, so dispos'd the matter, that as the Admiral came up nigh enough for those in the Bark to hear a cry from the Galley that they should yield: Two *Toraguiss*, that is, two drunken *Turks* who were in the Vessel among twelve others, discharg'd two Fire-locks, which kill'd two Soldiers that stood upon the Wale of the Galley. Which when our General saw, he vow'd not to leave a man alive in the Vessel; and coming in great Fury to grapple with her, she slipp'd away under the Gallies Oars; the

* *Monjui* is a high Tower at Barcelona, on which stands a Centinel, who by Signs gives notice what Vessel he discovers at Sea.

the Gally ran a head a good way, they in the Vessel saw they were lost, and made all the Sail they could whilst the Galley tack'd round, but all their Industry did them not so much good, as their Presumption did harm; for the Admiral overtaking them within half a Mile, clapp'd his Oars in the Vessel, and so took her and every man alive in her. By this the two other Gallies came up, and all four return'd to the Shore with their Prize, where a world of People expected them, being desirous to see what they brought: The General cast Anchor near Land, and perceiv'd that the Vice-Roy was on the Shore; he Commanded the Pinnace to be lanch'd to bring him, and the Main-yard to be struck, to Hang the Master of the Vessel, and the rest of the *Turks* he had taken in her, which were about six and thirty, all goodly Men, and most of them Turkish Fire-locks. The General ask'd who was Master of the Brigantine? and answer was made him by one of the Captives in Spanish, who appear'd after to be a Renegado *Spaniard*; This Youth you see here is our Master; and he shew'd him one of the goodliest comely Youths that could be imagin'd. He was not to see too, above twenty Years of age: The General ask'd; Tell me ill-advis'd Dog, what mov'd thee to kill my Soldiers, since thou saw'st it was impossible to escape? Is this the Respect due to Admirals? Know'st thou not that Rashness is not Valour? doubtful Hopes may make Men Bold but not Desperate. The Master would have reply'd, but the General could not as yet give him the hearing, by reason of his going to Welcome the Vice-Roy aboard, who now enter'd the Gally, with some Servants and others of the City.

You have had a pretty Chase on't, my Lord General, (said the Vice-Roy). So pretty (said the General) that your Excellency shall see it hang'd up at the Main-yard. How so quoth the Vice-Roy? Why, they have kill'd me said he against all Law of Arms, Reason, or Custom of War, two of the best Soldiers I had in my Gallies, and I have Sworn to Hang them all, especially this Youth, the Master of the Vessel; and he shew'd him one that had his Hands bound, and the Halter about his Neck, expecting Death. The Vice-Roy look'd upon him, and seeing him so gracefully Handsome, and Humble with-all, his Beauty being his best Recommendation: The Vice-Roy had a mind to save him, and therefore ask'd: Tell me Master, art thou a *Turk* Born, or a *Moor*, or a *Renegado*. To which the Youth answer'd in Spanish. I am neither

neither Turk, Moor, nor Renegado. Why what art thou? (quoth the Vice-Roy) A Christian woman; (said the Youth) A Woman and a Christian in this Habit, in this Employment? a thing rather to be wonder'd at than believ'd. My Lords, I beseech you; (quoth the Youth) let my Execution be a little respite, till I tell the Story of my Life, since there can be no Loss in delaying your Revenge. What Heart so hard that would not relent at these Words, or at least till they heard what the sad and griev'd Youth had to say? The General bid him say what he would, but that there was no hope of Pardon for his notorious Offence. So the Youth began in this manner.

My Parents are of that unhappy Race of the *Morisco's*, whom of late a torrent of Misfortunes has overwhelm'd. In the height of their Calamity I was carry'd by two of my Uncles into *Barbary*; it nothing availing me to say I was a Christian, as indeed I am, and not a Counterfeit as many of us are, but truly Catholick; but this Truth prevail'd nothing with the Officers who had it in Charge, to look to our Banishment, nor would my Uncles believe I was a Christian, but that it was a trick of mine to stay in my native Country; and so rather by Force than by my Consent they carry'd me with them. My Mother was a Christian, and my Father no less a Christian, and discreet Person, and so I Suck'd in the Catholick Faith in my Milk: I was well Bred, and neither in my Language or Manners shew'd my self to be a *Morisco*. With these Vertues, which I take to be such, my Beauty, if I have any, encreas'd; and tho' my reservedness and retirement was great, yet it was not such, but that a young Gentleman call'd *Don Gaspar Gregorio* had gotten a Sight of me. He was Son and Heir to a Gentleman that liv'd near our Town: How he saw me, how we had some Discourse; how he fell in Love with me, and I little less with him, were too tedious to tell, especially when I expect this Halter must put an end to my Words, so I shall only say, that *Don Gregorio* would needs bear me Company in my Banishment; and so mixing himself with the *Morisco's* that came out of other Places, for he understood the Language well; upon the way he got acquainted with my two Uncles that went with me. For my Father wisely when he heard the Edict of our Banishment, left our Town, and went to seek some Place in a Foreign Country, where we might be Entertain'd; and he left many Pearls, precious Stones, and some Money in double Pistoles hidden in a secret Place which

which I only know of, but he commanded me by no means to meddle with it, if we were Banish'd before his Return. I did so, and with my Uncles and others of our Kindred, pass'd over into *Barbary*, and settl'd in *Argiers*, I might have said Hell. The King there had notice of my Beauty, as also that I was Rich, which partly prov'd my Happiness. He sent for me, and ask'd of what part of *Spain* I was, and what Money and Jewels I brought? I told him the Place; but that my Jewels and Monies were bury'd; but might easily be had, if I might but go for them. All this I said, hoping his Covetousness would blind him more than my Beauty. Whil'st we were in this Discourse, they told him there came one of the goodliest fair Youths with me that could be imagin'd. I thought presently it was *Don Gregorio* they meant, whose Beauty is not to be parallell'd. It troubl'd me to think in what Danger he would be; for those Barbarous Turks, do more value a handsome Boy than a Woman, be she never so Beautiful. The King presently Commanded he should be brought before him, that he might see him, and ask'd me if that were true they said of the Youth. I told him it was, and it seem'd Heaven put it into my Head, but that he was no Man, but a Woman as I was, and desir'd he would give me leave to Cloath her in her natural Habit, that her Beauty might appear to the full, and she might appear with the less Confusion before him. He bid me do so, and that on the Morrow he would give Order for my return to *Spain*, to seek the hidden Treasure. I spoke with *Don Gaspar*, and told him what danger he had been in by being a Man; so I clad him like a *Moorish* Woman, and that afternoon brought him to the Kings presence, who seeing him admir'd his Beauty, and thought to reserve him, to send him for a Present to the *Grand Signior*; and so to avoid the Danger of his *Serraglio* of Women keeping him; he Commanded him to be kept in the House of certain *Moorish* Gentlewomen, whither he was carry'd. How much this troubled us both, for I cannot deny that I love him, let them consider who have been absent from their Loves. The King gave Order then, that I should come for *Spain* in this Vessel, and that these two Turks who kill'd your Soldiers, should bear me Company, and this Renegado *Spaniard*, pointing to him that had first spoken, who I know is in his Heart a Christian, and has a greater desire to remain here, than to return to *Barbary*, the rest are Moors and Turks, that only serve for Rowers. The

two Covetous and Insolent Turks, not respecting the Order we had, that they should set me and this Renegado Spaniard on the first Shore, in the Habit of Christians, of which we were provided, wou'd needs first scowr the Coast, and rake some Prize if they could, fearing that if they first set us a Shore we might discover the Frigate to be skulking about, so that they might be taken by the Gallies. Last night we made this Coast, and not knowing of these Four Gallies, were our selves discover'd, and this has befall'n us that you have seen. In fine, *Don Gregorio* remains in his Womans-habit amongst Women, in manifest Danger of Destruction, and I am here a Prisoner, expecting or to say truly fearing to lose my Life, which I am weary of. This Sirs, is the Conclusion of my lamentable Story, as True as Unfortunate; my Request is, that I may Die as a Christian, since (as I have said) I am not guilty of that Crime into which therest of my Nation has fall'n.

With this she broke off, the tears standing in her Eyes, and many of the Standers by bore her Company. The Vice-Roy, full of tenderness and compassion, came to her, and without speaking a Word undid the Cord that bound the Moors fair Hands.

While this Chistian *Morisca* related her Story, an ancient Pilgrim that came into the Gally, had his Eyes fix'd upon her; and she had no sooner ended her Discourse, but he cast himself at her Feet, and embracing them, with interrupted Words, Sighs and Sobs, said, Oh my unfortunate Daughter *Ann Felix*! I am *Ricote* thy Father, who came back to seek thee, as not being able to live without thee, for thou art my very Soul. At these Words *Sancho* open'd his Eyes, and lifted up his Head, which he had held down, thinking upon his ill favour'd tossing in the Gally, and beholding the Pilgrim, knew him to be the same *Ricote* he met the Day he left his Government, and it appear'd she was his Daughter, when being unbound she embrac'd her Father, mixing her Tears with his. Then said he to the General and Vice-roy, This my Lords is my Daughter, more unhappy in what has befall'n her than in her Name, as famous for her Beauty, as for my Wealth. I left my native Soil, to find a Resting-place in some strange Country, and having found one in *Germany*, return'd in this Pilgrims Weed in the Company of other *Germans* to seek my Daughter, and to dig out my hidden Treasure, but found not her, and the Treasure I bring with me, and now by strange Chance have lighted on my greatest Treasure, that is, my beloved

beloved Daughter; if so be the smallness of our Offence, and her Tears and mine together, with the integrity of your Justice, can open the Gates of Mercy, shew it us that never had so much as a Thought once to Offend you, nor conspir'd with those of our own Race who were justly Banish'd. Then said *Sancho*, I know *Ricote* well, and know all is true he says, concerning that *Ann Felix* is his Daughter, but for other Flim-flams, concerning his going and coming, and whether he had good or bad Intention, I meddle not.

All the standers by admiring at this accident, the General said, Well, your Tears will not permit me to keep my Oath; Live, Fair *Ann Felix*, as long as Heaven has allotted, and let those rash Slaves Dye that committed the Fault: So he Commanded the two Turks who had kill'd his two Soldiers, to be presently Hang'd at the Yard-Arm, but the Vice-roy earnestly Entreated him not to Hang them, since they had shew'd more Madnes than Valour. The General condescended, for Revenge is not good in cold Blood; and straight they contriv'd how to deliver *Don Gasper Gregorio* from the danger he was in. *Ricote* offer'd Two thousand Ducats he had in Pearls and Jewels towards it: Many means were thought on, but none so good as that of the *Renegado Spaniard* before mention'd, who offer'd to return to *Argiers* in some small Bark, with only six Christian Oars, for he knew where, how, and when to Land, as also the House were *Don Gasper* was. The General and Vice-roy were in some doubt of him, or to trust him with the Christians that were to Row. But *Ann Felix* undertook for him and *Ricote* offer'd to Ransome the Christians if they were Taken. And being agreed, the Vice-roy went a Shore, and *Don Antony Moreno* carried the *Morisca* and her Father with him: The Vice-roy enjoining him to use them as well as possibly might be, and offer'd him the Command of any thing in his House towards it. Such was the Charity and Benevolence the Beauty of *Ann Felix* had infus'd into his Brest.

C H A P. LXIV.

Of the Adventure Don Quixote, lay'd most to Heart, of any till then had befallen him.

THE History saies that *Don Antony Moreno's* Wife was mightily pleas'd to see *Ann Felix* in her House; she welcom'd her most kindly, being as much in Love with her Beauty as her Discretion; for the *Morisca* was exquisite in both; and all the City came, as if they had been Summon'd, to see her. *Don Quixote* told *Don Antony*, that they took a wrong Course for freeing of *Don Gregorio*, which was more Dangerous than Convenient; and that it had been better, that he were set a Shore in *Barbary* with his Horse and Arms; for he would deliver him in spight of all the Moors there, as *Don Gysferos* had done his Spouse *Melissendra*. Pray observe Sir, said *Sancho*, when he heard this, that *Don Gysferos* Rescued his Spouse on the Continent, and so carried her over Land into *France*; but here, tho' we should deliver *Don Gregorio*, we have no means to bring him into *Spain*, the Sea being betwixt us and Home. There is a remedy for all things but Death (said *Don Quixote*) for 'tis but having a Vessel ready at the Sea-side, and in spight of all the World we may Embark upon it. You lay and facilitate the matter very well, (said *Sancho*) but 'tis one thing to say, and another to do; and I like the Runnagate, for me thinks he is a good honest plain Fellow. *Don Antony* said, That if the Runnagate perform'd not the business, then the Great *Don Quixote* should pass over into *Barbary*. Two Days after the Runnagate Embark'd in a little Boat with six Oars on a side, Mann'd with a lusty Crew, and two Days after that, the Gallies Sail'd Eastward; the General having desir'd the Vice-roy, to let him know the Success of *Don Gregorio's* Liberty, and what became of *Ann Felix*. The Vice-roy promis'd to do as he desir'd.

Don Quixote going out one Morning to take the Air upon the Strand, Arm'd at all Points; for as he often us'd to say, his Arms where his Ornaments, and Fighting his Delight; and so he was never well without them; he saw a Knight come towards him, Arm'd from Head to Foot, and on his Shield was Painted a bright shining Moon, who coming within distance to be hear'd, directing his Discourse

to *Don Quixote* cry'd out aloud, Famous Knight, and never sufficiently extoll'd *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose renown'd Deeds perhaps you have heard of; I am come to Combat with you and to try the Strength of thy Arms, in order to make you acknowledge and confess, that my Mistress, whosoever she be, is without Comparison, more Beautiful than your *Dulcinea del Toboso*; which truth, if you plainly Confess, you will save your Life, and me a Labour in taking it; And if you Fight, and are Vanquish'd by me, all the Satisfaction I will have, is, that you forsake your Arms, and leave seeking Adventures, and retire Home for the space of one whole Year, where you shall Live peaceably and quietly, without laying Hand to your Sword, which will be for the good of your Estate, and your Souls Health: And if you Vanquish me, my Head shall be at your Mercy; and the Spoils of my Horse and Armour shall be yours, as also the Fame of my Exploits shall pass from me to you: Consider what is the best to be done, and answer me quickly; for I have only this Days respite to dispatch this business. *Don Quixote* was astonish'd and in Suspence, as well at the Knight of the White Moon's Arrogance, as at the Cause for which he challeng'd him; and so in a quiet and calm manner, answer'd him. Knight of the White Moon, whose Exploits hitherto I have not heard of, I dare Swear thou never saw'st the Famous *Dulcinea*; for if thou had'st, I know thou would'st not have taken this Enterprize in Hand; for the sight of her would have convinc'd thee, that there neither has been, nor can be a Beauty to be compar'd with hers; and therefore without saying you Lye, but that you Erre in your Proposition, I accept of your Challenge upon the aforesaid Conditions; and that immediately, least your Limited Day should pass, and I only except against one of your Conditions, which is, That the Fame of your Exploits should be Transferr'd to me; for I know not what kind of one's yours are, and I am satisfi'd with my own, such as they be. Do you there take what distance you think good for your Career, and I will do the same, and so where it falls there let it light.

The Knight of the White Moon had been discover'd from the City-Walls, and the Viceroy was told he was Talking with *Don Quixote*, and therefore beleiving it was some new Adventure contriv'd by *Don Antony Moreno*, or some other Gentlemah: He went out with *Don Antony*, and many other Gentlemen that Accompanied him to the Strand, just

just as *Don Quixote* was turning *Roxinante's* Head to take up as much Ground as was necessary. The Viceroy seeing they were both of them ready in appearance to Encounter, put himself betwixt them, and ask'd, what was the cause of the Combat? The Knight of the *White Moon* answer'd him, that it was about precedency in Beauty, and briefly Repeated what he had formerly done to *Don Quixote*, together with the Conditions accepted by both Parties. The Vice-roy came to *Don Antony*, and ask'd him in his Ear, whether he knew the Knight of the *White Moon*, or if it were some trick they meant to put upon *Don Quixote*? *Don Antony* made answer, that he neither knew the Knight, or whether the Combat were in Jest or Earnest. This answer made the Vice-roy doubt whether he should let them proceed to the Combat; but being perswaded it could be but a Jest, he stood aside, saying, Worthy Knights, if there be no Remedy but to Confess or Dye, and that *Don Quixote* be Obstinate, and you Knight of the *White Moon* as Positive: A God's Name fall to it.

The Knight of the *White Moon* most Courteously thank'd the Vice-roy for giving them Leave to proceed, and *Don Quixote* did the like; who heartily Recommending himself to Heaven, and to his Mistress *Dulcinea*, (as he us'd upon all such occasions) turn'd about to begin his Career, as his Enemy had don, and without Sound of Trumpets, or of any other Warlike Instrument to give them the Signal for the Onset, they both of them set Spurs to their Horses, and the Knight of the *White Moon* being the Swifter, met *Don Quixote* ere he had Run a quarter of his Career, with such Force, and without touching him with his Lance, for it seem'd he lifted it up on purpose, that he tumbled Horse and Man both to the Ground, and *Don Quixote* had a terrible Fall. He presently got a top of him, and clapping the Point of his Lance upon his Visor, said, You are Vanquish'd Knight, and a Dead Man, unless you confess, according to the Conditions of our Combate. *Don Quixote* all Bruis'd and Stunn'd, without lifting up his Visor, as if he had Spoken out of a Tomb, with a faint and weak Voice, said, *Dulcinea del Toboso* is the Fairest Woman in the World, and I the Unfortunatest Knight on Earth; and it is not fit that my Weakness discredit this Truth, thrust down your Lance Sir Knight, and Kill me, since you have depriv'd me of my Honour, Not so truly quoth he of the *White Moon*, let the fame of my Lady *Dulcinea's* Beauty Live without Diminution, for this only will content me,



me, that the Great *Don Quixote* retire Home for a Year, or so long as I shall think fit, as we agreed, before we began the Battel. All this, the Vice-roy with *Don Antony* and many others standing by heard; and *Don Quixote* answer'd, that so nothing were requir'd of him in prejudice of his Lady *Dulcinea*, he would fulfil all the rest, like a true and sincere Knight.

This Confession ended, the Knight of the *White Moon* turn'd his Horse, and making a low Obeysance with his Head to the Vice-roy: Rode a Hand-gallop into the City. The Vice-roy order'd *Don Antony* to follow him, and by all means to Learn who he was. *Don Quixote* was taken up, they uncover'd his Face, and found him Pale, and in a Cold-sweat. *Roxinante* had far'd so ill, he could not stir for the present.

Sancho full of Affliction and Sorrow, knew not what to do or say, what had hapen'd there seem'd to him but a Dream, and all that Adventure meer matter of Enchantment. He saw his Master Vanquish'd, and bound not to bear Arms for a Year. Now he thought the light of his Glory was Eclips'd, the hopes of his late Promises undon, and vanish'd like Smoke before the Wind. He doubted whether *Roxinante* were maim'd or not, or his Master's Bones Dislocated, and it were well his Brains had not been so. In short he was carry'd to the City in a Chair the Vice-Roy Commanded to be brought whither he return'd, being desirous to know who the Knight of the *White-Moon* was, that had left *Don Quixote* in so bad a taking.

CHAP. LXV.

Who the Knight of the White Moon was, with Don Gregorio's liberty, and other passages.

DOn *Antony Moreno* follow'd the Knight of the *White Moon*, and many Boys too persud and persecuted him till he got to his Inn in the City, and *Don Antony* with him being eager to know him. A Squire came out to meet and Unarm him, he shut himself into a lower Room with *Don Antony*, who stood upon Thorns, till he knew who he was. He of the *White Moon*, then seeing

the Gentleman would not leave him, said, I know very well Sir, what you come for, which is to learn who I am, and since there is no reason to deny you this, I will tell you, whilst my man is unarming me, the whole Truth. Know Sir, that I am call'd the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, and am of the same Town as *Don Quixote*; whose Folly and Madness moves all that know him to Compassion; and me amongst the rest more than any other, and believing that the best means to procure his Health is to keep him quiet, in his Country, and in his own House, I contriv'd how to secure him there; and so about three Months since I met him upon the way, calling my self by the Name of *The Knight of the Looking-glasses*, with a purpose to Fight and Vanquish him, without doing him any hurt, and making this the Condition of our Combat, That the vanquish'd should be left to the Discretion of the vanquisher; and that which I thought to enjoin him, for I suppos'd him already Conquer'd, was, That he should return home, and not stir abroad again in a whole Year, in which time he might perhaps have been Cur'd; but Fortune would have it otherwise, for he vanquish'd and unhors'd me, and so my Project took no effect: He went on his Way, and I return'd Conquer'd, Asham'd, and Bruis'd with my Fall, that was very dangerous; but for all that; I had still a desire to find him again, and to Conquer him, as now you have seen. And he being so precise in observing the Rules of Knight Errantry, will doubtless keep the Promise he has made me. This Sir is all I can tell you, and I beseech you conceal me from *Don Quixote*, that my good Designs may take effect; and that the man who laying aside the Folly of his Knight Errantry, has an excellent Judgment may recover his Senses. Oh Sir! (said *Don Antony*) God forgive you the Wrong you have done the whole World, in seeking to recover the pleafantest Madman in the World. Are you not sensible that his Recovery cannot be so advantageous, as his Madness is diverting? But I fancy Master Batchelor, all your Art will not make a Man so irrecoverably Mad, Wise again; and if it were not uncharitable, I would say, May *Don Quixote* never recover; for by his Recovery, we lose not only his, but *Sancho Panza* his Squires jests too, any one of which is enough to convert Melancholy it self into Mirth; for all that I will hold my Peace, and say nothing to him, to try whether I guess right, that Master *Carrasco's* Pains will be to no purpose, Who answer'd, that so far the Business was

was brought to a good pass, and he hop'd for Success; and so offering *Don Antony* his Service, he took leave of him; and causing his Armour to be pack'd upon a great He Mule, he presently went out of the City, upon the same Horse on which he enter'd the Lists; and the same Day, took his Way homeward, nothing happening to him by the Way worth relating in this true History.

Don Antony told the Vice-Roy all that *Carrasco* had said, at which he was not well pleas'd, because the shutting of him up was depriving all that had any Knowledge of his Madness of the Diversion it caus'd. Six days *Don Quixote* kept his Bed, Disconsolate, Sad, Pensive, and Froward, always ruminating upon his unfortunate Overthrow. *Sancho* comforted, and amongst other things, said to him, Cheer up Sir, and take Courage if you can, and give Thanks to Heaven, that tho' it cast you to the Ground, yet you have never a Rib broken; and since you know, *That sweet Meat must have sour Sauce*, and that, *There is not always good Cheer where there is a smoking Chimney*. Cry a Fig for the Physician, since you need not his help in this Disease. Let's return home to our Houses, and leave looking after these Adventures thorow Countries, and Places we know not, and if we rightly Consider it, 'tis I that am the greatest Loser tho' you be in the worst Pickle. I, who with my Government laid down the desire of Governing, yet parted not with the Inclination of being an Earl, which will never be effected, if you fail of being a King, by leaving the exercise of Chivalry, and so my hopes are like to vanish into Smoak. Peace *Sancho*, (said *Don Quixote*) for you know my Retirement is but for a Year, and then I'll strait to my honourable Profession again, and I shall not want a Kingdom for my self, and some Earldom for thee. God grant, (said *Sancho*) and away with ill Luck, for I remember the Proverb says, *Hope well and have well*.

Thus were they Discoursing, when *Don Antony* came in all over-joy'd, saying what will you give me *Don Quixote* for the News I bring; for *Don Gregorio* and the Renegado *Spaniard* with him, are both upon the Strand; the Strand did I say? In the Vice-Roy's House, and will be here presently. *Don Quixote* was somewhat pleas'd, and said, Truly I am almost in the mind to say, I wish it had been otherwise, that I might have gone into *Barbary*, and by the strength of this Arm, have given Liberty not only to *Don Gregorio*, but to all the Christian Captives in *Barbary*. But

what do I talk Wretch that I am? Am not I he that is Vanquish'd? Am not I he that is Overthrown? Am not I he that must not handle Arms this twelve Months? Then what do I Promise? Why do I boast, since it were fitter for me to use a Distaff than a Sword? No more of that Sir, (said *Sancho*) but live on in spite of ill Luck, 'Tis thy turn to Day, to Morrow 'tis mine; and there is no notice to be taken of these Affairs that depend upon Bangs and Encounters; For he that falls to Day may rise to Morrow, unless he has a mind to lie a-bed; I mean that he is dejected and will not cheer his Heart to undertake new Combats; therefore Sir, do you rise now to Welcome *Don Gregorio*, for methinks the People of the House are in an uproar, and 'tis likely he is come. It prov'd as he said, for the Renegado having given the Vice-Roy an Account of his going and coming, and *Don Gregorio* being desirous to see *Ann Felix*, they both came to *Don Antony's* House: and tho' when they brought him out of *Argiers*, he was in Womens apparel, yet by the way in the Boat he chang'd it with a Captive that came along with him; but whatsoever Habit he had been in, he would have appear'd a Person worthy to be honour'd, look'd upon, and esteem'd, for he was extraordinary Beautiful, and about seventeen or eighteen Years of age. *Ricote* and his Daughter went out to welcome him, the Father with Tears, and the Daughter with Modesty. They did not embrace one another; because where there is much Love, there is seldom much Immodesty. The two Beauties, *Don Gregorio* and *Ann Felix*, appearing together astonish'd all that beheld them. Silence there spoke for the two Lovers, and their Eyes were Tongues that discover'd their joyful, but virtuous Thoughts. The Renegado told them the means and art he had us'd to get *Don Gregorio* away. *Don Gregorio* told the dangers and Shifts he was put to amongst the Women with whom he remain'd, not in a tedious manner, but briefly, shewing that his Discretion was above his Years. In short, *Ricote* paid and fully satisfi'd as well the Renegado, as those that had Row'd with him. The Renegado was restor'd and re-admitted unto the Church, and of a rotten Member, became clean and sound by Penance and Repentance.

Two Days after, the Vice-Roy discours'd *Don Antony*, about the means to be us'd that *Ricote* and his Daughter might remain in *Spain*, thinking it no way prejudicial to keep in it a Daughter so good a Christian, and so well meaning

meaning a Father. *Don Antony* offer'd to Solicite for it among other Business, which would oblige him to go to Court of Necessity, signifying to them, that there many difficult matters are compals'd by Favour and Bribes. * There is no relying upon Favour or Bribes, (said *Ricote* then present) for with the Great *Don Bernardine de Velasco*, Count of *Salazar*, to whom his Majesty has given the Charge of our Expulsion, neither Entreaties, Promises, Bribes, or Compassion can prevail; for tho' it be true, that he mixes his Justice with Mercy, yet because he sees the whole Body of our Nation is putrid and contaminated, he rather applies Cauteries that burn than Salves that assuage it; and so with Prudence, Judgment and Industry, he has born upon his strong Shoulders, and brought to due Execution, the Weight of this mighty Work; our Practices, Stratagems, and Deceits, having been of no Force to dazle his watchful *Argos* eyes, which wake continually, to the end that none of our Nation may slip him, or remain behind, least like a hidden Root, it may in time sprout up, and bear venomous Fruit in all *Spain*, which is now cleans'd and free from the Fear, into which our Multitude put her. An heroic Resolution of the Great *Philip* the third, and an unheard of Wisdom in committing it to *Don Bernardine* and *Velasco*. Well, when I come thither (said *Don Antony*) I will use the best means I can, and let Heaven dispose what shall be fittest. *Don Gregorio* shall go with me to comfort the Affliction his Parents are in for his Absence: *Ann Felix* shall stay with my Wife, in my House or in a Monastery; and I know the Vice-Roy will be content to have honest *Ricote* stay with him, till he sees how I speed. The Vice-Roy yielded to all that was propos'd; but *Don Gregorio* knowing what was in hand, said, He would not could not by any means leave *Ann Felix*, but intending to see his Parents, and to contrive how he might return for her, at length he consented to what was agreed upon. *Ann Felix* remain'd with *Don Antony's* Wife, and *Ricote* in the Vice-Roy's House.

The time came when *Don Antony*, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were to depart, which was two Days after; for *Don Quixote's* Fall would not suffer him to Travel sooner. When *Don Gregorio* parted from *Ann Felix*, all was Tears, Swounding

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ing;

* This is a fulsome piece of Flattery crouded in by the Author, to no purpose, only to curry Favour with that Count, tho' she thing be here very absurd.

ing, Sighs and Sobs. *Ricote* offer'd *Don Gregorio* a thousand Crowns, but he refus'd them, and borrow'd only five of *Don Antony*, to pay him at Court: With this they both departed, and *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* after them, as has been said, *Don Quixote* unarm'd, and *Sancho* a Foot, because *Dapple* was laden with the Armour.

CHAP. LXVI.

That treats of what he shall see who Reads, and he shall hear who Listens to it.

As they went out of *Burcelona*, *Don Quixote* beheld the Place where he had his Fall, and said, *Hic Troja fuit*, here my ill Fate, and not my Cowardice, depriv'd me of my purchas'd Glory; here Fortune practiced her Inconstancy on me; here my Exploits were Eclipsed; here to conclude fell my Happiness, never to rise again. Which *Sancho* hearing, he said, 'Tis as much the part of great Souls to be patient in Adversity, as to rejoyce in Prosperity; and this I find by my self; for as I was merry when a Governour, so now I am a Squire a Foot, I am not sad: For I have heard say, that she they call Fortune, is a drunken capricious Woman, and what's more, Blind, and so she sees not what she does, nor does she know whom she casts down, or whom she raises up. *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) thou talk'st much like a Philosopher; thou speak'st very judiciously, I know not who has taught thee. All I can tell thee, is, that in the World there is no such thing as Fortune; nor do the things that happen in it, good or bad fall out by Chance, but by the particular Providence of Heaven; and therefore 'tis said, *That every Man makes his own Fortune*: I made mine, but not with the Discretion that was requisite; and so I have paid for my Rashness, for I ought to have consider'd, that it was not possible for *Rozinante's* weakness to withstand the mighty greatness of the Knight of the *White-Moon's* Horse. In short I ventur'd, I did what I could, was overthrown; and tho' I lost my Honour, yet I lost not, nor can I lose the Vertue of performing my Promise. When I was a Knight Errant, bold and valiant, my Hands and my Actions made

out

out my Resolution; and now I am a Foot Squire, I will credit my Words by performing my Promise. Jog on then Friend *Sancho*, and let us get home, to pass the Year of our Probation, in which Retirement we shall recover new Vertue, to return to the never by me forgotten Exercise of Arms. Sir, said *Sancho*, 'Tis no such great Pleasure to travel a Foot, that I should covet to go far in a Day; let us leave this Armour hanging upon some Tree, instead of one of those that has been Executed, and when I am upon *Dapple's* Back, and my Feet lifted from the Ground, we will cut out our Journey as you please; for to think I will Walk great Journeys a Foot, is a meer Folly. Thou hast spoken well *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; hang up my Arms for a Trophy, and underneath, or about them we will Carve on the Trees, that which was written by the Trophy of *Orlando's* Arms.

*Let no ungente Wight,
Presume these Arms to move;
Unless his Force and might,
With Roldan he will prove.*

All that, I like extreamly, said *Sancho*; and if it were not that we should want *Rozinante* by the way, 'twere very well to leave him hanging too. Well, neither he, nor the Armour quoth *Don Quixote*, shall be Hang'd, that it may not be said, Good Service is ill Rewarded. You are much in the right, quoth *Sancho*; for according to the Opinion of Wife Men, *The faults of the Ass must not be layd upon the Pack-Saddle*; and since in this last business you your self were in Fault, punish your self, and let not your Fury wreak it self upon the shattered Bloudy Armour, or the Mildness of *Rozinante*, or the tenderness of my Feet, requiring them to Travel more than is reasonable.

They spent all that Day, and four more in such like conversation and discourse, without meeting any thing that might obstruct their Journey, and the first Day of their entrance into a Town, they saw a great many People at an Inn Door, who were Diverting themselves there because it was a Holy-day. When *Don Quixote* drew near, a Husbandman cri'd out, One of these two Gentlemen, who know not the Parties, shall decide the business of our Wager. That I will (said *Don Quixote*) very uprightly, if I may understand it. The Case is good Sir, said the Husbandman, That an Inhabitant of this Town, who is so Fat, that he

B b b 4

Weighs

Weighs Eleven Arrobaes, * challeng'd another to Run with him who Weighs but Five; the Wager was to Run an Hundred Paces with equal Weight; and the Challenger being ask'd how they should make equal Weight, said, That the other who Weigh'd but five Arrobaes, should carry six of Iron, and so the Weight would be equal. No, no, said *Sancho*, before *Don Quixote* could answer, It concerns me who not long since left being a Governour and a Judge as all the World knows, to decide Doubts, and to give Judgment in this Business. Answer a God's Name, Friend *Sancho* (said *Don Quixote*) for I am fit for nothing my Brain is so disturb'd and intoxicated. With this leave *Sancho* said to the Husbandmen that stood gaping about him, expecting his Sentence, Brothers, the Fat Man's Demand is unreasonable, and has no appearance of Equity; for if he that is challeng'd as is said, may chuse his Weapons, it is not reasonable he should chuse such as may be troublesome and hinder him from gaining the Victory; and therefore it is my Opinion, that the Fat Challenger do wast, Cut, Pare, Plane, and Slice away six Arrobaes of his Flesh, here and there from his Body, as he thinks best, and so being reduced to five, he will be equal to his adversary, and so they may run upon equal Terms. I vow to God, said a Husbandman that heard *Sancho's* Sentence, this Gentleman has Spoken like an Angel, and given Judgment like a Canon: But I warrant, the Fat Man will not lose an Ounce of his Flesh, much less six Arrobaes. The best way will be, said another, not to Run, that the Lean Man may not strain himself with the Weight, nor the Fat Man loose his Flesh, and let half the Wager be spent in Wine, and let us carry these Gentlemen to the Tavern that has the best, and lay the Cloak upon me when it Rains. I thank you Gentlemen, said *Don Quixote*, but cannot stay a moment; for dismal Thoughts, and Accidents make me seem Unmannerly, and travel a great rate, And so Spurring *Rosinante* he pass'd forward, leaving them in admiration at the sight of his strange Figure, and at his Man's Discretion; for such they judg'd *Sancho*. And another of the Husbandmen said, If the Man be so Wise, what think ye of the Master? I hold a Wager, if they go to Study at *Salamanca*, they will come to be Judges of the Court in a trice, for there is nothing like Studying and beating one's Brains, and having a little favour and good luck, and when

a Man

* Arroba is a quarter of an Hundred weight.

a Man least thinks of it, he has got a Rod of Justice in his Hand, or a Miter on his Head.

That Night the Master and Man spent in the open Field: And the next Day being on their way, they saw a Foot-man coming towards them with a Waller about his Neck, and a Javelin or Dart in his Hand, just like a Foot Post, who drawing near to *Don Quixote*, mended his Pace, and almost running came and Embraced his Right Thigh, for he could reach no higher, and said with a great deal of Joy, Oh my noble *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, how glad my Lord Duke will be when he understands you will return to his Castle? For he is there still with my Lady Dutchess. I know you not, Friend, said *Don Quixote*, nor can I guess who you are unless you tell me. I good Sir *Don Quixote*, said the Foot-man, am *Tosilos* the Duke's Lackey, who would not Fight with your Worship about the Marriage of *Donna Rodriguez's* Daughter. God defend me, said *Don Quixote*, and is it possible? And are you he whom the Enchanters my Enemies transform'd into that Foot-man you speak off, to defraud me of the Honour of that Combat? Peace, Sir, quoth the Letter carrier, there was no Enchantment, nor changing of my Face, I was as much *Tosilos* the Lackey, when I went into the Lists, as when I came out: I thought to have Marri'd without Fighting, because I lik'd the Wench well, but it fell out otherwise; for as soon as you were gone from our Castle, my Lord Duke caus'd me to be well Bang'd, because I did not according as I was Instructed before the Battle was to begin: And the conclusion is, the Wench is become a Nun, and *Donna Rodriguez* is gon back again into *Castile*, and I am going now to *Barcelona* to carry a Packet of Letters to the Vice-roy which my Lord sends him: And if you please to Drink a sup, I have a Gourd here full of the best Wine, which tho' hot is pure, with some slices of excellent Cheese, that will serve to relish the Wine, if you are not a dry. I'm for it quoth *Sancho*, hang ceremony, and so skink, honest *Tosilos*, in spite of all the Enchanters in the Indies. Well *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, thou art the greatest Glutton in the World, and the meekest Ass alive, since thou canst not be periwaded that this Foot-man is Enchanted, and this *Tosilos* a Counterfeit; stay thou with him and fill thy self, I'll go on fair and softly before, and expect thee. The Lackey laugh'd, pull'd out his Bottle, and laying out his Bread and Cheese, he and *Sancho* sat upon the Green Grais, and like good Fellows saw the

end of all the Provision in the Wallet with such an Appetite, that all being gone, they lick'd the very Packet of Letters, because it smelt of Cheese. *Tosilos* said to *Sancho*; Doubtless this Master of thine, Friend *Sancho*, is a meer Madman. He'll bate no man an Ace in that particular, quoth *Sancho*, for if Madness were Money, he would Pay all Bills at Sight without Deductions. I see it plain enough, and tell him of it, but 'tis to no purpose; especially now he is past Recovery, since he has been Vanquish'd by the Knight of the *White-Moon*. *Tosilos* desir'd him to tell him what had happen'd; but *Sancho* answer'd, it was uncivil to let his Master stay for him, but at some other time when they met, he should know; and so rising up after he had well dusted himself, and shaken the Crums from his Beard, he drove *Dapple* before him, and crying Farewel, left *Tosilos*, and overtook his Master, who stay'd for him under the shade of a Tree.

C H A P. LXVII.

Of the resolution Don Quixote took to turn Shepherd, and lead a Country life, till the promis'd Tear was expir'd, with other accidents, truly good, and pleasant.

IF *Don Quixote* were much troubled in Mind before his fall, he was so much more after it. He stood shading himself under the Tree, as you have heard, and there his Thoughts set upon him, as Flies upon Honey; some tending to the disenchantment of *Dulcinea*, and others to the life he was to lead during his forc'd Retirement. *Sancho* came up to him, and extolled the liberality of *Tosilos*. Is it possible, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, thou shouldst still think That is a true Lackey; sure you have forgot you saw *Dulcinea* converted and transform'd into a Country Wench, and the Knight of the Looking Glasses, into the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*; all Acts of the Enchanters my Enemies who persecute me? But tell me now, did you ask that *Tosilos*, what became of *Altisidora*? Whether she lamented my absence, or buryed in Oblivion those amorous thoughts that troubled her, whilst I was present. I never thought on't, (said *Sancho*) nor had I leisure

leisure to ask after such Fooleries. God take me, Sir, are you now in an humour of asking after other folks Thoughts, and those amorous one's too. Look ye *Sancho*, there is a great deal of difference betwixt Acts of Love and of Gratitude. It is possible a Gentleman may not Love: But it is impossible in strictness, that he should be Ungrateful: *Altisidora* in all likelihood Lov'd me well, she gave me the three Night-caps you know of, she Cry'd at my Departure, Curs'd me, Revild me, and Rail'd publicly, in Despight of Modesty, all tokens that she Ador'd me; for the anger of Lovers often ends in Curses. I could give her no hopes, nor had I any Treasures to offer her, for all I have is Dedicated to *Dulcinea*, and the Treasures of Knights Errants are like those of Fairies, false and only outside, and all I can do, is but to remember her, and this I may do without Prejudice to *Dulcinea*, whom you wrong by your slackness in Whipping your self, and in Chastising that Flesh, which I wish I may see devour'd by Wolves, since it had rather preserve it self for Worms, than relieve that poor Lady. Sir, said *Sancho*, to tell you the truth, I cannot perswade my self that the Lashing of my Posteriors can have any reference to the Disenchanting of the Enchanted, which is as if you should say, If your Head akes, anoynt your Knees, at least, I dare Swear, that in all the Histories you have Read of Knight Errantry, you never saw Whipping Disenchant any Body: But however, I will take it when I am in the Humour, and when time serves I'll chastise my self. God grant thou dost, said *Don Quixote*, and Heaven give thee the Grace to understand how much it is thy Duty to relieve my Lady, who is thine too, since thou art mine.

Thus they Travell'd and Discours'd, till they came just to the place where the Bulls had over run them, *Don Quixote* call'd it to mind, and said to *Sancho*, In this Field we met the fine Shepherdesses, and the Handsome Swains, that in it would Imitate and Renew the Pastoral Arcadia; an Invention no less Strange than Witty; in Imitation of whom, if you think fit, *Sancho*, we will turn Shepherds at least, during the time I am to Live retir'd; I'll Buy some Sheep, and all other things requisite for our Pastoral employment, and calling my self by the Name of the Shepherd *Quixote*, and you the Shepherd *Pançino*, we will walk up and down the Hills, thorow Woods and Meadows, Singing and Versifying, and Drinking the liquid Cristal of the Fountains sometimes out of the clear Springs, and then out of the

the swift running Rivers or purling Brooks. The Oaks will afford us plenty of their sweet Fruit, and the Stumps of hardest Cork-Trees shall be our Seats, the Willows shall Shade us, the Roses be our Perfume, the wide Meadows our Carpets of a Thousand various Colours: The Air shall give us a free and pure Breath: The Moon and Stars in spight of Nights Darkeness light, our Songs shall afford us Delight, and our Complaints Mirth, *Apollo* Verses, and Love-conceits, by which we may eternize our Names, and become Famous not only in this, but in the Ages to come. By *Jove* quoth *Sancho*, that sort of Life. Suits and Cloaks me, and I believe as soon as the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco* and Master *Nicholas* the Barber see it, they will turn Shepherds with us; and pray God the Curate have not a mind to make one in the Sheep-coat too, for he is very pleasant and loves to make Merry. Thou hast hit it *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, if he be one of the Pastoral Gang, as doubtless he will, may call himself the Shepherd *Sampsonino*, or *Carrascon*. Master *Nicholas* may call himself *Niculoso*, as the Ancient * *Boscan* call'd himself, *Nemoroso*. I know not what Name we should bestow upon the Curate, except it were some Derivative from his own, calling him the Shepherd *Curiambro*. As for the Shepherdesses with whom we must be in Love, we may chuse their Names at pleasure: And since my Ladies Name serves as well for a Shepherdess as for a Princess, I need not trouble my self to get her another better, give thou thine what thou wilt. Mine, said *Sancho*, shall have no other Name but *Teresa*, which will fit her fat sides well, and is taken from her Christian-name, which is *Teresa*, and by my celebrating of her in my Verses, I discover my Chast designs, without looking after that which does not belong to me. It is not fit the Curate should have a Shepherdess, to avoid Scandal, but if the Bachelor will have any, 'tis in his own free choice. Lord Bless me, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and what a Life shall we have on't? What a world of Horne-pipes, and † *Zamora* Bag-pipes shall we hear? What Tabouring shall we have? What Jangling of Bells and Scraping of Fiddles? And if to all the different Musicks we add the Albogues too, we shall have all kind of pastoral

* Alluding to the likeness betwixt *Boscan* and *Bosque*, which signifies a Wood.

† *Zamora* is famous in Spain for that sort of Musick, as *Lancashire* in England.

pastoral Instruments. What are the Albogues (quoth *Sancho*?) For I have never seen nor hear'd them Spoken of in my Life? They are said *Don Quixote*, Plates made like Brass-Candlesticks, and being hollow, when struck one against another make if not a very pleasing or harmonious Sound, yet such a one as is not altogether offensive and agrees well with the rustick Tabor and Bag-pipe; and this Word Albogue is Moorish, as all those in our Castilian Tongue are, that begin with *Al*, as. *Almoza*, *Almorzar*, *Alhombra*, *Alguazil*, *Alucema*, *Almazan*, *Alcancia* and the like, which are not very many; and our Language has only three Moorish Words that end in *I*, which are *Borcegui*, *Zaquifami*, and *Maravedi*: *Araeli* and *Alfagui* are as well known to be Arabick by their beginning with *Al*, as their ending in *I*. This I have told thee by the by, the word *Albogue* having brought it into my Head, and one main help we shall have for the perfection of this exercise is that I, thou know'st, am somewhat a Poet, and the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco* is a most exquisite one, as for the Curate I say nothing, of him, but I lay a Wager he has a smattering, and so has Master *Nicholas* too without doubt, for they are all or most of them Musicians and Songsters. I will complain of absence: Thou shalt praise thy self for a Constant Lover, the Shepherd *Carrasco* shall mourn for being disdain'd, and let the Curate *Curiambro* do what he pleases, and so it will be as compleat as Heart can wish. To which *Sancho* answer'd Sir, I am so unlucky, that I fear I shall not see that happy Day: Oh what neat Spoons I will make when I am Shepherd! What Messes of Pottage and Cream! What Garlands and other Pastoral Trumperies? Which tho' they get me not the reputation of being wise, yet they will that of being ingenious. My Daughter *Sanchica* shall bring our dinner to the Flock: But have a care of that, for she is Handsome, and some Shepherds are More *Knaves than Fools*, and I would not have her come for *Wooll*, and go home *Shorn*; for Love and Leudness are to be found in the Fields as well as in Cities, and in Shepherd's Cottages, as Princes Palaces, and the Cause being remov'd, the Sin will be sav'd, and what the Eye does not see the Heart does not rue, and one pair of Heels is worth two pair of Hands. No more Proverbs, *Sancho*, (said *Don Quixote*) for any one of these is enough to make us know thy meaning, and I have often advis'd thee, not to be so prodigal of thy Proverbs, but rather to check thy self, but 'tis Labour in vain, and passing the *Blackamoor White*. Me thinks, Sir, said *Sancho*, this

is just as they say *the Kettle call'd the Pot black Arse*; you reprove me for Speaking of Proverbs, and yet you bring them in by pairs. Look ye *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, Use mine to purpose, and when I speak them, they fit as well as a Ring does the Finger; but thou bring'st in thine so by Head and Shoulders, that thou Murderest them; and if I forget not, I told thee heretofore, that Proverbs are short Sentences drawn from the Experience and Speculation of our Ancient Sages, and a Proverb ill apply'd, is rather Nonsense than a Sentence. But let us leave this now; and since Night draws on, let's retire a little out of the High-way, where we will pass this Night, and God knows what may befall us to Morrow. So they retir'd, and made a short Supper, much against *Sancho's* Will, who now began to think of the hard Life of Knight Errantry in Woods and Mountains, tho' sometimes Plenty appear'd in the Castles and Houses, as well of *Don James de Miranda*, as at the rich *Camacho's* Wedding, and *Don Antony Moreno's*, but he consider'd with himself, that it could not be always Day, nor always Night, so he spent that in Sleeping, and his Master in Watching.

CHAP. LXVIII.

Of the Briefly Adventure that befel Don Quixote.

THE Night was somewhat Dark, tho' the Moon were in her Heaven, but it was not where she might be seen, for some times my Lady *Diana* goes to take a Walk among the *Antipodes*, and leaves the Mountains black, and the Valleys dark. *Don Quixote* satisfy'd Nature, having slept his first Sleep, without giving way to the Second, whereas *Sancho* on the contrary never had a Second, for his First lasted him from Night till Morning; a Sign of his good Constitution, and that he was not troubled with Cares, which so disturb'd *Don Quixote*, that he awaken'd *Sancho*, and said to him, I wonder *Sancho*, at thy easy Temper, I fancy thou art made of Marble, or of hard Brass, which has neither Motion nor Feeling. I wake when thou sleepest; I weep when thou sing'st; I am ready to faint with Fasting,

Fasting, when thou art lazy and unwieldy with meer Cramming; it is the part of good Servants, to have a Fellow-feeling of their Masters Sorrows, and to share in their Grief, if it were but for Decency. Behold the calmness of the Night, and the Solitude we are in, which invites us to intermix some Watching with Sleep; rise as thou lov'st thy Life. and get thee a little aside, and with a good grace, and grateful Heart, give thy self Three or Four hundred Lashes upon account, towards the Disenchancing of *Dulcinea*, this I beg of thee; for I will not now, as heretofore, come to grapple with thee, for I know thou hast shrewd Clutches. When thou hast done, we will spend the rest of the Night; I chanting my Absence, and thou thy Constancy, beginning from this time our Pastoral exercise, we are to follow in our Village. Sir, (said *Sancho*) I am of no Religious Order, that I should rise out of the mid'st of my Sleep to discipline my self; nor do I think it possible, to make a Step from the Pain of my Whipping to Musick. Pray Sir let me Sleep, and don't press me to this Whipping; for you will make me Vow never to touch so much as a Hair of my Coat, much less of my Flesh. O hard Heart! Oh ungodly Squire! Oh ill given Bread! and Favours ill plac'd, which I have already and thought hereafter to have bestow'd, on thee: By my means thou hast been a Governour; and through me thou art in a fair way of being an Earl, or having some equivalent Title, and the Accomplishment of it will be no longer delay'd, than whilst this Year is expiring: For *Post tenebras spero lucem*. I understand not that (said *Sancho*) only I know, that whilst I am a Sleep, I neither Fear nor Hope, feel Pain nor Pleasure; and well Fare him that invented Sleep, a Cloak that shrouds all Humane thoughts; the Food that satisfies Hunger; the Water that quenches Thirst; and the Fire that warms Cold, the Cold that tempers Heat; and in short the current Coin with which all things are bought, the Weight and Scale, that equals the King and the Shepherd, the Fool and the Wiseman. There is only one thing amiss in Sleep, as I have heard say, which is that it is like Death, for the difference is but small betwixt a dead man, and one that is asleep. I have never *Sancho*, (said *Don Quixote*) heard thee speak so elegantly as you have done now, by which I perceive, the Proverb thou often ushest is true; 'Tis not who bore thee, but who bred thee. A plague of the Devil, reply'd *Sancho*, Master of mine, it is not I alone that Trump

up Proverbs, they flow from you by Pairs, faster than from me, and all the difference betwixt yours and mine is, that yours are fitly apply'd. and mine unseasonably; but in short they are all Proverbs.

Thus were they employ'd, when they heard a humming Sound, and hoarse Noise thorough all the Valleys: *Don Quixote* stood up and laid Hand to his Sword, *Sancho* squatted under *Dapple*, and clapt the Bundle of Armour, and his Asses Pack-saddle on each side of him, as fearful as his Master was surpriz'd. Still the Noise encreas'd and drew nearer the two timorous Persons, at least one, for the others Valour is sufficiently known. The business was, that certain Fellows drave above Six hundred Swine to a Fair to Sell, and travell'd with them at that time, and the Noise they made with their grunting and squeaking, was so great, that it deafn'd *Don Quixote* and *Sancho's* Ears, who never observ'd what it might be. The goodly grunting Herd came up in a hurry together, and without respecting *Don Quixote* or *Sancho's* Person, they tramp'd over them both, casting down *Sancho's* Trenches, and overthrowing not only *Don Quixote* but even *Roxinante*. The Fury, Grunting, and Hasty coming of these unclean Beasts, confounded, and laid on ground the Pack-saddle, Armour, *Roxinante*, *Sancho*, and *Don Quixote*. *Sancho* rose as well as he could, and ask'd his Master for his Sword, telling him he would kill half a dozen of those unmanerly Hogs, for now he knew them to be so. *Don Quixote* said, Let them alone Friend, for this Affront is a penalty for my Fault, and it is a just Punishment from Heaven, that Dogs devour, Wasps sting, and Swine trample upon a vanquish'd Knight Errant. And it is a Punishment of Heaven too, belike (said *Sancho*) that the Fleas nettle, the Lice bite, and Hunger pinch the Squires of vanquish'd Knights: If we Squires were Sons, or near Kinsmen to the Knights we serve, 'twere not much that we should suffer for their Faults, even to the Fourth generation, but what have the *Pang's* to do with the *Quixote's*? Well let's take our places again, and Sleep out the small remainder of the Night, For to Morrow is a new Day. Do you Sleep *Sancho*, (said *Don Quixote*) for you were born to Sleep, and I who was born to Wake, betwixt this and Day-break will give a loose to my Thoughts, and vent them in a Madrigal, which unknown to thee I Compos'd last Night. Methinks (said *Sancho*) Thoughts that give way to versifying are not very troublesome; and therefore do you versify as much as you please, and I'll Sleep

Sleep as much as I can; and so taking up as much of the Ground, as he would, he crouch'd up together, and Slept soundly, without being disturb'd by Debts, Fears, or any Trouble whatsoever. *Don Quixote* leaning against the Body of a Beach or Cork-tree, (for *Cid Hamete Benengeli* does not decide what Tree it was) to the Musick of his own Sighs, Sung as follows.

I.

Love! when I ponder what a Gang doth follow,
Of Ills at thy bad Tail, and which attend
On me, to Death to come to me I halloo,
That so my Torments may begin to end.

II.

But when I am come up to her, the Port,
And eke the Ocean of my cracking Pains,
Joy leaps and skips through all my ravish'd Veins,
And Life takes Heart of Grace, and straight stops short

III.

I say Life doth in such a way me kill,
That back again my Life Death doth restore,
And Life one Drop of Blood eke doth not spill;
Was such a Life and Death as this e'er known before?

Each of these Verses was attended by many Sighs, and not a few Tears, like one that had deeply laid to Heart his being Vanquish'd, and the Absence of his *Dulcinea*.

Now Day came on, and the Sun's Beams play'd on *Sancho's* Face; who Wakening, rub'd his Eyes, and shaking and stretching out his drowzy Limbs, beheld the Havock the Swine had made in his Sumpters, and curs'd the Herd without stopping there. In fine they both of them proceeded in their Journey; and near Sun-set, saw about ten Horse-men coming toward them, and four or five Foot-men. *Don Quixote's* Heart fail'd him, and *Sancho* shiver'd, for the Persons that came towards them had Spears and Shields, and all things in Warlike array. *Don Quixote* turn'd to *Sancho*, and said; If it were lawful for me *Sancho* to exercise Arms, and my Promise had not bound up my Hands, I should look upon this Multitude that comes towards us as a pleasant Sight; but perhaps it may be better than we apprehend. By this the Horse-men came up with them,

and advancing their Lances without speaking a Word, surrounded *Don Quixote*, then clapt the points to his Back and Breast in a Threatning manner, one of the Footmen putting his Finger to his Mouth to signify he should be Silent, laid hold on *Rozinantes* Bridle, and led him out of the Way; and the rest of the Foot-men, driving *Sancho* and *Dapple* before them, silently follow'd him that led *Don Quixote*, who twice or thrice would have ask'd, whither they carry'd, or what they would have with him? But he no sooner began to move his Lips, than they were ready to close them with the points of their Lances. The same happen'd to *Sancho*, for he could scarce offer to speak when one of the Foot-men prick'd him with a Goad, and serv'd *Dapple* in the same kind too, as if he would have spoken. It grew dark, they mended their Pace, the two Prisoners Fears increas'd; especially when they hear'd that every now and then, they said to them. On, on, ye *Troglodites*; Peace ye barbarous Slaves; Revenge ye *Anthropophagi*; Do not complain ye *Scythians*; Open not your Eyes, ye Murderous *Polyphemus's*, ye Butcherous Lyons; and other such Names as these, with which they Tormented the Ears of the unhappy Knight and Squire. *Sancho* said within himself. Are we *Trollimites*, Barbers Slaves, Jolly Dames, City cans? I don't like these Names; *This Wind winnows no Corn, All Mischiefs come together, It can't Rain but it must pour*, and I would to God this Adventure might end in no worse than a good Cudgelling. *Don Quixote* was quite stunn'd, and could never imagine tho' he crack'd his Brain about it, what should be the meaning of calling them all those scurvy Names by which he plainly perceiv'd there was no good to be hop'd for; but on the contrary much harm to be fear'd. Within an Hour after Night they came to a Castle; which *Don Quixote* easily knew to be the Duk's, where they had been but a while before. God defend me (said he) as soon as he knew the Place; What have we here? Why in this House all is Courtesie and good Usage: But for the Vanquish'd all goes from good to bad, and from bad to worse. They enter'd the chief Court of the Castle, and saw it so dress'd and order'd, that their Admiration increas'd, and their Fear redoubl'd; as you shall see in the following Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. LXIX.

Of the oddest and strangest Adventure that in all the Course of this History befel Don Quixote.

THE Horse-men all alighted, and the Foot-men taking *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* hastily in their Arms, carry'd them into the Pallace, about which were burning above an Hundred Torches in great Candlesticks; and about the Galleries round the Court above Five hundred Lights; so that in spite of the dark Night, there was no miss of Day. In the mid'st of the Court there was a Tomb rais'd some two Yards from the Ground, cover'd with a Canopy of black Velvet, and round about it there burn'd a hundred Virgin-wax Candles in Silver-Candlesticks; on the top of it there lay to appearance Dead, a Damsel so beautiful that she seem'd to make Death it self agreeable. Her Head was laid on a Pillow of Cloth of Gold, Crown'd with a Garland, compos'd of divers odoriferous Flowers, her Hands a cross on her Breast, and betwixt them was a Bough of conquering yellow Palm. On the one side of the Court there was a kind of Theatre set up, and on it two Persons sitting on their Chairs, who with their Crowns on their Heads, and Scepters in their Hands, seem'd to be either real or counterfeit Kings; at the side of this Theatre where they went up by Steps, there were two other Chairs, where they that brought the Prisoners set *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*; and all this in Silence, and by Signs giving them to understand they should be silent too; but they held their Peace without it, for the surprize of what they there saw, ty'd their Tongues. Next two other Persons of note Mounted the Scaffold with a great Attendance, whom *Don Quixote* presently knew to be the Duke and Dutchess, whose Guest he had been, and who sat down in two rich Chairs, near the two seeming Kings. Who would not admire at all this especially considering that the Body upon the Hearse was known by *Don Quixote* to be the Fair *Altisidora*? When the Duke and Dutchess mounted the Stage, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* stood up and Bow'd to them, and they return'd it nodding their Heads a little: And now an Offi-

cer came in at one side of them; and drawing near to Sancho, clapt a Frock of black Buckram on him, all Painted with flames of Fire; and taking his Cap off, set a Miter on his Head, just like to those the Inquisition uses to put upon them it obliges to publick Penance, and in his Ear bid him not open his Lips, for they would clapa Gag in his Mouth, or kill him. Sancho star'd at himself from Head to Foot, and saw himself all over in Flames; but since they did not Burn him he valu'd them not a Rush; he took off his Miter and saw it Painted with Devils, he put it on again, and said within himself, Well enough yet, for neither do the Flames burn, nor the Devils carry me away. Don Quixote in like manner look'd at him, and tho' Fear stupif'd his Senses, he could not but Laugh at the Figure Sancho made: And now from under the Tomb there seem'd to come a soft and pleasant sound of Flutes which not being interrupted by any humane Voice, for there Silence it self seem'd to be silent, was Sweet and Harmonious. Then on a sudden, there appear'd near to the Pillow of the seeming dead Body, a graceful Youth clad like a Roman, who to the sound of a Harp which he himself plaid on, with a most sweet and cleer Voice, Sung these two following Stanzas.

Banter and Absurdity.

I.

While by the cruel Coldness of Don Quixote,
That Brave, that Handsome, yet Relentless Knight;
Here slain, the Fair Alcisidora lies:
While to the Memory of this Maiden bright,
Court Ladies put o'er their Condoling-weeds,
And while our mourning Lady too claps on,
Black Serge and Bays on Governante's Back,
Ile Chan't ye forth by way of doleful Ditty,
Her Charms and most unfortunate Misfortune,
In softer Strains, and eke more moving Lays,
Than Thracian Songsters Fiddle ever knew.

II.

Nor shall I think my Duty I have done,
If while I live I only Sing, when dead,
E'en then my padlock't Mouth and frozen Tongue,
Shall never cease to Bellow forth these Sounds;

For

For when a Goal-deliv'ry sets me Free,
My Soul then gadding o'er th'Elysian Plains,
And rambling by the Stygian Lake, thy Praise
Shall Celebrate in Notes to soft and shrill,
Deaf Lethe's Waves with prick't up Ears shall Listen,
Nor shall thy Fame be e'er forgot still Sung,
And murmur'd by those Waters of Oblivion.

Enough, said one of the two that seem'd to be Kings. Enough, divine Songster; for it were endless, now to represent to us the Death and Perfections of the Peerless Alcisidora, not Dead, as the simple World surmizes; but Living in the Tongues of Fame, and in the Penance that Sancho is to undergo to restore her to this Light; and therefore do thou, oh Radamanthus! that judgest with me in the darksome Caves of Dis, since thou know'st all that is decreed in the inscrutable Books of Fate, touching the restoring this Damsel, tell and declare it forthwith, that the Happiness we expect by her return, may not be deferr'd. Scarce had Judge Minos said this, when Radamanthus standing up, said. Go too, you Officers of this House, high and low, great and small, come one after another, and Seal Sancho's Chin with Four and twenty Wrings, Twelve Pinches, and Six Pins thrust up to the Heads in his Arms and Buttocks, wherein Alcisidora's safety consists. When Sancho Pança heard this, he broke Silence, and said, I vow to Jove you shall as soon wring me or handle my Face, as make me turn Moor, What a Plague has the handling of my Face to do with this Damsel's Resurrection? This is as much to the purpose as 'tis to Fight against the Thunder. Dulcinea is Enchanted, and I must be Whipp'd to Disenchant her: Alcisidora dyes of some Sickness it pleas'd God to send her, and must be rais'd to Life by Wringing my Nose, making my Skin full of Eyeler holes with Pins, and Pinching my Arms black and blue: Don't think to put your Tricks upon Travellers; I'm an old Bird and can't be caught with Chaff. Thou dycst quoth Radamanthus aloud; relent thou Tyger, humble thy self Proud Nimrod, suffer and be silent, since no Impossibilities are requir'd of thee, and do not go about to examine into the difficulties of this Business. Thou shalt be Wrung, thy Skin shall be Pinch'd, and thou shalt groan under Pinching. Go too, I say, Officers fulfil my Command; or else as I am an honest Man, you shall rue the time that ever you were Born.

Ccc 3

Now

Now there appear'd coming a croſs the Court, ſix old Waiting-women, one after another in Proceſſion, Four of them with Spectacles, and all with their Right-hands lifted up, and Four fingers breath of their Wrists naked, to make their Hands look the longer, as the Faſhion is. No ſooner had *Sancho* ſeen them, but that bellowing like a Bull, he ſaid, It is likely I may ſuffer all the World beſides to handle me, but that Waiting-women ſhould touch me, I will never conſent: Let 'em Cat-claw my Face, as my Maſter was ſerv'd in this Caſtle; let 'em thruſt me thorow with ſharp pointed Daggers; let 'em pull off my Fleſh with hot burning Pincers, and I'll bear it patiently and ſerve theſe Nobles; but I will not allow old Waiting-women to touch me, tho' the Devil take me away for it. *Don Quixote* then broke Silence, ſaying, Have Patience Son, pleaſe theſe great Perſons, and give God thanks, that there is ſuch Vertue in thy Perſon, that by its Sufferings, thou doeſt diſenchant the Enchanted, and raiſe the Dead.

Now the Waiting-women were near *Sancho*; who being won and perſwaded, ſettled in his Chair, and offer'd his Face and Chin to the firſt that came, who gave him a cleaver Wring, and ſo made him a Courtſey. Leſs Courtſey, and leſs Slop good Miſtris *Mumpſimus*, quoth *Sancho*: For, by the Lord your Hands ſtink of Vinegar. At length all the Waiting-women wrang and many more of the Family Pinch'd him; but that which he could not Suffer, was the thruſting the Pins into him; and therefore he roſe out of his Chair very moody, and laying hold of a lighted Flambeau that was near him, Ran after the old Women, and all his Executioners, ſaying, Avant Infernal Miniſters, for I am not made of Brals, to be Inſenſible to ſuch an extraordinary Martrydom.

By this *Altifidora* who was weary with lying ſo long upon her Back, turn'd on one Side: Which when the Standers by ſaw they all cry'd out at once *Altifidora* Lives, *Altifidora* Lives, *Radamanthus* Commanded *Sancho* to be Pacify'd, ſince now they had obtain'd what they deſired. As ſoon as *Don Quixote* ſaw *Altifidora* ſtir, he went to kneel down to *Sancho*, ſaying, Now is the time, my dear Son, for I will, not call you Squire, when you ought to take ſome of the Laſhes to which you are oblig'd, for the Diſenchanting of *Dulcinea*. Now, I ſay, is the time, when your Virtue is Ripe and Efficacious for purchaſing the good that is expected from you. To which *Sancho* answer'd, *This is like Flaming a Man and then Rouling him in Nettles,* 'twere very



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very pleasant that after Pinching, Wringing, and sticking with Pins, there should follow Lashing, there's no more to be done, but to take a good Stone, and Tye it to my Neck, and cast me into a Well, which I should not be much troubled at, if so that I must be the Pack-horse to carry other Peoples Burdens; let me alone, or by the Lord I shall Spoil all. By this time *Altisidora* sat up in the Tomb, and immediately the Waits struck up with the Flutes and Voyces, of all that were present crying out, Live *Altisidora*, *Altisidora* Live. The Duke and Dutcheſs rose up, and with them *Minos* and *Radamanthus*, and altogether with *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* went to receive *Altisidora*, and take her down from the Tomb, she pretending to Swoon, bow'd down to her Lords, and to the two Kings, and looking askew on *Don Quixote* said, God forgive thee, loveless Knight, since by thy cruelty I have been in another World, me thinks at least a Thousand Years: And I thank thee the most Compassionate Squire in the World, for the Life I enjoy: And now dispose of six of my Smocks, which I give thee to make Six Shirts, and if they are not all whole, yet at least they are clean. *Sancho* Kiss'd her Hands with his Miter off and his Knees on the Ground, and the Duke Commanded they should return him his Cap, and instead of his Frock with the Flames, his Gaberdine. *Sancho* desired of the Duke, that he might keep the Frock and Miter, which he would carry into his Country, in Memory of that unheard of Adventure. The Dutcheſs answer'd he should have them for he knew how much she was his Friend. The Duke Commanded all to avoid the Court, and to retire to their Lodgings, and that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* should be carried to those they knew of old.

C H A P. LXX.

Which follows the Sixty ninth, and Treats of things necessary for the understanding of this History.

SANCHO lay that Night upon a Trucklebed in *Don Quixote's* own Chamber, which he would have avoided had it been in his Power, for he knew very well that his Master would hardly let him Sleep all Night, for Questions

and Answers, and he did not find himself Dispos'd to Talk much; for he still felt the Smart of his past Torments, which were an hindrance to his Tongue. And it were more for his purpose to have layn alone in any poor Shed, then with Company in that rich Apartment. His fear prov'd so true, and what he suspected so certain, that his Master was scarce laid in his Bed, before he said.

Sancho, what think you of this Nights Adventure? Great and Powerful is the force of Disdain, since as you your self have seen with your own Eyes *Alisidora* certainly Dy'd, and that by no other Arrows, nor by any other Sword, nor other Instrument of War, no, nor by the force of Poyson, but by the apprehension of the severity, and disdain wherewith I have ever us'd her. She might (answer'd *Sancho*) have Dy'd in good time, and at her Choice and Pleasure, so she would have let me alone in my own House, since I never Courted nor Diddain'd her in all my Life. For my part I cannot conceive, nor imagin how it can be, that the Health or Welfare of *Alisidora*, a Gentlewoman more Fantastical than Wise, should have any dependance (as I have said before) upon the Afflictions of *Sancho Pança*. Now I plainly and distinctly perceive, there are both Enchanters and Enchantments in the World, from whom God deliver me, since I cannot well deliver my self. However I beseech you let me Sleep; and unless you will have me throw my self out of a Window, ask me no more Questions. Sleep Friend *Sancho* (reply'd *Don Quixote*) if the Nipping, Pinching, and sticking of Pins in thee will Permit. There is no Pain (answer'd *Sancho*) to compare to the Affront of wringing my Cheeks, and that only because it was done by old Waiting-women, God Confound them and I beseech you once again to let me Sleep, for Sleep eases the Miseries of those who are subject to them Waking. Be it as thou say'st, (quoth *Don Quixote*) and God be with thee.

They both fell asleep, and whilst they slept, *Cid Hamete*, Author of this great History, would needs Write and relate what mov'd the Duke and Dutchess to put in execution all this medly that has been spoken of already. He says, That the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco* not forgetting how the Knight of the Looking-glasses was vanquish'd and overthrow'n by *Don Quixote*: which defeat and fall put a stop to, and dissipated, all his Designs, resolv'd to try Fortune again, hoping to speed better than he had done before; and therefore enquiring of the Page who brought the Letter, and with it the Present to *Teresa Pança*, the Wife of *Sancho*, where *Don Quixote*

Quixote was, he got him new Arms and a Horse, and caus'd the white Moon to be painted in his Shield: A Mule carried all this Equipage, and a Country fellow led it, but not *Thomas Ceciall* his former Esquire, least he should be known by *Sancho* or *Don Quixote*. He came to the Dukes Castle, who told him what way *Don Quixote* had taken, intending to be at the Tilting in *Zaragoza*: He also acquainted him with the Tricks they had put upon him, and the invention of *Dulcinea's* disenchantment, which was to be purchas'd at the charge of *Sancho's* Buttocks; in short he inform'd him how *Sancho* had impos'd upon his Master, making him believe that *Dulcinea* was Enchanted and transform'd into a Country Lass, and how the Dutchess his Wife had perswaded *Sancho* that he was deceiv'd himself, for *Dulcinea* was really Enchanted. The Batchelor could not forbear laughing, and at the same time admired *Sancho's* mixture of Cunning and Simplicity, and *Don Quixote's* extraordinary Madness. The Duke desir'd him that if he met with, and either vanquish'd him or not, he would come that way again, and give him an account how he sped. The Batchelor promis'd him to do so, and went to seek *Don Quixote*, found him not at *Zaragoza*, travell'd on and succeeded as has been related. He took the Dukes Castle in his way, and told him what had happen'd, with the Conditions of the Combat, and that *Don Quixote* was coming back to perform as became a true Knight Errant, the promise he had made to retire to his Village for a Year, in which the Batchelor said, he might perhaps recover his Wits; this being the only Motive that had induc'd him so to Metamorphose himself, because it was a pity that a Gentleman who had such good natural Parts as *Don Quixote* should be Mad. With that he return'd to his Village, there to expect *Don Quixote* who was coming after him. Hence the Duke, who was much delighted with the Humours of *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*, took occasion to put this trick upon him, causing all the Roads far and near about his Castle, especially those he thought most likely *Don Quixote* might take, to be laid by a multitude of his Servants, that they might bring him whether he would or no to the Castle.

They met him, and sent to acquaint the Duke with it, who having already order'd what was to be done, as soon as he was inform'd of his coming, caus'd all the Flambeaus and Candles, in the Court to be lighted, and *Alisidora* to be lay'd upon the Tomb with all the other contrivances that have been related; all so lively represented, that there

there was very little difference to be seen betwixt the Truth, and this Counterfeit. And *Cid Hamete* says farther, That he took them that play'd these Pranks to be as Mad as those they impos'd upon: And that the Duke and Dutchess were not two Straws breadth from being counted Fools since they took so much pains to make a Jest of two Ideots, one of which was then sound asleep, and the other broad awake, transported with his raving Thoughts, and so Day found them, and they thought fit to rise; for the sloathful Feathers were never pleasing to *Don Quixote*, either Conquered or a Conquerour.

Altisidora (who, as *Don Quixote* suppos'd, had been restored from Death to Life,) complying with her Lord and Lady's Humour, Crown'd with the very same Garland she had in the Tomb, attired in a loose Gown of White-Taffata, full of Flowers of Gold, her Hair loose and hanging down her shoulders, leaning on a Staff of fine Ebony, came into *Don Quixote's* Chamber. He surpriz'd and amaz'd at the sight of her, shrunk down and cover'd himself all over with the Sheets and Counterpoint, being struck Dumb and not knowing how to express the least civility. *Altisidora* sat down in a Chair, near his Beds head, and after fetching a deep Sigh, with a low and weak Voyce, said to him. When Women of quality, and Maidens of Discretion trample their Honour under their Feet, and give their Tongue free liberty and scope to exceed the bounds of conveniency or Modesty, publishing the secrets of their Hearts, they then are reduc'd to extream misery and distress. I worthy *Don Quixote de la Mancha* am one of those so press'd, Vanquished, and in Love, but yet Patient and Modest to such a degree that my Soul burst out in silence, and I lost my Life. It is now two Days since, the consideration and remembrance of the cruelty wherewith you have treated me, O! more hard Harted to my complaints than any Marble, and inexorable Knight, brought me to my Death, or at least to be taken for Dead by all those that saw me. And were it not that Love, taking pity on me, placed my recovery in the torments of this good Squire, I should for ever have remain'd in the other World. Love might as well have layd it (reply'd *Sancho*) upon my Ass'e, and I would have thank'd him for it; But tell me I pray you good Damzel, so Heaven provide you a more kind Lover than my Master, what is it you saw in the other World? What is there in Hell, for those that Die in Despair, must certainly have that resting Place? To tell you the truth, quoth *Altisidora*, it is likely

likely I did not Die quite, since I came not into Hell; for had I once been there, there is no question, but I had never been able to come out of it at my pleasure. True it is, I came to the gate, where about a dozen Devils, were in their Hose and Doublets playing at Tennis; they wore Falling-bands with Scallop'd *Flanders* Lace, and Ruffles of the very same, and a hands breadth of their Arms naked to make their Hands look the longer, in which they held fiery Battledors. But what I most admired, was that in stead of Balls, they made use of Books which seem'd to be stuff with Wind and Flocks, a thing both wonderful and strange, yet that did not so much astonish me, as to see, that whereas it is usual at all Games for those that win to rejoyce, and those that lose to be sad, there at that sport they all Grumbld, Chaf'd, Fretted, and bitterly Curst one another. That's no wonder (quoth *Sancho*) for the Divels, whether they play, or not; whether they winn or loose, can never be pleas'd. Belike it is even so (reply'd *Altisidora*;) But there is another thing, which I admire, I mean I then admir'd, which is, that the Ball, that was but once tosd or Struck, could not serve another time, so that at every Stroke, they were forced to change Books, some old and some new, which was wonderful to behold. It happened, they gave so violent a stroak to a new Book, and very fairly Bound, that it made the very Guts fly out of it, and scatter'd the Leaves up and down. Then said one Divel to another, See what Book that is. It is (answered the other Divel) the Second part of the History of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, not Compos'd by *Cid Hamete*, it's first Authour, but by an *Aragonian*, who says he was born as *Tordesillas*. Away with it, (quoth the other Divel) and cast it into the very lowest pit of Hell, that my Eyes may never see it again. Why is it bad, (said the other Divel?) It is so bad, (replied the first Divel) that had I my self designedly undertaken to make it worse; I could never have compassed it. They went on with their Game, tossing other Books, and I having heard the Name of *Don Quixote*, whom I Love so Passionately, endeavour'd to retain this Vision in my memory. It was a Vision without doubt, (said *Don Quixote*;) for, there is no other Man of that Name in the whole World but my self, and that History is handed about here, but rests no where, for every one will have a Kick at it. I am not concern'd to hear that I wander up and down like an airy Body, through the dark Shades of Hell, or the light of the Earth; for I am not the Man that History speaks off. If it

it be good, true, and sincere, it will Live many Ages; but if it be bad it will Dye even at it's Birth. *Altisidora* would have continued her complaints, accusing of *Don Quixote*; but he said to her Madam, I have often told you, I am very sorry you have settled your Affections on me; since you can expect nothing from me but bare Thanks, without any return. I was only Born for *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and to her only have the Destinies (if there were any) wholly dedicated me, and it is nonsense to think, that any other Beauty can possess or usurp the Place, she holds in my Soul. And this may suffice to disabuse and make you retire within the bounds of your Modesty, since no creature can be oblig'd to impossibilities. Which *Altisidora* hearing as if she were very angry and passionate, she said, By the Lord God thou senseless Soul, and flinty Heart, more obstinate and inexorable, then a rude base Peasant when he is courted and has the better end of the Staff: If I take you in Hand, I will pluck your very Eyes out of your Head. Why do you think you Vanquish'd Cudgell'd *Don*, that I Dyed for your sake, No, no, Sir, all you have seen this Night, has been counterfeit, for I am not a Maid, that would suffer so much as the least Pain at the tip of my Nails for such a Camel as you are; much less to Dye for you. I verily beleive it, quoth *Sancho*, for that story of Lovers dying is a meer jest, they may say so, but for their performing, the Devil beleive them.

As they were thus Talking in came the Musician, Songster and Poet, who had Sung the two fore-going *Stanzas*, and making a very low Obeisance to *Don Quixote*, said, Sir Knight, I beseech you to take me into the number of your most humble Servants, for I have long since had a great esteem for you, as well on account of your great Fame, as for your Exploits. Tell me pray Sir, (answer'd *Don Quixote*) who you are, that my Courtesy may answer your Merit. The young Man gave him to understand, he was the Musician and the Panegyrist of the fore-going Night. Truly, (reply'd *Don Quixote*) you have a very good Voice, but methinks what you Sung was not much to the purpose, for what have the *Stanzas* of *Garcilasso* to do with the Death of this Damsel? Sir, said the Musician, do not wonder at that which is now the Practice of the upstart Poets of our Age, for every man Writes as he will, and Steals where he pleases, whether it suits with the purpose or not, and now every Folly or Absurdity they Sing or Write, is call'd Poetical Licence,

Don

Don Quixote would have answer'd, but was hindred by the Duke and Dutchess, who both came to see him. Amongst whom there pass'd a long and pleasant Discourse, in which *Sancho* had so many witty Conceits, and gave so many Knavish wiles, that the Duke and the Dutchess again admir'd, as well his Simplicity, as his Sharpness. *Don Quixote* desir'd them to give him leave to depart that Day; because Conquer'd Knights like him, ought rather to live in a homely Cottage or simple Shed, than in Kingly Palaces. They willingly granted it, and the Dutchess ask'd him whether *Altisidora* was in his Favour or no. Madam, (answer'd *Don Quixote*) you must understand, that all this Damsels Misfortune proceeds from Idleness, and that decent and continual Employment is the only Remedy for it. She has told me here, that Bonelace is in Fashion in Hell; and since there is no doubt but she can make it, let her stick to it, for whilst she is taken up a shaking the Bobbins, the Idea of what she loves, will not be tossing to and fro in her Fancy. What I tell you is most certain; It is my Opinion, it is my Counsel. And mine too (quoth *Sancho*) for I never saw any Bonelace-maker that dy'd for Love, for Maidens that are employ'd, rather think upon finishing their Task, than on Love. I judge of it by my self, for whilst I am Digging or Delving, I never think on my Impertinence my *Teresa Panza*, whom I love as I do my Eyes. *Sancho* you say very well, (quoth the Dutchess) and I will take such Order, that my *Altisidora* shall from henceforth employ her self about some Needlework, for she is very good at it. Madam, (quoth *Altisidora*) I shall need no such Remedy, for the remembrance or consideration of the Cruelty and Unkindness, this insensible Scoundrel has us'd me with, will be Powerful enough without any other Device or Artifice, to blot him out of my Memory. In the mean while, with your Greatnesses leave, I will be gone from hence, that so my Eyes may not see, I will not say his sorrowful Aspect, but his ugly and abominable Countenance. What you say (reply'd the Duke) puts me in mind of the old Proverb, which teaches us, *That he who Rails is ready to Pardon*. *Altisidora* made a shew as if she dry'd up the Tears from her Eyes with a Handkerchief; and then making a very low Courtesie to her Lord and Lady, she went out of the Chamber. Alas poor Damsel, (quoth *Sancho*) I bespeak thee ill Luck, since thou art fall'n into the Hands of a merciless Soul, and Heart of Oak. Hadst thou had to do with me, a good Faith thou

thou hadst met with a Cock of the Game. The Discourse ended; *Don Quixote* dress'd himself, Din'd with the Duke and Dutchess, and that same Afternoon went his Way.

CHAP. LXXI.

Of what passed betwixt Don Quixote and his Squire Sancho Panca, in their way towards their Village.

THE Vanquish'd Knight Errant, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, went on his Journey very Sad and Pensive on the one side, and well Pleas'd and Joyful on the other. His being Conquer'd was the cause of his Sadness; and his Joy was ground on the Consideration of *Sancho's* Vertue, whereof he gave manifest Proof in the Resurrection of *Alcides*; tho' he could scarce be perswaded that the amorous Damsel was really Dead. *Sancho* was not at all pleas'd, but much troubled to think that *Alcides* had not kept Promise with him, and given him the Smocks, and his Head running upon it, he said to his Master: By my Faith Sir, I am the most unfortunate Physician in the World; there are some Quacks that kill the Sick man they have under Cure, and yet will be well paid for their Pains, tho' all they do, is but Write a short Bill of some Medicines, which the Apothecary does prepare and not they. Whereas I who on the contrary, purchase other peoples Health at the expence of my Blood, and am Pinch'd, Frump'd, run through with Pins, and soundly Lash'd, don't get one Crofs by it. But I Vow and Swear, if ever any sick Body falls into my Hands again, before I Cure 'em, I'll be very well greas'd for my Pains; for every Man lives by his Trade, and I can't think, that Heaven has endow'd me with such Vertue to bestow it upon others for a Song. Thou art in the right Friend *Sancho*, (answer'd *Don Quixote*) and *Alcides* has done very ill, in not giving thee the Smocks the Promise'd, tho' that Vertue and Property thou hast, is given thee *Gratis*, and has cost thee no Pains in Learning it, but what is there to Learn in enduring Tortures. For my part I can tell thee, that if thou wouldst have been Pay'd for

for the Lashes thou art to receive for the Disenchancing of *Dulcinea*, thou shouldst already have fully receiv'd it; but I know not whether the Hire will answer the Cure, and I would not have the Reward be a hindrance to the Remedy; yet methinks there will be nothing lost in the Tryal. Consider *Sancho*, what thou wilt have, and Whip thy self immediately, and be thy own Pay-master out of Hand, since thou hast Money of mine in thy keeping. *Sancho* presently open'd his Eyes and Ears a Foot wide at these kind Offers, and consented in his Mind to Lash himself heartily, and said to his Master; Well Sir, now I will wholly dispose my self to satisfy your Desires, since I shall reap some Benefit by it, for the love of my Wife and Children obliges me to mind my Interest. Tell me then Sir what you will give me for every Lash? If I were to Pay thee (reply'd *Don Quixote*) according to the greatness and value of the Remedy, the Treasure of *Venice*, and the rich Mines of *Peru* were not enough to Reward thee. See what thou hast of mine, and value every Lash as thou wilt. The Lashes (quoth *Sancho*) are in Number Three thousand Three hundred and odd: I have already given my self Five, the rest remain; let the Five stand for the odd, and let us come to the Three thousand Three hundred, which at a * *Quartillo* a piece, (and less I'll not take, tho' all the World should require it of me) will amount to Three thousand Three hundred *Quartillos*. Three thousand make a Thousand and five hundred half Royals, and they make Seven hundred and fifty whole Royals, and the Three hundred make One hundred and fifty half Royals, which amounts to the Sum of Threescore and fifteen Royals, which added to the Seven hundred and fifty, the whole Sum amounts to Eight hundred and five and twenty Royals. This Sum I'll Deduct from what I have of yours in my keeping, and so shall return home rich and contented, tho' well Whipt: For he must not think to Catch Trouts, who is afraid to wet his Feet, and I say no more. Oh blessed *Sancho*! Oh amiable *Sancho*! (said *Don Quixote*) how shal *Dulcinea* and I be bound to serve thee, as long as Heaven shall be pleas'd to give us Life? If she recover her first being, and she must of necessity recover, her Misfortune will prove most Fortunate, and my defeat, a most happy Triumph. See *Sancho*, when thou

* *Quartillo*, as appears by *Sancho's* Computation, is the Fourth part of a Royal, and a Royal, (as has been said elsewhere) is Sixpence.

thou wilt begin this Discipline, and I will give thee an hundred Royals over and above, that thou may'st be Expeditious. When, (reply'd *Sancho*) this very Night; do you take care that we may be in the open Field, and I'll not fail to lay open my Flesh.

The Night came, which *Don Quixote* had most impatiently long'd for, thinking that the Wheels of *Apollo's* Chariot had been broken, and that the Day, was longer then usual, even as it happens to Lovers, who think they shall never obtain the accomplishment of their Desires. At last they entred a Grove of delightful Trees, somewhat remote, and out of the High-way, where having quitted the Saddle and Pack-saddle of *Rozinante* and *Dapple*, they sat down upon the green Grass, and Supp'd with such Victuals as *Sancho* had in his Wallets. He having made of *Dapples* Halter or Head-stall, a good big and plying Whip, retir'd about twenty Paces from his Master, and thrust himself among Bushes and Hedges. *Don Quixote* seeing him go thus bold and resolutely, said to him: Take heed good Friend, that thou hack not thy self in Pieces, let the Lashes come gently one after another, make not such haste in thy Career, that thy Wind fail thee in the mid't of thy Course. My meaning is, that thou must not Lash thy self so hard as to lose thy Life before thou come to thy desir'd Number, and that thou may'st neither over nor under do it, I will stand aloof off, and keep Reckoning by my Beads how many Lashes thou receiv'st: Heaven Favour thee, as thy good meaning deserves. A good Pay master, (answer'd *Sancho*) grudges no Security. I design so to be-labour my self, as to feel the Lashes without killing my self, for therein as I imagine consists the working of this Miracle. He presently stripp'd himself from the Waste upward, and taking the Whip in his Hand, began to Lash himself, and *Don Quixote* to Count the Strokes. When *Sancho* had given himself seven or eight stripes, he thought the Jest pinch'd home and was too Cheap, and pausing a while, he told his Master, he was off his Bargain, for that every Lash instead of a Quarter was well worth half a Royal. Go on Friend *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) and be not Faint-hearted; for I will re-double thy Pay. If so, (quoth *Sancho*) now for a shower of Lashes a Gods name, but the false Knave left off lashing his Shoulders, Whipp'd the Trees, every now and then fetching such deep Sighs, as if he had been giving up the Ghost. *Don Quixote*, who was now full of Compassion, fearing he would kill himself, and that through the Folly

of

of *Sancho*, he should not obtain his Desires; said to him: Friend, I conjure thee, let this Business stop here, this Remedy seems to me very Sharp. It will not be amiss to take time, For *Rome was not Built in one Day*. If I have told right, thou hast given thy self above a Thousand Lashes, that's enough for this time; for to use a homely Phrase. *The Ass will carry his Load but not a double Load*.

No no Sir, (answer'd *Sancho*) it shall never be said of me, that having Money before hand, I thought it Working for a dead Horse. I pray you go but a little aside, and let me give my self another Thousand Lashes at least, for two such Jobs will finish our Work, and to spare. Since thou art so well dispos'd, (reply'd *Don Quixote*) I will then withdraw, Heaven assist and Reward thee. *Sancho* fell to his Task anew, and began a fresh Reckoning, making the Bark fly off from many of the Trees, so cruelly did he lay it on, and at last raising his Voice, and giving a desperate Lash on a Beech, he cry'd. Here shall *Sampson* Die and all that are with him. *Don Quixote* ran presently at the Sound of that woful Voice, and noise of that terrible Lash, and laying fast hold on the Halter, which serv'd *Sancho* in lieu of a Bulls-pizzle; said to him, Friend *Sancho*, Fortune forbid that thou to please me, should'st hazard the loss of thy Life, which must serve to maintain thy Wife and Children. Let *Dulcinea* wait a fitter Opportunity, for I will be satisfi'd to live in Hopes, and will stay till thou gather new Strength, that this Business may end to the satisfaction of all Parties. Sir, (said *Sancho*) since you will needs have it so, a Gods name let it be, and pray throw your Cloak over my Shoulders, for I am all in a Sweat, and I should be loath to take Cold, because we Novices at this Sport are subject to it. *Don Quixote* did so, and leaving himself in his Doubler, cover'd *Sancho* who fell asleep, and so continu'd till the Sun wak'd him.

Then they kept on their Way, and stop'd at a Place three Leagues off. They alighted at an Inn, for *Don Quixote* own'd it to be so, and not a Castle, with deep Ditches, Towers, Portcullises, and Draw-bridges; for since his last Defeat, he shew'd better Judgment upon all occasions, as we shall presently declare. He was Lodg'd in a low Room, hung instead of Gilt-leather, with painted Serge. as is usual in Country Villages. In one of the Pieces was Painted by a bungling and unskillful Hand, the Rape of *Helen*, when his Bold Guest stole her from *Menelaus*. In

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another was the History of *Dido* and *Æneas*; she on a high Turret, with a half Sheet making Signs to her Fugitive Guest, who was at Sea, in a Frigate or Brigantine, running away from her. *Don Quixote* observ'd in these two Stories, that *Helen* seem'd not to be dissatisfy'd at her Rape, because she leard and smil'd a one side; but the beautiful *Dido* seem'd to drop Tears from her Eyes as big as Walnuts, which *Don Quixote* observing, said; These two Ladies were most unfortunate, that they were not Born in this Age, and I above all Men unhappy that I was not Born in theirs; in Faith I would have met those Gentlemen, and neither *Troy* had been burnt, nor *Carthage* destroy'd, for if I had but kill'd *Paris* all the Mischief had been prevented. I'll hold a Wager (quoth *Sancho*) that e'er long there will be never a Tipling house, Tavern, Inn, or Barbers-shop, where the History of our Fambus Acts will not be seen in Painting, but I would Wish with all my Heart, they might be drawn by a more skillful Hand, than that which Painted these. Thou art in the right *Sancho*, (answer'd *Don Quixote*) for this Painter is like *Orbaneja*, one of that Profession at *Ubeda*, who when he was ask'd what he was a Painting? answer'd, whatsoever comes uppermost; and if by Chance he drew a Cock, he would Write under it, *This is a Cock*, lest any Man should take it for a Fox. Such a one methinks *Sancho*, was the Painter or Writer, for it is all one, who Publish'd the History of this new *Don Quixote* that is lately come abroad, who Painted or Writ whatsoever came uppermost, or else he is like a certain Poet call'd *Maulcon*, who was lately at Court, and would answer extempore to whatsoever was ask'd of him, and some asking what these Words *Deum de Deo* signify'd? He answer'd in Spanish, * *De donde diere*. But laying aside all this, tell me *Sancho*, Hast thou a mind to give thy self another touch this Night, and wilt thou have it to be under a Roof, or in the open Air? Faith and Troth, (quoth *Sancho*) for the Lashes I intend to give my self, it is the same thing to me, whether it be in a House or in the open Fields, but however I had rather it were among Trees; for methinks they bear me Company, and very much contribute to ease my Sufferings. Friend *Sancho*, (said *Don Quixote*) it shall not be; but that thou may'st recover thy self, we will leave the Execution

* *De donde diere*, is equivalent to our Expression, *Hab nab at a venture*.

cution for our Village, whither at the farthest we shall reach the next Day after to Morrow. *Sancho* answer'd, he might do as best pleas'd him; but that he could Wish to conclude that Business out of Hand, and in heat of Blood, and whilst the Mill was going, for there is often danger in Delays, *That it is not good to lie in the Ditch, and cry God help me*, and that, *A small Possession is better than a large Expectation*, and, *A Bird in Hand is worth two in the Bush*. For Gods sake *Sancho* (reply'd *Don Quixote*) let us have no more Proverbs, for methinks thou art still returning to *Sicut erat*. I prithee speak plain, downright, and don't go so much about the Bush, as I have often told thee, and it will be all your own another Day. I can't tell what ill Luck attends me, (quoth *Sancho*) for I can't speak three Words without a Proverb, nor bring in a Proverb, but what I think to the purpose: However, if I can, I will Correct my self; and thus their Discourse ceas'd for that time.

C H A P. LXXII.

How Don Quixote and Sancho Arriv'd at their Village.

Don Quixote and *Sancho*, stay'd all Day in that Inn, expecting Night. The one to end in the open Fields, the Task of his Discipline; and the other to see the Event of it, on which depended all his Wishes. Mean while there came to the Inn, a Gentleman a Horse-back, follow'd by three or four Servants, one of whom said to him that seem'd to be the Master; Your Worship *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, may here pass away the heat of the Day; this Inn seems to be cleanly and cool. Which *Don Quixote* hearing, he said to *Sancho*, You must know *Sancho*, that when I turn'd over the Book of the second Part of my History, I think I cast my Eye there upon this Name of *Don Alvaro Tarfe*. That may very well be, (said *Sancho*) but first let us see him alight from his Horse, and then we will ask him.

The Knight alighted, and the Hostess shew'd him into a low Chamber, opposite to *Don Quixote's*, and hung with such painted Serge as his was. The new come Knight

undress'd himself for Coolness, and, going out into the Inn-Porch which was somewhat spacious and Airy, where *Don Quixote* was Walking, ask'd of him: Whither do you Travel good Sir? *Don Quixote* answer'd: To a certain Village not far off, where I was Born. And you Sir, which Way do you Travel? I Sir, (said the Knight) am going to *Granada*, my native Country. And a good Country, (reply'd *Don Quixote*) but I pray you Sir oblige me with your Name; for I Fancy it concerns me to know it more than I can well express. My Name is *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, (answer'd the Knight) Then are you undoubtedly, (quoth *Don Quixote*) that *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, whose Name is Printed in the second Part of the History of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, which a modern Author has lately publish'd. I am the very same, (said the Knight) and that *Don Quixote*, who is the principal Subject of that History, was my very great Friend, and it was I that drew him from his Village, or at least perswaded him to go to the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, whither I was going; and in good Truth I stood very much his Friend, and sav'd him from having his Back thrumm'd by the Hang-man, for his overmuch Impudence. But tell me I beseech you, (quoth *Don Quixote*) *Don Alvaro*, do I any thing resemble that *Don Quixote* you speak of? Not at all, answer'd the other. And had that *Don Quixote* reply'd our Knight, a Squire call'd *Sancho Pança* with him? He had, quoth *Don Alvaro*, and tho' the report went, that this Squire was very Witty, yet I never heard any thing like it come from him. I believe as much, said *Sancho*, for it is not every Bodies Talent, to break pleasant Jest; and that *Sancho* you speak of Sir, must be some notorious Rogue, some Numskul, and withal a Thief, for it is I that am the true *Sancho Pança*, and am as full of witty Jest, as an Egg is full of Meat, and if you doubt of it Sir, you may make an Experiment of it; and follow me at least a Year, and you shall then see, they drop from me at every Step, and are so pleasant, that I make all that hear me Laugh, without minding my self what I have said. And the true *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Renown'd, the Valiant, the Discreet, the Amorous, the Redresser of Wrongs, the Revenger of Outrages, the Tutor of Infants, the Guardian of Orphans, the Protector of Widows, the Murderer of Damfels and Maidens; he who has for his only Mistress the matchless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, is the very same Knight whom you see here present, and who is my good Master;

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all other *Don Quixotes*, and all other *Sancho Panças* are but Dreams, Fopperies, and Fables. By the Lord I believe as much, answer'd *Don Alvaro*; for those few Words you have spoke here, are pleasanter than all I ever heard come from him, which were not a few; he was more a Glutton than a Tongue Pad, and rather Dull than Comical, and I verily believe the Enchanters who Persecute the good *Don Quixote*, have undertaken to persecute me with the bad one. But I can't tell what to say of it, for I can safely Swear I left him at *Toledo* in the Nuncio's House, to be Cur'd, and now there starts up another *Don Quixote*, but far different from mine. As for my self, (quoth *Don Quixote*) I know not whether I am good, but can tell you I am not the bad; and for a farther Proof of what I say, I would have you to understand Sir, that in all my Life time I was never at *Zaragoza*, but on the contrary, having of late understood, that the imaginary *Don Quixote* had been at the Tilting in that City, I would by no means go thither, that I might make him a Liar before all the World, and so I went strait away to *Barcelona*, the residence of Civility, the receptacle of Strangers, the Harbour of the Poor, the native Soil of Brave men, the Revenger of such as are wrong'd, the Seat of true Friendship, and Peerless for Beauty, and Scituation. And tho' what has there befall'n me be not very pleasing, but rather a great grief, yet the Satisfaction of having seen that City makes all easy. To conclude, *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the very same Fame speaks of, and not that unhappy Wretch, who has usurp'd my Name to honour himself with my Designs. I beseech you, as you are a Gentleman, that you will be pleas'd to make Affidavit, before the Mayor or Bailiff of this Place, that you never saw me in all the Days of your Life till now, and that I am not the *Don Quixote* mention'd in this second Part, nor this *Sancho Pança* my Squire, the same you were acquainted with. I'll do that with all my Heart, (quoth *Don Alvaro*) tho' I am amaz'd to see two *Don Quixotes*, and two *Sanchos* at the same time, and they as like in Name, as differing in Actions. But I tell you again, and really believe I have not seen what I have seen, and that what has happen'd to me is all a Mistake. Without doubt, said *Sancho*, you are Enchant-ed like my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and would to God the Disenchanting of you depended on my giving my self the other Three thousand and odd Lashes, as I do for her, for

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I would receive them without any Reward at all. I don't know what you mean, (quoth *Don Alvaro*) by those Lashes. *Sancho* answer'd, It was too long to Relate; but yet he would give an Account of it if they happen'd to Travel the same Way.

It was now dinner time, and *Don Quixote* and *Don Alvaro* din'd together. The Mayor or Bailiff of the Town happen'd to come into the Inn, and with him a Clerk or Notary, whom *Don Quixote* requir'd that he would take a Certificate or Declaration, or Affidavit, which that Knight *Don Alvaro Tarfe* would make before him; declaring and confessing, that the said Gentleman did not know *Don Quixote* who was there present, and that he was not the Man, whose Name was lately Printed in a History call'd, *The second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, Compos'd by one *Abellaneda*, Born at *Tordesillas*. To conclude, the Mayor did it according to the form of Law. The Declaration was made as effectual as is requisite in such cases, at which *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were very well pleas'd, as if that Declaration had been a matter of great moment and consequence to them, and as if their Actions and Words had not apparently shew'd the Difference that were betwixt the two *Don Quixotes*, and the two *Sancho's*. Many Compliments, and tenders of Service pass betwixt *Don Alvaro* and *Don Quixote*, in which our heroick Knight *de la Mancha* behav'd himself with so much Discretion, that he convinc'd *Don Alvaro* of the mistake he was in: For he perswaded himself he was Enchanted, since he had to do with two so opposite *Don Quixotes*,

Evening drawing on, they set out from that Town, and about half a League from it, the Road divided it self into two ways, the one led to *Don Quixote's* Village, and the other to the place where *Don Alvaro* was going. In that little space, *Don Quixote* gave him an account of the Disaster of his overthrow, with the Enchantment and recovery of *Dulcinea*. All which rais'd new admiration in *Don Alvaro*, who embracing *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* held on his way, and *Don Quixote* his. He spent that Night among the Trees, that *Sancho* might have an opportunity to fulfill his enance, which he perform'd even as he had done the foregoing Night, with more dammage to the Barks of the Trees than to his own Back, which he kept so safe, that all the lashes would not have put away a Fly, had she been there. The deceiv'd *Don Quixote*, lost not one stroke in reckoning, and

and found that those of the foregoing Night and these, together made just the sum of three Thousand and twenty nine.

The Sun seem'd to have rose that morning earlier than ordinary, to behold this Sacrifice; and by his light they went on their Journey, discoursing of the error *Don Alvaro* was in, and how well they had done in taking his Certificate before the Mayor, in such authentick manner. They Travell'd all that Day, and the following Night, without meeting any thing worth relating, unless it be, that the same Night *Sancho* finish'd his Whipping Task, to the great satisfaction of *Don Quixote*, who greedily long'd for Day, to see whether in his way he could meet with his Lady *Dulcinea*, Disenchanted. And keeping on his way he met no Woman, but he would make up to and view her, to see whether she were *Dulcinea del Toboso*; most certainly believing that *Merlin's* promises could not fail. Being full of these thoughts and expectation they ascended a Hill, whence they discover'd their Village, which *Sancho* perceiving, he knelt down and said, Open thy Eyes long desir'd native Country, and behold thy Son *Sancho* returns to thee again, tho' not very rich, at least very well lash'd. Open thy Arms, and receive thy Son *Don Quixote*, who tho' he return to thee Vanquish'd by the force of a strange Arm; yet he returns Conqueror of himself, which as he has told me, is the greatest Victory that can be wish'd for, Money I have, for tho' I was well Whipp'd, it turn'd to a good Account. Leave those fooleries (said *Don Quixote*) and let us go into our Village in a lucky Hour, where we will give full scope to our Thoughts and settle the method we are to follow in the Pastoral Life, we intend to take to. This said they came down from the Hill, and went away to their Village.

C H A P. LXXIII.

Of the ill Omens that happen'd to Don Quixote at the entrance into his Village; with other Adventures, which Credit and Adorn this famous History.

CID Hamete reports, That as they were entering into their Village *Don Quixote* perceiv'd in the next Grounds, there were two Boys quarrelling; and the one said to the other, Don't trouble thy Head about it, for thou shalt never see her as long as thou Liv'st. *Don Quixote* heard it and said to *Sancho*, Don't you observe Friend what that Boy said? Thou shalt never see her in all the Days of thy Life. Well and what matter is it (quoth *Sancho*) if the Boy did say so? What (reply'd *Don Quixote*?) Don't you perceive that applying the Words to my intentions; the meaning is, that I shall never see my *Dulcinea*. *Sancho* was about to answer him, but was hindred by a Hare, which being pursu'd by many Dogs and Coursers led by her, for fear squatted down and shelter'd her self betwixt *Dapple's* Feet. *Sancho* easily took her up and presented her to *Don Quixote*, who was saying, *Malum signum, Malum signum*: A Hare runs away, Gray-hounds pursue her, and *Dulcinea* appears not. You are a strange Man (quoth *Sancho*,) let us imagin that this Hare is *Dulcinea*, and the Gray-hounds that pursue her, the wicked Enchanters that transform'd her into a Country Lass: She runs away, I catch her and deliver her into your own Hands, who hold her in your Arms, and make much of her: What ill Sign is this? Or what ill Omen can be made of it? The two Boys that had quarrell'd drew near to see the Hare: And *Sancho* ask'd of one of them why they fell out? He who had said, Thou shalt never see her as long as thou Liv'st, answer'd, That he had taken from the other Boy a little Cage full of Crickets, which he never design'd to restore him. *Sancho* took half a Royal out of his Pocket, and gave it to the Boy for his Cage, which he put into *Don Quixote's* Hands, saying, Behold, good Sir, all these presages are dastard and overthrown, and are no more to us, as I conceive, tho' a Num-

a Numskul, than the last Years Rain. And, if my Memory fail me not, I think I have heard the Curate of our Village say, That it is not the part of good Christians and wise Men to mind such fopperies. And you your self told me as much not long since, and gave me to understand, That all such Christians as minded superstitious Presages were meer Fools: And there is no need to insist upon this matter, but let us go on and get into our Village. The Coursers came up, they ask'd for their Hare, and *Don Quixote* gave it them.

They went on, and at the entrance into the Village, in a little Meadow, they met the Curate and the Bachelor *Carraasco*, at their Prayers. Now it is to be observ'd that *Sancho Pança* had lay'd upon *Dapple*, and upon the Fardel of Armour, as it were a Sumpture Cloath the Buckram-Frock, all Painted over with fiery Flames, which was upon him in the Dukes Castle, the Night *Altisidora* rose again from Death to Life. He also placed the Miter upon the Ass's Head, which was the strangest Furniture, and oddest disguise that ever Ass was put into in the World. The Curate and the Bachelor knew them immediatly, and ran to meet them with open Arms. *Don Quixote* alighted and kindly embraced them, and the Boys whose sharp Eyes nothing escapes, having spy'd the Asses Miter, flock'd about them to see him, saying to one another: Come Boys, and you shall see *Sancho Pança's* Ass as fine as five Pence; And *Don Quixote's* Beast leaner, then it was the first Day. In fine they enter'd the Village, surrounded with Boys, and attended by the Curate and Bachelor, and went to *Don Quixote's* House, and at the Door met with his old Maid-servant, and Neice, who had already heard the news of their coming.

Teresa Pança, the Wife of *Sancho*, had hear'd it too, and ran all dishevell'd and half Naked to see her Husband, leading her Daughter *Sanchica* by the Hand, and seeing he was not so well dress'd as she imagin'd a Governour ought to be, she said to him, What makes you come after this manner Husband? Methinks thou com'st a Foot, and ty'd. And art more like an ungovern'd wretch, than a Governour. Hold thy peace *Teresa* (quoth *Sancho*) for every Rack is not furnish'd with Bacon: Let us go home, and there thou shalt hear Wonders. Money I have which is the main Point, and have gotten it by my own Industrie, without wronging any body. So you have Money, my good Husband (replyed

Tere-

Teresa ?) 'Tis no matter how you came by it, be it by hook or crook: For, howsoever you got it, you'll bring no new custom into the World. *Sancho* embrac'd her Father, and ask'd him whether he had brought her any thing; for she had Gap'd for him as Flowers do for Dew in *May*. Thus his Wife holding him by the Hand, and his Daughter by one side of his Girdle, and with the other Hand leading *Dapple*, they went home, leaving *Don Quixote* in his own House, in the custody of his Neice and old Maid, and in the company of the Curate and the Bachelor. *Don Quixote* without longer delay, that very moment went aside with the Batchelour and the Curate, and in few Words acquainted them with his being defeated, and how he was oblig'd, not to go out of his Village in a Year: Which he intended precisely to observe, without Transgressing it one jot, as became a Knight Errant, who was tyed up to the Rules and Precepts of Chivalry, that he had resolved, during that Year, to become a Shepherd, and divert himself in the solitude of the Fields, where he might freely Vent his Amorous Passions, exercising himself in commendable and Pastoral exercises: And now he besought them, if they had no great Business, and were not hindred by more important Affairs, that they would both be pleas'd to become his Companions; for he would buy Sheep, and Cattle enough for them to be call'd Shepherds. And in the mean time he gave them to understand, that the chief part of that business was already done: For he had given them Names, which were as fit as if they had been Cast in a Mould. The Curate would needs know the Names. *Don Quixote* told him, that he himself would be call'd the Shepherd *Quixotis*; the Bachelor, the Shepherd *Carracon*; and the Curate, the Shepherd *Curambro*; and *Sancho Pança*, the Shepherd *Pancino*. They were all astonish'd at *Don Quixote's* new folly: However, that he might not again get out of his Village, to follow his Chivalry, and hoping he might be cur'd within the Year, they allow'd of his new design, and applauded his Madnes offering to become his companions in that exercise. We shall lead a pleasant Life (said *Sampson Carracon*) for, as all the world knows, I am an excellent Poet, and shall at every turn be Composing Pastorals, or else more Courtly Verses, as shall be most for my purpose, to divert us as we ramble up and down. But Gentlemen it is most absolutely necessary, that every one make choice of the Name of the Shepherdess he designs to celebrate in his Verses: And that there be

no Tree tho' never so hard on which we do not Write, Carve, or Engrave her Name, as is the custome of Amorous Shepherds. That's pat to the purpose, (quoth *Don Quixote*) tho' I need not go far to find out an imaginary Shepherdess, since I have the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the glory of these Streams, the Ornament of these Meadows, the support of Beauty, the Cream of all Airiness; and (to be short) the object on which the utmost of all commendations may be justly bestow'd, how hyperbolical soever it be. That's true (said the Curate:) But for us, we must seek out some more coming Shepherdesses, who if they wont meet us at the Hedge will meet us at the Stile. Tho' we have none (quoth *Sampson Carracon*) yet we will give them those very Names we see in Print, which the World is full of. We will call them *Phyllis*, *Amarillis*, *Diana*, *Florinda*, *Galathea*, and *Belisarda*, since they are publickly to be sold in the open Market, we may lawfully buy them, and appropriate them to our selves. If my Mistris or rather my Shepherdesses Name be *Ann*, I will celebrate her under the stile of *Anarda*; If *Frances*, I will call her *Francenia*; and if *Lucie*, her Name shall be *Lucinda*, for it is all to the same purpose. And *Sancho Pança*, if he is to be one of the Brotherhood may celebrate his Wife *Teresa Pança* under the Name of *Terefaina*. *Don Quixote* burst out a Laughing at the turn of that Name, and the Curate highly commended his honourable resolutions, and again offer'd to keep him Company all the time he could spare, from the Duty of his charge. With that they took their leave, advising, and intreating him to have a care of his Health, and make much of himself.

It happen'd, the Neice and old Maid heard all the discourse that pass'd betwixt them three: And as soon as the Bachelor and the Curate were gone, they both came in to *Don Quixote*, and the Neice said to him. What is the meaning of this Uncle? Now we imagin'd you were come home to keep in your House, and there Live a quiet and honourable Life, are you running into new Labyrinths, by becoming a Shepherd, And so the lovely Swain will trip it o'er the Plain. But let me tell you truly the Corn is already over-hard to make Oaten pipes of it. But how (quoth the Maid-servant) can you indure in the open Fields the scorching heat of the Summer, and the cold and frost of Winter, and the howlings of Wolves? No truly, for that is an Employment only fit for such as are

are Strong, Hardy, and brought up to it almost from their Cradles and Swadling-bands. If the worst come to the worst, it is better to be still a Knight Errant, than a Shepherd. I beseech you Sir, take my advice which I give you, not after a belly full of Bread and Wine, but Fasting, and as one than have fifty Years past over my Head: Stay at home, mind your business, go often to Confession, Serve God, Relieve the Poor, and if you do amiss let it lie at my Door. Good Wenches hold your Peace (reply'd *Don Quixote*,) for I know what I have to do; carry me to Bed, for methinks I am not very well: And assure your selves, that whether I be an Errant Knight, or a Shepherd Unerrant I will never fail to provide for all you stand in need of, as you shall find by experience. The Neice and the Maid-servant who without doubt were two very good Wenches, laid him in his Bed, where they Nourish'd and made much of him to the utmost of their Power.

C H A P. LXXIV.

How Don Quixote fell Sick: Of the Will he made: And of his Death.

AS all humane things being Transitory, and not Eternal, are ever declining from their beginning, till they come to their last end and period; but more especially, the Lives of Men. And as *Don Quixote* had no privilege from Heaven to stay the Course of it, his end surpriz'd him, when he least thought of it. For whether it proceeded from the Malancholy which the sad remembrance of his being Vanquish'd caus'd in him, or whether the disposition of the Heavens had so decreed: So it is, that a Fever seiz'd him, which forced him to keep his Bed six Days. During which time, the Curate, the Bachelor, and the Barber his Friends, very often visited him: And *Sancho Panza* his good Squire never went from his Bed-side.

They

They supposing, that the trouble to see himself overcome, and for not having compass'd his desires in the Disenchantment of *Dulcinea*, caus'd his Sickness; endeavour'd by all possible means to make him Merry. The Bachelor desir'd him to be of good Courage, and Rise, that they might begin their Pastoral exercise, for he had already Compos'd an Eclogue towards it which was nothing inferior to those *Sanazaro* had Compil'd. That he had bought with his own Money two stout Dogs to keep their Flock, one of which was call'd *Barcino* and the other *Buron*; and that a Shepherd of *Quintanar* had Sold them to him. But for all this *Don Quixote* was nothing Merrier. His Friends sent for a Physician, who feeling his Pulse did not like it, therefore bid him, whatsoever he did to provide for the Health of his Soul, for that of his Body was in danger. *Don Quixote* hear'd it with much Calmness; which neither his Neice, his Maid, nor his Squire did; for they began to Weep as bitterly, as if he had been stretch'd out Dead before them already. *Don Quixote* desir'd the Company to leave him alone, because he would Sleep a while. They did so, and he Slept at one pull, as they call it, above six Hours, so that the Maid and Neice thought he would never have Wak'd again.

He Wak'd at last, and with a loud Voice said, Blessed be the Almighty God, who has done me so great a Benefit. In short, his Mercies have no Bounds, they are neither lessen'd nor obstructed by the Sins of Man. The Neice listned attentively to her Uncle's Words, and thought they were more sensible than what he us'd to Speak at least during that Sickness, and therefore ask'd him, What is that you say Sir? Is there any thing new? What Mercies are those? Or what Sins of Men? Neice (reply'd *Don Quixote*) the Mercies I talk of, are those which God has this moment bestow'd on me without being hinder'd by my Sins. I have now a free and cleer Judgement, without those dark Clouds of Ignorance, which the wretched and continual Reading of those detestable Books of Chivalry had cast over it. I am sensible of all their Follies and Nonsense; and am only sorry I am undeceiv'd so late that I have not time to make some amends, by reading of others that might enlighten my Soul. Neice, I find my self neer Death, I would have it be such, as should make out that my Life was not so bad as to deserve the Name of a Mad Man, for tho' I have been so, I would

not

not willingly confirm it at my Death. Good Child call my good Friends, the Curate, the Batchelor *Sampson Carasco*, and Master *Nicholas* the Barber, for I design to Confess my self, and make my Will. His Neice was eas'd of this Labour, by the coming of them all three. *Don Quixote* no sooner saw them, but he said. My good Sirs, What will you give me for my News? I am no longer *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but *Alonso Quixano*, whose Life and Conversation have acquir'd the Sirname of the Good. I am now an Enemy to *Amadis de Gaule*, and all the infinite Rabble of his Race. Now are all the prophane Histories of Errant Chivalrie hateful to me; I now acknowledge my folly, and perceive the danger the Reading of them brought me into. Now through the Mercy of God being become Wise at my own Cost, I abhor them.

When his three Friends heard him rak thus, they concluded that some new Madnefs had seiz'd him; and *Sampson* said to him, Is this all you can talk to us, Worthy *Don Quixote*, now we have receiv'd the News, that the Lady *Dulcinea* is Disenchanted? And now we are sonear being Shepherds, that we may Sing, and live like Princes, and are you now turning Hermite? Pray hold your Tongue, recollect your self, and leave idle Stories. Those which to my Loss have hitherto prov'd true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, shall now at my Death, by the assistance of Heaven, turn to my Advantage. Gentlemen. I perceive Death comes fast upon me, leave your Jestings, and let me have a Confessor to hear my Confession, and a Scrivener to make my Will, for at such a time as this, a man must not jest with his Soul; and therefore I beseech ye, whilst Master Curate hears my Confession, let the Scrivener be call'd. They all gaz'd at one another, admiring *Don Quixote's* Words, and tho' with some doubt, they gave Credit to him, and one of the Signs by which they guess'd that he was near Death, was, that he had with such ease recover'd his lost Senses. For to these Words already mention'd, he added many more so Discreet, so Religious, and so orderly, that they could no longer doubt of his being in his Wits.

The Curate made all that were in the Room withdraw, and being left alone with him, heard his Confession. The Batchelor went for the Scrivener, and not long after return'd with him, and with *Sancho Pança*; who having understood by the Batchelor, the Condition his Master was in, and finding his Governess and Neice weeping, began

to

to make wry Faces, and shed Tears. The Confession being ended, the Curate came out, saying, *Alonso Quixano* the Good, is certainly Dying, and most certainly in his Wits, we may go in that he may make his Will. This News open'd the Sluces of the swoln Eyes of the Maid, the Neice, and his good Squire *Sancho Pança*; so that they made the Tears burst out of their Eyes, and a Thousand deep Sighs from their Hearts. For in Truth, as has been said elsewhere, whilst *Don Quixote* was plain *Alonso Quixano*, the Good, and whilst he was *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he was ever of a mild Disposition, and a pleasing Conversation; and therefore was not only belov'd by his Family, but by all that knew him.

The Scrivener came in with the rest, and when he had made the Preamble to the will, and *Don Quixote* had dispos'd of his Soul, with all the Circumstances requisite in a true Christian; and was come to the Legacies, he said, *Item*. As to some Money which *Sancho Pança*, whom I made my Squire in my Madnefs, has in his Custody; forasmuch as berwixt him and me, there are certain odd Reckonings and Accounts: My Will and Pleasure is, That he be not call'd in question for it, or any way molested, but that if any remain after Paying himself what I owe him, such remainder which must be very small be his own, and much good may it do him. And if as being then a Madman, I was the cause that he had the Government of an Island given him, I could now I am Wise, give him that of a Kingdom, I would willingly bestow it on him, for his Sincerity and Fidelity deserve it. And turning to *Sancho*, he said, Pardon me Friend, that I have given thee occasion to seem a Madman as I was, by making thee fall into the same Error into which I was fall'n, that there have been, and still are Errant Knights in the World. Alas my good Sir! (answer'd *Sancho* weeping) do not Die, but rather be advis'd by me, and live on a great many Years, for the greatest Madnefs a man can be guilty of in this Life, is to suffer himself to Die, without any more to do, and without being Kill'd by any Body, or brought to his end by any other means but his own Melancholy. Take heed you don't give your self up to Sloath, but rise out of your Bed, and let us go into the Fields cloath'd like Shepherds, as we have agreed to do, and perhaps behind some Bush or Shrub we shall find the Lady *Madam Dulcinea* Disenchanted, and as Fine as Heart can Wish. If you Die for Grief that

that you were Vanquish'd, lay the Fault upon me, and say you were Overthrown, because *Rozinante* was ill Girt. Besides you cannot but have seen in your Books of Chivalry, that it is a common thing, for one Knight to thrust another out of his Saddle; and that he who is to Day Conquer'd, is to Morow a Conqueror, 'Tis so, (quoth *Sampson*) and honest *Sancho Pança*, has these things very right. Not so fast Gentlemen, (reply'd *Don Quixote*) for *Tempora mutantur*, &c. I was Mad, and am now in my Wits, I was *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and am now as I have already told you, the Good *Alonso Quixano*. Let my Repentance, and the Truth of what I say, obtain this Favour at your Hands, that you will have the same esteem of me now, as you had heretofore. And so let Master Scrivener proceed.

Item. I constitute and appoint, my Neice *Antonia Quixana*, who is here present, general Heiress of all my Goods whatsoever, having first deducted out of the best of them, all that shall be necessary for the Payment of the Legacies I leave, and the first thing I will have discharg'd, shall be the Wages I owe my old Maid; and twenty Ducats over and above to cloath her.

Item. I appoint and constitute Master Curate, and Master *Sampson Carrasco* the Batchelor here present, to be my Executors.

Item. My Will and Pleasure is, That if *Antonia Quixana* my Neice chance to Marry, that it be a Man of whom diligent enquiry shall first be made, that he is utterly Ignorant of Books of Chivalry; and in case it appear that he has read them, and yet my Neice will make choice of, and take him to her Husband, that then she Forfeit all I have bequeath'd her, which my Executors may at their Pleasure dispose of to Pious uses,

Item. I beseech the said Executors, that if it shall be their good Fortune, to come acquainted with the Author, who is said to have Compos'd a History which is now Publish'd, under the Title of *The second Part of the Heroick Feats of Arms of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they will in my Name, most heartily beg his Pardon, for the occasion I gave him unknown to my self, to Write such a multitude of extravagant Follies as it contains; for I depart this Life with a scruple upon my Conscience, for having given him cause to Publish them to the World.

He clos'd the Will, and Fainting away, stretch'd himself at his full length in the Bed. All the Company was surpris'd, and ran to help him. And during the space of three

three Days, he liv'd after he had made his Will, he faint-ed away very often.

The House was in Confusion, and yet the Neice did Eat, the old Governess Drink, and *Sancho* made Merry; for when there is something to Inherit, it blors out and moderates in the Heir, the memory of the Grief, he might conceive for the Death of his Friend.

To conclude; *Don Quixote's* last Day came, after he had receiv'd all the Sacraments, and had in very significant Terms express'd his abhorrence to all Books of Knight Errantry. The Scrivener was present at his Death, and said; he had never Read in any Book of Chivalry, that any Knight Errant died in his Bed so quietly, and so like a Christian, as *Don Quixote* did, who amidst the Sorrow and Tears of those that were by, gave up his Ghost; which the Curate perceiving, he desir'd the Scrivener to make him a Certificate, how *Alonso Quixano*, Sirnam'd the Good, commonly call'd *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, had departed this Life, and died a natural Death, which Certificate he desir'd to prevent any other Author except *Cid Hamete Benengeli*, raising of him falsely from the Dead, and Writing endless Histories of his famous Acts.

This was the end of the ingenious Gentleman of *la Mancha*, the place of whose Birth, *Cid Hamete* would not expressly name, that all the Villages and Towns of *la Mancha*, might have Cause to dispute among themselves, the Honour of having brought him forth, as the seven Cities of Greece contended for *Homer*: We will not here insert the dismal Lamentation of *Sancho*, the Neice and old Governess to *Don Quixote*, nor the many new Epitaphs made for his Tomb; but this is it that *Sampson Carrasco* caus'd to be cut upon it.

The Epitaph for *Don Quixote's* Tomb-stone.

I.

THE Knight so fam'd for Love and Prowess,
Here flat as any Flounder now is:
Yet while he liv'd, he had his Hand in
Such wond'rous Deeds, that notwithstanding,
Grim Death has got his Body under,
His lasting Fame has flyly Funn'd her.

II.

No Looks he valu'd, for this Rare-show,
Like Bug-bear frighted Folks, or Scare-crow;
Etc

*In short, secur'd by this Stone-padlock,
And Dead as any Herring lies one,
Who tho' he liv'd a Fool, yet had Luck
With much a doe to Die a Wise one.*

The most Prudent *Cid Hamete Benengeli*, said to his Pen : Here shalt thou hang at this Rack and by this Wire thou I know not whether sharp or dull Quill of mine, where thou shalt live many Ages, unless some rash, and lewd Historian take thee down, to Profane thee. Yet before they lay hands on thee, thou may'st forewarn, and tell them the best thou can'st.

** Away, away, Scoundrels away,
Let none presume to touch me,
For this great undertaking
Is preserv'd for me alone.*

Don Quixote was Born for me alone, and I for him, he knew how to Act, and I how to Write, only he and I are fit to herd together, in spight of the Fabulous Scribler of *Tordefillas*, who has or shall, dare with an Estridge Course and bungling Pen, to Write the Feats of my Valorous Knight. This is no Burden for his Shoulders, nor a Subject for his cold Brain. And if thou happen to come to the Knowledge of him, thou may'st advise him to suffer *Don Quixote's* weary and now rotten Bones to rest in his Grave, and not endeavour in opposition to Deaths great Charter of Priviledges, to carry him into old *Castile*, taking him out of the Grave, where he really and truly lies at his full length. and unable to make a third Journey, and new Sally. For his two Expeditions, which have found such general Applause, and given such Satisfaction to all People that have heard of them, either in this or in Forreign Kingdoms are sufficient to ridicule all that ever the multitude of Knights Errant went upon. And thus thou wilt do like a good Christian, in giving good Advice to him that wishes thee ill, and I shall be pleas'd, and Proud to have been the first that fully enjoy'd the Fruits of his Writings, as I wish'd for ; since I only desir'd to make men utterly abhor the Fabulous, Impertinent, and Extravagant Books of Knight Errantry, which are already shaken by my true *Don Quixote*, and will certainly have a total Fall. Farewel.

** A Piece of a silly Spanish Ballad.*

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